

THE WINNERS: GREAT NEVADA PICTURE HUNT

NEVADA

THE MAGAZINE OF THE REAL WEST

FALL, 1978 \$1.00

BIONIC NEVADANS: THE TRUTH REVEALED

GOOD NEWS
FOR
GLITTER GULCH

WINNEMUCCA'S
PHANTOM
RAILROAD

PLUS:
HIKING THE
HIGH COUNTRY
COMPLETE
GOLFING GUIDE





Resort to the Finest.

Del Webb Hotels is proud to welcome the dynamic Sahara Reno Hotel & Casino to its famous family of resorts. Beautifully decorated in an early San Francisco style, the Sahara Reno rises 20 stories above downtown Reno. With 600 luxurious rooms and the biggest names in showbusiness appearing in the Opera House Showroom, the Sahara Reno is a testimonial to Del Webb Hotels' continuing confidence in Nevada's unparalleled resort/gaming industry.



DEL WEBB HOTELS

Sahara Las Vegas
Las Vegas, Nevada

The TowneHouse
Phoenix, Arizona

Sahara Reno
Reno, Nevada

Newporter Inn
Newport Beach, Calif.

Sahara Tahoe
Lake Tahoe, Nevada

Mountain Shadows
Scottsdale, Arizona

Mint Hotel
Las Vegas, Nevada

*Park Tahoe
Lake Tahoe, Nevada

Primadonna Club
Reno, Nevada

*La Posada
Scottsdale, Arizona

*Managed by
Del Webb Hotels

NEVADA MAGAZINE
Capitol Complex
Carson City, Nevada 89710
(702) 885-5416

MIKE O'CALLAGHAN
Governor

R. E. "BOB" GOODMAN
Director, Department of
Economic Development

CAROLINE J. HADLEY
Editor

DAVID E. MOORE
Managing Editor

JOHN BARDWELL
Designer

TOM VOLK
Distribution and Special Promotions Manager

SUSAN PARKER
Subscription Manager

BETTY LOWE
Editorial Assistant

CYNTHIA KELLEY
Northern Nevada Advertising
885-5416

TONY HOYT & ASSOCIATES
Advertising Representatives
1516 Westwood Place, Ste. 102
Los Angeles, CA 90024
(213) 475-0693

CONTRIBUTORS

Anthony Amaral, Ola Blavatsky, Bud Hage, Burge Hulett, Leon Mandel, Olivia Mandel, Richard Menzies, Guy Shieler, Julian Stone, David W. Toll.

NEVADA MAGAZINE is published quarterly by the State of Nevada, Department of Economic Development, Carson City, Nevada. (c)Copyright 1978 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.

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 by old address label and sent to Circulation Department, Nevada Magazine, Carson City, Nevada 89710. Please allow six weeks advance notice.

Typesetting for the NEVADA MAGAZINE is now done by the State Printing and Records Division of the Department of Administration on its new computerized typesetting system.

ISSUES TO COME:

Wagon Train across the Forty Mile
Packing into Blue Lake
10 Cheap Trips Away from the Big Time
Dining off the Beaten Path
The Weekend Prospector

COVER PHOTO: C. J. Hadley

NEVADA

Volume 38 • Number 4
Fall 1978

SPECIAL FEATURES

- 6 GREAT NEVADA PICTURE HUNT: THE WINNERS
Tough choices, enormous variety. By John Bardwell
- 17 INCREDIBLE SUPER CITIZENS
You always knew Nevadans were good, but did you know they may be bionic?
By William Jeanes
- 20 THE REAL NEVADA HOTSHOTS
The almost bionics, and at least they're real.
- 38 BRINGING THE GOOD NEWS TO GLITTER GULCH
Reverend Reid and his ministry of presence. By Richard Menzies
- 46 WESTERN CARPETBAGGER
Thomas Fitch's extraordinary memoirs. Edited by Eric N. Moody.
Reviewed by Olivia Mandel
- 50 THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH
Behind the scenes at MGM's multi-million-dollar extravaganza. By David W. Toll

TOURING

- 14 HIKING THE HIGH COUNTRY
The incredible choice for backpackers, including tips on gear and survival.
By Alvin McLane, Louis Bignami and Pandion
- 32 SIERRA FALL
Marlette Lake and the almost wilderness. By C. J. Hadley

YESTERDAY

- 26 COLONEL PLACE AND HIS PHANTOM RAILROAD
A promoter with a dream. By Paul Christian
- 30 THE WILLOWS
An elegant resort for the divorce colony run by the kings of Reno's vices.
By Patricia Stewart
- 34 THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM
In the 1870s mining and milling in Virginia City almost stopped—for lack of water, not silver. By Guy Shieler

GUIDE

- 54 DESERT GREENS AND MOUNTAIN DRIVES
An insider's guide to golfing in Nevada.

DEPARTMENTS

- | | | | |
|----|---------------|----|--------------|
| 4 | EDITORIAL | 40 | NEVADA NOTES |
| 12 | LETTERS | 48 | SHOW GUIDE |
| 28 | FALL CALENDAR | | |

YOUR SPORTS HEADQUARTERS IN THE RENO AREA . . .



**A HUGE SELECTION OF FISHING,
HUNTING, CAMPING AND BOATING
ACCESSORIES. TENNIS EQUIPMENT AND
BACKPACKING GEAR.**

**NEVADA & CALIFORNIA
FISHING LICENSES. FRIENDLY ADVICE
AND DIRECTIONS.**

490 KIETZKE LN.
322-9559
NEAR DOWNTOWN RENO



**a new way of
Nevada
living**



**Northern Nevada
Mobile Home Brokers Inc.**

RENO



**MANUFACTURED
HOUSING of las vegas**

**Baywood
'78**

Editorial

Bolus & Snopes have raced all over the country. Their cars have been entered at all the major North American racing events—including Daytona and Sebring. The owners of the team, William Jeanes and Sam Scott, created the concept of having a victory party before each race, because they never won. But their contribution to racing, and especially the art of publicity, was considerable.

The group was based in Vaughn, Mississippi. Jeanes was a writer from Jackson; Scott was a lawyer from the same town. They got sponsorship from the Chartreuse company, St. Pauli Girl Beer, and First National City Travelers Checks. They had decals printed with the help of Union Oil, the most popular saying, "Bolus & Snopes, BS. Mark of Adequacy." They claimed a dirigible, "Graf Bolus," which was the subject of many press releases, but during their many years of racing, their blimp never appeared at a race.

"It got shot down over Kentucky," said their publicist; or, "The pilot got stoned."

Bolus & Snopes will never be forgotten in automotive circles, even though the team no longer exists. Their originators, however, carry on. Sam Scott still practices law in Mississippi but William Jeanes moved to New York City to work as feature editor for *Car & Driver* magazine. Jeanes later moved to Detroit and Campbell-Ewald, working on the Goodyear and Chevrolet accounts. Currently he is back in New York, as vice president of a major ad agency. He took time off last summer to write our lead feature this issue. Don't miss "Incredible Super Citizens" on page 17.

Another heavy in this issue is David W. Toll. He has been writing for Nevada Magazine for 12 years. California born, he attended Cal-Berkeley where he was invited to transfer out of the journalism department by professors who considered him a "hopeless" prospect. In the early Sixties, Toll followed his roots to Gold Hill, Nevada, where he lives in the old Jones mansion built by his great grandfather (a longtime U.S. Senator from Nevada). Since then Toll has become known as one of the state's foremost writers. During the three years he presided over the weekly *Gold Hill News* as publisher, he received numerous state prizes for his articles. In this issue he writes from behind the scenes at one of the most costly stagshows in the world. See page 50.

Couple of changes: David E. Moore has been promoted to managing editor, simply because he's good at his job and he's good for Nevada Magazine. Susan Parker has been moved up to subscription manager and now handles the things we do wrong, the computer does wrong, and also the things you do wrong. She does her job well because she cares about you. Handling distribution and special promotions is Tom Volk. He's constantly out on the street, seeking new outlets, another ad, a special opportunity to get Nevada Magazine in places it's going to count. If you have any tips for him, let him know. His territory is only the West. And Betty Lowe is our most recent staff addition. She is our first editorial assistant in too long a time.

—Caroline J. Hadley

*Available for the first time
in single volumes. . . .*

THE *Journals* OF ALFRED DOTEN
1849-1903

EDITED BY WALTER VAN TILBURG CLARK

Volume I — *The California Gold Rush*, \$25.00
Volume II — *The Nevada Silver Rush*, \$25.00
Volume III — *Man and Mining Frontier in Decline*, \$25.00
Complete illustrated set of three volumes, \$60.00

A truly unique documentation of the early West by one who was there. Alf Doten was a gifted chronicler who became an influential newspaperman in the heyday of the Comstock Lode. Edited by Walter Van Tilburg Clark of *Ox-Bow Incident* fame

" . . . may well be the most comprehensive personal account of 'the predatory and essentially amoral life of the California Gold Rush and the Nevada Silver Rush.' "

—*San Francisco Chronicle*

THE CALIFORNIA GOLD RUSH — *Volume I, 808 pages*

The harrowing voyage around the Horn to San Francisco in 1849. . . high expectations, brutal work, and dashed hopes prospecting in California's Mother Lode country . . . San Francisco race problems, lynching by vigilantes. . . onwards to Nevada with dreams refired. . . the Como strike and the life of a jack-of-all-trades—miner, musician, carpenter, and aspiring journalist.

THE NEVADA SILVER RUSH—*Volume II, 767 pages*

The frenetic life of the Comstock Lode, where Doten became a reporter for the *Virginia City Territorial Enterprise* and gained considerable stature as an associate of journalist Dan De Quille. . . owner of the *Gold Hill News* and confidant of leading mining and political figures of the day . . . onwards again to the new mining camp at Austin in search of fame and fortune.

MAN AND MINING FRONTIER IN DECLINE—*Volume III, 805 pages*

The final years—hopes gone and ambition crushed, paralleling the decline of the western mining frontier . . . the life of an often derelict in Virginia City, Reno, and Carson City . . . time passes Alf Doten by and he dies alone in 1903. Appendix. Index.

" . . . a sourcebook of sourcebooks for historians of the frontier and a gold mine for the Western history devotee. It is the stuff from which history itself is made."

—*Long Beach Press-Telegram*

" . . . this work is an unique and immensely valuable document for the social history of the frontier West. No other record is so filled with the sharp, immediate, blunt facts of life on the mining frontier "

—*Sacramento Bee*

" . . . monumental . . . any scholar . . . or any western history buff . . . should not be without these volumes."

—*Western Historical Quarterly*

" . . . they give us an amazing depth of research material on how things were in an earlier Nevada."

—*Reno Evening Gazette*

University of Nevada Press • Reno, Nevada 89557

The choices were tough, the variety enormous, and an amateur from Washoe Valley walked away with the grand prize. By John Bardwell

THE WINNERS: Great Nevada Picture Hunt

With the experience from last year's contest, the judges were confident that the 1978 Great Nevada Picture Hunt would be a breeze. But as the entries began to literally pour in, it looked like a replay of last year's extra inning judging marathon. Entries came in all shapes, colors and sizes. And in all manner of mailing devices, including a very curious wooden box probably designed by the Great Houdini for

midget escape artists.

Like last year, subjects ranged from the predictable to the bizarre. One entry, a slide holder sans slide, was a favorite of the judges who could hold it up and compose their own pictures of objects around the room. But on the more serious side, the entries were of a generally high quality and it was often impossible to distinguish between ama-



teur and professional. And the number of entries was astounding: 1500 color slides and prints and nearly 300 black and white prints.

We are sure that many of our readers, especially some entrants whose work was not chosen, will be curious about the judges' criteria. First, each entry had to be representative of Nevada. Of course this rule was bent somewhat when the quality and content of a picture seemed to warrant a little fudging. Such was the case with the Sweepstakes winner. Although sheep are not unique to Nevada, the animals and the men who tend them have played an important role in the state's economy and folk lore since the beginning. The rather daring use of action was a strong factor and as professionals, the judges are impressed with one who tackles the more difficult medium of black and white (which probably accounts for such a large ratio of b&w winners against total entries). Jill Janow, the recipient of the grand prize, a really slick Nikon FM, is a self-pro-

claimed rank amateur although the winning shot and her other entries belie her modesty. Encouraged by the good news, Jill, a 21 dealer in Reno, is setting her sights on a future in photography. Next year she may be competing as a pro.

Our first place winner in the amateur division, Patrick Grizzard receives \$100 for his tranquil view of Pyramid Lake, a subject which is photographed often but seldom well. The first prize in the professional category and another \$100 goes to John Wise who captured the essence of today's Silver City where he sometimes resides. It was felt that the young family is representative of a pioneering spirit that still lives in Nevada's rural areas.

Some of the other winners were chosen because of their universal appeal while some showed a more personal, intimate view of the real Nevada.

We thank all of our entrants and encourage them all to participate again next year.



FIRST PLACE, AMATEUR
Pyramid Lake by
PATRICK GRIZZARD

SWEEPSTAKES WINNER
Running Sheep by
JILL JANOW



THIRD PLACE, PROFESSIONAL
 Fall Storm at Rio King Ranch by
JERRY HIRSCH



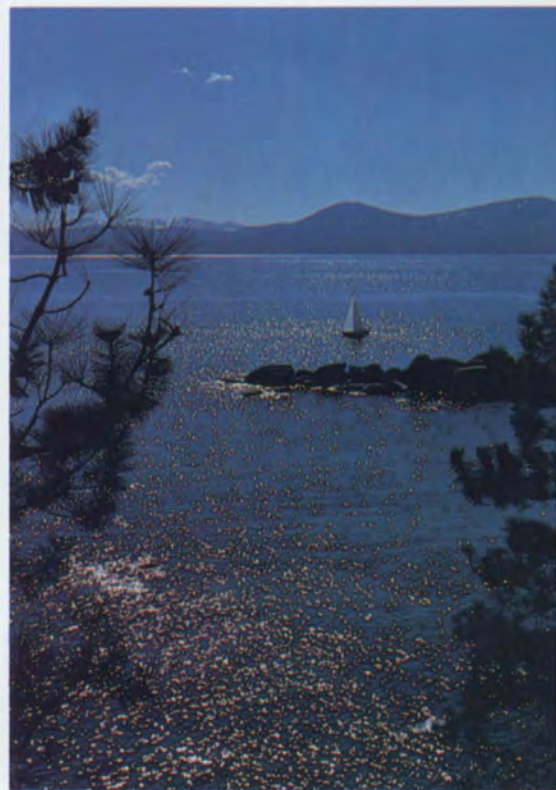
SECOND PLACE, AMATEUR
 Boundary Peak by
GARY NIGRO



FOURTH PLACE, AMATEUR
White Tailed Tuscarora Jackrabbit by
DUANE ERICKSON



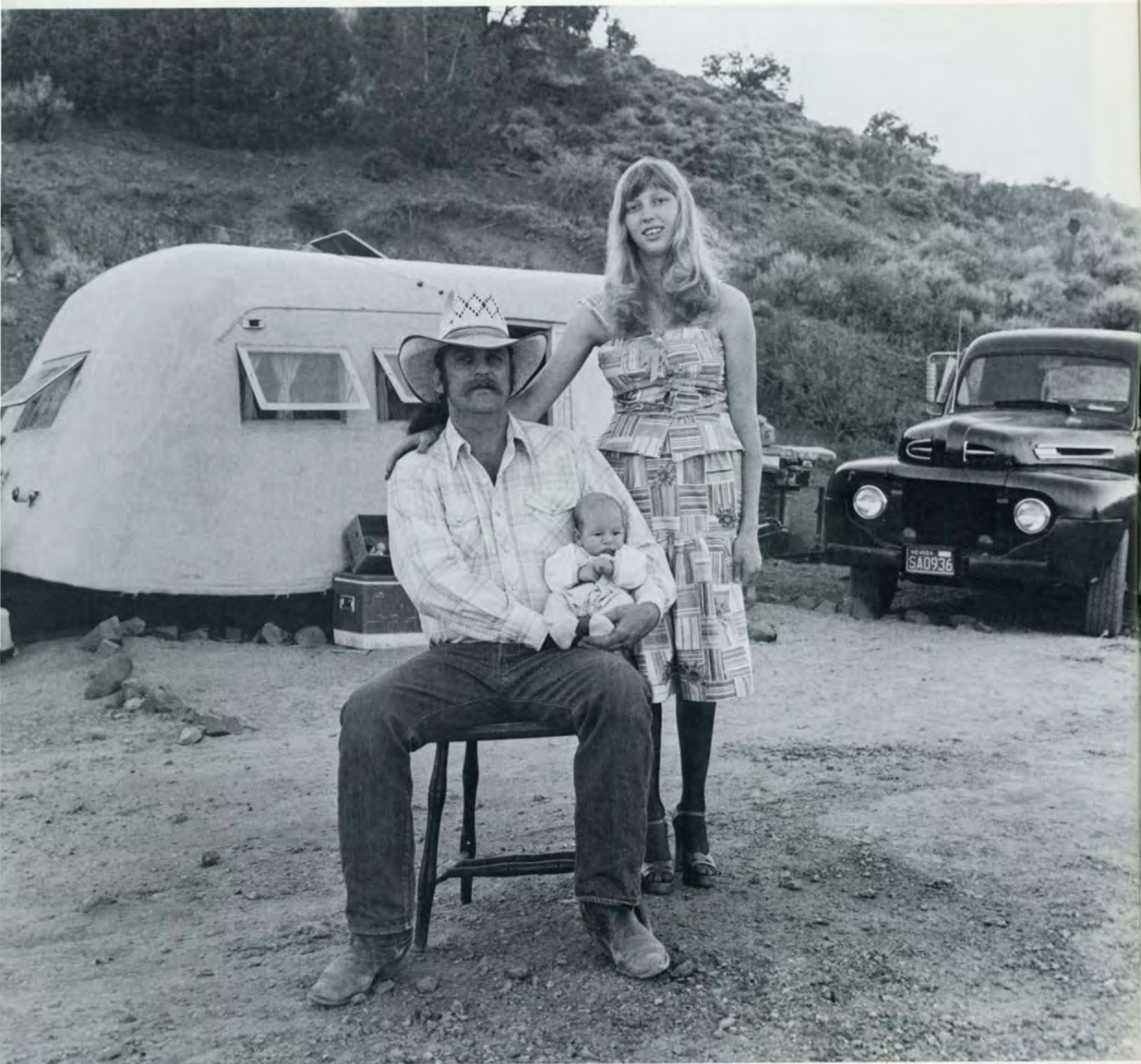
SIXTH PLACE, AMATEUR
Moonlit Meadow by
STEPHEN JOHNS



FIFTH PLACE, AMATEUR
Sailing Lake Tahoe by
MORGAN TYLER



THIRD PLACE, AMATEUR
Olinghouse Oldtimer by
JEFF JENSEN



FIRST PLACE, PROFESSIONAL
Silver City Family by
JOHN WISE

SEVENTH PLACE, AMATEUR
Owl by
TONY DIEBOLD





SECOND PLACE, PROFESSIONAL

Sand Bar on the Colorado by

CLIFF SEGERBLOM

FINALISTS

John D. Morgan, Reno, NV.

Edward Anderson, Jr., Carson City, NV.

R. J. Bissett, Las Vegas, NV.

Charles J. Archambeault, San Jose, CA.

Sandie Halpin, Eureka, NV.

Richard Taylor, Reno, NV.

Gerald Bartholomew, Carson City, NV.

Clay Rice, Las Vegas, NV.

Gary Gilardi, Hood River, OR.

Harry Upson, Jr., Reno, NV.

Eileen Bailey, Winnemucca, NV.

HONORABLE MENTION

Randy Zoesch, Incline, NV

Keith Mellender, Reno, NV

Marye Thomas, Reno, NV

Valerie D. Dutter, Carson City, NV

Michael M. Alcamo, Reno, NV

Owen Duval, Klamath Falls, OR.

Archie Crago, Carson City, NV

James H. Saladin, Sparks, NV

Tom Jones IV, Las Vegas, NV

B. Seyferth, Elko, NV

Vaughn Reynolds, Reno, NV

Stewart Freshwater, Las Vegas, NV

Velda Britton, Reno, NV

Clair L. Barnes, Carson City, NV

Dan Getts, Silver Springs, NV

Dan Leeth, Reno, NV

Ermano Siri, Reno, NV

John J. Richardson, Reno, NV

Bebe Ann Mills, Fallon, NV

Douglas R. Ponn, Las Vegas, NV

Bruce A. Mills, Fallon, NV

B. J. Kausler, Carson City, NV

Steven Stowell, Reno, NV

Cheryl Olson, Fallon, NV



FIFTH PLACE, PROFESSIONAL

Indian Grandmother and Baby by

DAY WILLIAMS

FOURTH PLACE, PROFESSIONAL

Downtown Reno by

RICHARD MENZIES

Letters

MANDEL, STAY HOME

I didn't know anyone could so well express my feelings about the seemingly endless variety of interesting, exciting and rewarding activities constantly taking place in the Reno area as did Leon Mandel in his "The Thrill of Indolence, the Agony of Activity" in the summer issue.

I hope Mr. Mandel will stay home long enough to write some more articles for you.

Agnes M. Nelson
Sparks, NV

My good fortune increased yesterday with a gift subscription to Nevada Magazine.

I was delighted with, and emitted quite a belly chuckle with Mandel's article The Thrill of Indolence, the Agony of Activity. It was easily the best opening in short articles I've read in many a moon.

Keep up the good work. Nevada has a fond spot in my heart and your magazine is growing to find one too.

Jay Clark
Hanford, CA.

DRUG WITH TRANSPOSITION

I mean *really* would you do an excerpt from Jimmy Breslin and include Dick Schaap? Would you quote Polonius and throw in Francis Bacon? Would you transpose Milton? Would you add a dash of saccharin warning in a tobacco label? Would you put gumdrops in a pina colada? Is there *nothing* you wouldn't stoop to?

As for excuses, did Eisenhower take a soapy high colonic on D-Day? And if he didn't, why not?

Name withheld
(but it was on Leon Mandel's letterhead, Reno, NV.)

Sorry, Mandel, we did transpose a few of your paragraphs in the latter part of your recent story but we thought it was great anyway.—Ed.

MAGAZINE DISAPPOINTING

Because of the habit formed from almost twenty years of continuous subscription to Nevada Magazine I have continued to subscribe the last few years, even though each issue is a disappointment where previously it was eagerly looked forward to. When the editorial management changed and publication was shifted I adopted a wait-and-see attitude. Well I've seen. Please cancel my subscription.

William H. DeWitt
Palmdale, CA.

Each issue is terrific. Keep it up. The reader is the real winner.

Ronald Switzer
Bozeman, MT

FRONTIER POLITICS

Guy Shipley's article in the Summer issue, "It's Still Frontier Politics," was exceptional.

E. A. Lewis
Smatville, CA.

Shipley's article reminded me of how much fun it was to cover Nevada's "frontier politics" in 1962. I was capitol correspondent (and teletype puncher) for the Associated Press at that time and have many fond memories of "Morty the Bull," George Moore, J. Carlton Adair et al and their unorthodox campaigns.

There was one candidate that Guy failed to mention, however: none other than H. M. "Hank" Greenspun, publisher of the *Las Vegas Sun*, who aspired to the Republican nomination for Governor. Every time I quoted anything Hank said—usually fiery (and often potentially libelous) accusations against his opponents and their real or imagined friends—the AP News Desk in San Francisco would put an "urgent kill" on my story and call me to verify the accuracy of what I had written. We had some spirited discussions on Nevada politics and politicians. Some time after the 1962 elections Morton Meads advised the AP, by letter of course since no one ever saw him, that he was contemplating a defamation suit against the wire service, based on our publication of direct quotes from his press releases.

And now, as an adopted Nevadan temporarily exiled to Washington, D.C., I miss the good old days of frontier politics and frontier journalism. At the Voice of America, we attempt to follow developments in international relations but U.S. and Third World diplomats take themselves much too seriously. Therefore, if the State of Nevada ever re-establishes relations with the federal government, I'll solicit an assignment as Consul General in Carson City.

Guy W. Farmer
Chief, VOA Spanish Branch
International Communication Agency
Washington, D.C.

LUXEMBOURG, NEVADA

You suffer with amused tolerance when someone writes to you inquiring about Arizona Highways.

Similarly we grin and bear it when someone writes to us addressed Luxembourg, Germany (see your mailing label enclosed).

Luxembourg is an independent country. As a matter of fact, it was liberated from the Germans by General George Patton, who is buried in Luxembourg and is quite a local hero.

Please don't let your computer surreptitiously slip on the word Germany again.

Fred J. Kovac
Luxembourg, Europe

THE OTHER SIDE OF PARADISE

I commend you on your very informative guide to Lake Tahoe (Issue 2, 1978). I am sure that your stunning photography and recreational guide will help lure several hundred newcomers into this beautiful Nevada/California mountain paradise.

But why was it that in the 10 splendid photographs not one depicted the everyday hustle-and-

bustle one finds at this lake community? I have spent many hours on Highway 50 in South Lake Tahoe held up in traffic tie-ups due to road repair, casino business, and the general nuisances of the tourists which swarm the shores like flies. People are everywhere.

Sure, there are thousands of places at Tahoe where one can escape from the crowds. But I feel that it is only fair that both sides of Tahoe life be portrayed, for it is both sides one encounters on a visit to this grand place.

Miss Lisa Rae Calhoun
Glenwood Springs, CO.

Although a long-time resident of Lake Tahoe, I am only able to get back every two or three years between overseas assignments. Your outstanding Lake Tahoe issue (No. 2, 1978) provoked many happy memories and anticipation of my next "homecoming."

Stephen J. Hayden
First Secretary
Embassy of the United States of America
Brussels, Belgium

TEACHER THINKS IT HELPS

I recently had a chance to see the Nevada Magazine for the first time. My impression is reflected in the fact that I am subscribing to it.

I, with two colleagues, teach in the Washoe County School District program for the second and third grade academically talented. Our program consists, in part, of individualized research at this grade level. Articles from the magazine could provide excellent information sources for both teacher and student so we hope it is possible to obtain back issues.

Ms. Junean Slagle
Washoe County School District
Reno, NV

It sure is!—Ed.

NEVADA

The blazing sun that slowly bakes the land, merely brings beauty to the desert world, adds a touch of life to the windblown sand, oh how i love to watch, as the tumble weeds blow,

day by day the hours roll on, but the years still seem to grow, you can't seem to stop them, they'll never turn back, nevada has a beauty that everything is sure to lack, oh maybe one of these days, i might just move back!

Gayle Forbes,
Nielton, WA.

SHATTERED DREAM

One of my mother's life long dreams has been to go to Las Vegas and gamble. It was planned that I take her when I graduate from law school in December. However, now I have to take her to Atlantic City, N.J. because you have not ratified the ERA.

It hurts me to deprive her of her life long dream but the centuries long dream of equal rights is more important than any one person—even my mother.

Dianne Post
Verona, WI.

Great People. Great Ideas. Great Bank.

Great People. Great Ideas. Great Bank.

Great People. Great Ideas. Great Bank.

Great People. Great Ideas. Great Bank.

Great People. Great Ideas. Great Bank.

Great People. Great Ideas. Great Bank.

Great People. Great Ideas. Great Bank.

Great People. Great Ideas. Great Bank.



Great People. Great Ideas. Great Bank.

NEVADA 79

A juried show open to serious photographers of Nevada subject matter. Nevada 79 will be a professional quality exhibition, showcasing some of the best photographers in the West.

Cash awards will total more than \$600 and winning photographs will be exhibited throughout the state from February through December 1979.

Subjects: Nevada ghost towns, nature, people, events, industry, landscapes, contemporary communities and potpourri.

Entry fees: \$2 per photograph, \$1 for each slide.

Send for entry blanks and full list of rules no later than November 20, 1978 to: NORTHEASTERN NEVADA MUSEUM, Post Office Box 503, Elko, Nevada 89801, (702) 738-3418

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Hiking Nevada's High Country

One hundred years ago in eastern Nevada, John Muir climbed to the top of Troy Peak, the highest point in the Grant Range. The great naturalist later wrote, "One of the most interesting mountain excursions I have made in the State was up through a thick spicy forest to the top of the highest summit of the Range."

"The day was of perfect Indian-summer sunshine, calm and bracing. Jays and Clarke crows made a pleasant stir in the foothill pines and junipers; grasshoppers danced in the hazy light, and rattled on the wing in pure glee, reviving suddenly from the torpor of a frosty October night to exuberant summer joy."

A century later, hikers and backpackers can discover the same sensations and rewards in the Nevada backcountry that Muir found on the "russet hillsides" of Troy Peak. The area offers many surprises.

Wandering among the red sandstone escarpments and towers in southern Nevada can stir the imagination. Several great limestone ranges in eastern Nevada have been glaciated to their quartzite core where deep gorges and high, perpendicular cirques abound. The metamorphosed mountains in the central part of the state have great height and offer lessons in tangled geology. Volcanic rocks in northwestern Nevada have been shaped into buttes and tables that are sliced by deep clefts.

Nevada fauna and flora is as diversified as her mountains and desert basins and, indeed, wildlife is part of the hiking experience. Unusual varieties of flowers are scattered over the region. The largest bristlecone pine known anywhere was found recently in Nevada. Restricted strains of fish are found in mountain streams and desert pools.

The great birds find Nevada's thermal updrafts a great place to soar. Eagles, herons, pelicans, turkey buzzards and hawks are common sights. Black bears are found in western Nevada's Carson Range. Elsewhere may be seen the Rocky Mountain goat (Ruby Mountains), mountain

lion, elk, bighorn sheep, pronghorn, mule deer and badger.

When in the backcountry, Nevada hikers should always consult government maps of an area, and inquire locally about water and trail conditions. Watch for storm warnings, and don't hike alone.

As a rule, Nevada trails are primitive at best. A 1978 study by the Nevada State Park System showed that only a scattering of hiking paths are marked and maintained in the state. There also are two major trail proposals in the report. One is a Desert Trail from Denio to Death Valley, the other would link the Jarbidge Wilderness with the Ruby Mountains.

Guided and marked hikes have been prepared by the U.S. Forest Service at Lake Tahoe and interior ranges; by the U.S. Park Service at Lake Mead; and by the Nevada State Park System at state parks and monuments.

What follows is a choice selection of hiking and backpacking wonders in Nevada's under-discovered backcountry.

SPRING MOUNTAINS

The Spring Mountains—that impressive cluster of peaks west of Las Vegas—is one of the most interesting ranges to be found anywhere. Charleston Peak rises to nearly 12,000 feet in altitude and leaps 10,000 feet above the Las Vegas Valley. It offers the greatest relief of any range in Nevada and among the greatest in the USA.

The predominantly limestone rocks have weathered into dramatic peaks and precipices, and the U.S. Forest Service has put in trails that wind among these spectacular features. The popular 17-mile Charleston Peak Trail commences at 8,400 feet near Deer Creek Picnic Area, ascends the highest summit (Charleston Peak, 11,918 feet) and drops into Kyle Canyon, ending at 7,600-foot Cathedral Rock Picnic Area.

Many trees grace the mountains—pinyon, juniper, mountain mahogany, fir, aspen and ponderosa, limber and bristlecone pine. Mining engineer Ira Waddell Clokey, a botanist by avocation, became fascinated by the Spring Mountains flora in 1935. His subsequent collecting netted 30 endemic (restricted to the region) flower species.

I have become acquainted with the range on a number of occasions. Two companions and I hiked into the Spring Mountains in early June. We went up the Deer Creek Trail and passed under the 1,000-foot high feet to The Mummy—which is a crest of the range two miles long resembling a full profile of an Egyptian mummy, lying belly up. The enormous soles of the feet point south.

We hiked past The Caves, an excellent campsite with water streaming from a mossy nook, and continued to the ridge crest above 10,000 feet where we intended to camp. The sun hadn't yet set, so I decided to climb Mummy Mountain. Solo, I raced off to the north, the peak a mile away, I clambered upon the Mummy's stomach (the highest point of the mountain at 11,530 feet) as the sky started mixing colors. It was to be one of those glorious sunsets in a clouded sky. I ran across the belly, trying to savor all the sights in the lengthening shadows before night fell. Las Vegas lights, far below, twinkled already in the dark shadows of the mountains. The dying sun gave the bristlecone pines a hauntingly beautiful outline. The infinite array of ranges beyond Death Valley appeared above an orange mist. The last sunrays fanned great yellow-orange beams across the sky. When I got back to our campsite, my companions and I quietly enjoyed the last embers of light before complete darkness hushed the mountains.

(Maps: USGS Charleston Peak and Mountain Springs quadrangles and map of Toiyabe National Forest, Las Vegas Ranger District.)

SNAKE RANGE

Sweeping 8,000 feet above the eastern border of Nevada, the Snake Range contained the oldest known bristlecone pine tree (4900 plus years until it suffered a chain-saw death); Nevada's largest and possibly only permanent ice field; its largest natural arch, longest cave and largest aspen tree. A mountain mahogany tree on Lehman Creek has the largest circumference of any such tree in the world. The range also has endemic flowers and fish.

Located in White Pine County, the range offers a variety of hiking and backpacking possibilities. Great canyons course down the flanks. Smith Creek Canyon is one of the most striking limestone gorges in the West, with lofty, broken cliffs rising 3,000 feet and more.

Beautiful and unusual wildflowers abound. Towering aspen, Douglas fir and Engelman spruce trees grace the canyons. Mule deer travel the high ridges and steep slopes. You might even catch a glimpse of a mountain lion. I once approached within a few hundred feet of three of them and watched in awe as these powerful, graceful animals bounded up a rain-soaked ridge.

*Part of the joys of backpacking,
is sitting around the campfire after the walk.*

*This panorama of the Pancake Range
could not be seen from inside a car.
It is a splendid backpacker's viewpoint.*





HOWARD BOOTH

Walking Mt. Charleston, just one of Nevada's many backpacker's delights.

A good starting point for sampling Snake Range delights is Lehman Caves National Monument. The Humboldt National Forest also has an office here, where information, maps and literature may be acquired. The cool, 50-degree stroll into the caverns is an entertaining and inspiring experience in underground geology. Above ground is an easy nature trail.

The upper campground at 10,000 feet on Lehman Creek is a takeoff point to many places of interest. From a nearby overlook, the powerful scene into the 1,700-foot high cirque on 13,063-foot Wheeler Peak is unbeatable. The view extends beyond the highest stands of bristlecone pine to the jagged crest between Jeff Davis and Wheeler peaks.

A wide, easy graded trail wanders past pretty Stella and Teresa lakes to the bristlecone and ice field region. But older hikers should take it easy at this altitude—this trail is dedicated to a person who suffered a heart attack while packing a chain saw here.

The Wheeler Peak summit trail should be reserved for stout fibered hikers. The route starts out easy enough, in fact too easy, but eventually becomes steep on the unmaintained portion near the top.

(Maps: USGS Ely and Lund sheets; Humboldt National Forest, White Pine Ranger District, Ely Ranger District; and USGS Garrison, Sacramento Pass and Wheeler Peak quadrangles.)

GRANT RANGE

The Grant Range, located in Nye County, sweeps 6,600 feet above Railroad Valley. There are several routes to the summit of 11,298-foot Troy Peak, the crown of the range. The peak can be ascended from either point in a rugged hike of two miles or more over steep, trailless limestone ledges.

A joyful way to the summit is from the north via Grant Canyon. The hiker may wander along an undulating ridge four to five miles, obtaining grand views of the tremendous rows of other mountain ranges in all directions. Two miles before the summit, the noble, massive bristlecone pines are encountered. Near the summit of Troy Peak is found a unique Nevada flower, the Nevada primrose (*Primula nevadensis*), so far found only in one other area in the State.

Stone ruins are found on the summit. Buildings were located here by William Eimbeck, of the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, in 1879, to protect surveying instruments and to provide living quarters. Those men had steady nerves. The surveying station is within a few feet of a precipice dropping 900 feet on the west. This point offers a stunning view of the great white expanse of the glittering Railroad Valley 1.25 miles below.

(Maps: Humboldt National Forest, White Pine Ranger District, Ely Ranger District and USGS Troy Canyon and Forest Home quadrangles.)

(Continued on page 42)

GEARING UP FOR BACKPACKING

by Louis Bignami

Buying backpacking gear isn't difficult since you can find some items at most discount or department stores, and the rest at mountain shops. But getting the best possible gear for the least amount of money can only be the result of your looking at your present and future needs and discussing them with a knowledgeable salesperson at a specialty shop.

Casual weekend backpackers can get away with inexpensive gear. If you plan to backpack several times a month and use your gear for x-c ski touring as well, you'll simply have to spend more. Here's how.

BOOTS: Footwear is the single most important item you'll buy. Recommended are Danner 6490 one-piece Vibram sole boots at about \$60. Highly rated in many gear surveys, these are very light and take little breaking in. Casual backpackers, especially those in desert areas, will do well with the leather and fabric jungle boot used in Nam that you can find in surplus stores. If cost is no object and you can wait three years, order a pair of Peter Limmer's custom-made boots—see any backpacking magazine. Don't buy big clunky climbing boots. They are too stiff, heavy and uncomfortable for hiking.

PACKS: The line of Synergy Works internal frame packs (\$100 to \$120) are the experts' choice. They're durable and feature snap off pockets and the most comfortable waist band

and shoulder straps anywhere. Kelty, Ski Hut (Trailwise), North Face, REI and others make good frame packs. Budget backpackers will want to look at the widely available Peak I packs that are adjustable to fit many different sized folks (about \$40).

SLEEPING BAGS: Down is traditional; Polar-guard, Dacron II and Fiberpil sleeping bags are more common and less expensive these days. Sierra Designs, Ski Hut, and Marmount Mountain Works are just a few of those who offer quality bags with draft tubes, mummy and semi-rectangular shapes, and the like. If you plan on sleeping out get a Goretex covered bag; if you're packing where it's wet, or canoeing, buy Polar-guard that won't absorb water. Don't walk into the store and buy the most expensive bag. Expedition or four seasons bags are much too warm for summer use. A bag rated to about 30 degrees works great; when it's colder use a small tent or throw a space blanket (\$5) over the top.

MATTRESSES & PADS: You'll want something under your bag to protect it from damage and pad your hip so you'll sleep well. Most air mattresses eventually let you down. Air Lifts (about \$30) won't as they have individually inflating tubes plus a spare. A self-inflating pad and air combination in the same price range that works well is the Thermorest. If you want to spend less, buy a closed foam pad that's covered

on the bottom with a waterproof material and has nylon on the top (\$8 to \$20).

KITCHEN: A small stove is a must where fuel is scarce. The Coleman Peak I is slightly heavy, but puts out more heat faster than most other types. It runs on white gas or Coleman fuel. Other good stoves include Primus, Optimus and Phoebe. Add an extra fuel tank for long trips. Price range, \$20 to \$35.

You'll also need a cook set. The Swiss-made scout is fine, or you can simply pack with a pot, cup and spoon if you use mostly freeze-dry foods that are precooked and only need hot water added.

CLOTHING: Other necessities include several pairs of thick wool Ragg socks, pants and shorts, a Gore-tex rain suit top and windbreaker combination, and an insulating garment like a fiberpil sweater.

SOURCES: A more complete listing of gear and some pointers on technique can be found in the Scarbrough book by Lee Schreiber and others called *Backpacking* at \$4.95 in paperback or in Sierra Club books and manuals. Nevada backpackers should check Colin Fletcher's, *The Complete Walker*, as he offers more material than most on desert hiking. □

NEVADA

SUPER CITIZENS

"INCREDIBLE... PULSE POUNDING!"

A
TALE OF
STARTLING
DIMENSIONS

THE
TRUTH
FINALLY REVEALED
BY WILLIAM JEANES
A
REPUTABLE V.P.
AD AGENCY GUY!

YOU ALWAYS KNEW
NEVADANS WERE
RUGGED... BUT DID
YOU KNOW THEY
MAY BE
BIONIC!

PLUS!

GET THE
INSIDE
STORY..!

B.A. BUTTERBREAD
& SAYLOR



THE GUMP SISTERS... AFTER 32 YRS
TAKE AIM ON A NEW ADVENTURE!



HUMMINGBIRD MELO
& THE ELYALLSTARS!



THE LITZENBURGS
HANG EM HIGH



DOCTOR BOVIS
& HIS REPORT

The Gump Sisters. Hummingbird Melon. The Ely Allstars. The truth finally revealed about the bionic Nevadans. By William Jeanes

Nevada's Incredible

Nevadans possess physical and mental prowess that can only be described as superhuman. These qualities, unarguable on the face of considerable evidence, have never been properly communicated to the outside world, largely because Nevadans as an ethnic group are shy, retiring, and characterized by a mulish reluctance to indulge in self-promotion. A case in point is that of the 78-year-old Gump sisters of Elko, who climbed the sheer face of Boulder Dam—unaided by guides or oxygen—on the same day that George Willig made his way up New York's World Trade Center.

The pair of septuagenarians responsible for the most recent manifestation of Nevadans' incredible capabilities were Sarah and Temperance Gump, twin daughters of Righteous L. Gump,

an Irish artisan who came to Nevada in 1880 to install the first potato cellar west of the Rocky Mountains (at Mom's Restaurant in Gold Hill). The Boulder Dam ascent was not the first brush with fame engineered by the Gump sisters.

The Gump twins achieved fleeting prominence on V-J Day in 1945 when they cleanly killed the last buffalo seen inside the Elko city limits, using only a Daisy Red Ryder Carbine and a cant hook left over from their lumbering days in the great redwood forests of Northern California. Sadly, the incident went unnoticed in the euphoria surrounding Elko's celebration of World War II's completion, although the Elko Board of Aldermen awarded the sisters both ears and the tail of the unfortunate bison.

The bison incident is typical in several ways of what medical authorities have named the Bovis Syndrome. Put simply, the Bovis Syndrome is a peculiar set of circumstances found to surround native and long-time residents of Nevada. The circumstances in question are never constant except in one way: *They invariably result in concealing feats of mental and physical derring-do performed by Nevadans.* Put even more simply, the Bovis Syndrome can be described as a condition that keeps the world from finding out about superhuman Nevadans.

In the case of the buffalo kill, the Gump sisters' act was overshadowed by the end of a war. In the later case of the Boulder Dam ascent, fate again intervened. From a media standpoint, the Gump sisters executed their climb in the end of nowhere, while Willig accomplished his climb a matter of blocks from every television and radio network in the country, to say nothing of the wire services. Once again, circumstances shoved the Gump sisters firmly into the background—the Bovis Syndrome at work.

Since Nevada's earliest times, the Bovis Syndrome—as in the experience of the Gump sisters—has prevented uncounted incidents from reaching the public domain. One staggering accomplishment after another, all bearing testimony to the existence of superhuman Nevadans, has sunk unnoticed into the swamp of history. But that was before the work of Grover Bovis, Jr., found its way into publication.

Dr. Bovis grew up in several Nevada

SARAH AND TEMPERANCE GUMP
RID ELKO OF BUFFALO
AS JAPAN
SURRENDERS.



Super Citizens

towns, the result of his father's work as a traveling felt layer and pool table leveller. From the time he first began traveling with his father, young Grover Bovis exhibited a keen ear for folklore. He soon realized that an enormous number of stories, all involving deeds that seemed beyond human capability, were told as fact. Despite the absence of any documented proof, Grover Bovis found that he believed the stories. His belief became an obsession that led him to forsake the family trade and enter college where he studied research methods, American folklore and other subjects he felt would fit him out for a life of prospecting for the truth about Nevada's rumored super-citizens.

Equipped with the latest in research technology, Bovis soon began to properly document many of the feats otherwise lost to history. His first efforts at documentation were consumed by the giant fire that destroyed Panther Siding's once-flourishing warehouse district, a misfortune that led to the discovery and naming of the Bovis Syndrome. Bovis, it should be noted, was among the first discoverers of a syndrome to also become its victim.

Finally, thanks to the perfection of low-cost recording devices by the Japanese, Bovis put much of his documentation on tape. As might be expected, much of this material was lost when Byron Freed, Bovis' biographer, left the tapes on the back-seat ledge of his car where they melted in the intense Nevada sun. But enough of the tapes survived to enable *Nevada Magazine* to print the following documented case histories—most of them surprisingly recent, thus allowing the truth to surface.

Case 34-A-560, "Full Court Press Suppression." On June 16, 1977, a squad of Ely junior high school all-star basketball players defeated the "invincible" Harlem Globetrotters by a score of 45-43. The Nevadans, captained by 15-year-old Ollie McGonegle, led at halftime by 20-18 in a game character-

ized throughout by full court presses. The young Nevada aggregation trailed only twice in the game and avoided an overtime period when Albert B. Underwood, 13, landed a 75-foot jump shot as the buzzer sounded.

Hummingbird Melon, longtime Globetrotter star, was gracious in his praise of the Ely all-stars, but seemed curiously confident that the defeat would not harm the reputation of the team called the "Clown Princes of Basketball" (or "Court Jesters," according to another transcript of the Bovis tapes). "Frankly," said a smiling Melon, "nobody in the world's going to believe this."

Melon's prediction came true. Even assuming the world had been willing to believe that a collection of schoolboys defeated the Harlem Globetrotters, a questionable supposition at best, the Bovis Syndrome came into play and rendered the question moot. The Ely all-stars' triumph came on the day the New York Mets traded Tom Seaver to the Reds, a sports blockbuster that removed virtually all other news from

the sports sections of America. Among those untold stories was the stunning 45-43 defeat of the Globetrotters by a squad of Nevada students, the tallest of whom was only 5'8"

Case 38-A-213, "The Undertaker's Daughter." Samantha Dooby, then only 14, resided in the now-defunct hamlet of Baby's Head, Nevada where her father served as town undertaker and head of the volunteer fire department. When the fire alarm bell rang late one night in the home of Solomon Dooby, he pulled on his trousers, slid down a special brass pole to the floor of his bedroom, and rushed off to do battle with the flames. Unfortunately, being among Nevada's most absent-minded citizens, Dooby went flying off in his horse-drawn hearse rather than the fire pumper. Seeing her father's mistake, young Samantha grabbed the traces of the pumper (her father having taken the only two horses in the Dooby stable), and pulled it nine miles to the fire. Her timely arrival saved the lives of six members of the Matson family and the home of their prize-winning

(Continued on page 58)

HUMMINGBIRD MELON:
"NOBODY'S GOING TO BELIEVE THIS!"



Bionic or not, Nevadans have a habit of performing consistent feats of daring and skill.

The Real Nevada Hotshots

JACKIE ALLARD Champion lightweight arm wrestler

Fortunately for Nevada's reputation, not all of the feats of its residents are subject to the Bovis Syndrome. There was no mind capturing news event to overshadow Reno's Jackie Allard the day she won the World Professional Arm Wrestling Association title for lightweight women, an event held in Houston, Texas, and televised on CBS's Sports Spectacular



BURGE HULETT

The 25-year-old Allard isn't what she appears to be. Consider the facts: Here we have an athletic 5-foot-8, 150-pound woman who is a jailor by profession, a first base star for the Royals (the state's championship woman's softball team), a regular at a local weight lifting emporium and, of course, a world-class arm wrestler

Against the backdrop of Reno, Nevada, a place noted for tough frontier women, Jackie Allard could come off like a don't-mess-with-me macho lady

But the misleading facts surrounding Jackie Allard are easy to explain. She is a jailor because she has University of

Nevada-Reno degrees in Spanish and criminal justice. There isn't much of a market in Reno for Spanish majors so Jackie took a job with the Washoe County Sheriff's Department as a deputy assigned to the jail. Her love of sports keeps her active in softball as well as tennis and golf.

It was a softball accident that got Allard into serious arm wrestling. In August of 1976 she had a confrontation with a fence while chasing a foul ball. She should have let the ball go. The fence won and Jackie was on the line for a large medical bill owed to her father. She had won small cash prizes arm wrestling for fun so it seemed logical to get into some bigger competition and earn enough money to pay her father back. Jackie's first big meet for money was in Los Angeles, an event with a \$1,000 cash prize. She lost.

But Jackie Allard is a competitor, losing isn't part of her game. She began to prepare herself physically and mentally for serious arm wrestling. She tightened her belt, lost enough weight to get into the women's lightweight class (140 pounds), concentrated on winning and was able to put her opponent away under the bright lights of the television cameras in Houston.

Today she trains by playing softball and working out at the gym, and plans to carry her sponsor's colors (Pick Hobson's Riverside Hotel) into the world of competitive big time arm wrestling.

What does it take to win a national title in the one-on-one world of arm wrestling? Says Allard, "Beating everybody is the biggest problem in arm wrestling." Yeah, sure, Jackie. But that's her approach: size it up, figure out what needs to be done, and do it.

Jackie Allard is standing on top of a VW van posing for a Nevada Magazine picture. The wind is whipping off the Sierra in the fading daylight and Allard is concentrating on staying on her perch. "I feel like Wonder Woman," she says. Not a chance—the combined talents of Lynda Carter and Wonder Woman couldn't match Nevada's Jackie Allard.

—Burge Hulett



RANDY TUNNELL

WILLIAM BRYAN CAWELTI Wheelchair marathon record breaker

He smiles as he talks. "It sounds funny, but before the accident I had no idea why people were in wheelchairs."

William Bryan Cawelti, 35, of Carson City, now knows very well why people are in wheelchairs. On November 21, 1970, he was a passenger in a tanker truck half filled with No. 1 diesel. The truck flipped on a curve, and Bill woke up 30 minutes later in a pool of diesel fuel with a broken back, a chest full of shattered ribs, and a powerful hankering for a smoke.

"I'm lucky I made it past that cigarette," Cawelti says.

More than eight years have passed since the accident that paralyzed him from the waist down, but Bill Cawelti's personal story is far from over and, yes, he's still smiling. He's smiling because he recently completed a grueling seven-day, 450-mile wheelchair trip from Carson City to Las Vegas along a route that is known for its wind and sand and heat. He's smiling because the trip is over and in spite of the bloody, split fingers, the blistered butt, the windburn and the sunburn, he has accomplished what he wanted.

He called his effort a "Rollathon." By the time he reached Las Vegas, he had raised more than \$11,000 for the Governor's Committee on the Employment of the Handicapped and drew attention to the needs of handicapped people. He also established official

world records for timed total distance in a wheelchair (451.7 miles in seven days) and timed single day's distance (87.7 miles in 14-3/4 hours).

Cawelti's accomplishments on the trip reflect his intensely personal commitment to living fully, a commitment that has been heightened more than hampered by his physical paralysis. He admits that during the first five days in the hospital after the accident he "wanted to crawl to the window and jump out."

Then his perspective changed, and he completed a physical rehabilitation program in only four weeks. His interests changed. Prior to the accident, as vice president of a wildcat oil exploration company with offices in Tonopah and Salt Lake City, Bill's life was business management and public relations. When he was released from the hospital, he continued with the company for a while, driving himself around the area buying equipment, setting up contracts, and negotiating stock sales.

But gradually he became more interested in people, particularly people with problems like his own. To that end, he has either helped or established several fund raising programs for the handicapped. Cawelti organized the Silver State Highrollers, the first total activity sports team in the state for people with walking difficulty or in wheelchairs, and also established the first wheelchair athletic program in a Nevada community college. He has given speeches on travel, the sex life and social needs of handicapped people, and the potential for a full vigorous life.

"I just like to roll," Cawelti says. "Anywhere."

He says that the paralysis hasn't affected his interest in sports at all. There are some limitations, he admits, but the limitations aren't nearly as comprehensive as many people think. In addition to the 1500 practice miles he rolled in preparation for the Roll-athon, Bill pursues a wide variety of other sports: lake and deep sea fishing, hunting, most water activities—including the Truckee River Raft Race—basketball, sailing, camping and, of course, cross country trips. He is currently working on a design for a body brace which would allow the handicapped to ski. He has even developed a particular interest in outdoor cooking, and graciously offers to anyone who's interested his recipe for cooking one of his favorites: rattlesnake.

—Patrick Crymes

HENRY "VAROOM" VEREEN UNLV's dazzling wide receiver

When wearing everyday clothes Henry "Varoom" Vereen doesn't attract much attention to his 5' 9" and 175 lb. frame. Put him in a UNLV Rebel football uniform though, and he becomes an object of fear to the defenders who have to play against the wide receiver.

Whether running or receiving, Varoom's great speed and dazzling moves make him nearly impossible to stop quickly.



It's not an official NCAA record, but the UNLV Athletic Department figures that Vereen averages 17.6 yards every time he carries the ball. Few college players in the country can even come close to that mark.

Vereen has a solid hold on one NCAA record: in 1976 he led Division II players around the country with a 31.4 yards per kickoff return. In three seasons he has run back 78 kickoffs for 1,901 yards for a career average of 24.4 yards. Though small for a rusher, he still manages 7.7 yards per carry and has scored four touchdowns. He averages 7.3 yards on punt returns.

Wide receiver is where Vereen truly shines. In three seasons he has caught 55 passes for 1,028 yards and nine touchdowns with an average catch of 18.7 yards.

There's more bad news for teams playing the Rebels this year UNLV receiver coach Adam Rita says Vereen, now in his senior year, is even stronger and faster than before. Besides receiving, Varoom is revved up for more running plays and punt returns for his final collegiate season.—Harvey Usher

GREG LEMON Bicycle racer

Don't be surprised if one day while lacing up your Adidas, you're told that jogging is out; bike racing is in.

You can blame the switch on Greg LeMond. He was in Europe this summer, carrying a bit of American history in his bag. There's the bronze medal he won in Washington, D.C. in June during the Junior World Cycling Championships, the first ever by a U.S. male. He won it in a time trial against the clock and 36 other countries. He packs the medal right on top of the certificate for ninth place in the 75-mile Junior World Championships. He's just as proud of that one, since he crossed the finish line inches behind the winning Russian. It took three hours and a magnifying glass for officials to sort out the top 10 from the photos.

So there he is, a 17-year-old from Washoe Valley challenging the world in a sport that most Americans have never seen.

Three years ago when he climbed aboard his first ten-speed, Greg LeMond had a different motive. The LeMonds are fanatics about sport. Fanatic in that Spartan-ethic sort of way that produces champions. The year Greg began to ride, his sister Karen was 13 and was spending six hours a day practicing gymnastics. This year she became the AAU National Champion. His father Bob was excelling too. In trapshooting, he was an expert, a top gun. He wanted to be closer to his son, though, and that's why he bought the two bicycles. To get himself in shape for skiing and to help his son become a champion freestyler. They were going to become expert skiers together. They were until a bike race buzzed their home.

Competitive cyclists often ride in great packs of 50 or more riders, each trying to draft one-behind-the-other to cut the wind resistance. Exactly the same principle you see with the stock cars at Daytona. Riding at racing speed is difficult, but it's a bit easier within the pack. The strongest riders take turns out front, and true to Darwin, they constantly up the tempo waiting for the weak to succumb.

In France, this pack of cyclists is called a *peloton*, and the crowds cheer its arrival; in California, it's called a traffic hazard, and the highway patrol gives it tickets. So it was that year that our neighboring state was forced to hold its championships in Nevada. The

peloton went round and round the Franktown Road. Right by the LeMond driveway. Each time the riders circled, father and son watched. Spellbound.

Transformed, the leisurely one- and two-mile rides the LeMonds had been taking in the evenings became daily 20-mile workouts. Soon it was up to 30 miles, then 40. To Carson City. Genoa. Over Spooner Summit. Up Mt. Rose. To Virginia City. Woodfords. Bob lost 25 pounds and was looking younger. Greg began winning races.

The ease with which Greg LeMond won was deceptive. Cycling, as done by racers, looks graceful and relaxing. Their pedal stroke is smooth and fluid, as it must be to maintain the 25 to 30 mile per hour pace. But achieving that relaxed profile on the saddle requires thousands of miles of practice and a great deal of strength and stamina. Fifty mile events are the average, not the extreme. And the speed required over those distances is the real decider. To put it in perspective for the Sunday Schwinn rider, try chasing a car around a residential neighborhood. That's racing speed. Now imagine staying with that car for two or three hours.

To his competitors' dismay, it was an ability to recover, time and time again, to find that extra energy, that began to set LeMond apart. When a peloton crests the summit of a steep grade, the pack relaxes, trying to recoup from the effort of the climb. It was then that young LeMond would seize the opportunity and accelerate the pace. The moment others were exhausted, he would attack. His early wins were not by inches, but by miles.

Success and devotion have a way of becoming addiction. When LeMond exhausted the library of cycling books, he turned to related subjects: marathoning, conditioning and physiology. One casualty of this emersion was junk food. He blitzed the kitchen, eliminating sugar, white flour and anything man-made or unnatural. A Reno newspaper reporter was so intrigued with the phenomenon of a teenager immune to Big Mac attacks, that LeMond became the subject of a full-page feature on food and fitness.

By the '77 season, it was impossible to ignore the results of his training. Still 15, LeMond entered a two-day road race in Fresno for Senior riders (18 and over). At the end of the 130-mile test, he finished just six seconds behind three-time national champion,



ROBERT F. GEORGE/VELO-NEWS

John Howard. As both pulled steadily away from the rest of the field, Howard kept looking at LeMond, astonished that he couldn't shake loose a high school freshman. George Mount of Berkeley, who was fresh off his sixth place finish at the Montreal Olympics, had the same stunned look when LeMond pedaled around him to win an event in San Francisco later the same year.

But by the end of the season, Greg was to become a victim of his youth and cycling's officialdom. Throughout the year, he was forced to use gears that limited his top speed during downhills and tailwind conditions. Senior riders, like Howard, would slowly pedal away from him after he had reached his maximum rpm's. The gear rule was intended to protect the growing limbs of younger riders, and, despite his results, no exception was made for LeMond. During the qualification races for the '77 World Championships, he was the high point man, taking two firsts and a fifth. Sadly, the U.S. Cycling Federation declared him too young to compete in the races held in Austria that year. He was less than a month away from his 16th birthday.

Throughout, he was being praised, but there was also some criticism. *Velo-News*, a national racing publication, questioned if "it was too much too soon for the pedaling lightning bolt from Nevada." The article brought a quick reply from LeMond who wrote, "My goal in cycling is to become a top professional, and I don't believe you wait until you are 20 years old to start being good."

There was no waiting as he promptly won the Junior National Championships in dramatic fashion. Those long training rides in the Sierra made him nearly unbeatable on hilly courses. You can't draft (and save energy) climbing a cliff. The Nationals in Seattle were steep, and they were being conceded to LeMond. Few expected him to have any challengers at the end. But he crashed twice, and going down while the peloton is disappearing into the sunset has a way of compounding pre-race tactics. LeMond had to chase the group until the finish, where he found himself shoulder-to-shoulder with a speedster. Now when it's flat, the sprinters like to duck-in behind the strong riders until the line, then with a burst of speed, come around for the win. Jeff Bradley, a sprinter from Iowa, was sure of the win, since no one had ever seen LeMond sprint, and no

one had much confidence that he could. Not until he sprinted by Bradley and won by two bike lengths.

The bronze medal and the high placings at the World Championships were high points this year, but it was also a season for the future. LeMond landed a spot on the Olympic Development Squad, allowing him to attend special training camps at Squaw Valley and Colorado Springs. His progress is now being closely monitored by the U.S. coaches. And they're not the only ones.

Europeans are looking on with interest. For the French, Dutch, Germans, Italians, Belgians and Russians, cycling is the national sport. The World Championships are the Superbowl. Europeans have a vested interest in knowing if the young riders in the stars-and-stripes jerseys are joining the club.

In this country, there's one bicycle for every three persons; a staggering 15 million new ones were sold last year; and cycling rates as the number four leisure-time activity. Yet, today there's only a handful of racers and even fewer knowledgeable fans. U.S. Cycling officials are hoping to change all that during the 1980 Olympics. Frank Shorter ushered in the boom in marathoning with his 1972 victory at Munich, and Olga Korbut's gold medal launched a thousand little girls into gymnastics. Bike racing is a long-odds bet to become America's next life sports craze, now that jogging, tennis and skiing have filtered down to the masses. A gold medal in Moscow could insure it. And the best chance the U.S. has ever had is riding with the young cyclist from Nevada.

—by Buddy Frank

JOE LOUIS

A Great American Heavyweight

Even if the man in the street in the 1940s didn't know who the vice president was, he sure knew who Joe Louis was. The Brown Bomber was the undisputed king of the boxing world from June 1937, when he became world heavyweight champion, to 1949, a 12 year reign during which he defended his title 25 times.

Memorialized at the Boxing Hall of Fame, Joe Louis was later voted boxing's Man of the Half Century.

Joe Louis now resides quietly in Las Vegas with his family. He has been a host and official greeter at Caesar's Palace the past eight years.

Community esteem peaked last fall when heart problems and ensuing sur-



LAS VEGAS NEWS BUREAU

gery at Houston, Texas, threatened Joe's life in a way no contender ever had. Las Vegas newspapers' front pages headlined his dilemma and echoed the prayers of his countless fans.

Louis' incomparable toughness prevailed and he returned to Caesar's, though restricted to token appearances in a wheelchair. Crime stories moved off the front pages again in May to make room for note of Joe's 64th birthday.

Just how tough Joe Louis was in his heyday might best be revealed in the story told after he put 250-pound Buddy Baer to sleep in the first round at Madison Square Garden before 18,000 screaming fans. After Baer's head cleared he said, "I can beat Joe Louis next time if they let me use a baseball bat."

As the late sportswriter Jimmy Cannon once said, "Joe Louis is a credit to his race—the human race."

—Judy Casey

HELEN ANDERSON

Keno, Sixty plus miles a week

Helen Anderson loves to run. She started running in school and never stopped. First it was Pleasant Hill Community College in the Bay Area and then the Diablo Track Club and a series of quartermile and half-mile races and half-mile relays. One relay stands out in 21-year-old Anderson's memory when she says, "We really cooked 'em; just smoked 'em."

Ms. Anderson is still "cooking 'em," as a keno runner at Reno's MGM Grand. She stays in shape for her job by swimming two miles a day with a

little jogging thrown in. It's a strenuous program and matches her schoolgirl workouts when she trained for competitive track events.

Food is important to any athlete and Anderson is no exception. During her trophy running days she trained on M&Ms, honey and Nutrement for maximum physical effort. She also weighed 160 pounds. Today Anderson eats mostly hamburgers and fish



BURGE HULETT

around 4 a.m. during her stint on graveyard shift at the casino. As a result, Anderson dropped 20 pounds in six weeks, down to her current weight of 130 pounds. She says she eats just enough to keep from getting dizzy

Running at a casino is different than running on a track. Keno requires broken field running. Anderson's field is a long hallway filled with bodies, fingers, hands and pieces of luggage. She uses a lot of hip motion when speeding back and forth to the main keno lounge. Some of the people who clog Anderson's path are just plain lost while others are trying to lay a hand or two on the pretty professional runner, and keno running is more for profit than fun. You can't stop, look at the scenery or catch your breath when you feel like it. There are no rest periods when hope crazed bettors are fighting to get their money down. At the MGM, Anderson estimates that she runs a 300-foot path 200 times a night. That comes out to a little more than 11 miles a night, times six shifts, for a whopping total of 66 miles per week.

Runners who train for events like Nevada's Silver State Marathon (26 miles) usually run about 60 to 70 miles

per week, eating carefully selected foods and sleeping with a regularity that would make Amtrack blush. Anderson takes it all in stride and keeps on running. —Burge Hulett

BOB "LIGHT LUNCH" CRISP Professional Streaker



There can be little doubt that Bob "Light Lunch" Crisp is Nevada's only professional streaker. The 37-year-old, 280-pound Reno resident began his streaking career at a drag race in Redding, California, as a result of a dare. The crowd loved it, and a new career was born.

(Continued on page 37)

Highway I-80
7 miles west
of Reno

BOOMTOWN

HOTEL • CASINO



Round-the-Clock Menu

- General Store • Super Luncheon and Dinner Buffets •
- Breakfast Anytime • Diesel Fuel • Acres of Free Parking • Propane • Gas
- 124 beautiful rooms at reasonable rates • Air Conditioning
- Color TV • Swimming Pool in central courtyard
- Kid's Playroom • Complete casino • Open round the clock

(702) 345-6000 • Toll free 1 (800) 648-3790

COME TO LIFE!

Life, Harrah's style. It's a non-stop kaleidoscope of elegance, color, and excitement. An incredible fantasy made real.

It's sumptuous dining in delightful restaurants, and relaxing interludes in intimate lounges. It's the world's greatest entertainers in the fabulous theatre-restaurants, and

the spicy variety of the late-night cabarets.

It's unwinding in a spacious and elegantly-appointed room. It's the tranquility of the High Sierra, and the exhilaration of the casinos.

Come taste it. Experience it. Indulge yourself in it. Come to Harrah's Reno or Lake Tahoe. Come to Life!



Harrah's Reno and Lake Tahoe

Reservation service 7 a.m. to midnight, toll free only
from California, Oregon, Utah, Idaho & Arizona 800-648-3773
In Nevada & other states 702-329-4422



A promoter with a dream:
who else would use Winnemucca to link
San Francisco with Boise? By Paul Christian

Colonel Place & His Phantom Railroad



Col. Edward R. Place.
(PHOTO CALDWELL TRIBUNE 1907)

At the turn of the century Nevada was crisscrossed by railroads whose features widely varied according to the supply of commerce and capital. Some stretched from border to border, while others were left half finished. They ran on schedule or by appointment, on standard or narrow gauge, hauling ore, freight and passengers to Utah and California.

There were also those railroads that, for lack of capital and a few other essentials, never were more than a glint in a promoter's eye. Such a line was the Winnemucca Northern. It had a route, a board of directors, publicity campaigns in two states, and even the attention of one of the country's biggest railroads.

The Winnemucca Northern's creator was Colonel Edward R. Place, a vagabond promoter who dreamed of a line linking Winnemucca and San Francisco with Boise, Idaho. His vision was clear; it's just that his timing was a few decades off.

Colonel Place (all railroad promoters were colonels, whether real or self-appointed) came to Nevada by a circuitous route. He was born in 1863—place undetermined—and first appears in California around 1900 in the Chico area talking of the need for a railroad to connect San Francisco with Boise.

At the time everyone knew about San Francisco but few had heard anything about Boise.

The reaction suggested to Place that Idaho really did need a railroad connecting its potential growth areas to San Francisco markets. Idaho's only link with the coast was the Union

Pacific's Ogden to Portland route. This limitation, for any transportation promoter, was an irresistible magnet.

But Place discovered his idea was suffering from the lack of an audience. Chico residents had their own problems, and building a railroad to Boise was not one of them.

It didn't take Ed Place long to get the message. Why favor Chico as a key point en route from Boise to San Francisco? Why not build south from Boise to Winnemucca? The mileage would be cut to about 270 and there were railroads in Nevada that should welcome such a line.

His story moves to Boise and Caldwell. In 1906 and 1907 these were important small towns in southwest Idaho. Caldwell was on the mainline of the Union Pacific and Boise, the capital of Idaho, was at the end of a 20-mile spur line originating in Nampa. Desperately anxious for more direct rail connection with San Francisco, Boise felt herself left high and dry by the whims of the Union Pacific.

Place received enthusiastic support in Caldwell and it was there they started calling him Colonel. Support from Boise was enthusiastic but limited, and cash support was not erupting in either town. It takes a lot of grading, bridging, ties and rails for 270 miles of track so Place set up headquarters at Caldwell. It, at least, wasn't at the far end of a spur.

Track laying started southwestward from Caldwell aiming toward Jordan Valley and Winnemucca and was largely with near volunteer labor supplied by enthusiastic local farmers. In this attempt Place gave evidence of a

significant tactical error. Before the track could stretch more than 14 miles, it would have to cross the Snake River. This required engineering skill, vast amounts of concrete and steel. And it also meant a lot of cash. Construction slowed to a grinding halt.

After a couple of years, Union Pacific bought the trackage and that is as far as it ever got toward Winnemucca. It was not, however, any end for Col. Place.

The Colonel, with all publicity stops out, arrived in Winnemucca determined to build his railroad northward from that town. His wife and new daughter arrived with a carload of furniture and after a few days at the Lafayette Hotel were established in the Muller house on Fourth Street.

The Southern Pacific was no more interested in a feeder line from Idaho than the Union Pacific had been in a connecting line with San Francisco. Ed Place, however, had plans based on the newly operational Western Pacific.

Publicity is life blood to a promoter. Place knew this but he had a lot of competition, little of which he could influence. It was 1912 and there was the ominous distant rumbling of a possible world war; there was unending talk of a "north" route and a "south" route that turned out to be today's highways 80 and 50; and there was the mining boom at Rochester.

Obviously the Colonel had to acquire a local image and base. He had long shifted the name of his railroad to fit the most likely source of support whether it be San Francisco, Nevada and Idaho or even—for a moment—Montana. By mid-1912 he had settled

on "Winnemucca Northern." Not bad. It sounded like a railroad and it was local. "The greatest untapped markets anywhere in the west are at either end of the Winnemucca Northern," Place said. "There are 200,000 head of cattle per year awaiting shipment from the area between the Snake River and Winnemucca."

The railroad was incorporated in and under the laws of the State of Arizona on June 5, 1912, by W. Maxwell Burke and R. F. Burke who, though from Phoenix, were owners and operators of a mining claim at National located between Orovala and McDermitt. The Board of Directors were Place, his uncle, L. H. Place, and S. D. Simpson of Caldwell. They possessed full authority to name officers of the corporation and to control all actions of the company. They were empowered to sell shares at \$10 with a maximum indebtedness of \$325,000 allowable.

A local slate of officers was named including Thomas Nelson, President; C. E. Haviland, Vice-President; E. Reinhart, Treasurer; H. Warren, General Counsel; H. H. Sheldon, Chief Engineer; and E. R. Place, General Manager. These were all highly respected local men. They had two things in common. They were all from Winnemucca and they knew little about building a railroad.

The need for a comparable promotional anchor at the northern end of the proposed railroad was filled by a group of such Idaho luminaries as George Fletcher, W. E. Pierce, Frank Coffin and Leo Falk. The two groups shared a common ability to recognize a promotion 10 miles away in a sand storm and a fervent disinclination to part with

money without some assurance as to a likely return. Leo Falk, a key figure in the Falk Mercantile Enterprises in Idaho, was the most generously supportive. He simply wanted trade both ways with San Francisco. E. Reinhart, a Winnemucca merchant and banker clearly wanted business in Winnemucca and was only passingly interested in either Idaho or San Francisco.

Chief Engineer Sheldon, a competent judge of terrain, mapped a route north-eastward toward the upper end of Paradise Valley and then circled westward gaining elevation to get over Paradise Hill. This was achieved at an acceptable grade with the route following very closely the present Highway 95. It even came within convenient distance to Burke's Mine at National. This was not likely an accident.

Col. Place had his officers and his route but he didn't have his railroad. He didn't have the capital required to actually start construction. The problem just refused to fade. He knew the completed railroad would cost upwards of \$20 million. Two and a half million would get the "show on the road." He clearly needed a first rate publicity coup.

Confronted reality can sometimes be rough. Place knew the Southern Pacific and Union Pacific hadn't even a remote interest in the success of the Winnemucca Northern. This left the Western Pacific and they were having their own financial problems. B. F. Bush, President of Western Pacific and no mean promoter in his own right, was near desperate for feeder line or any other avenue of support for his line.

Place reasoned that if he and his two groups could host a party made up of Bush and his associates and take them

by automobile over the proposed route they might get a commitment from Bush as to Western Pacific's interest in the projected Winnemucca Northern. This might inspire the appearance of adequate initial funds. All efforts were directed to this end.

Scheduling and co-ordination were problems. A time acceptable to all had to be found. Automobiles equal to the trip had to be available and who was better positioned to handle this than C. E. Haviland, Winnemucca's first Ford dealer. Supplies had to be at hand. Tires and gasoline arranged for and drivers and mechanics engaged. Four cars would be needed, two for the men in the party, one for baggage, and one to transport gasoline, oil and other necessities.

The fateful day arrived. The Western Pacific party including Mr. Bush, Mr. Olney, General Counsel, Mr. Stephens, Chief Engineer, Mr. E. L. Marston and others joined a delegation representing both ends of the proposed Winnemucca Northern. Everything was set for departure early on the morning of November 11, 1913. Everything was at stake. All antes were on the table.

Events and Place never seemed to match the time factor.

Roads were either non-existent or dependent on the ability of man to improvise. Not a foot of hard surfaced road was encountered anywhere from Winnemucca to the Snake River and two hours out from Winnemucca the rain started in torrents. Darkness found the party still south of McDermitt and the rain had turned to sleet.

November 12th was spent en route from McDermitt to a point 10 miles south of Jordan Valley at which point three of the four cars stopped for reasons equally divided between roads, weather, navigational bickering and general frustration. The fourth car arrived in Jordan Valley ingloriously behind a team of horses and loaded beyond capacity with men wanting to get to town. Any town.

Upon his arrival in Caldwell, the only quoted reaction of B. F. Bush was, "There are obviously many problems yet to be solved—but if those interested can raise the two or three million dollars for initial construction, the proposed line has promise. No, I'm not returning to Winnemucca via automobile. I've directed that the cars of my party be attached to the first eastbound Western Pacific at Winnemucca and we will meet them in Salt Lake."



The outset of the safari from Winnemucca to Caldwell and Boise. Place (third from left), Bush (large gent in front of Place), and Leo Falk (small guy on far right). Others unidentified.

(PHOTO COURTESY IDAHO STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY)

Calendar

SOUTH

OCTOBER

- 1 Las Vegas Pops Orchestra, Hadland Park, 2pm, LAS VEGAS
- 1-5 Alyeen Misch Exhibit, Green Apple Gallery, LAS VEGAS
- 1-20 Revival! Photography exhibit, Flamingo Library, LAS VEGAS
- 1-21 "I Do, I Do," musical comedy, Meadows Playhouse, LAS VEGAS
- 1-25 Landscapes, paintings by Patricia Finch, art museum, LAS VEGAS
- 2-20 Ann Adair exhibit, UNLV Art Gallery, LAS VEGAS
- 2-30 Quilting exhibit, library, NORTH LAS VEGAS
- 4-28 Hicks Valley, Newfoundland, original family comedy, Arch Co. Theater, LAS VEGAS
- 5-7 "Steambath," Judy Bayley Theater, UNLV, LAS VEGAS
- 5-15 "Send Me No Flowers," comedy, L.V. Little Theater, LAS VEGAS
- 7,8 Art Festival, Boulder City Hospital Auxiliary, Bicentennial Park, BOULDER CITY
- 7,8 Open Horse Show, Horsemen's Arena, BOULDER CITY

- 8 Las Vegas Pops Orchestra, Paradise Park, 2pm, LAS VEGAS
- 8 Bluegrass Music Concert, Sunset Park, 5pm, LAS VEGAS
- 8 Chamber Players Concert, Ham Hall, UNLV, 8pm, LAS VEGAS
- 9 Jose Iturbi, pianist, Ham Hall, UNLV, 8pm, LAS VEGAS
- 12-15 "Steambath," Judy Bayley Theater, UNLV, LAS VEGAS
- 20-22 Silver State Rodeo, Queen Contest, Tobacco Spittin' Contest, BBQ, Beer Garden, Music, Carnival, Livestock Auction, LAS VEGAS
- 21,22 Ceramic Show & Sale, Convention Center, LAS VEGAS
- 21-28 "The Near Sighted Knight & the Far Sighted Dragon," children's play, Grant Hall, UNLV, LAS VEGAS
- 22 Chamber Singers Concert, Ham Hall, UNLV, 2pm, LAS VEGAS
- 23 Stanford & Freshwater exhibit, UNLV Art Gallery, LAS VEGAS
- 28 Las Vegas Doll Club Show & Sale, Convention Center, LAS VEGAS
- 28,29 Clark County Art Round-up, juried exhibition, Las Vegas Art Museum, LAS VEGAS
- 29 UNLV Orchestra, Ham Hall, UNLV, 2pm, LAS VEGAS

NOVEMBER

- 22-26 NSHA Region V Annual Thanksgiving Open Horse Show, Clark County Horsemen's Park, LAS VEGAS
- 3-5 Henderson Expo, HENDERSON

DECEMBER

- 2 North Las Vegas Christmas Parade
- 7-9 "Scapino," Judy Bayley Theater, UNLV, LAS VEGAS
- 15-17 Chili Cookoff, Circus Circus, LAS VEGAS

CENTRAL

OCTOBER

- 6-8 Nevada Episcopal Women's Convention, ELY
- 21 Local Talent Contest, ELY

DECEMBER

- 2 Elks Charity Ball, Elks Hall, TONOPAH
- 31 Firemen's Ball, EUREKA

WEST

OCTOBER

- Wknds Dayton Flea Market, DAYTON
- Wknds Fernley Fun Fair Flea Market, with Sunday Auction, FERNLEY
- M'days Square Dancing, Wellington Hall, 7pm, WELLINGTON
- 1 Star Gaze at Spooner Lake, 6pm, Hwys 28&30, State Park System, SPOONER LAKE
- 1 Reno Kennel Club All-Breed Dog Show & Obedience Trials, Moana Ball Park, 8am-7pm, RENO
- 1-5 Recreational Vehicle Dealer Assoc. of North America, RENO
- 4 Reno Gem & Mineral Society, Slide Lecture & Exhibit, "Artifacts," Clubhouse, 480 S.Rock Blvd., 8pm, SPARKS
- 5-8 Antique Show, Coliseum, RENO
- 6,7 Art & Crafts Fair, FALLON
- 7 Bird Watching, Lahontan Reservoir, FALLON
- 7 Stockcar races, Rattlesnake Speedway, 7:30pm, FALLON
- 7 Heaven Bound Singers—Gospel, Pioneer Theater, RENO
- 8 Nevada Symphonic Association, 2:45pm, Pioneer Theater, RENO
- 10-12 Governor's Youth Traffic Safety Conference, FALLON
- 14 Ballet Folk of Moscow, USA, Pioneer Theater, 8pm, RENO
- 20,21 Great Basin Anthropological Assoc. Convention, Pioneer Theater, RENO
- 20-22 Reno Ski Show, Coliseum, RENO
- 21,22 Doll & Miniature Show, Coliseum, RENO
- 22 Farm Sale & Auction, SMITH VALLEY
- 23-27 Far West Pro Ski Patrol Assoc. Convention, Pioneer Theater, RENO
- 27-29 Antique Show, Crystal Hill, Coliseum, RENO
- 30 1864 Ball, Ormsby House, CARSON CITY
- 31 Nevada Day Celebration, CARSON CITY

NOVEMBER

- Wknds Dayton Flea Market, DAYTON
- Wknds Fernley Fun Fair Flea Market, with Sunday Auction, FERNLEY
- M'days Square Dancing, Wellington Hall, 7pm, WELLINGTON
- 2-5 PITA Fall Tournament, Harolds Trap Shooting Club, SPARKS
- 3 "WASHOE," Film, Walker Wassuk Arts Alliance, Philips Center, 7pm, 7th & D

WHERE THE FUN BEGINS . . .

LUXURIOUS HOTEL
Lakeview Lodging

TRAILER VILLAGE
Complete Hookups

Year 'Round
Mooring
Open Slips
Dry Storage

SKI FISHING PATIO BOAT RENTALS
GROCERIES BAIT TACKLE

JUST 50 MILES EAST OF LAS VEGAS

LAKE MEAD'S
Echo Bay
RESORT • MARINA

OVERTON, NEVADA 89040

BROCHURE

702/397-2662

RESERVATIONS



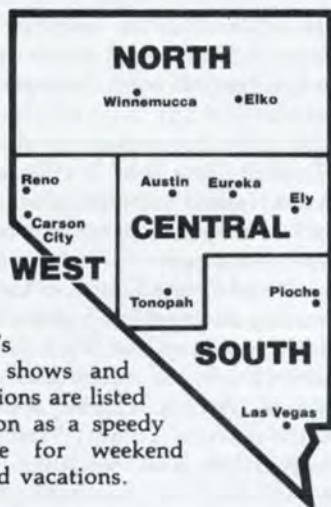
ALL NEW *PlayMate*
RENTAL FLEET

HOUSEBOAT
MIDWEEK
SPECIAL

\$350.00

5 Days
4 Nights

- Streets, HAWTHORNE
- 4 Centro De Informacion Latino Americano Dance, Fairgrounds, 8pm, RENO
- 4,5 World Wide Flea Market, Coliseum, RENO
- 5 Reno-Sparks Interfaith Gospel Concert, Pioneer Theater, RENO
- 9 Rock Concert, Jethro Tull, Coliseum, RENO
- 9 Community Concert, 8:15pm, Pioneer Theater, RENO
- 10-12 World Wide Leather Show, Pioneer Theater, RENO
- 17-19 Christmas Carnival, Pioneer Theater, RENO



Nevada's events, shows and celebrations are listed by region as a speedy reference for weekend trips and vacations.

- 17-19 Reno Christmas Showcase, Coliseum, RENO
- 19-20 Christmas Fair, Community Center, CARSON CITY
- 24 KNIS-Agape Productions 2nd chapter ACTS, Man called David, Pioneer Theater, RENO
- 24 University of Nevada-Australia, basketball, Coliseum, RENO
- 26 Reno Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, Pioneer Theater, RENO
- 29 Miss Carson City Pageant, CARSON CITY

DECEMBER

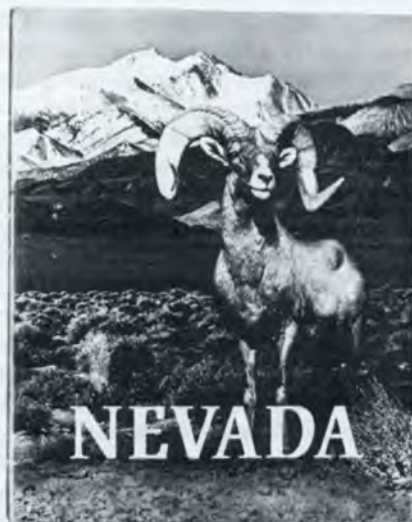
- Wknds Dayton Flea Market, DAYTON
- Wknds Fernley Fun Fair Flea Market, with Sunday Auction, FERNLEY
- Wknds Corner Flea Market, DAYTON
- M'days Square Dancing, Wellington Hall, 7pm, WELLINGTON
- 1 University of Nevada-Pan American, Basketball, Coliseum, RENO
- 1,2 Opera Guild No. 1, "La Cenerento," 8:15pm, Pioneer Theater, RENO
- 2 Christmas Bazaar, SMITH VALLEY
- 2,3 World Wide Flea Market, Coliseum, RENO
- 5 Washoe Youth Symphony, 8pm, Pioneer Theater, RENO
- 6 Community Concert, Roger Wagner Corral, Pioneer Theater, RENO
- 6 Reno Gem & Mineral Soc., lapidary lecture, Club House, 480 S. Rock Blvd., 8pm, SPARKS
- 6-10 Holiday On Ice, Coliseum, RENO
- 9 "Messiah," University of Nevada Music Dept., Pioneer Theater, 8pm, RENO

- 10 Nevada Symphonic Assoc., Pioneer Theater, RENO
- 12 UNR vs. Chapman, basketball, Coliseum, RENO
- 15 UNR vs. Chico, basketball, Coliseum, RENO
- 15-17 Comm/Fish/Mart & Work Boat Show, Coliseum, RENO
- 16 New Penny Singers annual concert, 8pm, Pioneer Theater, RENO
- 17,18 "Nutcracker," Theater Ballet of San Francisco, Pioneer Theater, RENO
- 20,21 Wolfpack Classic, basketball, Coliseum, RENO
- 24 St. Thomas Aquinas Catholic Church Midnight Mass, Pioneer Theater, 10:30pm, RENO
- 26-31 American Contract Bridge League, Dist. 20, Pioneer Theater, RENO
- 30 UNR vs. Cal Berkeley, basketball, Coliseum, RENO

NORTH

OCTOBER

- 2,3 Elko County Range Bull Sale, Fairgrounds, ELKO
- 4,5 Women's Bestball & 2 Men's Bestball Golf Tournaments, JACKPOT
- 21,22 Snaffle Bit Futurity, Spring Creek Horse Palace, ELKO
- 25 Women's Pro-Am Golf Tournament, JACKPOT
- 28 Air Race, Great Falls, Montana to Jackpot, JACKPOT
- 28 Crab Feed, Elks Hall, WINNEMUCCA



Discover Nevada with us.

This is the most beautiful book ever to deal with the Silver State. It's both timely and timeless. It's an heirloom.

Gifted photographers have moved across the face of Nevada inviting you to experience new places and to re-experience old favorites.

They made the grand sweep from Nevada's shimmering deserts to the majestic snow-capped mountains that give Nevada its name. They recorded it here in vibrant color—the landscape, the people, the history, the wildlife.

192 pages of dramatic photography and text.

If you're a customer, or open an account at any FNB branch, you can purchase *Nevada, Land of Discovery* at a special 40% discount.

If you love Nevada, you'll want this book.

Member F.D.I.C.



We're first with more.



During Prohibition, the nation's rich and fashionable began to flock to Nevada. Reno's most famous haven for the maritally troubled rich was the Willows, an elegant resort for the divorce colony run by the kings of Reno's vices. By Patricia Stewart

The Willows

Reno's delicious wickedness rocked the nation in the 1920s, and quite the most elegant scene of the friskiness that brought threats and promises of hell fire to come from more righteous states was a nightclub called "The Willows."

Customers dressed to the nines to participate in the iniquities of The Willows, which consisted of plentiful good liquor (illegal) and the chance to lose your French-cuffed shirt at roulette (also illegal). Even being dressed fit to kill did not guarantee admission to the club. The owners, James McKay and William Graham, said to be the kings of Reno's vices, catered first to wealthy visitors, second to selected townfolk.

A few of the left and the chosen remain in Reno to this day, and to the chosen the name Willows evokes nostalgia. The Willows was situated in a willow grove on the south side of the Truckee River on the old Verdi Road. Today it's called Mayberry Road, lined with the homes of Reno's rich and

respectable. No vestige of their scandalous predecessor remains.

The Willows burned to the ground on June 14, 1932, and the local newspapers described it as "one of the most expensive and exclusive resorts around here and widely known throughout the country as one of the gathering places for members of the divorce colony."

The supper club-casino had entertained some big names indeed. Prominent patrons had included Vanderbilts and Whitneys, with the most locally renowned of these being Cornelius Vanderbilt, who was a regular Reno divorce patron.

The establishment no doubt catered to Walker Inman, half-brother of the "world's richest girl," Doris Duke. And Jack Dempsey, who was a pal of Graham and McKay, came to The Willows at the height of his fame. Shy ladies, accompanied by their protective and expensive Reno attorneys, were seen at the establishment. One such patron

was a Mrs. Dupont, another Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett, wife of the opera star and in Nevada for a divorce she did not want.

In the days before his great wealth Norman Biltz was a customer. Peter Arno, famed cartoonist, was there. In fact, old timers persist in recollecting that Arno and Cornelius Vanderbilt both had "gone Reno" to the extent of chasing one another down a main thoroughfare in the wee hours of one night, each clad in the altogether. Any number of divorce-minded wives of the much-married Tommy Manville surely frequented The Willows. Manville wives had a penchant for Reno divorces.

A noted Vogue photographer, Stanley Anderson, was welcomed at The Willows—in town to divorce a granddaughter of Jessie James.

Rum-runner "Baby Face" Nelson, known to be a Reno visitor, probably went to The Willows, but the anonymous looking man would not have been recognized. He kept a low profile, and for good reason. One story has it that a gambler in another Reno establishment objected to Baby Face kibitzing at poker and called him a "punk dude." On realization of the identity of the punk dude, the gambler in question went home and barricaded himself in his house for three days. And this was long before Baby Face Nelson became identified with Ma Barker or the Dillinger gang.

Socialites from the East, usually not too keen on hobnobbing even with the local gentry, felt safe and secure at The Willows. Many wanted to avoid the "disgrace" of a Reno divorce and concealed it as long as possible, but this did not mean that they did not want to have a little fun while taking the cure.

Legalization of Nevada gambling in 1931 shocked the entire nation. This photo was taken at The Willows and was widely reproduced in the newspapers of more righteous states.



Since 1910, when Nevada's liberal (by the standards of the day) divorce laws permitted the granting of divorces to persons with six months' residency, Reno had been a haven for the maritally troubled. Nevada laws, even more lenient today (six weeks' residence required), almost always awarded divorces on minimal grounds, requiring no perjury or wild accusations against the unwanted mate's character or fidelity.

It was during the 1920s that the rich and fashionable began to flock to Reno in such numbers as to turn the little sagebrush town into a cosmopolitan mini-metropolis. Reno became synonymous with divorce, and Walter Winchell liked to report on couples being "Reno-vated."

The whole country was hanging pretty loose in the Twenties. Women were beginning to demand freedoms. They discarded corsets, shortened their skirts, cut their hair, smoked cigarettes in public and—in some cases—came to Reno to divorce husbands who had been as oppressive as the pre-Twenties clothing.

At Reno's downtown depot, trains daily disgorged women (and sometimes men) who planned to live in the by-then almost mythical city of freedom. The "divorce colony" was established.

Reno offered not only freedom from unwanted spouses, it offered spice. Almost anything went in the Reno of the Twenties—liquor, gambling, "roadhouses," romance. When the 18th Amendment—Prohibition—was added to the Constitution in 1920, maverick Nevada never did pay a whole lot of attention to it. "Prohi" officers, sent to this state to enforce the law, were handed an all but impossible task since booze and gambling had forever been part of the Nevada scene and most natives saw no good reason to part with either.

Among the crafty gentlemen who decided to cash in on (and add unto) Reno's growing reputation as Gomorrah were James C. McKay and William J. Graham. The two entrepreneurs purchased an already famed establishment, Rick's Resort, and transformed it into Reno's version of Camelot. They called it The Willows, and purchase price was said by McKay to be \$43,000—a lot of money in 1922.

Rick's Resort was not classy. However, Rick's gained international notice in 1910 as headquarters and training camp for Jack Johnson, first black



Jack Johnson, first black boxer to win the world championship heavyweight title, posed with his wife, Etta, and members of his training crew when the Willows was known as "Rick's Resort."

heavyweight world champion boxer. Johnson defeated Jim Jeffries, who had been billed before the title bout as "the great white hope." The fight brought members of the day's jet set to Reno, although they did their "jetting" in private railroad cars.

Johnson's entourage at Rick's Resort included his beautiful wife, Etta, recently divorced from auto magnate Charles Duryea. Mrs. Johnson set the ladies of Reno to endless envious gossip with her fabulous collection of diamonds. And until the day it burned, The Willows housed a portion of Johnson's training equipment left over from the historic fight.

On the day of the fatal fire local reporters said the big place contained a large bar room and a gambling or "Chinese" room, a "Blue Room" and a dining hall. On the second and third floors, the story noted, "were 20 or 30 bedrooms."

A former patron said that much of the elegance of the nightclub was optical illusion, induced by soft lights and the work of clever decorators. The dining room was an intimate place, seating perhaps 50 at small tables, and the dance floor, though romantic, was of postage stamp size.

Jack Bell, a stringer for the *New York Daily News*, a publication which liked its stories juicy, claimed that the club had a "Russian Room, Hungarian

Room, Ritz Ballroom, a dining room of great splendor and various lounging rooms." He grew extravagant about the "six-piece orchestra and four singers" on hand to entertain nightly.

Cut that music down a little, insists a long-ago visitor to The Willows. There was, according to this version, Herb Myrick, playing various musical instruments (one at a time), and Marian Farnville as a singer.

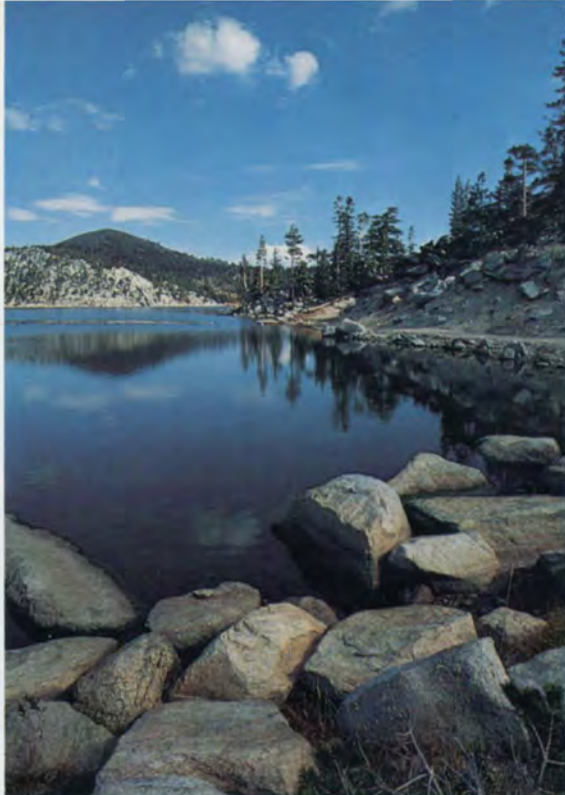
Jack Bell was lyrical about the food served at The Willows and no one has ever argued that point. The cuisine was Cordon Bleu quality.

"We have perhaps a list of chefs in Reno known in the largest hotels and cafes in the country," Bell wrote. "They come from New York, Chicago, San Francisco, every one of the big cities." Some of the delicacies served were grouse, quail, sagehen, and trout fresh from Pyramid Lake.

Price? "Meals from \$1.50 up and worth it." Even in 1927 he had to be kidding!

If you were not rich, famous or a noted high-roller invited by the management, it was not easy to get into The Willows. Locals were not particularly encouraged. Reno beauties sometimes were invited, as were judges, lawyers, officials. The young ladies were pure decoration. Officials no doubt gave an air of legitimacy.

(Continued on page 43)



Marlette Lake and the almost wilderness. By C. J. Hadley.

Sierra Fall

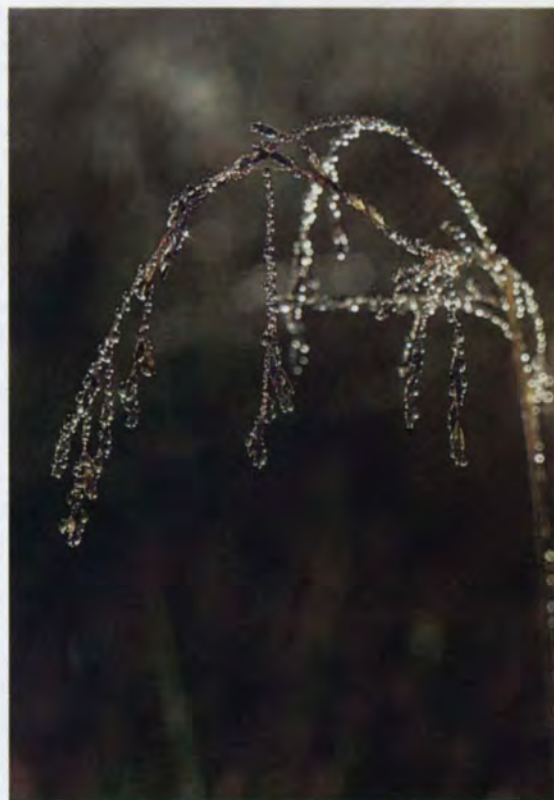
Prospectors in the hills around Marlette Lake are looking for gold, but they haven't found much yet. Mine shafts, old cabins and springs are dotted through the woods, and there are plenty of rotting trees. The area could almost be turned into a wilderness but its prime importance is that of a water shed for Carson and Virginia Cities. (See story on page 34.) Springs in the area are caught and channeled to Hobart, Divide and Five-Mile Reservoirs. Presently only emergency and maintenance vehicles are allowed in the region and unnecessary roads are closed off. But you can walk in.

And the forest is lovely. Evergreens include Ponderosa, Jeffrey, Western White, Lodgepole and White Bark pine; deciduous trees are willow, alder, and aspen. Wild flowers are common. There are deer in the area, some bear, blue and ruffed grouse, turkey and beaver and nesting platforms will be constructed for raptors. Trout spawning goes on at the stream that feeds Marlette Lake.

Fishing is forbidden in the lakes, reservoirs and streams of the watershed district, although the area is used for some recreation, particularly for backpacking and cross country skiing.

Elevation at Marlette is 8,000 feet; it is a mile east and 1,500 feet above Lake Tahoe. Aspens, the most widely distributed tree in North America, grow between the 6,000 and 9,000 foot elevations. They are common in this region and grow in fairly uniform, dense groves, protecting themselves from exposure and breakage by wind. They are susceptible to a host of diseases and predators; are rather

(Continued on page 36)



HADLEY PHOTOS



In Virginia City, 1872, every source of water for miles around had been exhausted. Mining and milling the greatest silver lode in the world was about to stop. By Guy Shipler

The Impossible Dream

Virginia City was drying up. Water rationing had become a matter of course and the quality of the water was so poor that it crusted tanks, pipes, boilers and almost everything else with an unpleasant scale.

More critical was the potential effect the shortage could have on the bonanza mines of the Comstock. The richest body of precious metal ever discovered on earth up to that time lay in serious jeopardy: It might well continue to lie dormant because soon there would be too little water to continue the mining and milling operations. To be sure, such an idea was ridiculous, exasperating, absurd. Yet the stark reality was there: By the year 1872, every source of water anyone could find in the immediate vicinity had been exhausted.

There had been few sources to begin with. It had taken ingenuity and experimentation by the residents of this high desert community to figure out the best ways to trap the trickles from tiny springs and the drips from prospect tunnels; to dig even deeper tunnels into the hills in search of hidden, more productive springs; to throw dams across every ravine and canyon and gulch to catch the runoff of rare rains and melting snows.

And now it was nowhere near enough. Now only heroic measures could save the community and the mines themselves from premature extinction. But those measures meant doing what had long since been tagged as impossible—finding some way of bringing water, in huge and consistent quantities, into the area.

What was so tantalizing about this old idea was the fact that one of the greatest sources of water on the continent lay a mere 25 miles to the west.

The Sierra Nevada, year in and year out, boasted the deepest snowfalls in the nation. There was so much more runoff than was needed to keep the ranches in the valleys to the east lush and green and productive that the overflow simply ran around the Virginia Range through such outlets as the Carson River, only to disappear into the salt flats farther to the east. If even a part of it could be brought up into the Virginia Range itself, the Comstock's water problems would be solved forever.

But if ever there had been a case of so near and yet so far, this had to be it. For years the lure of that plentiful water so close at hand had tempted the people of the Comstock to seek out expertise on engineering to get it to them. And always the answer was the same: If it started at the logical source, Marlette Lake, high above Lake Tahoe, the water would have to be guided eastward some 2,000 feet down to the floor of Washoe Valley, then somehow forced back uphill 1,500 feet to the Comstock, even farther east. And that would have to be done over many miles and through some of the roughest terrain in the country.

There existed neither the material nor the technology to do such a thing. As early as 1864 the Virginia and Gold Hill Water Company had learned that grim fact from a highly qualified engineer. After making a thorough feasibility study, S. M. Buck told the company to forget it. Such a project, he reported, "would require pipes of immense strength, and the distance to be piped would be from six to 10 miles.

The outlay would be very great, even if it could be done at all.

It would, to say the least, be one of the most arduous undertakings

of engineering and mechanical skill in modern or ancient times. No prudent capitalist would even invest his money.

But only nine years later, on August 2, 1873, the *Virginia Evening Chronicle* carried this story:

"The pouring into this city and Gold Hill of a large stream of water from the Eastern Summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains at 6:45 last evening marked an epoch in the history of the Comstock, and was the signal for a general jollification and rejoicing of the 12,000 or 13,000 people. A stream of 153 inches of water (about 1,717 gallons per minute) poured through the flume into the Bullion Ravine."

It had been a young engineer from San Francisco, Hermann Schussler, who had done the "impossible" job. The key had been his innovative design and construction of an inverted siphon. Nine miles long, it would carry the water from the eastern slope of the Sierra to the valley floor, then force it up the west side of the Virginia Range. Since the pipe had to withstand a pressure of 819 pounds per square inch—more than any pipe ever made had had to bear—it was constructed of iron plates specially made in Scotland, which were bent into cylinders and riveted. The design details were so exacting, and the job itself such a pioneering effort, that it took the Risdon Iron Works in San Francisco a year to make the pipe and get it delivered, in sections, to the installation site. Then, with only man and animal power available, it was laid in a period of six weeks.

And most important of all, it worked.

* * *



Hermann Schussler, the consulting engineer who designed the 1873 pipeline system.
(ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN BARDWELL FROM PHOTO COURTESY HOBART LEONARD)

Thanks to the success of the siphon, the mines and mills were able to finish their great task, and Virginia City itself was able to reach a population of 42,000 people in 1876. Equally remarkable, from it sprang the whole Marlette Water System which continues to function to this day, although by now considerably revised and updated.

But to keep it working in the years after it first started, and right up to the recent past, has required constant attention which, in some ways, has been as rigorous as the original construction itself.

All told, the completed system consisted of more than 45 miles of wooden flumes, more than 21 miles of pipe-

lines, and a tunnel 3,994 feet long to carry the water through the spine of the Sierra. By 1887, the system's total capacity was about six million gallons of water a day.

Most of the system had been built in extremely rugged terrain and lay in the open, vulnerable to intense extremes of weather. Particularly in the tough winters of the Sierra it was subject to severe damage; everything from fallen trees to avalanches could break up parts of the wooden flume into matchsticks. The only way to keep the water flowing in relatively consistent fashion was through constant patrol. In the early days, before roads were hacked through the forests and

sophisticated equipment helped to ease the job, it had to be done on foot in the summertime and on skis in the winter.

"It was pretty routine to travel 18, 20 miles a day on skis," says Harry E. "Red" McGovern, for 35 years the system's watermaster. "It was tough, because the terrain was anything but flat, and there was a lot of uphill movement. Besides, we had those big, old-fashioned skis that we called snow shoes. They were more like big boards."

The most serious damage to the flumes was caused by avalanches. "I remember one about 1938 that completely wiped out 15 feet of a flume, high up in the mountains," McGovern recalls. "The whole section had to be rebuilt, and I had to carry in all the lumber by hand. It was a terrible job. Took several days to get it done." McGovern claims that he was seldom concerned about getting caught in an avalanche himself. "You can usually tell when a slide is about to start. There is a sort of whisper at first. The main thing is not to panic, to use common sense. If you do, you can usually ride with it."

Today, more than a century after it was built it is still this same basic system that supplies water not only to the Comstock area, but now to Carson City as well.

McGovern, retired for the past several years, will talk little about his victories and defeats in his 35 years of struggle with the Marlette Water System and the demanding Sierra Nevada. But he did confess to having been caught, at least once, in a blizzard for three days, with nothing to eat. And he did speak briefly about riding through that nearly 4,000-foot tunnel lying on his back on a raft because there was not enough headroom to do otherwise. Why make such a ride and take that kind of risk? McGovern just shrugs it off. "Had to make sure there were no obstructions in the tunnel. Just part of the job." □

LIMITED EDITION
 FULL COLOR REPRODUCTION
 900 SIGNED AND NUMBERED BY
 ARTIST

Mimi Jobe



"Winter Reflections"

Rectangle print, 24"x18", \$35 tax and postage prepaid.

Framed print with oval matting, \$75, postage and handling included (Nevada Residents add \$2.62 sales tax)

SIERRA FOOTHILL STUDIO

Box 564, Gardnerville, NV 89410 (702) 782-3185

VISA & MASTERCARD ACCEPTED



Because Nevada is important to you...

you'll want to preserve your issues of Nevada magazine in sturdy, handsome binders.

Nevada binders are blue with silver and hold 16 issues. \$5.25 each.

To order, use the handy subscription envelope or write Nevada Magazine Capitol Complex Carson City, NV 89710

SIERRA FALL

(Continued from page 32)

short-lived (from 50 to 100 years); and cannot tolerate shade. They will not survive beneath a canopy of larger trees.

Even though aspens were considered undesirable weeds not long ago, shortly after the first hard frost of the year the tree is always exquisite. In autumn the leaves turn a bright golden yellow, with bark almost white, twigs grey, underbrush the palest beige or fawn—and this usually against a backdrop of dark green pines and firs.

But America's common step-child tree is gaining popularity. Aspens offer desirable wildlife habitat; its shallow spreading root system deters erosion; the wood is requested for furniture parts and paneling because of its light color, fine texture, freedom from slivers and excellent nail holding ability; it makes great pulp and newsprint; and its sawdust has been successfully used as a partial roughage substitute for cattle, goats and sheep.

The Sierra Nevada has been called, "the region of eternal snow," and the watershed around Marlette and Hobart is a critical factor for the future of the Carson City and Virginia City water supply.

Recreation in the area may have to be restricted. There are already some marked cross country ski trails; backpacking, picnicking and camping are popular; and a plan is in the works for an equestrian program providing designated trails for horse and rider. These activities may have to be limited, however, because water quality can be influenced by recreational activities. Impact of people in the area is being monitored by several state agencies and in future years a permit system may have to be installed to restrict recreation—if only to protect the quality of water for the local users.

"The only reason this area is special," says resource forester Dale Saunders, "is because of the way it has been used in the past for a water system. If they hadn't taken water from here to Virginia City in the 1870s, that city would have folded. They couldn't have trucked in water by mule.

"There's nothing unique about this area," he adds. "It's just super pretty."

FOR WINNERS

How would you like to win something peculiarly western?

Like a wagon train trip across the Forty Mile Desert? Ten games' worth of keno at a major casino? A Basque dinner for four; pre-paid fishing license for the Ruby Marshes; tickets for two at the Helldorado Rodeo in Las Vegas? Perhaps even a snowmobile trip in Nevada's mountains or a walk in the wilderness with someone who knows it?

A man wrote us last month: "Please cancel my subscription; each issue is worse." We wept for about two minutes until we read in the same day's mail: "With Nevada Magazine, the reader is the real winner. Keep it up."

Actually, with readers like you, we know who the real winner is, and that's why we will be holding a subscriber contest. We want you to win something too. Rules for the Great Nevada Magazine Reader-Involvement Contest will be announced soon. Watch these pages.—C. J. Hadley

REAL NEVADA HOTSHOTS

(Continued from page 24)

When Light Lunch isn't on a streaking assignment he presides over the counter at Yuill Bros. Performance, an automotive go-fast store in Reno. He is a popular figure among Reno car enthusiasts, and his business card bears the personal slogan, "The round man with a square deal."

Streaking can be profitable. Once Crisp made \$340, counting side bets, for a single run at a drag strip. Drag strip runs, says Light Lunch, are best done on mini bikes. Mark Yuill, Light Lunch's employer, recalls with a grimace the month that Light Lunch made more money streaking at drag strips than Yuill made with his championship Pro Stock drag racing car.

Streaking does have some dangers, like drag strip promoters who renege on payment and police who don't understand the appeal of a professional stalker. Light Lunch remembers a track promoter who contracted for a streak and then refused to pay after the fans had been delighted at the track. Says Light Lunch, who once was a professional wrestler, "I told him if he didn't pay up I'd burn down his place."

Streaking also has its moments of glory, like the run at the Governor's Cup race in Sacramento. A foxy blonde, as Light Lunch describes her, went around in the crowd asking, "You want to see a streak? Kick in a buck." She neglected to mention that she was not the one who was going to charge the length of the drag trip sans clothing.

Light Lunch says that streaking doesn't require any particular talent or special training. "Just take off your clothes and do it," he says. Although streaking is a wide open field, it's "kinda passe" according to Light Lunch. So what does the future hold for a professional stalker who's in a field on the wane? "Bigger and better things," says Light Lunch, "like sky diving out of a lighter than air balloon." —Burge Hulett

FRED ANDREASEN

King of the hard rock drillers

In the Seventies the undisputed king of hard rock drilling in Nevada has been Fred Andreasen of Carson City. At Tonopah's Jim Butler Days last spring, Andreasen won his seventh straight state title in the single jack with a drill of 9-1/2 inches. Then he teamed with Jerry Nevin of Virginia



GARY ELAM

City to win the double jack crown for a '78 sweep.

Rock drilling is a sport that requires constant attention to technique, to the rhythm of the hammer, the rotation of the steel bit in the granite block, the ability to keep a steady, exhausting pace from start to finish.

Andreasen is a master of technique, and he also gets in top physical condition before a contest, usually starting a

few weeks in advance. Each day he works with the steel, runs several miles, and does 300 to 1,000 pushups to keep in tune.

Growing up in Virginia City, Andreasen knew of drilling's mining tradition and knew the basics of the sport. One day in 1969, chance drew him into a rock drilling contest. He recalls, "I was tending bar in the Bucket of Blood in Virginia City, and a guy came in with an advertisement for Gabbs Day. Don McBride (the saloon's owner) said he'd pay my expenses if I wanted to try it."

He went to Gabbs and finished second in the single jack by 1/32nd of an inch. The next year he won.

Andreasen is still sponsored by the Bucket of Blood, and still winning. Besides his many state titles, he won the world-wide championship on Nevada Day in 1976, drilling 10-5/8 inches in Sierra white granite, the deepest anyone has ever done in that rock. Defending his title in 1977, he lost to Tom Williams of Arizona. But Andreasen plans to be ready again this Nevada Day, to try to add another 1978 crown to the two he won in Tonopah.

—David E. Moore

GIVE 1979 NEVADA CALENDARS FOR CHRISTMAS

- Rare historic photos
- A collector's item
- Printed in sepiatone
- Large grid format, 11x14"
- Plus ghost town map with state parks and monuments

Only \$2.50 to Nevada Magazine readers (\$3 on newsstand)

(And if you wish to send a gift subscription and a calendar together, take another 50 cents off! That's just \$6 if both gifts go to the same relative or friend.)

A low-key evangelist works the Las Vegas casinos in a turtleneck sweater, preaching a ministry of "presence." By Richard Menzies

Bringing the Good News to Glitter Gulch

In his turtleneck sweater and mut-tonchop sideburns, he might at first be mistaken for just another middle-aged conventioneer out to indulge his id among the electrified diversions of Las Vegas Boulevard. Then you notice the outsized silver chain and cross around his neck and the name tag. His title is as informal as his dress—just plain Jim Reid, Chaplain to the Strip.

Reverend Reid doesn't believe in dressing or acting like a preacher; nor for that matter does he believe in preaching. In contrast to his fellow evangelists, his manner is deliberately low-key. You won't find him delivering temperance lectures in taverns or tipping over gaming tables in the casinos. Such Carrie Nation tactics, he reckons, would get him nowhere but back out on the street.

"I'd get thrown out of every place in one night, and that would be the end of my ministry."

Like his outfit, Jim Reid's missionary approach is tailored to fit the territory. Week nights will find him making the rounds of the big casinos, ducking in and out of back doors and dressing rooms, greeting stagehands and chatting with performers. At the Frontier he might kibitz over a game of casino,

or take time out for a friendly round of darts at the Dunes. At the Riviera he might sit in on a hand of pinocle. But most of the time he just hangs out. It's all part of what he defines as a ministry of "presence."

"It's just a matter of being there, and then when they have problems, why, sometimes people that would never consider going to a church or talking to a minister—when they have no other way to turn, they corner me. And then we make an appointment, and I have an opportunity to minister to them."

As with the rest of the Strip, Jim's ministry is open 24 hours a day, and his busiest hours are at night. Though he maintains a small office just off the Strip, he conducts most of his religious services *in situ*, wherever and whenever he can to accommodate the erratic work schedules of members. On Wednesday nights he holds a Bible study backstage at the Stardust, between performances of the Lido de Paris. Sundays he can be found leading hymns at the Holiday Casino. On Christmas Eve he conducts a special service in the main showroom of the Dunes Hotel. His congregation includes showgirls, dealers, busboys, bellmen, keno runners, cocktail wait-

resses, hotel guests, and whoever else cares to join.

Jim Reid began his unusual ministry eight years ago. A Southern Baptist, he had previously spent five years on "a pastoral treadmill" in Arizona and Henderson, Nevada, but he didn't really find his niche until one night after he and his wife Janice attended a stagershow at the opulent Caesar's Palace. He came away impressed not so much by the performance as by the fact that here were fifty thousand people milling about with no church to go to. Reid recognized it at once as a vast untapped mission field.

"Southern Baptists are very mission-minded," he reasoned. "We send missionaries to Africa, so why not to Las Vegas?"

Reid mulled the question over for awhile, and after some weeks of soul-searching and prayer, decided to accept the challenge. Resigning his Henderson post, he incorporated his own non-denominational church under the name Koinonia (Greek for "fellowship"), and with no more investment than a plastic identification tag, set out to bring the Good News to Glitter Gulch.

Jim recalls that when he first went proselytizing he wore "a dark suit, narrow tie, and a pious look." Such an appearance, he soon learned, didn't exactly open doors on the Strip, and after several were shut on his foot, he decided a change of habit was in order. The next day he went to a men's clothing store and bought a sleeveless suit with flared pants "and the wildest-looking orange-and-gold body shirt on the rack."

The strategy worked. Dressed as a human Easter egg he became an instant V.I.P. At the Tropicana, security guards parted before him like the Red



Reverend Reid, backstage at a Las Vegas casino.

Sea.

As Koinonia began to accumulate a following, Jim started casting about for a suitable meeting place. At first he envisioned a sanctuary somewhere along the Strip, but since the building fund was zero and real estate prices astronomical, he set about borrowing whatever spare space was available. Thus it came to pass that Jim conducted his first regular worship service on the Strip in the Ooh-La-La room at Circus-Circus.

As the name suggests, it wasn't exactly Westminster Abbey. Originally designed for a girlie show, Jim recalls that on one wall was a mural of a tattooed lady, on another a picture of a sword swallower entwined in a snake. The room also came equipped with an organ and a P.A. system, however, and Reverend Reid found it as good a place as any for praising the Lord. If anything, in fact, the bizarre decor proved to be more of a help than a handicap. Showpeople in particular, he found, seemed to feel more at home with the offbeat ministry than with the traditional type church.

Since that colorful beginning, Jim

Reid has come up with other innovative ways of spreading the gospel, as he calls it, "according to Second James." In order to reach hotel guests, he has managed to furnish most rooms on the Strip with a custom edition of the New Testament, translated into modern English and bound in an eye-catching cover that is a collage of Strip signs. A few years back he began writing a religious column in one of the city's visitor tabloids, and today hosts his own Sunday morning television program and a radio talk show.

During his eight years on the Strip, Jim has run into all types of cults, from transcendental meditators to devil worshippers, and twice he's been called upon to perform exorcisms. A freelance counselor for the Suicide Prevention Center, he carries an electronic "beeper" on his person at all times, answering an average of three beeps a night. Yet in spite of appearances, Reid no longer thinks of his Las Vegas beat as all that unique, and if it's somewhat east of Eden, it's not exactly Sin City either.

"Las Vegas doesn't have any corner on sin," he declares. "The only differ-

ence is, it's legal here, whereas it's not elsewhere. And the people I minister to work at night, so our hours are turned around, but aside from that, the people are pretty much the same. They've got children and crabgrass and all the traditional problems that anybody has."

Jim's original vision of a meeting house on the Strip has also changed. Besides a softly-lit sanctuary, his mental blueprint now includes a Christian coffee-house and "a gospel night club." Patterned after the lounge shows in the hotels and casinos, patrons would be served soft drinks while Christian performers present the gospel in song.

"We will call it The Lighthouse and have a miniature lighthouse on every table," he explains. "At the close of each show the emcee will say, 'Now if you want to know more about Jesus or the Christian faith or just want someone to talk to, turn on your lighthouse.'" And as the lights come on, waiters and waitresses will suddenly become counselors, and the whole nightclub will be magically transformed into a rescue mission.

If Jim Reid has his way, it could turn out to be the biggest show in town. □

Nevada Notes

JACKPOT, IDAHO?

In their innocence, surveyors can cause consternation.

As A. C. Howard detailed in "The Great Jackpot Booze Connection" in the Summer edition of Nevada Magazine, during the Great Depression Nevada was wet, while adjoining Idaho was dry.

Twin Springs, named for a natural phenomenon in a sagebrush dale that is now a holding spot on Tom Callen's expansive cattle ranch, had a wayside service for horse-toted travelers between Twin Falls, Idaho, and Wells, Nevada. It consisted of a frame hotel, a splinter bar, party girls of questionable virtue, "food trough," haystacks, barn and corrals. Naturally, the rendezvous was much visited Saturday nights by resident cowboys from the Rogerson part of Idaho and what is now the Jackpot part of Nevada.

All was lively and well until one solemn day word seeped through that the border was being surveyed.

Yipes! Turned out the no-gas facility was not beneath the protective edge of the Nevada border.

Foreseeing the reach of Idaho's long law arm, operators picked up their physical features and dusted southward a mile or so. Tranquility reigned until another survey was made, this one allegedly more official.



Yipes again! Part of the sprawling spread, at least, was *still* in the sun-comes-shining-down-the-mountain state.

By then, though, wagons were turning to cars, and the Union Pacific Railroad was operating the Twin Falls-Wells cut-off. So the gals, wanting more company oftener, toddled south, cutting the fun of the cowboys. Thus the fort-that-never-was quietly dissolved.

In time, the winding, dusty road became U.S. Highway 93. When Idaho outlawed slot machines in 1954, Jackpot, encompassing the uncertain site, was founded in a 30 by 40 foot cinder block building as a slot handle jerkers' emporium.

The Nevada-Idaho boundary is now permanently marked with iron posts, but doubt continues, for a quarter mile south into Nevada squats a brass cap in time-hardened concrete enscribed, "Idaho Highway Department Right of Way."

—Carl Hayden

PRISON SITE DISCOVERED

As the Nevada Highway Department remodels its complex in Sparks, construction crews continue to skirt the newly-discovered remains of Nevada's long-lost Reno prison.

When construction began in the yard last year, workmen found a foundation two feet deep and seven feet wide at the site of Galletti Way, the street that divides Reno and Sparks.

It was the rock and mortar remains of what would have been Nevada's second state prison. Governor L. R. "Longhorns" Bradley dreamed of a prison on the Truckee, powered by water and housing a woolen mill that would employ prisoners and shear Nevada sheep. The prison's north and west walls and a guard tower were erected. But in 1876, two years after work began, the clamor raised by angry taxpayers—who said they were being sheared by the expensive project—forced its halt, and the prison remained in Carson City.

Some Sparks residents recall that as youngsters in the Thirties they played in the old guard tower with its circular iron staircase, and played baseball inside the walls. By the end of World War II, only the foundation was left.

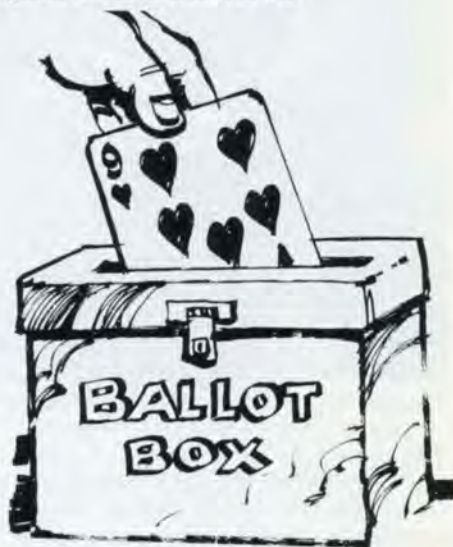
—Info. from E. Gorton Covington.

NON GAMBLER'S LUCK

This summer Nye County Clerk Jane Logan won her post by making the right draw from a deck of cards.

In a courthouse ceremony, Logan drew the nine of hearts. Her opponent, Francis Ball of Pahrump, had the four of hearts. A third contender, Bonnie Brown, declined to enter the "run-off."

The unique selection process was decided upon by the county commissioners, who were faced with the resignation of Clerk Janice Carder and three candidates for the post, all able and qualified and Democrats.



The cut for the clerk was made Friday, July 14. Avis Cox, who works in the assessor's office, shuffled a brand new deck. A proxy for Ball drew her card. Logan's sister-in-law, Phyllis Logan, drew for her. The nine of hearts won.

NEW RESORT AT COPPER PIT

A generation of Mason Valley residents knew the great Anaconda pit as a place of toil, but the next generation will go there for recreation.

Pulling out 1.6 billion pounds of copper over the years left a hole 750 feet deep at Weed Heights, near Yerington. With the end of Anaconda's mining operations this year, seepage is slowly creating a lake.

At 35 feet and rising, the lake is more hope than reality, but "Lake Anaconda" may some day provide fishing and boating where blasting and hauling once reigned.

—Harvey Usher

Bring Nevada's Wildlife into your home.



CANADIAN GEES



MOUNTAIN LION



CHUKAR PARTRIDGE



MULE DEER



MALLARDS



PHEASANTS

Native-born artist Dick Johnson has personally supervised the reproduction of 12 of his finest original oil paintings just for First National Bank of Nevada.

In their authentic detail and realistic locales, Dick Johnson's handsome color

prints have captured the natural splendor of Nevada's wilderness.

Now, FNB wants to share his impressive accomplishment with you. For only \$9.95 each, you can purchase 18" x 24" full color prints suitable for framing.

To purchase prints, fill out the order form and return it to Empire of Wildlife Art & Associates.

Nevada Wildlife prints. Another of the ways we at First National Bank are sharing the beauty and history of Nevada with you.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK



Free Wildlife Calendar with purchase of one or more prints.



WILDLIFE ART ORDER

Quantity	Item	Price	Amount
_____	Canadian Geese	\$9.95	_____
_____	Blue Grouse	9.95	_____
_____	Mountain Lion	9.95	_____
_____	Valley Quail	9.95	_____
_____	Gambel Quail	9.95	_____
_____	Mourning Dove	9.95	_____
_____	Pronghorn Antelope	9.95	_____
_____	Desert Bighorn	9.95	_____
_____	Chukar Partridge	9.95	_____
_____	Mule Deer	9.95	_____
_____	Mallards	9.95	_____
_____	Pheasants	9.95	_____
_____	Handling \$2.00 per order		2.00

TOTAL _____

Calendar only (includes handling) 2.90 _____

EMPIRE OF WILDLIFE ART

AND ASSOCIATES



700 Griffith Avenue, Las Vegas, Nevada 89104
(702) 384-4031

Send my order to:

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

NOTE: VERY IMPORTANT. Your check, VISA or Master Charge numbers must accompany your order. No C.O.D. orders accepted. Check one:

Check Enclosed ☐ Master Charge ☐ VISA ☐

Signature _____

TOIYABE RANGE

The Toiyabe Range is a mighty rampart in Lander and Nye counties, standing boldly above the plains of Big Smoky and Reese River valleys. The Indian name of the range, *Biatoyavi*, meaning "Big Mountain," is appropriate. This great chain has a length of 126 miles and a vertical relief of 6,300 feet.

In the north is glaciated Mt. Callaghan, its summit rounded and isolated. In the early days it was called The Dome. Rising to 10,187 feet, it has a penchant for collecting clouds and creating its own weather.

South of the old mining town of Austin, however, is where the hiking is at. The Toiyabe Crest Trail, once known as the Government Trail, commences in Kingston Canyon and winds near and along the crest for some 30 miles to where one can drop off the ridge before reaching Arc Dome. A descent can be made into North Twin River gorge or a rendezvous made at Columbine Campground on the opposite side of the range on Stewart Creek. From Columbine Campground it is less than five miles to the summit of Arc Dome, the crown of the range.

A most delightful trip may be made from Big Smoky Valley, up either fork of Twin River. The

northern trail is about nine miles; the South Fork trail somewhat shorter but more exciting. From the primitive campground on the creek, the trail immediately passes under dramatic cliffs. Just beyond, a faded sign painted on the rocks demands that you stop to pay a toll. At one time a road did go three miles up the canyon to a mine, but no one is there to collect today. A steep ascent over a ridge skirts the creek and when the creek is again encountered, a short detour lets one peek into the "White Gorge," a narrow, stream-cut canyon several hundred feet deep.

Further up canyon are colorful flowers, sheer cliffs, large junipers and the remains of an old mill. Nearby is a waterwheel, a lonely reminder of man wrestling minerals from the rugged mountains. The canyon forks a short distance above and either canyon may be taken to gain access to Arc Dome. However two miles or more of steep, trailless terrain is ahead, and is recommended for the experienced hiker only. The 11,788-foot summit presents sweeping views of great chains in eastern Nevada.

Don't be misled in believing that the prominent rock ruins on and around the summit are remains of an "Army heliograph station" as noted on the Forest Service maps. The stone structures were built by the crew of A. F. Rodgers of the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey

in 1878 for the great Transcontinental Triangulation series. John Muir worked with this crew as a guide.

(Maps: Toiyabe National Forest, Central Nevada Division and Millet sheet of USGS. 1,250,000 scale.)

RUBY MOUNTAINS EAST HUMBOLDT RANGE

Great spires pierce the blue sky and serrated ridges rake across the horizon of the East Humboldt Range and the Ruby Mountains. Twenty-nine trout-filled lakes tantalize fisherpeople and many, many miles of poor to well maintained trails lure the hiker. The snow splashed peaks and deep, glacier carved chasms attract many artists and photographers.

The combined length of the two ranges is 120 miles, and their stream-laced canyons afford many hiking possibilities. For the serious hiker, the memory will linger long of an ascent of 11,306-foot Hole-in-the-Mountain Peak. The peak is named for Lizzie's Window, a natural opening in a ridge high on the mountain. The window can be seen from the valley a mile below.

The route south from Lamoille Canyon to Harrison Pass seems to be the most popular hike in the Rubies. From the head of Lamoille Canyon, the trail skirts Dollar and Lamoille lakes

SURVIVAL by Pandion

Getting lost or stuck in the Nevada wilderness can be a hair-raising experience—just ask anyone who has lost his way in Sheep Mountain bighorn country, or slipped off a boulder above Lake Tahoe, or got her car mired in sand 50 miles from Battle Mountain.

Some experiences make great adventure tales to entertain and impress friends. Others have tragic endings.

Priorities vary with each emergency and requirements like water, shade and clothing vary with the season. But Nevada hikers and travelers can avoid disaster by using common sense and following a few basic rules of backcountry survival: be prepared, keep your wits, and get yourself found.

WATER: Carry at least one gallon per day for each person in your group. Should water get warm during the daytime, don't throw it away unless there is an ample supply nearby; instead, place the water outside overnight and it will be chilly by morning.

If you're lost and need water, look for telltale patches of green vegetation denoting springs and seeps. In cattle country, cattle trails will lead to water as spokes towards the hub of a wheel.

Not all water is good to drink around the desert, with natural chemicals poisoning some water holes. Selenium and boron, found in some of these waters, could cause severe illness or death. Bleached bones around a water hole are not romantic symbols of the west: they are warnings.

If you are stranded and walking towards known help, don't ration your water supply.

Drinking water is like puddles—the smaller amounts dry up rapidly. A hiker sipping water cannot go as far as one who drinks a large portion at a time.

Keep an eye on the sky if planning to travel down a dry wash. Flash floods from thunder showers miles away have taken more than one life of those traveling in seemingly "dry" drainages.

VEHICLE: Before venturing too far away from civilization, be sure your car or truck is in good operating condition. A sound battery, good water hoses, fan belts, spare tire (two tires if traveling far on unimproved roads), tools, gasoline and spare oil are almost mandatory as essential equipment to carry. Water and non-perishable foods should be stored in the vehicle at all times.

If you are stranded, stuck, or your car breaks down, *stay near it*. Your vehicle has many useful items to use in an emergency; it provides shade; it can be seen for miles whereas a person cannot; gasoline can be used to start fires if in a cold environment; seat covers can be used for blankets in the cold and for shade in the heat.

If caught in a dust storm, pull off the road, turn on emergency blinkers, and back into the wind to reduce the chances of sand pitting the windshield.

Do not leave the vehicle unless you are sure of the direction you are going for help. Then leave a note at the vehicle so rescuers will know the time you left and the direction you are taking.

INJURIES: Whether summer or winter, forest or desert, injuries can be prevented by careful planning and acting with reasonable caution and respect for the environment. Even so, where there are people, there are accidents, so be prepared.

There are many types of pocket first aid kits

suited for hikers. A larger kit for the vehicle is a must for the desert or woodland recreationist, and in Nevada a snake bite kit is useful. If for no other reason, having it around will remind you to be careful about where you step or place your hands.

With any injury, there is accompanying shock of varying degrees. Broken bones and the like do not require immediate treatment—and rushing the victim to help may result in deeper shock. Many people have died of shock due to hasty transportation when the original injury would not have been fatal.

WALKING: Whether for pleasure or survival, walking in the desert, or at high altitudes can be troublesome. Rest for at least 10 minutes out of every hour; if you are not used to exercise, make this 30 minutes out of every hour.

In the desert, don't sit directly on the ground which may be 30 degrees hotter than the air. Find shade, sit down and prop up your feet. If walking for help, carry your shade in the form of a tarp, blanket or anything to get out of the direct rays of the sun.

When resting, adjust your shoes and socks, but do not remove your shoes—you may not be able to get them back on swollen feet.

If you live at a low elevation, it may be dangerous to start hiking at high altitudes. The decreased oxygen and air pressure could damage your lungs and cause altitude sickness. If you are going to be mountain climbing, spend a few days at increasingly higher elevations until you feel comfortable entering the thinner air.

Nature can be harsh on the unprepared—but travel in the deserts and mountains of Nevada offers many rewards for those ready to meet the challenge sensibly. There's no reason to stay home every weekend—since most accidents happen there anyway. □

and climbs over a 10,400-foot pass to Liberty, Favre and Castle lakes. The trail doesn't stop here, and the ardent trekker can traverse along the range to Harrison Pass. Along this 30-mile Ruby Crest Trail are enough spectacular views to fill the memory for a lifetime.

(Maps: Humboldt National Forest, Ruby Division; USGS Lamoille, Jiggs, Sherman Mountain, Tent Mountain, Humboldt Peak, Secret Valley, Soldier Peak and Welcome quadrangles.)

PINE FOREST RANGE

The Pine Forest is a surprising alpine range towering above the great Black Rock Desert and an ideal area for hiking and backpacking. The range is 33 miles long and has a width up to 14 miles. Blue Lake, situated at about 8,000 feet in elevation, is the heart of the range. It's a pretty little lake dammed by glacial moraines and surrounded with aspen trees. Elsewhere, there are scattered groves of mountain mahogany and whitebark pine, for which the range is named.

From Blue Lake to Duffer Peak is a delightful 2.5-mile hike with only 1,400 feet altitude gain. The route is across Outlaw and Hidden meadows. The area may be carpeted with a dozen varieties of wildflowers such as buckwheat, lupine, wild iris and a yellow bracted Indian paintbrush. A silver spot butterfly dancing from petal to petal adds variety to the garden.

The high point of the range is a summit less than half a mile south of Duffer Peak. With an altitude of 9,428 feet, the bold pinnacle stands a mile above the Black Rock Desert.

(Maps: USGS Duffer Peak and Denio.)

KING LEAR PEAK

King Lear, located in central Humboldt County, is the reigning summit of the Jackson Mountains. Named after the Shakespearean character, it projects itself 5,000 feet above the eastern border of the Black Rock Desert.

From McGill Canyon on the west, a stimulating 3.5-mile tramp can be made to King Lear Peak summit. A large cottonwood tree guards the canyon entrance. Quickly one leaves the desert environment and enters a world of trees and living water—a creek with trout. Large cottonwoods grace the canyon.

Before the 1,400-foot sheer rock wall on the north side of King Lear is reached, the route turns up the south branch of the canyon. In time, the flow of water is a trickle, then disappears altogether. Rock scrambling is required in the last several hundred feet to the summit.

Two companions and I climbed the 8,923-foot peak one September. Much of northwest Nevada spread out before us from our vantage point. The far distance was lost in haze.

Before long, a biting wind and hard pellets of snow chased us off the peak. We got back to our vehicle at dark, and the rain was pouring hard. A short distance from the canyon we located a dry cabin for the night.

The next morning we stepped out into a new season. The rain and wind had stopped. Layers of white clouds scattered over the valleys and billowed against the ridges. King Lear was white. All the neighboring ranges were covered with snow above 7,000 feet. Autumn had turned to winter.

(Maps: USGS King Lear Peak.) □

WILLOWS

(Continued from page 31)

While F. Scott Fitzgerald was glorifying bathtub gin as guzzled by the "Lost Generation" in the East, The Willows generally offered good brand name booze. McKay and Graham did not stoop to red-eye or rotgut.

Willow watchers were divided on the question of whether prostitution was allowed on the premises. Since the owners were also principal stockholders in the famous downtown brothel, the Reno Stockade, such whisperings carried a knowing (if unsubstantiated) air.

But it was not prostitution, illicit liquor, or possession of gambling equipment that brought about the downfall of the one-time kings of The Willows and other less appetizing money makers. In 1938 Graham and McKay, along with Boies Heed of Phoenix and Allan Comer of Sioux City, were convicted on charges of conspiracy involving the U.S. mails. The Reno pair and the others were accused of a \$2.5 million confidence racket in which they brought victims to Reno for bilking.

The Willows burned out before the owners did.

Headline writers went to town on the story in June, 1932:

"Flames Break Out As Work of Remodeling Resort Nearly Ended."

"Insurance Is \$70,000 and Loss Said Greater"

"The Willows, for 25 years one of the best known roadhouses in the state, was totally destroyed by fire. It housed thousands of dollars' worth of gambling equipment and luxurious furnishings. James McKay, one of the owners, said a crew of painters had been at work all morning and had just quit when the fire started."

Apparently the fire spread so quickly that no one could reach the telephone. Someone ran to a neighboring ranch and called in the county firemen. Ranchers joined in trying to beat back the flames. The conflagration, which began at noon, was all over an hour later. Only a wall and chimney were left.

Time and land developers have removed these vestiges, along with the willow grove which gave the place its name.

And so we leave Reno, sailing not into a golden sunset, but headed for the dawn of an even bigger boom and bonanza, leaving behind the days when members of the divorce colony idled away their cure at The Willows. □



**Free
Parking**

**4
Restaurants**

**Kids'
Lounge**



**WANT TO ADVERTISE?
HAVE PRACTICALLY NO
BUDGET?**

BUYER?

SELLER?

Relax.

A Classified Advertising section will be coming to the pages of NEVADA Magazine very soon.

**Vacations • Real Estate • Travel Services
Special Events • Antiques & Collectibles
Publications • Gifts**

Call or write for information:

NEVADA MAGAZINE CLASSIFIEDS
Capitol Complex
Carson City, NV 89710
(702) 885-5416



Travel Guide

Wildhorse Ranch & Resort



Ice Fishing
Snowmobiling
Cross Country Skiing

Restaurant • Bar • Ice
Rooms • Mobile Home Rentals
Boat Rentals • RV Park
Private airport with 5500 ft. runway
Fishing & Hunting licenses

Archie & Betty Corbari
Your Hosts

65 miles north of Elko
Phone: Northfork 6471 or 6472 thru
Elko or, write for brochure and rates:
Via: Elko, Nevada 89801

A DAY OF FUN! at Sam Boyd's **CALIFORNIA**

HOTEL & CASINO
Downtown Las Vegas/
Finest Luxury Hotel
Free Parking for Over 1,000 cars!

**SUPER LOOSE SLOTS! DOUBLE
JACKPOT TIME EVERY 15 MIN.**

DOUBLE ODDS ON CRAPS!

SINGLE DECK 21!

**FREE BINGO —
FOUR TIMES DAILY!**

**40¢ KENO —
WIN \$25,000 FOR 40¢**

1st & Ogden — Take I-15 to
Downtown Exit.
For Reservations & Information
Call TOLL FREE 800-643-6505
in Nevada call (702) 385-1222

ELDORADO ELDORADO ELDORADO ELDORADO

HOTEL • CASINO

CONVENTION FACILITIES
SPECIAL PACKAGES

PEPE'S RESTAURANT
FINE DINING

COFFEE SHOP

SHOW LOUNGE

CALL TOLL FREE
(800) 648-5966

Fourth and Virginia Streets • Downtown Reno

RENO RENDEZVOUS

3 DAYS
2 NIGHTS

40⁰⁰
FROM Per Person
Double or
Twin Occupancy

Need help on your group or
FIT arrangements in the Reno-Tahoe
area? We can provide ground
services from transfers to picnic
lunches. Call our 800 number
for information.

Make us "your office in Reno."

WRITE OR CALL FOR OUR
FREE BROCHURE.

SIERRA TOURS, INC.

1000 EAST SIXTH
RENO, NEVADA 89512
(702) 329-6677
TOLL FREE (800) 648-4877

FUN CASINOS



Gift
Shops
Package
Liquor

Motels
RV Hookups
Restaurants
Cocktail
Lounges
Stage Shows
Tennis
Golf

Reservations
702-755-2321



(On U. S. Highway 93 at Idaho border)



LAS VEGAS CENTER ON INTERSTATE HIGHWAY 15

Looking for an innovative method of in-
forming highway travelers of your product or
service? Daily thousands of travelers are ex-
posed to TRA-VEL's Information Center lo-
cated at the official Nevada Rest Area on
Highway I-15 30 miles south of Las Vegas.

- Attendants personally respond to and direct consumers to your products or services.
- Distribute samples and promotional materials.
- Conduct behavioral and attitudinal research-marketing and opinion surveys.

The only marketing medium permitted on government property, TRA-VEL's Center projects an authentic public service image — a year-round show place for public service exhibits.

FOR MORE INFORMATION — WRITE OR CALL
TRA-VEL Information Centers of America
Nevada Center
Box 19601
Las Vegas, Nevada 89119

WINNEMUCCA

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN



Keith's



**FOR:
GOOD FOOD
GENEROUS SLOTS
CASINO**

WINNEMUCCA BLVD.

WINNERS HOTEL CASINO

WINNEMUCCA'S ONLY HOTEL CASINO
99 LUXURIOUS ROOMS
LIVE ENTERTAINMENT NIGHTLY
2 DINING ROOMS
BANQUET FACILITIES
GIFT SHOP
CHILDREN'S ARCADE

For Reservations-Call or Write

P.O. Box 711

Telephone: (702) 623-2511

Winnemucca, Nevada 89445



Motel SCOTT SHADY COURT

("Your Home Away From Home.")

70 UNITS, ALL HAVING
STEAM HEAT & AIR CONDITIONING
DIRECT DIAL TELEPHONES
COLOR TELEVISION
INDOOR, HEATED POOL
FOR YEAR-ROUND SWIMMING
SAUNA BATH
CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND

3 BLOCKS OFF HWY 95

2 BLOCKS NORTH OF
WINNEMUCCA BOULEVARD (I-80)
AT PAVILLION & FIRST STREETS

P.O. BOX 672 (702) 623-3646



Motel Winnemucca

*For the best accommodations for
the entire family*

King & Queen sized rooms
Heated pool
Color TV
Direct dial telephones
Restaurant
Gift Shop
Liquor store

All conveniences for the traveler.

MOTEL WINNEMUCCA
741 West Winnemucca Blvd.
Winnemucca, NV 89445
(702) 623-2565
or call toll free (800) 528-1234

Next to Winner's Hotel Casino



JIM'S CHEVRON SERVICE

ATLAS TIRES
BATTERIES
ACCESSORIES
SERVICE & LUBRICATION
WHEEL ALIGNMENT
TUNE UP

Everything for the traveler

105 W. Winnemucca Blvd.
Winnemucca, NV 89445
623-5774

WHERE THE HELL IS WINNEMUCCA ?

It's where the most
hospitable, small-town
meetings & conventions
are held.

Call or Write:
Winnemucca Convention
Bureau

48 W Winnemucca Blvd.
WINNEMUCCA, NEVADA 89445
(702) 623-5071

Western Carpetbagger

A California newspaper said Thomas Fitch was the "most corrupt man that ever followed politics for a living on this coast."

Fitch's extraordinary memoirs survive.

Edited and with a foreword by Eric N. Moody.

Reviewed by Olivia Mandel.

A Bristlecone Paperback

University of Nevada Press \$5.25

Carpetbagger: 1) A Northerner in the South after the American Civil War esp. seeking private gain under the reconstruction governments. 2) a non-resident who meddles in politics.

Thomas Fitch, though unknown to most Americans today, was a name recognized by many we do know—Theodore Roosevelt, Mark Twain, the Comstock kings, John C. Fremont. Indeed he was one of the best known celebrities of the later 19th century.

He fit the Webster's definition perfectly. Labeled by a California newspaper as the "most corrupt man that ever followed politics for a living on this coast," in today's light he seems almost benign. But he was an opportunist, moving on whenever the possibility of wealth with a minimum of hard work beckoned. Fitch worked as a clerk, merchant, newspaperman, orator and campaign speaker, editor, and lawyer (to such men as Brigham Young and Wyatt Earp, among others). He served as a member of the California Assembly, and as Nevada's lone congressman (1869-1871). His fame died with him, but fortunately some of his writings survive, and in *Western Carpetbagger* we find a lively look at the man and his times.

Compiled by Eric N. Moody from a series "Recollections and Reflections" which Fitch wrote in 1903 for the *San Francisco Call*, the stories are less autobiographical than anecdotal, a revealing and humorous look at those exciting times.—*Olivia Mandel*



Moody gives us an introduction to Fitch's recollection of John Mackay: "Fitch may have known John Mackay during the 1860s, and he certainly was acquainted with him during the 1870s and thereafter. It was in the mid-1870s that Mackay and his partners, James G. Fair, James C. Flood and William S. O'Brien, gained control of the Comstock with the discovery of the 'Big Bonanza' on their properties." Fitch's revealing portrayal of John W. Mackay, miner and millionaire, follows:

Hats off, old pioneers, Johnny Mackay was a man—every inch of him. Long before he girdled the world with his cable* he wired an electric

cord around ten thousand hearts that throbbed with love for him while he lived, and with grief for him when he died.

When great wealth or great fame comes suddenly to a man it sometimes engenders the disease of "magnus cabeza." That complaint never attacked Mackay. He was ever the same brave, chivalric, generous soul, who gave like a prince, fought like a crusader, and forgave like a priest. Those who knew him were wild with delight when this multi-millionaire,

*In 1884 the Commercial Cable Co. of Mackay and James Gordon Bennett laid two transatlantic telegraph cables. A Pacific cable was being laid in 1902 when Mackay died.

disregarding his fifty years, resented a sneering remark concerning his wife, not by a libel suit nor by a retort in kind, but by practicing an art of which he was in youth a past master, and thrashing the scandalizer upon a street corner in San Francisco, and thrashing him well.

The other bonanza kings left scarcely a perceptible mark upon their times. O'Brien died soon after he came into his great fortune, but while he lived went ever into his pocket at the sight of distress. Flood was originally a saloonkeeper, and in his contest for financial supremacy with William C. Ralston—the cashier and controlling spirit of the Bank of California—the latter is reported to have said, "I will send Flood back to his original business of selling cocktails." When this threat was communicated to Flood, he replied, "If I do, I will sell them over the counter of the Bank of California." When the great bank stopped payment and Ralston committed suicide, Flood negotiated for the purchase of the bank building, purposing to fit it up as a saloon with carved counter for a bar, behind which he designed, arrayed in a white apron, to officiate as barkeeper for a day. It was with great difficulty that Mackay and Fair dissuaded him from executing his scheme of vengeance upon the dead Ralston.

Fair was the inventor of a plan to discourage widows and orphans who first offered proof of an alleged marriage with a millionaire after his death. He provided in his will that every lady who should prove herself to be his widow, and every child who should establish a title to call him father, should be entitled to receive from his estate a legacy of one hundred dollars.

Mackay's generosity was unostentatious and took the form of private rather than of public benefactions. A few months before his death he locked himself in his office with his private secretary and destroyed notes, receipts, and other evidence of loans and gifts to the amount of several millions of dollars.

It was not only the poor who lacked food and shelter who were relieved by him, but his benefactions extended to those who, impoverished by ill fortune, yet struggled desperately with fate, and, like the Spartan boy, smiled in the face of the world while the wolf of disaster was eating at the vitals.

Of a lawyer once prosperous, but who had lost his practice, a gentleman said to Mackay: "The judge dresses

well and he lives in a handsome house, but I happen to know that his wife's diamonds and furs are in pawn, that his furniture and law library are covered with chattel mortgages, that his rent and servant hire and grocery bills are unpaid, that his landlord is very impatient and that his family may at any time be thrust into the street."

"Poor fellow," said Mackay, "and he has such a nice family. Such distress is greater than the suffering of one who has no position to maintain. Dick, draw a check for a thousand dollars and send it to him." "He won't take it, Mr. Mackay," replied the secretary. "He is as proud as Lucifer, and I believe that rather than accept charity he would commit suicide." "Is it as bad as that?" said Mackay. "Well, we'll find a way to make him take it. What has become of that litigation between the Durgon and Homeschich Company?" "All settled," replied the secretary. "Well, you hunt up some other lawsuit, any old lawsuit. Sure, there's enough of them bothering us when we don't want them. You employ the judge in it to assist our other lawyers and pay him a thousand dollars, and don't you let on to him that I have anything to do with it. Tell him it is the order of the board of directors."

Mackay's gifts sometimes took an eccentric form. He would send a hundred dollars or more to a widow "with the regards of William Sharon" until that capitalist was not only driven wild with protestations of gratitude, but his outer office was crammed with petitioners for similar aid, to whom Mackay's beneficiary had communicated the glad tidings that Sharon was taken with enlargement of the heart.

Mackay was an early riser, a hard worker, and, although exceedingly hospitable, was himself abstemious and could seldom be induced to play cards for money, and then for only nominal stakes. The only game that seemed to attract him was the "grasshopper races," with which the mining superintendents on the Comstock beguiled a portion of the noon hour while waiting for luncheon at the Savage Company hoisting-house. Boys caught grasshoppers and sold them to the players at 25 cents to 50 cents each. Each player paid a fixed stake, ranging from one dollar to twenty dollars, into the pool, and the man whose hopper made the longest jump captured the pool. On the day before Christmas it was agreed to celebrate that holiday with a pool, the stakes in which were



John Mackay

to be one hundred dollars for each player. The terms were "play or pay," and at the instance of a German professor who was a superintendent of a leading mine, each man was allowed to use any means that he might devise to stimulate his grasshopper. The professor was so full of his scheme to scientifically capture the thousand dollar pool—for there were ten entries—that he communicated it to a young assayer, who was not a grasshopper plunger. The professor had experimented and ascertained that a grasshopper who was touched by a feather dipped in a weak solution of aqua ammonia would jump for his life. The young man also experimented, and as a result he filled a bottle of the same size and appearance with cyanide of potassium and managed to substitute it for the other in the professor's laboratory. The next day when the professor, after much boasting about his scientific attainments, dipped a feather in the substituted bottle and touched his insect with it the grasshopper rolled

(Continued on page 61)

Show Guide



PHOTOS COURTESY LAS VEGAS NEWS BUREAU

Lola Falana

LAS VEGAS

Aladdin
736-0111
Bagdad Showroom
Frankie Valli, 10/24-11/6
Gladys Knight & The Pips,
11/7-11/20
Conway Twitty, 11/21-12/4
Ann Murray-Larry Gatlin, 12/5-12/16
Loretta Lynn, 12/28-1/3

Caesars Palace
731-7431
Andy Williams-The Lennon Sisters,
9/27-1-/11
Ann-Margret, 10/12-10/25
Paul Anka, 1/26-11/8
Tom Jones, 11/9-11/22
Frank Sinatra (T), 11/23-11/29
Diana Ross, 11/30-12/13
Ann-Margret, 12/21-1/3

California Hotel
385-1222
Gary Lemasters, nightly

Circus Circus
734-0410
Round the World Circus Acts, 11a.m.
to midnight

Desert Inn
733-4444
Juliet Prowse-Foster Brooks,
9/27-10/24
Robert Goulet-Joan Rivers,
10/25-11/7
Juliet Prowse-Anthony Newley,
11/8-12/5
Shecky Green, 12/25-1/1

Date and performers
subject to change.

T—Tentative

Dunes
737-4110
Casino de Paris '78

Flamingo Hilton
733-3111
"Razzle-Dazzle"

Four Queens
385-4011
The Holliers, 10/7-10/29
The Garfin Gathering, 10/30-12/9
Helen Long, 12/11-1/15

Frontier
734-0241
Wayne Newton, 9/28-10/10
Sergio Franchi-Nipsey Russell,
10/19-11/1
Roy Clark-Tammy Wynette,
11/9-11/22

Golden Nugget
385-7111
Buck Owens, 10/30-11/12
Kenny Rogers, 11/14-11/26

Hacienda
739-8911
Ice Fantasy

Holiday Casino
732-2411
Wild World of Burlesque

Las Vegas Hilton
734-7777
Liberace-The Chinese Acrobats of
Taiwan, 9/22-10/12
Bill Cosby, 10/13-11/2
Steve Lawrence & Eydie Gorme,
11/3-11/20
John Davidson-Jerry Van Dyke,
11/21-12/16
Liberace-the Dancing Waters,
12/27-1/16



Liza Minelli



Anthony Newley

RENO-SPARKS- CARSON CITY

Carson City Nugget
882-1626
Cathy O'Shea, thru 10/8
Golden Goodies 10/10-11/5
Touch 11/7-11/26
The Tunes Plus One 12/12-1/7

Circus Circus
329-0711
Live entertainment in Carousel
Lounge
Free circus acts from 11 am-Midnight
7 days a week

Eldorado
786-5700
Dae Han Sisters, thru 10/8
Dick Dale with Jeannie 10/10-10/29
Reycards 10/31-11/19
The Diamonds 11/21-12/17

Harolds Club
329-0881
Bordelo Revue 10/3-indef.

Harrah's Reno
329-4422
Ben Vereen 10/5-10/18
Loretta Lynn 10/19-11/1
Joan Rivers-Bert Convy 11/2-11/13
Charley Pride 11/14-11/22
Charlie Rich 11/30-12/6
Captain & Tennille 12/7-12/13
Merle Haggard 12/14-12/20
Tony Bennett 12/21-1/3/79

Mapes
323-1611
Continuous Entertainment

Mapes Money Tree
323-2023
Live Revue, Tree Top Showroom

MGM Grand Hotel-Reno
789-2000
Ziegfeld Room
Hello Hollywood Hello

John Ascuaga's Nugget-Sparks
358-2233
Liberace 10/19-11/11
Mel Tillis 11/12-11/25

Onslow
786-7310
Ed Diamond, thru 10/28
Bob Bramen 10/31-12/23
Ron Rose 12/26-2/3

Ormsby House-Carson City
882-1890
Lounge entertainment

Sahara Reno
322-1111
Rick Nelson 10/13-10/22

Shy Clown
358-6632
Country Western Music

Marina
739-1500
Bare Touch of Vegas

Maxim
731-4300
Minsky's Burlesque Follies

MGM Grand, Las Vegas
739-4567
Mac Davis, 10/5-10/18
Rich Little, 10/19-11/1
Dean Martin, 11/9-11/22
Engelbert Humperdinck, 11/23-12*
Rich Little, 12/7-12/16
Ziegfeld Room
Halleluja Hollywood

Riviera
734-5301
Bob Newhart-Bernadette Peters, thru
10/7
Shirley MacLaine-Fred Travalena,
10/8-10/18
Neil Sedaka-Milton Berle, 10/9-11/1

Royal Inn
734-0711
Bobby Douglas, thru 10/4
Marlane & The L.A. Express,
10/5-10/25

Royal Las Vegas
732-2916
"Rare & Bare"

Sahara
735-4242
Charo, 9/28-10/11
Don Rickles, 10/26-11/2
Johnny Carson, 11/3-11/4
Tony Bennett-Joey Heatherton,
11/5-11/15
Jerry Lewis-Buddy Hackett,
11/16-11/29
Eddy Arnold-George Gobel,
11/30-12/6
Don Rickles, 12/21-1/1

Sands
735-2916
Shecky Green-Mel Torme, 9/20-10/3
Dionne Warwick, 10/4-10/17
Shecky Green, 10/18-10/24
Alan King-Chita Rivera, 10/25-11/7
Wayne Newton, 11/8-12/16,
12/27-12/31

Silver Bird
734-2502
Revues

Silver Slipper
734-1212
Boylesque & Morris as Elvis

Stardust
732-6325
Lido de Paris '78

Tropicana
739-2411
Folies Bergere '78

Union Plaza
386-2444
Broadway Play: "Pajama Tops"

LAKE TAHOE

Harrah's Lake Tahoe
329-4422
Liza Minelli 10/6- 10/12
Sammy Davis, Jr. 10/13-10/19
Captain & Tennille 10/20-10 6
Bill Cosby 11/3-11/16
Bob Newhart-Kay Starr 11/17-11/26
Johnny Mathis 11/27-12/7
Mac Davis 12/8-12/21
Neil Sedaka 12/22-1/4/79

Harvey's
588-2411
Esquires, thru 10/15
Bill Page & Co. 10/16-10/29
Ed Diamond Trio 10/30-1/1/79

Sahara Tahoe
588-6211, 800-648-4322
(toll free from Ariz., Calif., Ore.,
Idaho, Utah)
Diana Ross 10/6-10/19
Engelbert Humperdinck 10/20-10/22
& 10/27-10/29
America 11/3-11/5
Kenny Loggins 11/10-11/12
Lou Rawls 11/17-11/19
Johnny Cash 11/23-11/26
Crystal Gayle 12/1-12/3
Chicago 12/8-12/10
Donna Summer 12/5-12/17

RURAL NEVADA

Commercial Hotel, Elko
738-3181
Stockmen's Hotel, Elko
738-5141
Hotel Nevada, Ely
289-4414
Sharkey's, Gardnerville
782-3133
Cactus Pete's Casino,
Jackpot
755-2321
Horseshu Casino, Jackpot
755-2331
Stateline Casino, Wendover
668-2221
Winners Inn, Winnemucca
623-2511



Reno from above, a cascade of jeweled lights across the dark landscape. An airliner floating serenely across the July night, guided in by boy dancers with flashlights as it settles on the runway and taxis to the edge of the stage in the Ziegfeld Room of the MGM Grand Hotel. Its landing lights dazzle the more than 2,000 astonished customers as it rolls to a stop with a dozen beautiful girls dancing on the wings.

Holy Fazoli, what a show! It's Donn Arden's "Hello Hollywood Hello!" one fantastic spectacle after another, each more incredible than the last, performed on the largest stage in the world. There are 150 singers and dancers, recruited from England, Austria, France, Australia, New Zealand, and the United States. There are 100 stagehands and 50 wardrobe people backstage, 96 scenery changes (an average of a change every minute and 15 seconds through the two-hour show), 200 major props, five stage elevators and seven ceiling drops. Even Donn Arden can't say exactly how many millions it cost to create, but everything is the biggest and the best that money can buy.

At six o'clock the audience is just beginning to stream into the red carpeted and gold trimmed Ziegfeld Room. Red velvet curtains drape the stage as tables are occupied and dinner orders taken. A warm murmur fills the room.

Behind the curtain, against the far back wall of the backstage area, three small offices are occupied by Bernard Croc, the debonaire company manager; by stage manager Walt Weekly; and by executive producer Bill De Angelis.

Croc is conferring with wardrobe mistress Maria Romaggi. He was for 20 years (from age 7 to 27) a dancer and soloist with the Paris Opera. He left the stage to work with Margaret Kelly (the famous Madame Blue Bell) in Europe and the Far East, and 86 of the dancers in the show have worked with him before overseas. As company manager for Donn Arden, he is responsible for the performance of the singers and dancers.

Maria is a former Carson City housewife and docent at the Nevada State Museum. After raising her children she returned to college at the University of Nevada, Reno, to take a degree in fashion trades. Ten of her staff of 50 work an eight hour day shift mending and repairing the 1,300 individual costumes with electric drills, rivet guns, glue guns and sometimes with needles and thread. The other 40 work the show as dressers.

Walt Weekly is surrounded by stagehands he hired and trained. Like everyone else with the show he has been working nonstop for six months. "I went through two pairs of shoes in three months," he says. "It has been the experience of my life."

Hello, Hollywood, Hello.

Above: One of many extravagant scenes. Below: Reenactment of the San Francisco earthquake.

Behind the scenes at MGM's multi-million-dollar extravaganza spectacular. **By David W. Toll**

The Greatest Show On Earth



Executive Producer Bill De Angelis feels the same way. He has been working on this show for two years, ever since Donn Arden was commissioned to create it. Through all the planning, conferring, auditioning, riding herd, holding hands, writing contracts, getting bids, arguing and agreeing, Bill De Angelis has been in the thick of it. Now his eyes are red-rimmed and his face is grainy with exhaustion.

"We have a back door right here," he says. "And right out that door across the Truckee River is the mental hospital. I can't tell you how close I've come to going over and putting myself in there."

For costumes he had a budget of a million seven and he spent about two million one. For the scenery there was no budget. "I wouldn't know where to start," he says. "To give you an example, the airplane. We put it out to bid and the cheapest price was \$388,000. The next bid was \$1,250,000.

"So what do we do? We want the plane, it's a very important factor in our opening number. I contacted Northrop in Long Beach, and they had a mock-up of a DC-9.

It was only 33 feet long, but I figured I could add on to it, and they were going to give it to me. I was all set to go get it when I got a call: their designers were back from Australia and they needed the mock-up because they were going to build a new airplane. What do we do now?

"Mr. Benedict, the president of the MGM in Las Vegas, says why not go down to Kingman, Arizona? He had heard of a 707 for sale. It cost \$6,000, completely gutted out. But it was too big. So I went to the bosses and I said, look let's set up a shop here in Las Vegas and I'll build it from scratch. Which is what I did. Its cost, the final figures aren't in yet, is in the neighborhood of a quarter million.

"We also built a few other things there, like the space ships that drop out of the ceiling over the audience, but for the rest of the sets and scenery we gave them out to 14 different contractors to build." At about the same time the Otis Company began designing and building the special stage elevators, Donn Arden was conducting world-wide auditions for the cast, and construction was



about to begin in Reno on the hotel itself.

The stage was to have been turned over on January 1st so that the sets and scenery could be assembled and rigged before rehearsals began on February 6th. But it was not. Building in the stage area continued into April. Construction crews were still hard at work when the sets and scenery began to arrive, hauled up through the mud and slush of winter to the big back door on flatbed trailers, and a hundred newly hired stage hands began to put it all together.

Only 15 of them had ever seen a stage before, and the sets kept arriving, but piecemeal. Sets of Space were unloaded next to scenery for Nob Hill; circus wagons were rolled in and parked beside the 6,000-pound mirror backdrop for *Smoke Gets In Your Eyes*; and the \$8,500 battery-powered replica of the 1905 Oldsmobile for the Golden Gate Park scene was parked between the four-horse chariot for the Circus finale and the modernistic silver flivvers from Space.

Construction crews were still at work, the Otis people were still installing the most sophisticated elevator system their company had ever attempted (including three double-decked, each 12 x 36 feet and capable of lifting 144,000 tons altogether), the huge sets and scenery were still arriving (except for some crucial pieces, which were late), and rehearsals began on schedule February 6th.

"That's when the fun began," De Angelis says. "There was constant conflict. First the electricians need to use the stage to light it; and then the elevator man needs it for five hours; and the wagon contractor needs it for four hours more. Then rehearsal time.

But when do we hang the scenery and put the sets together?

"I had given up smoking cigarettes for four years. In February I started smoking again. Now I am on four or five packs a day."

The show was not ready to be performed when the hotel opened on May 3rd. A second opening date was also canceled. Finally it opened on June 2nd, 1978. "This is the miracle of show business," says Bernard Croc. "Just before the opening everything goes wrong, and the night when you open, everything is perfect. And it was that way."

The choreography backstage is just as impressive as it is out front. "The Fountain has damaged more Goddamned toes than anything," says chief carpenter Ron O'Neal as the stage crew hurries to set up the Golden Gate Park scene. Out front, Mr. Electric is pulling a long string of lighted bulbs out of his mouth but behind his curtain backdrop three tons of plywood and canvas trees drop gently down from above, the fountain is rolled into place and a hose connected so that water will pour. Red feathers, from the first act's "Red, Hot and Beautiful" costumes (75 cents apiece, from South Africa), lie here and there on the floor as a team of stagehands shove the Gazebo into position for the next scene.

When Mr. Electric finishes his act the San Francisco sequence will begin. It starts with Golden Gate Park, soon giving way to the Nob Hill ballroom scene, and while that is playing the scenery is set up behind it for the Barbary Coast. At that point, the Earthquake set moves into place behind Barbary Coast, and the fire pots are set up by the federally licensed pyro man. Then San

Francisco is destroyed and by the time the Jolly Jovers have strolled out to get the audience giggling again the stagehands have waltzed enormous sets, many of them two stories tall, in a complete cycle, each giving way to make room for the next.

Despite the fast traffic in near darkness backstage, the heavy sets shoved by eager stagehands, scenery flying in from the ceiling, and elevators, opening and closing, there have been relatively few accidents, most of them minor. Everyone knows where he is supposed to be at any given moment, and no one is supposed to be in the way.

The closest call, in fact, was O'Neal's on the night the show was presented to an audience of newspaper and magazine writers invited to watch a special preview performance. "The staircase units for the opening used to be electrified," he says. "You'd push a button and they'd come rolling on. Push another button and they'd go left and right. It was almost down perfect."

"But people would get over eager and Slam! they'd bust them up. We were replacing plexiglass steps all the time. So I got into the habit of walking out with these units, to keep them from banging together. I was holding on to one unit when the other came in. I grabbed it and it grabbed me—with 65 or 70 volts of direct current. I made a quick trip to the hospital."

The immensity of the stage and the complexity of the show require extraordinary communications systems. Two walkie-talkie circuits connect the Stage Manager with his supervisors in the button booth, with the three main elevators and the two revolves (one at each side of the stage), and



with the fly floor (which is an open platform about five stories above stage left where a crew of stagehands raise and lower the scenery from the flies far above, to the stage and back again, to supervisors at stage right and stage left, to the basement, and to the light booth).

The light booth is high above the audience, and permits a clear view of the stage for the two follow-spot operators (one of whom is Ann Gilchrist, the only female in the stage crew, "Some like it, some don't" she says), the closed circuit television cameraman, the cue caller, and the chief electrician, who cues the complex lighting changes on a computerized memory board console. The lighting circuits are routed from the booth through the largest patch panel in the world, 2,000 dimmable circuits connected in various combinations by a three-story snarl of electrical cable.

"It's like playing a big, complicated musical instrument," says Mark Bosch of Winemucca as he cues in the pre-programmed changes. "It's real easy to make a mistake." Some of Bosch's cues are visual, keyed by the stage action, others are musical. Like the sound man at his console in the audience, Bosch watches a closed circuit television picture of the orchestra and its leader Phil Moody. In a basement room next to the horses and the lion, they are dressed in jeans and sweatshirts and playing the intricate score with precision and verve.

There are 170 lighting changes during the space sequence. Astronauts. Space ships dropping out of the ceiling. Beautiful women stalking around the stage in gleaming android armor. Barbarians from outer

space, zombies from the caves and grottoes, the Winged Sorcerer, all swirling together in a smoky, maniacal dance of savagery and death. It is especially eerie seen from the light booth with the cue caller sounding an endless litany of scenery and elevator changes:

"Side curtains go stand by to take out the scrim scrim go stand by to open A, B and C."

This is Starship 3748 to Satellite Control. Have sighted mysterious uncharted planet.

A, B, C go."

We are going in for a closer look.

"Stand by to fly astronauts astronauts go stand by to take out the center oval center oval go stand by to lower astronauts and bring in the side stage curtains astronauts go."

The astronauts "fly" about 20 or 25 feet off the stage, winched up and out by a pair of stagehands on the fly floor in rigging installed by Peter Foy, once one of the Seven Little Foyes and now an expert in theatrical flying. Sometimes the flying chorus dancers get a little seasick as they float and bob above the stage.

A tinny voice bursts in: "Living Curtain ready to go." The fly floor is notifying the cue caller that all 13 dancers are safely on board the Living Curtain, nine and a half tons of gleaming iridescence that slowly descends from the flies at the end of the Futuropolis number to serve as the backdrop for the psychedelic disco scene.

Stand by to bring in the Living Curtain mirror, the living curtain, and the black space drop. Stand by to lower A, B and C, strike the Space Kingdom and set for the

There are 300 people and 96 scenery changes in the two-hour show; also 200 major props, five stage elevators and seven ceiling drops.

No one knows how many millions it cost to create.

Underground Mirror go. Living Curtain go. Black space drop go."

While the disco number plays, the elevators are heaving up and down delivering the sets up from the basement for the Underground cataclysm that follows and that climaxes with a shuddering torrent of water that rushes from the caves. The water pours out at the rate of 3,500 gallons a minute, pumped up from the holding tank in the basement and collected in the rain trough around the perimeter of the stage to be recirculated. Two thousand rain jets suddenly sneeze and a diaphanous curtain of rain veils and blurs the eerie tableau on stage as the curtains come together.

Barely a month into its five year minimum run, the immense production was running as smooth as silk.

Walt Weekly has returned to Las Vegas, and Ron O'Neal was promoted to fill his job. The stagehands have voted two to one in favor of union representation. And Maria Romaggi's job title has been changed to Wardrobe Manager. "It made my children feel better," she says. The capacity of the room has been raised to more than 2,000 by setting tables for eight instead of six, the price of a steak dinner has risen from \$22.50 to \$24.00, and the line to get in stretches way out into the gambling area.

Bill De Angelis got a vacation finally, and spent two happy weeks fishing and eating seafood at Hyannisport next door to the Kennedys. Now he's back and feeling great, and jumps up two or three times during a show to run backstage and correct some fault he has noticed. He is a stickler for smiles ("I guess I'm still a Marine Corps Drill Instructor at heart"), and God help anyone he sees talking on stage.

There are always problems of course—a while back one of the horses in the Big Circus Parade stepped into the rain trough and had to be eased down into the audience to get free—but nothing to equal the madhouse of putting the show together.

At a dinner show performance in summer, Solomon, the show lion, stood up one night during the grand finale, cocked a leg and sprayed everyone within reach—showgirls, singers and dancers alike.

And that's show business at the greatest show on earth. □

Golf is one of very few sports that can be played for a lifetime. It's an individual endeavor—your schedule doesn't have to fit with someone else's, you don't have to depend upon a group, you don't even need a partner to play. Walking the course and playing a leisurely game is good for the health. And you don't have to be bionic.

"Golfing in Nevada is unique," says Dave Mancour, PGA pro at Eagle Valley Golf Course in Carson City. "Some of our courses aren't as good as those in neighboring states because of the shortage of moisture, but we can play all year long. And wind is a factor, which makes the Nevada game just that much more challenging." It's impossible to anticipate when the Nevada wind will come up, but there is a pretty steady breeze in most areas of the state. A player has to learn how to hit the ball low so the wind doesn't take it.

Mancour believes the good Nevada players are stronger players under adverse conditions. "They play in the cold weather in the spring and fall, they play in the winds in summertime, so they're able to handle situations that the fair weather golfer can't cope with lots of times, even if it's just psychologically."

In summer Las Vegas players plan their games early in the day to beat the heat, but all year long the game can be good throughout the state. "People react differently to temperature changes," says Mancour. "Some people thrive on heat and they play regardless, others I know will come out here in T-shirts in February and March when I'm wearing long underwear, wool shirt and slacks, sweater and jacket and I'm still cold teaching on the tee."

He advises beginning players to take lessons first so as not to get into any bad habits. "The best way to go is with individual lessons because you get a half hour of undivided attention. Our series of six lessons for beginners costs \$60 and that will get you out on the course. There are certain fundamentals in the game that have to be done by everyone. If you haven't played in a long time, take a refresher lesson before getting back on the course. Golf is typical of all athletics, when it's done properly it's a beautiful thing."

Born and raised on a farm in Michigan—his great grandfather homesteaded 160 acres outside of Detroit in 1834—Mancour started working as a caddy at the Alice Valley Country Club for 50 cents a day. It was 1942 and he was 10 years old. He started playing the game himself on Caddy's Day and still holds a record of 69 strokes for that course, Juniors, set when he was only 16.

Mancour represents the PGA on the President's Council for Physical Fitness. He started a golf clinic 20 years ago in Monterey for secondary and college teachers, instructing them on how to teach golf in the schools. He doesn't charge juniors for lessons. He has played the PGA tour on a regular basis, qualified for the Crosby in Monterey last year. He says his favorite course to play is Edgewood at Tahoe, but his favorite for condition is Eagle Valley because the course is watered with sewer effluent and the soil is good, which makes for very good grass. "It's unbelievable how good this course is. It's in great

shape, with a lot of lush grass out in the rough.

"Golf used to be thought of as a rich man's sport," he adds, "a kind of sissy thing because it was no contact and no exercise. But that's changed. It's a great sport for everyone and it can be played for a lifetime."

GOLF AND GLAMOUR IN LAS VEGAS

When visitors play golf in Las Vegas, they often have double-takes when they see other golfers who may resemble Jerry Lewis, Andy Williams, Dinah Shore, or Sammy Davis, Jr. Chances are those other players really are Jerry Lewis, Andy Williams or Sammy Davis, Jr., who all enjoy golf and appear frequently in Las Vegas.

The combination of golf and glamour has lured the game's top professionals, leading celebrities and millions of duffers to this resort capital since the early 1950s.

The Las Vegas formula for golf success was established in 1953, when Wilbur Clark and his associates built the Desert Inn Country Club behind their pastel pink hotel. After completion of the long 18-hole layout, it was only natural to host a big tournament. Not just any professional could enter; a golf pro had to win at least once on the previous year's tour to be eligible for the Tournament of Champions. Celebrities were invited to bid in the calcutta and mingle with the gallery to watch their favorites.

First year winner Al Bessellink credited a strict curfew—in bed at 2 a.m.—for his victory, and he began a tradition which Las Vegas sports winners continue today when he scooped up handfuls of silver dollars from a wheelbarrow.

Ever since, Las Vegas has experienced a golf boom, as the number of places to play grew from two in 1953 to the present 10 full-length courses and three nine-holers. Golf hit a competitive peak in the 1960s when Las Vegas hosted three tournaments annually for several years. Past Las Vegas tours were the Tournament of Champions (1953-67); Sahara Invitational (1958-1975); U.S. Seniors Open (1964-1971); and the Sealy-Las Vegas LPGA Classic (1971-74).

Jack Nicklaus hit the jackpot in Las Vegas, winning two ToFC titles and four Sahara crowns from 1963-1969. Arnold Palmer and Gene Littler won three ToFC titles apiece. When Cathy Corneliuss earned \$25,000 for her 1973 Sealy-Faber LPGA Classic victory, it was then the richest sports prize ever for a woman.

After an absence of three years, the pros are coming back to Las Vegas. The \$100,000 Sahara Hotel National LPGA Pro-Am, scheduled for March 19-25, 1979, will feature the time-tested pro-celebrity formula and perhaps a nationwide television audience.

Hotel organizers have little trouble rounding up celebrities in Las Vegas. Other golfing stars seen here frequently include Frank and Barbara Sinatra, Dean Martin, Jerry Vale, Shecky Greene, Don Rickles, Foster Brooks, Buddy Hackett, Bob Newhart, Mike Douglas, Eddy Arnold, Pepper Davis, Johnny Carson, Danny Thomas, Glen Campbell (who plays in boots outfitted as golf shoes), Milton Berle, Robert

Goulet, Pat Boone, Les Brown, Mac Davis and The Osmonds. Until his heart surgery earlier this year, ex-heavyweight champion Joe Louis was a familiar figure at local golf courses.

Louis is one of many sports figures who lend their names and faces to Las Vegas golf events. Junketeer "Big Julie" Wientraub decorates his event for high rollers at the Dunes Hotel each fall with stars from several sports. The Desert Inn will host the Mike Douglas-NFL Players Association tourney in February. In 1977 the Horseshoe Club somehow lured its top poker players to a golf course for the benefit of *Sports Illustrated* cameras.

Celebrities play golf in Las Vegas for the same reason locals and tourists are out there hacking away—to relax. "I like to get out very early, say about 6:30 a.m., when I have a full day ahead," Jerry Lewis says, "but on days when I only have a show that night, I might be out for nine holes in the afternoon."

Lewis, who plays with a handicap of three, prefers the Sahara Country Club, where he says he has hit most of his sub-par rounds. "The Sahara might look like a cutie-pie, but it will jump up and grab you if you don't watch it," he comments.

Even though he is intense about the game, Lewis does not mix golf and gambling: "I never bet on the golf course—that makes it too competitive."

Lewis lives in a house provided by the Del Webb Corp. on the Sahara Country Club course when he performs in town while other entertainers own homes on Las Vegas golf courses. Among them are Johnny Carson, Peter Lynde Hayes and Roy Clark. Several years ago Louis Prima built the Fairway to the Stars course, then completed his home next to one of the greens. Although he does not own a home next to a fairway, Sammy Davis, Jr. boasts a customized golf cart ready for use at the Desert Inn.

Amidst the glamour and competitive play, the biggest attraction for local golfers and visitors is the accessibility and informality of courses in Las Vegas. Twelve of its 13 courses are open to the public.

"It is easier to get starting times here because of the number of courses," says 25-year Municipal Golf Course pro Jerry Belt. "It also costs less than in other resort areas because hotel and public courses are not trying to make a lot of money." Nine Las Vegas links are owned by hotels and municipal entities.

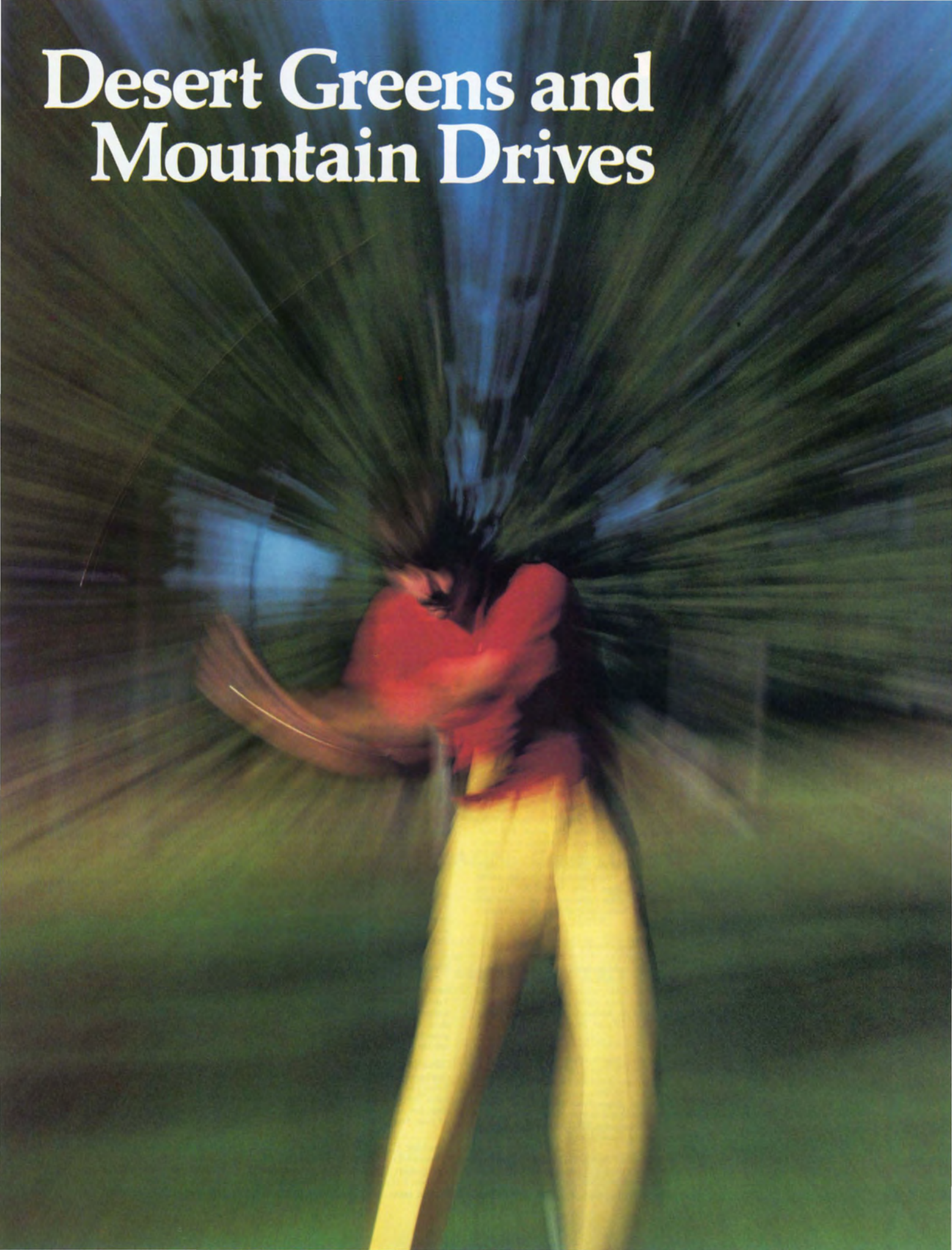
And in Las Vegas the sport is played all year round. "Our play in the fall and winter is nearly as heavy as in summer months," says Dunes Country Club assistant pro Bruce Ashworth, also winner of the 1978 Nevada Open.

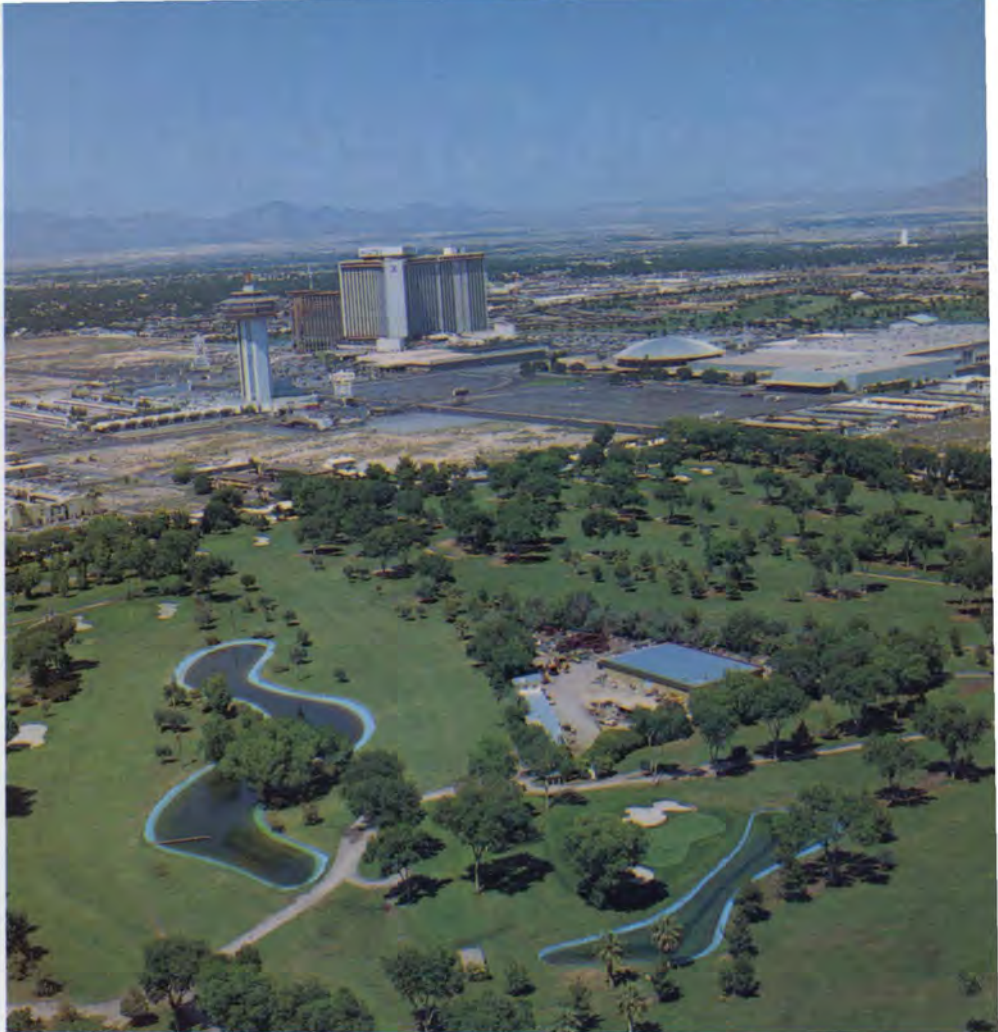
Las Vegas golf pros say player volume is highest in the spring and fall when temperatures are moderate. Most golfers play early in the morning during summer to avoid searing afternoons.

Of course one might ask if visiting duffers could hope for a chat with Jerry Lewis before their tee times? Sure, it's possible, but few visitors would be able to focus on a golf ball at 6:30 a.m.

(Continued)

Desert Greens and Mountain Drives





An insider's guide to golfing in Nevada.

SOUTH

Las Vegas

Desert Inn Country Club, 733-4444 (semi-private). Las Vegas Strip. 18 holes, par 72. Yardage: championship 7,069, men 6,666, women 5,886. Flat. Driving range, pro shop, coffee shop, bar. Green fees: \$15 guest; \$18 non-guest. Children 10 or over OK. Open all year. Dave Johnson, club pro.

Dunes Country Club, 737-4110 (semi-private). Las Vegas Strip. 18 holes, par 72. Yardage: championship 7,240, men 6,571, women 5,982. Flat. Driving range, pro shop, coffee shop, bar. Green fees: \$10 guest, \$17 non-guest. Open all year. Don Welch, club pro.

Fairway to the Stars, 361-2323 (semi-private). 279 E. Warm Springs Rd. 9 holes, par 70 for 18. Yardage: 6,470. Mostly flat. Driving range, pro shop, coffee shop, bar. Green fees: \$5 for 18 holes. Open all year. Tom Starrett, club pro.

Las Vegas Country Club (private).

Las Vegas Municipal Golf Course, 878-4665 (public). 1 Ruby Lane. 18 holes, par 72. Yardage: 6,457, women 6,134. Flat. Driving range, pro shop, coffee shop, bar. Green fees: \$3.50, \$4.50 weekends. Children 12 or over OK. Open all year. Jerry Belt, club pro. Large trees.

Sahara Country Club, 734-8801 (semi-private). 1911 E. Desert Inn Road. 18 holes, par 71. Yardage: championship 6,761, men 6,418, women 5,779. Driving range, pro shop, coffee shop, bar. Green fees: weekdays, local \$10, out of town guests \$15; weekends, local \$12, out of town guests \$17. Open all year. Charlie Teel, John Ramsey, club pros.

Tropicana Country Club, 739-2579 (public). Las Vegas Strip. 18 holes, par 70. Yardage: championship 6,647, men 6,427, women 5,697. Driving range, pro shop, coffee shop,

bar. Green fees: \$14. Children 16 or over OK. Open all year. Bill Andrews, club pro.

Winterwood Golf Club, 452-8314 (public). E. Sahara Avenue & Winterwood Blvd. 18 holes, par 71. Yardage: championship 6,395, men 6,247, women 5,614. Flat. Driving range, pro shop, coffee shop, bar. Green fees: weekdays \$3.50, \$3 after 3 p.m.; TW & F senior citizens \$1; weekends \$4.50. Open all year. Joe Lepire, club pro.

North Las Vegas

Craig Ranch Golf Club, 642-9700 (public). 628 W. Craig Road. 18 holes, par 70. Yardage: men 6,148, women 5,330. Flat. Driving range, pro shop, coffee shop. Green fees: \$4. Open all year. Sam Camerano, club pro. Lots of wildlife.

North Las Vegas Municipal Golf Course, 649-7171 (public). 324 W. Brooks. 9 holes, par 3 format. Yardage: 1,128. Snack bar. Green fees: weekdays \$2, senior citizens \$1; weekends \$3, senior citizens \$2. Open all year. Art Hansen, club pro.

Henderson

Paradise Valley Country Club, 451-2106 (semi-private). 7100 S. Lamb. 18 holes, par 72. Yardage: championship 7,143, men 6,568, women 5,729. Mostly flat. Driving range, pro shop, coffee shop, bar. Green fees: Summa guest \$7; non-guest \$10. Open all year. Richard Lee, club pro.

Black Mountain Country Club, 565-7933 (semi-private). 501 Country Club Drive. 18 holes, par 72. Yardage: men 6,397, women 5,666. Hilly. Driving range, pro shop, coffee shop, bar. Green fees: \$4, \$6 weekends. Open all year. Frank Winsor, club pro.

Boulder City

Boulder City Municipal Golf Course, 293-3536 (public). 1 Buchanan Blvd. 9 holes. Yardage: men 3,414, women 3,027. Up and down. Driving range, pro shop, snack bar. Green

fees: \$3 for 9 holes, \$5 for 18 holes. Open all year. Hughes Jeffries, club pro.

WEST

Reno

Hidden Valley Country Club, 358-4742 (private). 3575 East Hidden Valley Drive. 18 holes, par 72. Yardage: 7,021. Sloped hillside. Driving range, pro shop, dining room, snack bar, bar. Green fees: guest of member \$10, sponsored by member \$15, members of other clubs \$20. Open all year. Ed Jones, club pro. Good test of golf.

Lakeridge Golf Course, 825-2200 (public). 1200 Razor Back Road. 18 championship holes, par 72. Yardage: 7,045. Hilly. Driving range, pro shop, snack bar-restaurant, bar. Green fees: \$10. Open all year. Cork Corl, club pro. Course designed by Robert Trent Jones; famous 15th hole, a par 3, drops 200 feet to an island.

Sierra Sage Golf Course, 972-1564 (public). Highway 395 North to Stead, 9 miles North of Reno. 18 holes, par 71. Yardage: championship 6,618, men 6,250, women 5,788. Slightly sloped. Driving range, pro shop, snack bar-meeting room. Green fees: adult \$5, children \$2.50, sunrise & sunset \$2.50; winter: adult \$3, sunrise & sunset \$1.50. Open all year. Don Krizanek, club pro.

Washoe County Golf Course, 785-4286 (public). 2601 S. Arlington. 18 holes, par 72. Yardage: 6,551. Hilly. Driving range, pro shop, snack bar, restaurant. Green fees: Adult \$5, children under 18 \$2.50 (no children Thurs., Sat., & Sun. mornings). Open all year. Peter Marich, club pro.

Sparks

Brookside Municipal Golf Course, 322-6009 (public). 700 S. Rock Blvd. 18 holes, par 70. Yardage: 6,005. Driving range, pro shop, coffee shop. Green fees: \$4, children \$2. Open all year. Flat and easy to play.

Wildcreek Golf Course, 673-3100 (public). 3500 Sullivan Lane. Now in operation: 9 hole executive par 3, yardage 1,700; driving range, 2 putting greens, pro shop, snack bar. Championship course, 18 holes, par 72, yardage 7,200, to open Labor Day 1979. Hilly. Green fees: \$3.50 for 9 holes, \$6 for 18. Open all year. Don Krizanek, club pro. Course operated by Reno-Sparks Convention Authority. Orr Ditch provides water for 12 manmade lakes.

Carson City

Eagle Valley Golf Course, 882-5152 (public). 3999 Centennial Park Drive. 18 holes, par 72. Yardage: 6,300. Gentle rolling hills. Driving range, pro shop, snack bar, bar. Green fees: \$3 for 9 holes, \$5 for 18. Closed winter. David Mancour, club pro. Totally grassed fairways and roughs.

Gardnerville

Carson Valley Country Club, 782-3181 (semi-private). 2 mi. south of Gardnerville on US 395. 18 holes, par 71 men, par 72 women. Yardage: men 6,090, women 5,387. Flat. Driving range, pro shop, dinner house, bar. Green fees: 9 holes \$3, 18 holes \$5. Open all year. Waite Mix, club pro. Scenic course with lots of trees.

TAHOE BASIN

Stateline

Edgewood Tahoe Golf Course, 588-3566 (public). Hwy 50, next to casinos. 18 holes, championship par 74. Yardage: 7,700. Rolling. Driving range, pro shop, snack bar & dining room, bar. Green fees: \$17; Cart mandatory, \$6. Open May 1-Nov. 1. Orrin Vincent, club pro. Located on Lake Tahoe, rated by Golf Digest as one of the best golf courses in Nevada. Site of 1980 Public Links Championships.

Glenbrook

Glenbrook Golf Course, 749-5201 (public). 10 mi. east of Stateline. 9 holes, for 18 par 68

men, par 72 women. Yardage: 5,500. Driving range, pro shop, snack bar, bar. Green fees: \$7 April or May to June, \$9 July 1-Labor Day, \$7 to late October. Closed Winter. Joe Moniz, club pro. Mountain golf course.

Incline

Incline Championship Golf Course, 831-0246 (public). 955 Fairway Blvd. 18 holes, par 72. Yardage: championship 7,120, regular 6,600. Hilly, mountain setting. Driving range, pro shop, snack bar, bar. Green fees: non-resident \$16, reservations. Cart mandatory, \$12. Open May 1-Oct. 31. Lane Christensen, club pro. Course designed by Robert Trent Jones; excellent view of Lake Tahoe; rated by Golf Digest as one of Nevada's best courses.

Incline Executive Golf Course, 831-2700 (public). Golfer's Pass off Mt. Rose Hwy 27, 18 holes, par 58. Yardage: 3,440. Hilly. Putting green, pro shop, snack bar, bar. Green fees: Before 3 p.m. non-resident \$9, resident \$5. After 3 p.m. non-resident \$6, resident \$3. Before 3 p.m. carts \$4.50 per person. After 3 p.m. \$2.50 per person. Carts mandatory. Closed Winters. Lane Christensen, club pro. Challenging, difficult course designed by Robert Trent Jones.

Meyers

Tahoe Paradise Golf Course, (916) 541-0797 (public). Hwy 50 at Meyers. 18 holes, par 66. Yardage: 4,119. Hilly. Driving range, pro shop, coffee shop. Green fees: 9 holes for \$4.50, 18 holes for \$7. Open May 1-Nov. 1. Short executive course with trees.

Lake Tahoe Country Club, (916) 541-0788 (public). Hwy 50 at Meyers. 18 holes, par 71. Yardage: championship 6,532, regular 6,100. Flat and easy to walk. Driving range, pro shop, coffee shop, bar. Green fees: 9 holes for \$6, 18 holes for \$10. Ron Parsons, club pro.

Bijou

Bijou Golf Course, (916) 544-0611 (public). Hwy 50 at Johnson Blvd., Bijou, Ca. 9 holes, par 33. Yardage: 2,030. Level. Pro shop, snack

bar. Green fees: 9 holes for \$3.50, 18 holes for \$5.50. Open May 1-Sept. 30. Mountain setting.

Kings Beach

Brockway Golf Course, (916) 546-9909 (public). Corner of Hwy 267 & 28, Kings Beach, Ca. 9 holes, par 35. Yardage: 3,156. Driving range, pro shop, snack bar. Green fees: 9 holes for \$5, \$7.50 all day. Open May 15-Oct. 1. Richard Conroy, club pro. One of the first golf courses at Lake Tahoe.

RURAL

Fallon

Casa De Mar Golf & Country Club, 423-4616 (semi-private). 2655 Country Club Drive. 9 holes, par 36 men, par 38 women. Yardage: 3,026. Flat. Driving range, pro shop, snack bar, dinner house, bar. Adults only. Green fees: weekdays, 9 holes \$2, 18 holes \$3; weekends, 18 holes \$4. Open all year. Preston Kyle, club pro. Two story clubhouse located near greens, in Lahontan Valley.

Yerington

Dini's Mason Valley Country Club, 463-3300 (public). Rt. 3 one mi. south of Yerington. 9 holes, par 36 men, par 37 women. Yardage: men 3,176, women 2,901. Flat. Pro shop, dining room, bar. Green fees: weekdays, adult \$4, jr. \$3; weekends, adult \$5, jr. \$3. After 5 p.m. M-F, \$2.50. Open all year. View of local mountains.

Elko

Ruby View Golf Course, 738-6212 (municipal). Ruby View Drive. 18 holes, par 68 men, par 73.5 women. Yardage: men 6,743, women 6,187. Gentle rolling hills. Driving range, pro shop, coffee shop. Green fees: weekdays, adult \$4, jr. \$2.50; weekends, adult \$5, jr. \$3. After 5 p.m. adult \$3, jr. \$2. Open March 1-Nov. 1. Joe Torneo, club pro. Course in a draw with good view of Ruby Mts. Kittridge Creek runs through course.

Spring Creek

Spring Creek Golf Course, 753-6331 (semi-private). 10 mi. south of Elko. Rt. 46. 18 holes, par 71 men, par 72 women. Yardage: men 6,500, women 5,500. Rolling hills. Driving range, pro shop, snack bar, bar. Green fees: weekdays, adult 9 holes \$2, 18 holes \$3, jr. \$2; weekends, adult 9 holes \$2.50, 18 holes \$4, jr. \$2.25. Open April 1-Oct. 31. Bert Irish, club pro. In foothills of Ruby Mts.

Hawthorne

Walker Lake Country Club, 945-3113 (semi-private). Army Ammunition Base. 9 holes. Flat. Driving range, pro shop, clubhouse. Green fees: non-military guest of member \$5. Open all year. Many trees.

Ely

White Pine Golf Course & Tennis Club, 289-4095 (public). On Wendover Highway. 9 holes, par 36. Yardage: 3,250. Level. Driving range, pro shop, snack bar, bar. Green fees: weekdays, adult \$1.75, jr. \$1.25; weekends \$2. Closed winter. Joe Cullinane, club pro. Also has tennis courts.

Winnemucca

Winnemucca Municipal Golf Course, 623-9920 (public). Mizpah St. 9 holes, par 36 men, par 37 women. Yardage: 3,100. Flat. Driving range, pro shop, snack bar. Green fees: weekdays, adult \$3, jr. \$2; weekends, adult \$4, jr. \$3; sunrise & sunset \$1 off. Open March 1-Oct. or Nov. Bill Phillips, club pro. Home of 2 pro-am casino annual tournaments.

Jackpot

Jackpot Golf Course, 755-2264 (public). 1/4-mile east of US 93. 9 holes, par 36. Yardage: 3,385. Driving range, pro shop, clubhouse, snack bar, bar. Green fees: weekdays \$3, weekends & holidays \$5. Closed 3 winter months. Bill Downs, club pro. Located in rolling hills overlooked by basaltic lava mesas. Good golfing early spring through late fall. Cactus Pete's Annual \$20,000 Open Golf Tournament held here in Sept. □

LAST CALL for NEVADA GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS



There's still time to give
NEVADA for Christmas . . .

DON'T DELAY!

Subscription prices will go
up after the holidays.

NEVADA MAGAZINE Carson City, NV 89710

My name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

Please send gift subscriptions to the friends listed below. I understand you will bill me \$4 for each of my gift subscriptions (separate sheet shows additional gifts). I also understand that this is the last time NEVADA will be offered at such a low price:

GIFT TO _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Subscription only (\$4) ☐ Renewal (\$4)
☐ Subscription plus '79 calendar (\$6)

GIFT TO _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Subscription only (\$4) ☐ Renewal (\$4)
☐ Subscription plus '79 calendar (\$6)

PHANTOM RAILROAD (Continued from page 27)

The overland trip pretty well drew the curtain on Place's promotion. A good deal of correspondence (some with an over acid content) went back and forth between Place and his associates as to the payment of debts incurred on the trip but railroad plans moved more and more into the background.

Place remained in Winnemucca until early 1916. In 1915 his wife left him to return to her family in Seattle—but after retrieving the Colonel on several occasions from Kansas City or New Orleans after he'd hit the bottle too hard. But he never quit promoting. During the latter part of his stay in Winnemucca, he tried to encourage settlement in the Paradise and lower Quinn River Valleys but soon gave up on that and moved to Spokane for a short stay. He died in obscurity in Portland in 1926.

Standing today at the intersection of highways 95 and 80 and looking at the stream of truck borne tonnage making the turn in both directions, you've got to admit the Colonel was either 30 years too late or 40 years too early □

INCREDIBLE SUPER CITIZENS (Continued from page 19)

bird dog, Zephyr Miss Dooby's feat occurred on a Sunday night in March of 1938 the same evening that Orson Welles broadcast a spurious "news" program purporting to tell of a Martian invasion in New Jersey. Another Nevada super-citizen ignored; another victory for the Bovis Syndrome.

Case 43-A-444, "Life's Big Mistake." In 1948, *Life Magazine* sent a reporter to do a photo essay on the citizens of Reno. Among other things, the reporter learned that most Reno residents over 65 used roller skates as primary transportation, were fond of running as many as five miles before breakfast (often catching their own breakfast with their bare hands while jogging), were inordinately fond of contact sports and refused to tell any of this to an outsider. The reporter succeeded, however, in taking over 200 telephoto shots of these and other activities, which he submitted to his editor. The editor dismissed them as a hoax and replaced the article on Nevada's super-citizens with a profile of Harold Stassen.

Case 53-B-423, "Unidentified Flying Objects," The sky-diving team from Happyvale Retirement Community (near Las Vegas), composed entirely of Nevadans over 65, bested the parachuting teams from Nationalist China, Poland, Guatemala and the United States Air Force at the 1970 Vandenberg AFB Open Sky-Diving Jump-Off. The triumph was hushed up by Air Force public relations officers (a subterfuge uncovered by Bovis under provisions of the Freedom of Information Act). Some authorities have questioned whether this incident is an example of the Bovis Syndrome, since the officers' action was overt rather than circumstantial.

Case 57-C-20, "Humpin' to Please." A survey of participants in the Virginia City Camel and Ostrich races revealed that riders, without exception, had IQ's of over 145, were proficient in dentistry, medicine, astrophysics, or similarly demanding areas, were in better shape than most astronauts and spoke an average of four foreign languages, not counting Southern Californian. A press release telling the nation of the findings was issued by the Virginia City Chamber of Commerce. Unfortunately, the mailing was picked up by mail carrier Homer "Ding Dong" Bell. On the way into Reno Bell's car overturned, spilling its contents into a field occupied by a herd of goats. The goats ate every last one of the press releases. Rather than risk the wrath of his superiors, Bell did not report the incident, leaving the camel riders to believe that the rest of the country could care less about them. Bell died mysteriously following disclosure of his act.

Other examples abound which strongly support the belief that Nevadans are a breed of super-people. Their tanned visages, muscular builds, intelligent conversation, co-ordination, stamina and strength are obvious even to casual observers. But Bovis' last finding before his death in 1977 is perhaps the most convincing. Incontrovertible evidence, now secure in the files of the Bovis Research Center near Big Sandy, has proved beyond question that the "healthy" Southern Californians are not Californians at all. Not in the true sense. They are all products of the far-flung training schools operated by the True Friends of E Clampus Vitus, where children are taught from birth the virtues of strength, health, intelligence, good clean fun and—most of all—Nevada. □



SPECTACULAR MONEY TREE CASINO

IT'LL GROW ON YOU

Active casino Play Lots of Jackpots \$50,000
KENO and Really good Food at MR. M'S on
"Restaurant Row," Second Floor. Enjoy the nightly
Entertainment in the Show Room or better still
have your very own "CLOSE ENCOUNTER" in the
Money Tree Discotheque.



MAPES
MONEY TREE
CASINO • RENO

Emporium

TRAILS WEST Realty



Jerry Gage • Jack W. Bay
Realtors



319 North Carson Street
P. O. Box 612
Carson City, Nv. 89701
(702) 882-2182



TORTILLA COOKER LIES FLAT IN FRY PAN

Just $\frac{1}{4}$ " smoking-hot oil fries taco shells with this new PATENTED cooker - no deep fat needed. Just slip tortilla into scissor-like basket, lay flat in fry pan, hot oil bubbles thru basket and cooks taco shells to desired crispness. Taco rack holds six taco shells & is ideal for filling and serving. So quick and easy. Both chromed steel. Cooker 15" long, rack 19" long. Taco Magic cooker and rack \$9.98 (+\$1.00 tax & shipping costs.) Send \$10.98 ck/M.O. to; Mako Industries, 112 E. 21st St., Bakersfield, Calif. 93305

The Burk Gal'ry

The Show Place of Fine Western Art

BENEFIT ART SHOW

Saturday, November 4, 1978
for Boulder City Library

DOOR PRIZES CALL FOR TICKETS

Artists include:

Jim Rozzi
Steve Devenyns
Linda Baker
Cliff Segerblom
Spike Ress
R. H. Webb
John Kittelson
Roy Purcell
and others

400 Nevada Highway
P. O. Box 246
Boulder City, NV 89005
Vern & Darlene Burk
(702) 293-3958

LUKE'S ...

**Nevada's Finest
Camera Store.
Serving Northern
Nevada for 57 years.**



Luke's

**21 West 2nd Street
DOWNTOWN RENO**

Validated Parking at FNB
and Riverside Garages.

**OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK
Mail and Phone Orders.
323-3792**



Now available by mail
for the first time!

THE GREAT LAS VEGAS COLORING BOOK

Large 11"x14" pictorials of World
Famous Las Vegas attractions.

High quality paper, use felt tip pens,
crayons, water color or poster paints.

This is a collector's item.

ORDER NOW Only \$1.50

Post Paid

**GREAT GRAPHICS
P. O. BOX 43085
LAS VEGAS, NV 89104**



RELAXES "FOOT MISERY" AMAZING FOOTCARE THERAPY TREATMENT LOTION

One bottle eliminates using dangerous
razor blades, knives, sandpaper discs,
pumice stones, gadgets, harmful Salicylic
Acid corn patches, callous pads,
acid creams, lotions, salves, powders
and sticks. Moisture activates away
corns, callouses, soreness in bunions,
ingrown nails, burning, tired, aching
flakey skin, cracked heels. Stops
odor, fungus, sweatiness. Wear any
new shoe style. 4 fl. oz.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

Send \$3.98 in check or money order to

**A. J. I. PRODUCTS, INC.
1555 1/2 WEST 85th STREET
L.A., CA 90044**

Travel Guide

CHALLENGE YOURSELF



DISCOVER THE DESERT

GUIDED EXPEDITIONS IN OUR DESERT VEHICLES TO REMOTE LAKES & RIVERS, PEAKS & CANYONS, WILDLIFE AREAS & GHOST TOWNS WITH COMPLETE OUT-FITTING AND GOOD COOKING, TOO.

- One-Day & Overnight Excursions from Reno.
- 5-12 Day Desert Expeditions or map out your own Dream Trip.

For more information write or call:

IN THE TRACKS OF FREMONT

P. O. BOX 346 • STEAMBOAT, NV 89436

(702) 849-1399

Follow The Sun
To Family
Fun!



Hike • Boat • Swim
Fish • Camp • Golf
Tennis • Waterski

Thrifty Food and Lodging

Chamber of Commerce
Boulder City, NV 89005
(702) 293-2034



DISCOVER SCENIC MOAPA VALLEY

Overton arm of Lake Mead

Fishing, Boating,
Waterskiing, Camping

Lost City Museum

Entrance to Valley of Fire

Warm Springs Recreation Area

4800-foot lighted airstrip

For information contact:

Moapa Valley

Chamber of Commerce

P.O. Box 361 Overton, NV 89040

(702) 397-8088

Stockmen's Motor Hotel Casino



ELKO, NEVADA

Big name entertainment
First class accommodations
Color TV
Swimming pool
Air conditioned
Convention facilities
Indoor parking
Coffee shop and bar

STOCKMEN'S
MOTOR HOTEL
P. O. Box 270
Elko, NV 89801
(702) 738-5141

SPECTACULAR HELICOPTER RIDES



Deluxe Ride ONLY \$10
SEE Hoover Dam,
Colorado River Canyon,
Old Volcano & much more!

Flying Daily from the
GOLD STRIKE INN
Hwy 93 near Hoover Dam
For Information Call
(702) 293-4022
BAUER HELICOPTER INC.

ELKO'S MAGIC CORNER COMMERCIAL HOTEL

Where big time entertainment
started in Nevada.



See White King,
the largest polar bear
to come from the
Arctic Circle.

☆ GAMING ☆
☆ ENTERTAINMENT ☆

GOOD FOOD ☆ FRIENDLY STAFF
Your host for fun
ELKO, NEVADA (702) 738-3181

Crossroads of Nevada

CARSON CITY

**DON'T MISS THE
FRIENDLIEST
CAPITOL CITY
IN THE WEST.**



702-882-1565

New in the Carson City area?

Wouldn't it be nice
to have home town
answers to new
town questions?

Just call your
Welcome Wagon Representative
in Carson City for a basket
of useful gifts and civic
materials to acquaint you
with the area. Just reach for
your phone and call
882-0765 or 883-3238 before
9:30 a.m. or after 5:00 p.m.
and the Welcome Wagon
is on its way to you.

NO COST OR OBLIGATION

Welcome Wagon
INTERNATIONAL, INC.



The Most Famous Basket in the World®

WESTERN CARPETBAGGER

(Continued from page 47)

over as dead as a salt mackerel amid the roars of the crowd. Mackay's hopper won the big pool, and two widows, whose husbands had been killed in the Yellow Jacket Mine, received a gift of five hundred dollars each from an unknown source.

Mackay's wit was quick and occasionally scathing. After an absence of several years in Arizona, I visited San Francisco. In the Palace Hotel court Mackay accosted me saying jestingly, "Now that you have got rich in Arizona (alas! this was not true), I suppose that you won't speak to your old friends any more?" I replied, humoring his jest, "Well, John, we millionaires can hardly be civil to a poor man without his trying to borrow money of us. I'll speak to you, of course, but don't you take advantage of it to try and negotiate a loan." Just then C. P. Huntington, who was visiting San Francisco on one of his annual tours, crossed the hotel office and accosted me. We shook hands, and I, noticing that Mackay and Huntington did not speak to each other, said, "Why, is it possible that you gentlemen are not acquainted? Mr. Huntington, this is Mr. Mackay." The railroad king nod-

ded coolly to Mackay and said, "How do you do, sir?" A moment afterward the expression of his face changed and he exclaimed, "Why this is not John W. Mackay, is it?" Mackay, who was evidently a little nettled at Huntington's failure to know him, touched his hat with mock deference and answered, "John W. is my first name, if you please, sir."

The conversation drifted into comments upon the growth and prospects of San Francisco. "The people must get rid of their expensive ways," said Huntington, "before San Francisco will really thrive." "Why, San Francisco is the cheapest city to live in in America," said Mackay. "That may be so," I suggested, "for people with small incomes who employ no domestic servants." "San Francisco," repeated Huntington "must get down to business. There is no coin here smaller than a nickel. It should be so that you can buy something for a penny." "What," said Mackay, "do you want to buy for a penny?" "An apple, for instance," rejoined Huntington. "But," said I, "you can buy five apples for five cents." "What?" said Mackay, "and give away the other four, and break his heart?" □

HAROLDS CLUB



World's biggest jackpots!

\$236,756

**\$5 progressive
hit Oct. 17, 1977**

And other world record jackpots.

\$13,266 \$15,808 \$57,386

Nickel jackpot
June 17, 1975

Dime jackpot
Nov. 2, 1975

Quarter jackpot
Oct. 14, 1976

\$41,964 \$183,512

50¢ jackpot Aug. 28, 1975

Dollar jackpot Apr. 29, 1978

**If you haven't been to HAROLDS CLUB,
you haven't been to Reno!**

Dining

See Our Antique
Slot Machine Display



Best darn food in Nevada

**LIBERTY
BELL
RENO**

4250 SOUTH VIRGINIA

Fey Bros. Props.

LOUIS & LORRAINE ERREGUIBLE'S

**LOUIS'
BASQUE
CORNER**



"RENO'S MOST UNIQUE DINING EXPERIENCE"

**AUTHENTIC BASQUE FOODS
SERVED FAMILY STYLE**

LUNCHEON 11:30-1:30 • DINNER from 6 PM

PRIVATE DINING ROOM FOR SPECIAL PARTIES

Honoring
AMERICAN EXPRESS • BANKAMERICARD
MASTERCHARGE • CARTE BLANCHE

Phone 323-7203

301 EAST FOURTH STREET

FREE PARKING • JUST 3 BLOCKS FROM CASINOS

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS



DISPLAY ADS

	Page
Boomtown	24
Carson Nugget	37
Del Webb Corporation	2
Echo Bay Resort	28
First National Bank	29, 41
Harolds Club	61
Harrah's	25
Harvey's Resort Hotel & Casino ...	64
Las Vegas Convention Center	63
Mark, Fore & Strike	4
Mimi Job Reproductions	36
Money Tree	58
Nevada '79	13
Northern Nevada Mobile Homes ...	4
Onslow Hotel & Casino	57
Security National Bank	13
University Press	5

MINI-ADS

Bauer Helicopter Inc.	60
Boulder City	60
Burk Gal'ry	59
Cactus Pete's & Horseshu	44
California Hotel	44
Carson Chamber of Commerce ...	61
Commercial Hotel.	60
Eldorado Casino	44
Feet Hurt	61
Great Graphics	59
Jim's Chevron	45
Keith's Model T ...	45
Liberty Belle	62
Louis' Basque Corner ...	62
Luke's Nevada Photo	59
Moapa Valley	60
Motel Winnemucca	45
Old Heidelberg ...	62
Scott Shady Court ...	45
Sharon House	62
Sierra Tours	44
Stockmen's Hotel	60
Tra-Vel	44
Tracks of Fremont	60
Trails West Realty	59
Wildhorse Ranch & Resort	44
Winnemucca Convention Center ..	45
Winner's Inn	45



Authentic
Homestyle
Cooking

**Old
Heidelberg**

GERMAN
RESTAURANT

Imports & Deli

We cater to groups

3 blocks off the "Strip"

604 E. Sahara

Las Vegas, NV 89105

(702) 731-5310

LYNN LEONG'S

**SHARON
HOUSE**

OF VIRGINIA CITY, NEV.

847-0133

OF RENO, NEV.

565 MOANA LANE

825-4451

**BAR & RESTAURANT
SERVING THE BEST
IN CHINESE AND
AMERICAN DISHES**

Specializing in banquets,
receptions and wedding parties.

your hosts:

LYNN LEONG

PHIL FERRIS



**WHY WOULD MEN WHO
TRAVEL INTO SPACE
TRAVEL TO LAS VEGAS?**

Las Vegas has hosted a variety of meetings and conventions attracting scientists, engineers, and astronauts working on the U.S. space program. Conventions return again and again to Las Vegas because of high attendance and outstanding professional service at every level. The Convention Center is the largest convention hall on one level (almost 800,000 square feet) in the United States. More than 38,000 modern hotel

and motel rooms offer convention delegates an unmatched array of accommodations and the moderate Nevada desert climate complements the business atmosphere. Regardless of your occupation or the size of your meeting, Las Vegas has a convention countdown that will interest you. For information write on your business letterhead: Bureau Director, Las Vegas Convention Bureau, P.O. Box 14006, Las Vegas, Nevada 89114.

LAS VEGAS CONVENTION CENTER

LAS VEGAS CONVENTION AND VISITORS AUTHORITY

Vacation at beautiful Lake Tahoe



Two Great Holidays at

Harvey's
RESORT HOTEL CASINO



\$15 Food & Beverage Allowance per person

2 days/1 night, double occupancy,
\$17.50 per person with \$7.50 per person
food and beverage credit

Harvey's
INN



\$15 Food & Beverage Allowance per person

2 days/1 night, double occupancy,
\$15.00 per person with \$7.50 per person
food and beverage credit.

3 DAYS/2 NIGHTS

\$35.00 \$30.00
Per Person Per Person

Prepaid, double occupancy
Available Sunday through Friday
(Subject to availability and to 5% room tax)

FOR RESERVATIONS CALL TOLL FREE
(800) 648-3361

from Ariz., Calif., Ore., Utah & Idaho

From all other states, phone **(702) 588-2411**

For longer vacations contact Harvey's for information. When phoning or writing for reservations, please indicate your preference for Harvey's Resort Hotel or Harvey's Inn. No minors.

EFFECTIVE DATES: October 1 thru December 22, 1978 and January 2 thru May 18, 1979.

NOT EFFECTIVE: November 22 thru November 25, 1978; December 23, 1978 thru January 1, 1979; and April 7 thru April 14, 1979.

Plans subject to change without notice.