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NEVADA

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April/May/June 1978

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Editorial

Some prostitutes, a rabblerouser, a schoolmarm and a showgirl.

This issue includes stories of several women. Most are not the leaders they may have been had society let them be what they were capable of, rather than what they were supposed to be.

And this sad condition cannot be blamed entirely on the men, because the women allowed themselves to be subservient, to be dependent, to be used as sex objects. Some even thoroughly enjoyed it.

But there were exceptions.

Sarah Winnemucca was one of the toughest, brightest, most understanding females in the West. She was strong, independent and capable (incredibly) of seeing both the Indian and white points of view. She spent her life working with whites for her people but was sadly dismissed as an "Uncle Tom" by the Indians, and as a "drunkard and a whore," by some of the whites. She was the only person, male or female, white, black or Indian, who would dare a two-day horseback ride from Idaho into Nevada to warn her father, Chief Winnemucca, of the impending Bannock War.

Her life was fiery; as was her death.

The Stockade in Reno was a haven for "fallen women," "soiled doves," "ladies of the evening" — nauseating terms given to women who were prostitutes; women who used their bodies for money, who sold themselves for the pleasure of men. And there were enough men in town (including some of the "reputable" cicizenry) to keep Reno's brothel owners happy for decades.

It would not be true to state that some of these "flowers of joy" did not relish their job, but many of these women had no choice.

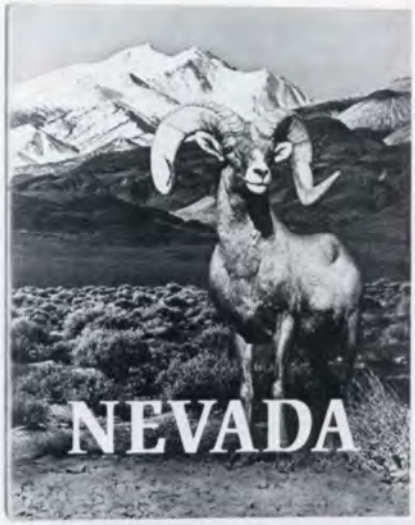
Tricia Lee is a ballerina who was born in Australia, trained in classical dance in Europe. She is currently principal dancer in MGM's "Halleluja Hollywood." Tricia is not the typical man's idea of a showgirl. She lives a quiet life in a Las Vegas suburb with her French husband and their two dogs. "I wanted to be a classical dancer but I was 5′ 11″ — about 10″ too big." She became a showgirl in Paris because she gets more exposure than she would in the chorus line of a ballet company. "I would prefer dancing with my clothes on," she says, "but it was important to me to be principal dancer so now I dance semi-nude." Tricia, too, had little choice.

The early Nevada country teachers were mostly women who were sent out into the sagebrush to teach a handful of children at isolated ranches and mining towns. Basic education was taught by women who cared enough to live under rough and crude conditions, knowing harship, want and loneliness — the same tough environment that some considered the test of manhood.

It used to be important for many men of the West to segregate themselves from the women. The women were tolerated, often admired and enjoyed, but at the time and place the men chose. Men made the decisions as to the future of the people, the community, the country, without considering their female counterparts, signing critical, sometimes earth-shaking contracts with other men over a cigar and a drink in "men only" clubs.

Some men would spend time in the desert alone, "scratching a living for the sake of the family," but suffering only the "hardships" of peace and quiet, seeing lovely cactus bloom, and hearing the comforting snorts of their burro cómpanions.

God forbid that a woman be accepted as quicker, brighter, stronger, faster, or better than any man. If she were, the world would likely crumble — for a minute at least — *Caroline J. Hadley.*



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Letters

MORE ON THREE GAMBLERS

We enjoyed Bud Hage's story, "Three Gamblers," in Issue 1, 1978. We heard George tell about it and I don't blame them for pulling off the job. They took a big chance every time they came off the hill. The mine company wanted Dad to haul off the mountain so he took the team and buggy and drove over to Bullion to see what the road was like. This was the usual procedure when you weren't familiar with the country. He drove up the canyon beyond the old town to what was called "Highland." This was the landing at the foot of the grade. When he got there he got out of the buggy and looked up the road and I guess it looked like it was standing on end.

He turned around and came home and said he wouldn't haul off there for any price!

Gerald Clayton
Elko, NV.

Besides the Clayton team, Joe Walker hauled a couple trips with horses and bronc mules but gave up at Bullion. He said it was too scary for him on that hill, so he turned the outfit over to a fellow called "Whistling Rufus" (because he whistled all the time even when the bronc team ran away at the Cherry Spring grade dragging the swing team). He was going back down to pull the trail wagon up when it happened.

Later both wagons slid off the grade above my place and landed in the bottom of the gulch. It was loose ore, and when I saw Rufus he had the wagons on a flat spot 50 yards below and was carrying the ore in buckets and dumping it in the wagons — and, the poor devil was whistling merrily as he worked. I'd have been cussing yet! He said, "This ore runs six hundred dollars a ton and I've about got her all scraped up. I have to have a couple of runaways and an upset or two before I get down to good hauling."

Some character!

Harry E. Webb
Tujunga, CA.

IT'S ABOUT TIME!

We were glad to read that Nevada Magazine is at last in the black. Congratulations to you.

E. B. Killo
Elko, NV.

CONFUSION

What is the difference between "Nevada" and "Nevada Highways & Parks?" I love your magazine; if I can order back issues please send me an order blank.

May you never move a four-bedroom home on the coast into a one bedroom home in the desert

But we love Nevada.

Mrs. Linda Silua
Luning, NV. (population, 58)

Nevada is the new name for what was, prior to 1975, "Nevada Highways & Parks"; and yes, you can order back issues; and we, too, think Nevada is the greatest. — Ed.

DESIRE FULFILLED

Your magazine was the catalyst, I think, for our move here from California. When the magazine would arrive, it was read from cover to cover and our family agreed that Nevada was where we were going to live someday.

Upon my retirement in 1973 we made the move And we are glad we did.

Esther R. Scribner
Mina, NV.

I appreciate your frequent use of maps to locate the action. Thank you.

Jim Curley
Wallingford, PA.

RIGHT STATE, WRONG MAGAZINE

Do you people have binders that Arizona Highways magazine will fit? Mail me one and bill me.

Vern Johnson
Yerington, NV.

Sorry, Arizona Highways is bigger, though not better, than Nevada. — Ed.

NOTES FROM BUCK

Your revitalized magazine is a joy.

Your best source of information for that old Territory up into Eureka Palisade is Roy Hawkins who has kept me supplied with information for 25 years while I have been trying to convert him to writing especially that country he was raised in where if you were not a Hawkins you were looked at like a bull looks at a bastard calf and why not?

One Hawkins was the Chief of the State Police and the rest of them ran the railroad. One very talented writer was baked in that Palisade Canyon and suddenly bought a castle down at Tujunga and is on the staff of that Western Magazine there.

I wintered at Carlin and developed a friendship with Doctor Eastman and we met every Sunday and went hunting what was called Narrow Gauge Mules. It was one of those Jack Rabbit years when the hills were literally alive with them. We got a hundred the first day. Doc with his German built paragon and me with my Montgomery Ward with the knothole in the stock.

The second day tracks followed ours and every Narrow Gauge Mule had been garnered and I followed the tracks down to a willow hogan on the Humboldt (a stream named after a German nobleman who never saw the stream nor followed it to its end). The hogan belonged to a Shoshone tribesman and the jacks had been shared and their hides had brought two bits each, and every one we had shot.

Buck Erwin
Reno, NV.

ERRATA

With respect to the interesting article in Issue 4, 1977 entitled, "The Bridgeport Murders," by Phillip I. Earl, may I call your attention that it is the East Walker River which flows through the Bridgeport Valley. The West Walker River is 20 miles northwest where it is crossed by U.S. 395.

Arthur Davis
Reseda, CA.

STANDING ROOM ONLY

I was a little shocked at the "Land Without Water" article by Guy Shipler in Issue 1, 1978. I did not realize that the state was thinking of limiting incoming folk tho' I can't really say I'm sorry since I'm a lover of the vast Nevada countryside and hate to see it overbuilt.

It did make me realize, however, that if I'm ever going to return I'd better make plans to do it quickly or they might not let me in (which would be the final irony!).

The magazine sure keeps this ol' Nevadan homesick year 'round.

David T. Coons
Westfield, IN.

I read Shipler's water article with great interest — and some skepticism. Certainly the desert is as dry as a thirsty man's tongue. But I find it hard to believe that the spring runoff from our mountain ranges cannot support a growing Nevada population. Somehow the water worriers are going to have to budge for the sake of progress. Or maybe we should follow the example of the early miners. When faced with foul water supplies, they learned to restrict their drinking to whiskey.

Hi Smith
Reno, NV.

ACCOLADES

If it wasn't for Nevada Magazine, I might never have come to Nevada and seen the last of the west.

Warren "Nevada Kid" Crooker
Port Washington, N.Y.

We like your Nevada calendar with its illustrations of early barroom scenes and gambling rooms.

We have mounted it in our news room where it can be easily seen by the preachers who like to come in and give us hell now and then.

Jim McGiffin, Editor
Ellensberg Daily Record
Ellensberg, WA.

1977 SPECIAL

Being a regular reader of your magazine it gave me extra pleasue when I perused your special issue "Horses." I am Oswald Gillespie, M.V.O., and was chief superintendent of the Metropolitan Police Mounted Branch in London, England for many years when we had 210 horses.

You might wonder what M.V.O. means? It is "Member of the Victorian Order," which is an award given personally by Her Majesty the Queen to people who have in some manner been of special service to the Royal Family. In my case it was preparing horses to be ridden by members of the Royal Family at the Trooping of the Colour held each June.

My horsey friends thoroughly enjoy the magazine as I usually pass it around!

Oswald Gillespie, M.V.O.
Midlothian, Scotland

WE'LL MISS YOU

Gentlemen (surely you are):

For the past 20 years my husband and I with many of our relatives and friends have been making regular trips, at least two or three times a year, to your famous state. It is with great regret that we have all vowed never again to visit Nevada until you ratify the ERA. We are saving our money and will be ready for Atlantic City when it opens up.

I shall always have fond memories of your state.

Mrs. Ralph E. Marker
Harlingen, Texas

WHAT AGE?

The last issue was the best in a coon's age.

Paul Christian
Modesto, CA.

A complete guide to the best in the Sierra LAKE TAHOE

"Do you know what the lure must be when a busy man, an active man, an alert man, a man saturated with the nervous spirit of American commercial life, sits down in one of the seats overlooking the lake or spreads out his full length upon the grass, or in the beds of Sierran moss, which make a deliciously restful cushion, and stays there. He does nothing; doesn't even look consciously at the blue waters of the Lake, or the ineffable blue of the sky, or the rich green of the trees or the glory of the flowers — he simply sits or sprawls or lies and, though the influence is different, the effect is the same.

"There's the idea! Calm, rest, peace, bliss. Those are what you get at Lake Tahoe. And with them come renewed health, increased vigor, strengthened courage, new power to go forth and seize the problems of life, with a super grasp, a more certain touch, a more clearly and definitely assured end."

George Wharton James
1914

JOHN CURTIS PHOTO

Tucked in the Sierra Nevada at 6,225 feet, with more than 70 miles of beaches, coves and cliff-lined shore, Lake Tahoe is one of the deepest and largest lakes of its altitude in the world. Some also call it the most beautiful. Its name has survived proclamations naming it for a botanist and a governor. Pronounced more gently in the native Washo tongue, Tahoe refers to high or big water, referring as much to its grandeur as to its size.

When George Wharton James penned his loving ode to the "lake of the sky," Tahoe was enjoying a prosperous vacation trade prompted by the new railline between Tahoe City and Truckee. Resorts and private homes dotted the lake, where local residents and people of leisure and means basked in its Sierran splendor.

Today the lake is a year-round recreation mecca, hosting millions of visitors every year. Many are interested in the lake's indoor sports conducted at the elegant hotel-casinos rising on the south and north shores. But the joy of any visit to Lake Tahoe comes from the majesty of its setting.

Not far from its towns and highways are the great untouched treasures of the Sierra — the forests, mountains, streams, alpine lakes, and Tahoe itself with its crystal-clear water in hues of green and blue. If the water and woods beckon, don't resist.



JOHN CURTIS



Young spectators (above) may be waterskiing too in just a few more summers.

Smaller boats simply beach at a convenient spot such as Sand Harbor (right) so Saturday sailors can take their noon refreshment.

Hundreds of miles of hiking trails penetrate the forest around Lake Tahoe. Many suit a casual family nature walk while treks to higher elevations like the top of Mt. Rose (left) require healthy lungs and strong legs.

Outstanding golf courses abound at Tahoe. Many, such as at Incline Village (right), draw golfers from all over the West.

ON THE WATER

One hundred and fifteen years after its first resort was established at Glenbrook, Nevada, Lake Tahoe offers scores of marinas, retreats, public beaches and secluded coves for water adventure.

Sailing and motorboating enthusiasts — and beginners — can find berths and gear at marinas and harbors around the lake. Most beach operations rent boats and motors as well as sailboats ranging from Sunflowers, Sunfish and Lasers (14 ft. and below, one sail, one or two sailors), to larger swing and fixed-keel craft.

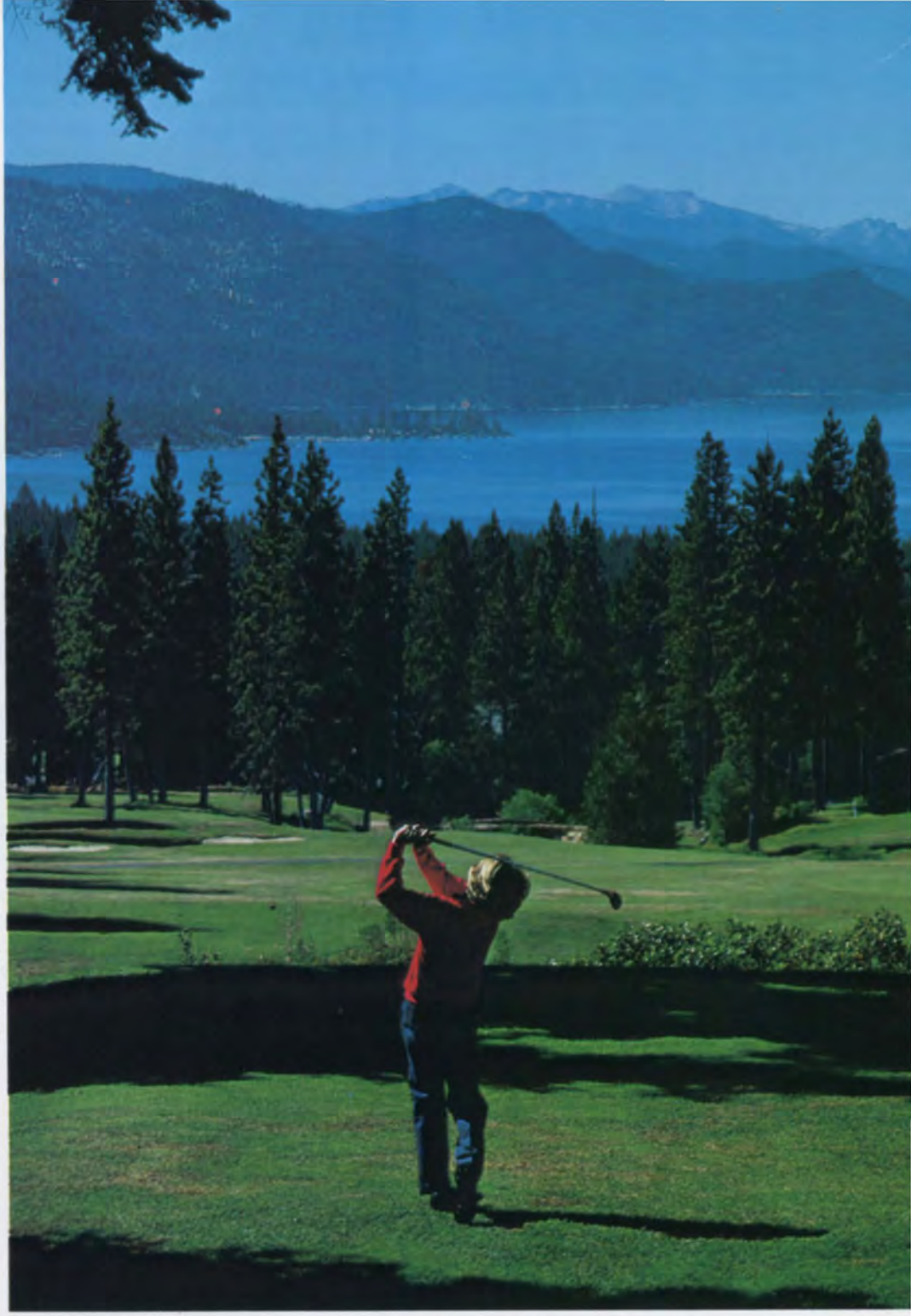
SWIMMING

Swimming Tahoe is an invigorating experience. Like a giant therapeutic spa, the lake tingles the swimmer into action on first contact since its temperature — 65 to 70 degrees in the summer — is colder than the warm sunny air. But the body follows the soul, leaving the swimmer to enjoy the clarity and cleanliness of the water. At the turn of the century the apocryphal story

JOHN CURTIS PHOTO



JOHN BARCWELL





Shakespeare on the lake shore has become a summer tradition (far left). Professional players perform at several locations. The audience brings picnic dinners and libations.

Tahoe offers some of the best bicycling to be found. It's easier on the Nevada side while the steeper California shore is a tougher task.



Tahoe is not always a placid playground for little white boats. Any time of the year, a storm can bring high winds and three foot waves. Tahoe might be considered an inland sea. Its volumn is huge. With a maximum depth of 1600 feet, much of the lake's sub surface remains shrouded in mystery.

persisted that the lake's altitude and depth made for "thin water' and dangerous swimming. To test the tale, writer George Wharton James rowed to the middle of the lake, tied a rope around his waist and jumped in. The cold shock sent him hurtling back into the boat, but he reported the water was as solid as any he knew. Since then, no one who likes to swim, float or paddle has avoided Lake Tahoe.

Tahoe has public swimming areas at Sand Harbor, Kings Beach, Tahoe City, Nevada Beach near Round Hill, South Lake Tahoe, and at west shore parks and coves which are shallow and warm. Several unofficial nude beaches have developed along both the west and east shores, ranging from private affairs to beach parades. Inquire locally.

WATER SKIING

Water ski and boat rentals are available at most marinas. Hyatt Beach at Incline has ski lessons (about $26 for a half hour session) and a $10 ski tow special when a boat is available.

SCUBA DIVING

Snorkle and scuba diving has grown in popularity at Tahoe in recent years. The lake offers great visibility underwater and, though it lacks the ocean's profusion of fish and plant life, has treasures like sunken ships and bottles, tools and coins that went overboard in shallow bays sometime in the last century. Underwater caves, tunnels and passages also attract the experienced scuba diver. Because of the lake's altitude divers should be aware that decompression times are different than at sea level.

Popular diving sites with easy access are Sand Harbor, Hidden Beach and Crystal Bay. Emerald Bay and Rubicon Point sites are accessible by boat. Equipment and rentals can be obtained at Sierra Diving Center in Reno (702) 323-0353, Mountain Lakes Diving Center in Sparks (702) 359-3395, or The Outdoorsman at South Lake Tahoe (916) 541-1660. Rentals of high pressure equipment and tank fills are made for certified divers. Sierra Diving Center rents a complete outfit for $15-$30 a day.

A summer morning breaks to find many a weekend sailor snug and content on a calm Tahoe bay.



MARK ARONOFF

SAILING

I recall a most pleasurable Friday evening dilemma. On this warm, calm, moonless August night I considered whether to view the constellations by unrolling my sleeping bag in the cockpit, crawling in and gazing skyward.

Or would the intoxication be greater sitting on the bow, feet dangling as I watched each star flicker in the mirror surface of Lake Tahoe?

The sleeping bag won handily, but as I crawled into the down cocoon, at peaceful anchor in Emerald Bay, I knew I was the real winner. It's hard to lose if you follow a few basic rules, when you're sailing Lake Tahoe.

You may want to take in a weekend regatta to match your craft and sailing savvy against other lake sailors. During the summer the Tahoe Yacht Club at the north end and the South Tahoe Windjammers in South Lake Tahoe offer numerous regattas including north-south lakewide duels. Sometimes the post-race bull sessions are as lively as the race itself.

But maybe you came to Lake Tahoe to escape the rat race and all other races. Then hoist sail and head for Emerald Bay, where campsites accessible only by boat await you. Or sail to the northeast shoreline and anchor off Sand Harbor. Row ashore and enjoy a hike in the forest or an evening under the stars.

Race or cruise, the day ends with plenty of entries for the ship's log. Although it might happen that there is no entry log at all because you, the log and everything else got drenched from the knockdown you took. Nothing in sight, and then it happens.

Just ask Jim Hildinger, who still recalls Nov. 11, 1968. He went for a breezy winter sail from Camp Richardson in his 19-footer and returned in a 50-mile-an-hour gale that left him with a torn jib, water-filled boat, numbed hands and feet and a healthy respect for the lake's power. His advice for sailors holds true any season: Approach cautiously.

"Don't leave the shore unless you're prepared for anything. I've seen the lake go from flat calm to three-foot waves in 2 minutes," he says. "If you're not prepared, you've got a problem. We darn near died in that storm; I have a healthy respect for the lake."

Hildinger, and most other Lake Tahoe sailors, also hold a measure of respect (and bewilderment) for the area's fickle winds. The strange winds are generated in large part by the surrounding geographical features. Wind flows over the peaks circling the lake and dips down to brush the surface of the water.

Part of the wind, however, shears off from the dipping portion and remains aloft until it touches down on the lake surface, separated from its "companion" air flow. By this time, the two air flows may be blowing in opposite directions.

Sailor, pilot and meteorology buff Frank Etter confirms the strange ways of the winds. From the air, he's seen "what are in essence converging winds." On the lake, it means lots of tacking. Etter says the lake's most violent winds can be found at the mouth of Emerald Bay because the wind speeds up as it blows through the narrow channel.

On the other hand, the largest waves and swells are generally found after a strong blow on the eastern and northeastern shores. That's because the wind has pushed and built up the waves for the entire length of the lake.

Sounds dangerous? Relax. Storms, waves and high winds make for dramatic sailing but far more frequent — and just as dramatic in their own quiet, inspiring way — are the mellow days of steady 10 knot breezes, azure skies and good company. These are the days you'd keep sailing away if the horizon didn't become the shoreline so quickly.

Next time you're in bumper-to-bumper traffic, heed the advice of that bumper sticker. "I'd rather be sailing" may sound trite but it's right.

— *Mark Aronoff*

FISHING

Whether you prefer baiting, casting and relaxing from the shore until a fish stumbles onto your line, or working the rigorous deepline trolling method used to hook the big mackinaw trout, you'll discover Lake Tahoe is an angler's paradise.

In the fishing world Tahoe is famous for its incomparable natural setting, the clarity of its water, and the chance to land a big one.

There is always excellent shore fishing during the late spring and summer months at Cave Rock and Sand Harbor as large numbers of rainbow trout are released by Nevada Fish & Game at both locations each year. Lots of fish can be found within 100 feet of the shoreline areas where they regularly feed, and common baits, such as salmon eggs and worms, and a variety of lures with light to medium spinning gear, are all an angler needs. Most catches are in the 6 to 12-inch range, but trout of five pounds and more are landed once in a while.

For those with a boat and a little more time, still fishing, drifting and trolling are great on the entire lake, with especially good fishing from Sand Harbor south to Zephyr Point. "Topliners" or trollers with lures or baits near the surface will find rainbow and brown trout common — and will sometimes even hook mackinaw, brook trout, and kokanee salmon. Experienced Tahoe anglers agree that silver flatfish-type lures work well when the fish are in a biting mood.

The giant mackinaw (sometimes exceeding 40 pounds) are among Lake Tahoe's prize catches and considerable time and special equipment are needed to hook these great trout. Virtually all mackinaw are taken from boats by trolling or drift fishing which requires stout fishing gear — heavy wire or weighted 1,000-foot line — since most macks stay at a depth of 50 to 300 feet or more.

The exotic kokanee salmon is another favorite with Tahoe trollers who find excellent kokanee fishing from June through September, working their way down the west shore from Meeks Bay to Tahoe Keys as the months go by. Each fall the kokanee "school up" below the Taylor Creek inlet before they ascend the creek to spawn and die. Planted jointly by Nevada and California, the kokanee is an excellent eating and sporting fish — and 1978 promises to be a good catching year.

Baits and lures for Tahoe vary with the season. Everyone has a favorite but a good bet most of the year is the "Lucky Thirteen" series of lures that resemble bass plugs without the frills. And anything resembling a minnow usually works year 'round. Just note that only minnows of certain nongame species are legal, and they must come from the lake itself.

Nevada law prohibits chumming, and spearfishing. Catching crayfish is also illegal for commercial purposes but taking these 4- to 6-inch crustaceans for personal bait or consumption is allowed, with no limits. Cylindrical wire minnow traps with funnel openings enlarged to about an inch-and-a-half work well and should be left on the lake bottom for at least an hour. Bait for crayfish should smell strong, or be oily

like bacon. Crayfish makes for great eating, and the fish should be boiled alive for three to five minutes in salt water and, after shelling the tail portion, be eaten immediately. Crayfish are also delicious served cold in salads or as a shellfish cocktail.

LICENSES: Everyone over 16 years old needs a license to fish Lake Tahoe. Permits can be obtained at sporting goods stores and marinas all around the lake and a Nevada or California fishing license is valid anywhere on Lake Tahoe and its shores. A five fish daily and in possession limit is in effect, with fishing allowed from one hour before sunrise to two hours after sunset.

— *David K. Rice*

ON THE LAND

Lake Tahoe is surrounded by some of the finest hiking and camping country in the United States. The mighty peaks and forested ridges of the Sierra Nevadas, rising above the Nevada desert to the east and the rolling California hills to the west, promise the "delicious solitude" that entranced a young Mark Twain when Tahoe was known best as a timber source for the booming Comstock mines.

With a little effort and a lot of respect, you'll have a rewarding time in the Tahoe wilderness. Many marked trails and guided walks have been blazed by the lake's three major outdoor agencies: the park systems of Nevada and California and the U.S. Forest Service. Nevada's Lake Tahoe State Park based at Sand Harbor has three miles of shoreline and 13,000 acres in the Marlette wilderness area for day hiking and horse trails (and cross country skiing in winter).

El Dorado and Tahoe National Forests comprise the bulk of the basin, with a Visitor Center located on the south shore on Hwy. 89 five miles west of the "Y" The Center and the William Kent and Nevada beaches are conducting evening campfire programs through the summer. Check at the center for directions and take brief hikes to the Angora Lakes or to Eagle Lake in Desolation Wilderness. Or take the strenuous trail up Mt. Tallac, towering at 9,735 feet and famous for the cross of snow that hangs on its northeastern slope in the summertime.

Desolation Wilderness is 64,000 acres of virgin country, alpine lakes and, when the traffic isn't too heavy, backpacking bliss. Check at the Visitor Center for regulations and the required permits.

MARINAS & HARBORS

	TELEPHONE NUMBERS	BAIT & TACLE	BEER	BERTHS-OPEN	BERTHS-COVERED	BOAT LAUNCHING	BOAT & MOTOR REPAIR	BOAT RENTALS	CABINS	COCKTAIL LOUNGE	CRUISER RENTALS	GAS & OIL	HOUSEBOAT RENTALS	ICE	MARINE SUPPLIES	MOTEL	MOTOR RENTALS	RESTAURANT	SNACK BAR	SWIMMING	TRAILER SPACE	DRY BOAT STORAGE
BEACH & HARBOR MARINA	•544-3344	•		•		•		•				• •								• •		
CAVE ROCK	*831-0494					•																
DONNER SHORE RESORT	•587-3717	•		•		•		•	•			•			•		•			•		•
EDWARD'S BOAT SERVICE	•541-1777			•		•	•	•	•			•			•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•
FALLEN LEAF MARINA	•541-3366	•	•	•		•		•	•			•		•		•	•	•	•	•		
HOMEWOOD MARINA	•525-7256	•	•	•		•	•	•	•			•			•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•
HYATT BEACH	*831-1111							•												•		
LAKESIDE MARINA	•544-3984	•		•		•	•					•			•		•					•
LOGAN SHOALS HARBOR	*749-5249	•	•	•	•	•	•	•		•		•			•	•		•	•			•
MEEK'S BAY MARINA	•525-7571			•		•			•			•		•					•	•		
OBEXER'S	•525-7962	•	•			•	•	•				•			•	•		•		•		•
RIPPLES MARINA	•546-3995	•	•	•	•	•	•	•				•			•	•	•		•			•
SAND HARBOR STATE PARK	*831-0494					•														•		
SIERRA BOAT CO	•546-2552			•		•	•					•			•		•					•
STAR HARBOR	•583-3773	Small Craft Harbor Under Construction																				
SUNNYSIDE BOAT HARBOR	•583-4226	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•			•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•
SURF & SANDS MARINA	•544-2942	•		•	•	•	•					•			•		•		•	•	•	•
TAHOE BOAT CO	•583-5567			•	•	•						•			•							•
TAHOE KEYS MARINA	•541-0790	•	•	•		•	•					•			•	•		•	•			
TAHOE VISTA MARINA	•546-3185	•	•	•		•	•	•				•			•	•	•	•	•			•

AREA CODE LEGEND •916 *702

Be careful with fire. Each year about 80 fires occur in the basin and nearly all are manmade, with campfires-gone-wild a major cause. During the summer some areas may be closed due to fire danger.

SIDE TRIPS

BONANZA: Learn everything you wanted to know about Bonanza at the Ponderosa Ranch in Incline where the scene of one of TV's most famous westerns is recreated. Stables featuring breakfast rides, the old Cartwright ranch house, a petting zoo, Hossburgers and, for those in a matrimonial mood, a resident minister.

VERTIGO SPECIAL. For a spectacular view of the entire Tahoe Basin, take a tram ride at Heavenly Valley on the south shore or at Squaw Valley on the west shore. Heavenly's tram, which peaks at 8,300 feet, runs from 9 am to midnight every day. Tickets are $4 adults, $2.50 children. Squaw's tram glides to the 8,200 foot level from 10 am to 5 pm Mon.-Wed. and 10 am to 11:30 pm Thurs.-Sunday. Tickets are $3.50 adults, $1.75 under 16. Both rides end at a restaurant.

HIGH FLYING: Lake Tahoe Aviation has scenic flights around the basin throughout the summer. For $21.50, one, two or three persons can soar above the lake for half an hour. LTA, based at the South Lake Tahoe Airport, also offers Learjet charters and special $10 introductory flying lessons.

BIG FISH: Stop at Fanny Bridge in Tahoe City and see some of the world's biggest trout congregate below the Truckee River Dam.

CRUISES: Several cruise boats offer daily excursions. The largest ship is the 350-passenger *M.S. Dixie*, which in mid-summer makes four daily round trips from its berth at Zephyr Cove to Emerald Bay and the Vikingsholm Castle. The paddlewheeler leaves at 11 am and 2 pm ($5.50 adults, $3.50 children) with a dinner-or-cocktail cruise at 5 pm ($7.50) and a steak and wine dinner trip at 7:30 pm with live music for dancing ($16). From Apr. 28-June 23 and Sept. 5-Oct. 31, the Dixie runs daily at noon and at 7 pm Fridays and Saturdays.

One of the lake's best bets is a ride on the *Woodwind*, the sleekest and one of the largest sailing vessels at Tahoe. The *Woodwind* has five daily cruises from Zephyr Cove and is available for private charter. (Call 702-588-6121.)

Other daily excursion boats include the *High Water Princess* at Zephyr Cove, the *Miss Tahoe Cruise* at Lakeside Marina and the *Pavilion* at Ski Run Marina.

KID'S PROGRAMS: Parents indulging in Tahoe's adult sports can give themselves and their children a break by sending the kids to day camp. At the Hyatt Beach in Incline, the Children's Wilderness Experience has daily hiking, fishing, swimming and nature instruction. (Call 702-831-1111). On the south shore the Lake Tahoe Day Camp takes children ages 5-14 on field trips for history and fishing lessons. (Call 916-544-CAMP). Also, Harrah's at Stateline has a huge, supervised recreation center for kids.

GET A HORSE: That's one of the best ways to see the Tahoe Basin, its lakes, forests and spectacular views of Lake Tahoe. Riding stables offer short one- and two-hour rides, lessons, and at

Cascade Stables and Camp Richardson, all day or extended pack trips. The Zephyr Cove Riding Stable boasts the only trail affording a view of all four shores.

DAY TRIPS

The Nevada State Park System has scheduled walks, hikes, star gazing and historical tours throughout the east shore this summer. The schedule may be affected by weather conditions, so give a call to the district office (702-885-4379) beforehand.

Sunday, June 4 — Deep Lining For Mackinaw: A representative of Nevada Fish & Game will describe the method used to catch Mackinaw trout in Lake Tahoe and demonstrate the equipment involved. One hour. At the boat launching area at Sand Harbor at 2 p.m.

Sunday, June 4, July 9, Oct. 1 — Star Gaze: Learn about the major constellations and astrological myths of the summer sky above Lake Tahoe. Wear warm clothing. Bring flashlight, blankets, something to sit on, and your own barbecue supper, or come after dinner and just enjoy the stars. 3 hours. At the group use area between 7:30 and 8 pm.

Saturdays, June 17, July 13, Aug. 19 — Children's Day: A day of nature-oriented activities for children ages 6-12. State Park rangers and interpreters will help children explore the woods, fields, and streams of the area, ending the day with a hot dog roast. Parents note: Be sure to register your children at least two days in advance as group sizes are limited. Children should be dressed in rough-and-tumble clothing and sturdy footwear. Pack a lunch with hot dogs for roasting and write child's name on the bag. To register your child, call Nevada State Park System at (702) 831-0494. Meet at Spooner Lake picnic area off Hwy 28 and 50, at 10 am. 4 hours. Please meet your children promptly at 2 pm.

Sunday, June 18 — Hike to Marlette Lake: Wildflowers will be in bloom, so bring your camera. At the lake, a Nevada Fish & Game officer will explain the operation of taking eggs from the cutthroat trout brood stock. Bring a lunch and something to drink. The hike is a relatively difficult 10-mile round trip with a 1,000 foot altitude gain. Wear sturdy hiking boots. 7-8 hours. Meet at Spooner Lake picnic area at 9 am.

Saturday, June 24 — Exploring Secret Harbor Creek: State Park rangers will give a talk on wildflower identification, so bring field guides if you have them. A difficult scramble through brush and rock out-croppings should be rewarded with a spectacular display of flowers. Bring a lunch and something to drink. This is a 2½ mile round trip with a 900-foot altitude gain. Since there is no trail and some of the area is bushy, long pants are suggested. This walk is recommended for people over 6 years of age. 4 hours. Meet at Spooner Lake picnic area at 10 am.

Sunday, June 25 — A Visit To Skunk Harbor: A photographer's delight. Bring your camera and swimsuit. A leisurely 2 mile hike with lots of stops for picture taking, and an expert photographer in tow. Lunch and something to drink are optional. 4 hours. Meet at Spooner Lake picnic area at 8:00 am.

Saturday, July 8 — Hike up Shakespeare Rock: The rock formations are rugged and beautiful and from the top there is a panoramic view of Lake Tahoe and Glenbrook. Bring drinking water. A moderate 3-mile round trip with a 1,000-foot elevation gain. 2 hours. Meet at the entrance to Glenbrook on Hwy 50, at 1 pm. Look for the brown Nevada State Park vehicle.



Saturday and Sunday, July 15 and 16 — Overnight at Price Lake: Bring the whole family on an overnight hike to Price Lake, beginning at Tahoe Meadows and ending at Bowers Station in Washoe Valley the next day. Bring your own food and camping equipment. Sturdy hiking boots are required. This is a steep 8 to 10 mile hike. For further information contact Lake Tahoe Nevada State Park at (702) 831-0494 or the district office at 885-4379.

Wednesday, July 19, Friday, Aug. 18 — Full Moon Walk at Spooner Lake: Gather for a BBQ, a talk on wildlife of the Tahoe Basin, and a walk around Spooner Lake under the full moon. Bring your own meat to cook with all the trimmings. Wear warm clothing and bring a flashlight. 3 hours. Spooner Lake picnic area about 7 pm.

Saturday, July 22 — Climb Mt Rose Peak: At 10,800 the third highest peak in the Tahoe area, Mt. Rose was named for the first woman known to scale the peak in the 1800s. We will see the rare white-barked pine whose nuts are the favorite food of the Clark's nutcracker. This climb is a 10-mile strenuous round trip and recommended for experienced hikers in good condition. Mountain boots and something to drink are required. Also bring a lunch. 7-8 hours. Meet at Tahoe Meadows on Highway 27 1¼ mile south of the Mt. Rose summit at 9 am.

Sunday, July 30 — Art Day at Sand Harbor: Bring your crayons, pastels, watercolors, and oils for a day of sketching, drawing, and painting. Experienced

artists will be on hand with hints and suggestions. If you aren't artistically inclined, just come and watch. 4 hours. Ask at the fee booth for further directions. 10 am.

Saturday, August 5 — Beaver Dams in Little Valley: The Toiyabe Chapter of the Sierra Club will join State Park rangers and Nevada Fish & Game representatives on a 4-5 mile hike through Little Valley. Should be seeing beaver dams and possibly some live beaver. Bring a lunch and something to drink. 5 hours. Call (702) 831-0494 or 885-4379 for directions to meeting place. 9 am.

Sunday, August 6 — Historic Glenbrook: Roam through the resort and cemetery and discuss the past days of the old lumbering center. Then explore Slaughterhouse Canyon with its lush meadows and wildflowers. Bring a lunch, water and your camera. After lunch you can return to Glenbrook or continue up the old railroad right-of-way to Highway 28. Fun for the whole family. An easy 3-mile walk with negligible altitude gain if returning to Glenbrook. Glenbrook to Route 28 is a moderate 5-mile walk with about 800-foot altitude gain. 4-6 hours. Meet at the entrance to Glenbrook on Hwy 50 at 10 am.

Sunday, August 13 — All Senses Nature Discovery Day: Join State Park interpreters for a nature walk at Sand Harbor emphasizing our "other" senses — hearing, touch, taste, and smell. An easy 1-mile walk on paved paths, suitable for people in wheel chairs. 3 hours. Ask at the fee booth for directions inside the park. 10 am.

Thursday, August 24 — Senior Citizens' Day at Sand Harbor: For those 60 and over, State Park rangers will be on hand to describe the plants and animals of the area. The 1-mile walk will be entirely on paved paths. Bring a picnic lunch. 2 hours. 10 am.

Saturday, August 26 — Climb Duane Bliss Peak: Climb the peak named for the famous lumber baron of Glenbrook. Bring a lunch and a large canteen of water. Wear mountain boots. Moderately difficult 5-mile round trip with a 1,600-foot elevation gain. 6 hours. Meet at Spooner Lake picnic area at 9 am.

CAMPING

NEVADA BEACH: 1 mile N. of Stateline. Tent camping and trailers up to 18 ft., piped water and flush toilets. $3 per day. 54 campsites, Ticketron reservations, USGS. (916) 544-6420

ZEPHYR COVE RESORT: At Zephyr Cove. Tent camping and trailers up to 40 ft., hookups, piped water, flush toilets, showers. $4.50 per day per 3 persons (tent), $6.50 per day per 3 persons, 50 cents per person extra up to 5 people total. 275 campsites, PVT (702) 588-6644.

FALLEN LEAF CAMPGROUND: 1 mile off Hwy 89 on Fallen Leaf Lake Rd. Tent camping and trailers up to 24 ft., piped water and flush toilets. $3 per day. 205 campsites, Ticketron reservations, USFS. (916) 544-6420.

EMERALD BAY STATE PARK: 4 miles S. of Visitor Center. Tent camping and trailers up to 21 ft., piped water, flush toilets, and showers. $4 per day. $1 per dog. 100 campsites, Ticketron reservations, CA. (916) 541-3030.

EMERALD BAY BOAT CAMPGROUND: In Emerald Bay, access by boating or hiking only. Piped water, vault toilets. $2 per day. 20 campsites, CA. (916) 541-3030.

D. L. BLISS STATE PARK: 3 miles N. of Emerald Bay. Tent camping and trailers up to 15 ft., piped water, flush toilets and showers. $4 per day, $1 per dog. 168 campsites, Ticketron reservations, CA. (916) 525-7277

SOUTH TAHOE-EL DORADO CAMPGROUND: Rufus Allen Blvd. 1 mile S. of Stateline. Tent camping and trailers up to 18 ft., piped water, flush toilets, and showers. $4 per 4 people per day; 25 cents each additional person, CITY. (916) 544-3317.

CAMP RICHARDSON: At Camp Richardson, South Lake Tahoe. Tent camping and trailers up to 30 ft., piped water, flush toilets, and showers. $4 per day and up. 160 campsites and 80 trailer sites, PVT. (916) 541-0801.

FALLEN LEAF LODGE CAMPGROUND: Behind Fallen Leaf Lodge. Tent camping and trailers up to 20 ft., piped water, flush toilets, showers. $4 per day per 2 persons, $1.00 per day each additional person. 37 campsites, PVT (916) 541-3366.

continued

THE FARKLES PHOTOGRAPH TAHOE



Meet the Farkles. Follow them as they try to photograph Lake Tahoe. Learn from their mistakes. Fats and Fanny Farkle have one week to soak in the beauty of Tahoe and capture it on film.

Fats buys a brand new $400 camera figuring it will take better ($400?) pictures. But Fats barely glances at the instructions when he takes his first pictures at Tahoe City's Fanny Bridge. They don't come out because Fats didn't know he had to adjust the light meter to the film he was using. Moral: be familiar with your gear. Don't use the trip to test new gear, unless you understand it's a test and the results may be unpredictable.

The camera got heavy, so Fats gave it to Fanny. Fanny tired of the weight and put the camera in the trunk. The pictures came back with strange colors and Fanny swore at the poor man behind the drugstore counter. Sorry, Fanny, baked film (the trunk can reach 150 degrees on a hot day) doesn't rise, but it turns out rather strange.

Fanny took a few shots of Fats in a new pair of Hawaiian print shorts. The shorts turned out terrific — bright blues and greens. Fats turned out, well, not so hot. In fact, Fats looked as blue as the shorts in some shots because Fanny didn't use a skylight filter in the shade, and the color shots took on a bluish cast.

The pictures in the sun had Fats resembling a nearsighted sardine, but there wasn't much Fats could do when Fanny insisted on shooting every shot with the sun in Fats' face. Once upon a time, Uncle Kodak insisted on "sunlight over the camera's shoulder," but modern films allow you to bend the rules and avoid the squints.

The Farkles were somewhat disappointed that many rolls of film came back after their trip with weird colors. Fats and Fanny knew their faces weren't magenta. But tossing the film into the glove compartment for several days of cooking didn't help the Great Yellow Father with processing.

At Sand Harbor, Fanny watched a beautiful sunset but didn't photograph it because "it was too dark." Fanny didn't know about modern films sensitive to low light that would have allowed capturing the sunset with ease.

As Fanny and Fats took turns driving around the lake, each would point out sights to the other. No problems until Fanny drove into a tree and smashed the radiator. They should have paid attention to their driving because the road around the lake twists and turns.

At Emerald Bay, the trip nearly ended in disaster when Fats forgot to set the parking brake and their Edsel began rolling toward the edge. Luckily, it struck and knocked Fanny to the ground and rolled against her thigh. That stopped the car from hurtling over the 700 foot cliff.

However, Fanny also landed on the $400 Camera. After that, nobody had to lug the heavy thing around and the Farkles' picture-taking problems were over.

They bought post cards. — *Mark Aronoff*

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TAHOE VALLEY REC. CAMPGROUND: ¼ mile W. of the South Y Center off C Street, in South Lake Tahoe. Tent camping and trailers, hookups, piped water, flush toilets, and showers. $5.50 per day tent camping, $7.50 hookups. 300 units, PVT. (916) 541-2222.

KOA CAMPGROUND: On Highway 50 just south of Meyers. Tent camping and trailers up to 30 feet, hookups, piped water, flush toilets, showers. $5.75 per day (tent), hookups extra. 50 campsites, reservations suggested, PVT. (916 – 541-3693.

MEEKS BAY CAMPGROUND: 10 miles S. of Tahoe City at Meeks Bay. Tent camping only, piped water, flush toilets, and showers. $3 per day. 40 campsites, Ticketron reservations, USFS. (916) 544-6420.

WILLIAM KENT CAMPGROUND: 4 miles S. of Tahoe City. Tent camping and trailers up to 24 ft., Piped water and flush toilets, trailer dump station. $3 per day. 95 campsites, USFS. (916) 544-6420.

GENERAL CREEK CAMPGROUND: One mile S. of Tahoma. Tent camping and trailers up to 25 ft., piped water, flush toilets, showers in summer. $4 per day, $1 per dog. 175 campsites, open all year, Ticketron reservations, CA. (916) 525-7982.

MEEKS BAY RESORT: 10 miles of Tahoe City at Meeks Bay. Trailer space only, piped water, flush toilets, showers. $5 per day. 80 trailer sites, PVT. (916) 525-7242.

LAKE FOREST CAMPGROUND: 2 miles E. of Tahoe City of Hwy 28. Tent camping and trailers up to 18 ft., piped water, flush toilets, and showers. $3 per day. 21 campsites. (916) 583-5544.

TAHOE RECREATION AREA CAMPGROUND: 1 mile N. of Tahoe City. Tent camping and trailers up to 20 ft., piped water, flush toilets, and showers in summer. $4 per day, $1 per dog. 39 campsites, open all year, Ticketron reservations, CA. (916) 583-374.

Rates subject to change.

LAKESIDE EATERIES

The Tahoe Basin has hundreds of dining establishments to serve its visitors and residents. Whether you prefer hot burgers or haute cuisine, Lake Tahoe has places to suit every appetite and pocketbook. The following is a small sampling of some of the best restaurants at the lake:

NORTH AND WEST SHORE
by David Fenimore

HUGO'S ROTISSERIE – Across Lakeshore Drive from Hyatt Lake Tahoe. Elegant east shore dining with view of the lake. A favorite feature is spit-roasted duckling, prepared six different ways including honey almond, Sweden lingonberry, orange, cherries, and tastefully naked. Other meat entrees. Diners are offered a dish of sherbet to clear the palate between appetizer and main course. Exquisite service. Entrees $8-$14. Dinner 6-11pm daily. Reservations (702) 831-1111. All major credit cards.

BLUE WATER SEA GARDEN – In Country Club Mall, Incline Beach. Calm wood interior with an enormous aquarium, intimate seating and menu accenting seafood a la Francais. A pre fixed $8.95 offers the choice of four course dinners with soup or salad, appetizers like shrimp quiche or Oysters Rockefeller, entree, and desserts of the caliber of the excellent mousse chocolat. Also lobster and filet mignon with bearnaise sauce, both more expensive. Open 6pm, closed Monday. Reservations suggested (702) 831-2086. MC, BA.

DEL-INCLINE-TESSEAN – Across Village Blvd., from Safeway, at Incline Village. Jewish deli with wide variety of sandwiches (meatball recommended), lox, bagels. Imported beers, Perrier, Vichy water. Irish coffee. Tables or to go. 11am-6pm, closed Sunday. (702) 831-3136.

EASY FOX – Easy Fox Complex near Raley's. A new bar restaurant emphasizing "natural foods" without meat, sugar or synthetics. Best buy on the extensive menu is the vegie burger. Some meat dishes, too, a wide fish selection. Fantastic salad bar included with entrees. 8:30 am-9pm; wkend 10pm. Reservations usually not necessary. (702) 831-4112. BA, MC, AE.

CAL-NEVA – The Lake Room at this hotel casino on the shore at Crystal Bay offers dining 24 hours a day and a fine view of the lake. Dinner entrees include steaks, NY cut, filet of butterfly trout. $6-$10. Lunches all under $5. Late night specials. Weekend buffets 6-10pm. Friday is Seafood Night, all you can eat: Crab, shrimp, mussels, prime rib, $6.75. Saturday, reg. buffet $4.97. Sunday Champagne Brunch 10am-2pm, $3.95. (702) 831-1511, MC, AE.

LANZA'S – Next to Safeway at King's Beach. Crowded on weekends but often spontaneously dinable weekdays. Lanza's offers Italian standbys and some innovations under the direction of Joe. Connie and Mama Lanza. Recommended are the eggplant parmesan, Joe's vegetarian casserole, and chicken cacciatore. Delicious garlic bread. Check out Joe's wood stove collection in the bar. Entrees $3.50-$7. Wide beer selection. From 5pm, clsd. Tues. Reservations or takeout (702) 546-2434. BA, MC.

LOS TRES HOMBRES – Bottom of Brockway Hill, King's Beach. Try going early to beat the crowds. Mexican food with efficiency and consistency. The tostada grande (beef or chicken) is a good buy. Most meals $3-$5. Carafes of margaritas are $5, and lots of below the border beers are available. Rock 'n roll music to move you through the meal. 5-10:30 pm. No reservations. BA, MC, AE.

EDEN EXPRESS – Near the Shell station at King's Beach. A bookstore with expresso and cafe tables. Exotic coffees and teas by the cup, pot or bag. Homemade spinach quiche ($1), soups, cookies, pies and cakes. Local gossip and religious controversy. 9am-6pm.

LE PETIT PIER – East side of Tahoe Vista. In the highest circle of North Shore dining. French cuisine served by the French speaking with a goal of perfection. Entrees include young rack of lamb baked into a pastry shell, with varieties of crab and oysters. Be prepared to relax and spend time with your food. 6-10pm, seating around 6 and 9 each evening. Expensive. Reservations requested. (702) 546-4464. BA, MC, AE, DC.

OLD POST OFFICE COFFEE SHOP – East end of Carnelian Bay. The P. O. has the definitive breakfast deal: two eggs, chunky potatoes, fresh-baked biscuits and coffee for a buck and two bits. Light and airy, quick service and breakfast through afternoon. Bottomless cup of coffee if waitress likes your smile. 6 am-3pm.

TOMFOOLERY – North Lake Blvd. at Tahoe City. Lots of plants, classical music with program provided. Appetizers like oysters in shot glasses (6 for $3), snails, clams, steak tartare and goose liver pate with truffles. Tomfoolery generally scorns table tools, so wash your hands first. All meals include an endless supply of potato-yogurt soup and finger salad. Choose from a variety of fondue arrangements for two ($7-$12), or individual steaks and seafood. 5:30-10:30 pm. Reservations suggested (916) 583-5700. MC, BA, AE.

STARZ – At the "Y" at Tahoe City. Good place to bring the kids. Starz rises above the usual formica-table fare with homemade soups and baked delights, and features a "daily creation" on the chalkboard up front. Come early for the Workingman's breakfast: eggs, cakes, bacon or sausage for $1.75. 6:30am-9pm, Fri & Sat. til 8pm.

SUNNYSIDE RESORT – 2 miles south of Tahoe City. Sit on the deck by the lake in summer or park your boat out back and step ashore to refuel. Entrees include steak, lobster and excellent Italian fare. Dinner for two, about $12-$15. Watch for notices of the big crab stewfeeds. Sunnyside's reputation as a road side watering hole is partly due to their $2.25 baskets of deep-fried zucchini and cauliflower. 11am-3pm, 5:30-10pm. Reservations recommended wkends. (916) 583-4226. BA,AE,MC.

CLEMENTINE'S – 2255 West Lake Blvd. Warm, homey surroundings with a cozy bar. Dine by the fireplace. Good salads with lots of vegetables, entree prices $4-$6. Sit on the deck and shoot the breeze with West Shore society. Brunch 11-4:30pm, dinner 4:30-10pm; breakfast 9am-noon weekends. Dinner reservations (916) 583-3134. BA, MC.

FERMIN'S COPA DE ORO – Church St., Truckee. Back in their original location, stout, strawhatted Fermin and his clan welcome you to their noisy and enthusiastic Mexican dinner house. It can be disorienting, but after a couple of pitchers of margaritas you'll understand perfectly. Most combinations run $3-$4 including rice, frijoles y ensalada. Come as you are. 4:30-11pm. (916) 587-2161. BA, MC.

THE SQUEEZE IN – In Truckee, choose from a hundred omelettes named after infamous local characters or construct your own from a multitude of fresh vegetables, fruits, nuts, sprouts and sausage. A good natured place to eat breakfast. $2-$4. 7am-2pm.

SOUTH AND EAST SHORE
by John Packer

THE FISH MARKET – Hwy 50, 7 mi. S. of Stateline. Wide variety of seafood dishes, served in a nautical atmosphere replete with nets, corks and shell mosaics. Breakfast, lunch, dinner. $3-$8. (916) 541-9748.

SWISS CHALET – 6 mi. S. of Stateline on Hwy 50 at Sierra Blvd. Authentic Swiss and European cuisine featuring a variety of veal dishes. Waitresses attired in traditional Swiss dress. Wide selection of imported beers and wines. Cocktail lounge. Open from 4-11pm. Dinners from $4.50-$8. (916) 544-3304. All major credit cards.

THE DORY'S OAR – Off Hwy 50 at Fremont, across from Tahoe Bowl in South Lake Tahoe. New England style seafood house with a large tank full of live Maine lobsters in the lobby. Choose your own lobster, or select from a wide variety of other shellfish and fish dinners. The friendly owners will be glad to instruct you in the proper way to crack and devour a Maine lobster. Salad bar and cocktails. Opens 5pm. Entrees from $7-$14. Reservations advised. (916) 541-6603. VISA, AE, BA, MC.

BELLA UNION – 1 blk. S. of Stateline on Hwy 50. Delicious steaks and steak-seafood combinations served at comfortable, candlelit booths and tables. The giant crablegs are a meal in themselves, and the dinners include the soup and salad bar. Mellow entertainment in the lounge. Imported and domestic wines and beers. Dinners from $6-$11. Open 5pm. Reservations advised. (916) 544-3565. AE, BA, MC.

EDELWEISS – Ski Run Blvd. next to the Marina in South Lake Tahoe. Authentic German food served in an Old World atmosphere accentuated with German music. Specialties include sauerbraten, pork roast and a variety of veal dishes. All dinners are of a gourmet caliber and many American meals are available for less adventurous appetites. Entrees from $8.50-$15. Breakfast, lunch and dinner 8am-11pm. Bar open noon-2am. Reservations accepted. BA, MC, VISA. (916) 544-8676.

EL PAVO – in the Crescent Annex next to Stateline Cinema on Park Ave. off Hwy 50 in South Lake Tahoe. Family restaurant, friendly atmosphere. Wide range of Mexican dishes including such specialties as the South Lake Taco, Chili Rellenos. Child's plates and pitchers of Margaritas. Entire family welcomed in a friendly atmosphere. Lunch 11:30am-5pm. Dinner 5-11:30pm. Bar open till 2am. Dinners $3-$5.50. Reservations accepted. (916) 541-5005. BA, MC.

THE GREENHOUSE – 4140 Cedar Ave., 3 blks west of Hwy 50 just across the state line in California. Relaxed ambiance is created by lush plants and beautiful stained glass at the Greenhouse. Gourmet dining featuring seafood, steaks and thick prime rib. Excellent variety of wines, and the salads are particularly well made. Cozy cocktail lounge. Dinners $7-$13. Open 6-10pm. Reservations advised. (916) 544-6278. MC, AE, DC., VISA.

TOP OF THE TRAM – Heavenly Valley Resort, up Ski Run Blvd. from Hwy 50, South Lake Tahoe. Ride the elevated Tram to the restaurant perched 2,000 feet above the lake. Dining Basque style 5-11pm. Menu includes prime rib, top sirloin, rack of lamb and stuffed trout. Wine list, cocktails. Adults $12.50, children $7.95 (includes tram and tax). Breakfast and lunch too. (Also available for weddings, banquets, and BBQs.) Reservations suggested. (916) 544-6263. All major credit cards.

THE SAGE ROOM – Harvey's Resort Hotel Casino at Stateline. A gourmet restaurant located in what was part of the original, timbered casino. Meat entrees feature Charolais beef from Harvey's James Canyon Ranch. The excellent menu includes scampi, fresh broiled trout, exquisite escargot, and the best prime rib this side of Kansas City. Extensive domestic and foreign wine list. 5-11pm. Expensive. Reservations. (702) 588-2411. All major credit cards.

THE SUMMIT – 18th floor of Harrah's at Stateline. An excellent and beautiful gourmet restaurant which offers an unobstructed view of the entire Tahoe Basin. Among the offerings are scampi, fresh brook trout amadine, tournedoes of beef and lobster thermador. Caviar Russe is a great start to any meal. Comprehensive domestic and imported wine list. 5-11 pm. Expensive. Reservations (702) 588-6611. All major credit cards.

SEAFOOD COVE – Harrah's Tahoe Hotel/Casino at Stateline. Delicious shellfish selections. Seafood stews, salads, and pan roasts. Fresh shucked Long Island oysters with a Snooper (seafood) salad and a pint of Whitbread's Lager provides a tasty repast. $3-$6. 6-11:30pm. (702) 588-6611. All major credit cards.

THE CHARTHOUSE – 3 mi. up Kingsbury Grade (Nev. Rt. 19) from Hwy 50. Large and comfortable restaurant and cocktail lounge afford the diner a panorama of Lake Tahoe and the towering peaks and passes of the Sierra Nevada. Delicious steaks and prime rib are the specialty, but tasty seafood dishes and poultry are always well prepared. The largest and most varied salad bar on the South Shore is included with dinner $6-$12. 5-11pm. Reservations advised. (702) 588-6276. BA, DC., MC, VISA.

MIDNIGHT MINE – Round Hill Shopping Mall. 2 mi. N. of Stateline on Hwy 50. Excellent variety of steak and seafood combinations, and a bounteous salad bar. The scallops are delicious and an order of sauteed mushrooms is a must. Saloon opens at 4, dinners 5-11pm. Entrees $6-11. Reservations advised. (701) 588-5395. BA, MC.

WENDY'S SIDEWALK CAFE – Round Hill Village Shopping Mall, 2 mi. N. of Stateline on Hwy 50. Friendly little cafe with tables in the mall next to a rock fountain. Breakfast and lunch feature cuisine a la New York City: cheese blintzes, potato pancakes, linguica omelettes, lox and bagels, a variety of sandwiches, delicious desserts and much more. All homemade. $2-$4. 9am-4pm. (702) 588-6411.

THE RED PEPPER – Round Hill Village Shopping Mall, 2 mi. N. of Stateline on Hwy 50. Wide variety of well prepared Mexican food, served at comfortable private booths. A spacious, well appointed dining area features lots of live plants, stained glass windows, a cozy fireplace and cocktail lounge. Mexican beers and domestic and foreign wines. Entrees $3-$6. 5-11pm, with live disco dancing midnight-4am. Reservations (702) 588-3848. BA, MC.

CAVE IN – 6 mi. N. of Stateline on Hwy 50 just south of Cave Rock. This cozy little restaurant-bar features broil your own steaks. Select your cut of beef and pay 40¢ an ounce, then broil it over a charcoal grill. Price includes salad, bread and homemade beans. Dinners 5-midnight. (702) 588-9902.





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Chamber of Commerce, Dept. A,
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City _____

State _____ Zip _____

NV-I

Produced in cooperation with the Reno/Sparks Convention Authority.

The paperchase in Las Vegas where three newspapers slug it out on the streets each day. By David W. Toll.

Three's Company



LAS VEGAS is the greatest boomtown in the history of the world. It has grown in three generations from a smear of green on the dry, gray skin of the desert to become the first city of the Twentyfirst century and mother earth's hottest erogenous zone. McCarran International Airport swarms with airliners from all over the world, and an iron tide of traffic rushes out across the desert from Southern California, engorging the city's boulevards with fast-moving traffic.

Except for the chirping of tires, it is a quiet city. But it raises a clamor in the eye. The Strip is like an immense wharf projecting out toward Los Angeles from the heart of the city. Along its length the huge casino resort hotels are tethered like great glowing spacecraft, each resting lightly on its asphalt launch pad, each bound for a different galaxy.

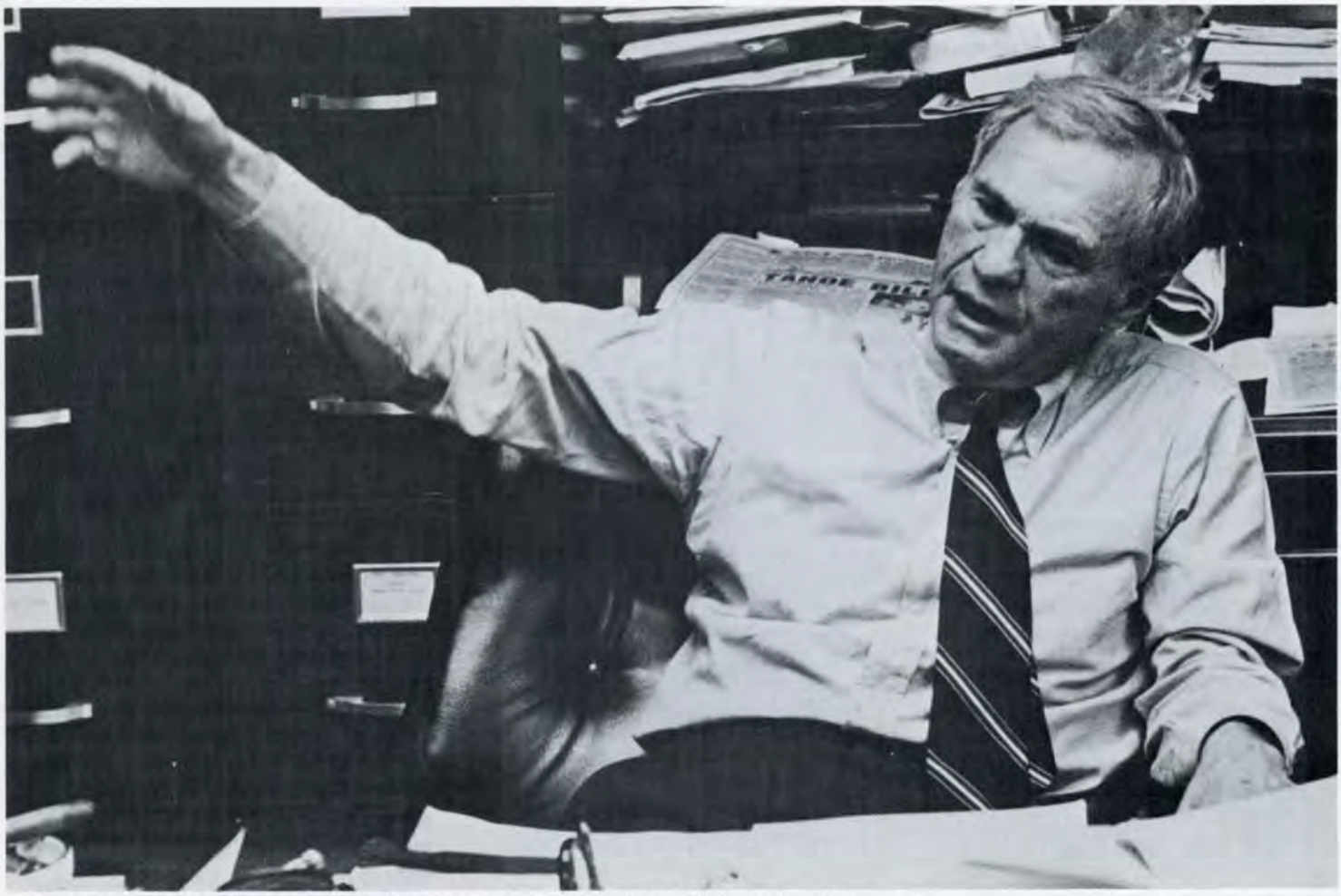
A few years ago there were gaps between these massive pleasure liners. Now the gaps are nearly filled with a clutter of motels, liquor stores, gas stations, small shopping arcades, and machine-filled mini-casinos lighted up like street accidents. Downtown the high-rise hotels and casinos cling to the banks of Glitter Gulch the way the gold and silver mines of the Comstock Lode once lined Gold Canyon, and the neon effects are operatic. Everywhere signs cavort, grabbing for the eye and struggling to shove a message home. Against this dazzling backdrop the *Review Journal,* the *Sun* and the *Valley Times* hold a headline screaming match each day.

Las Vegas is the smallest city in the United States with three competing daily newspapers. Only New York, Philadelphia and Chicago have as many competing dailies, and Chicago's *Daily News* has announced it may fold in the spring. In Chicago the dust has been settling for a long time now. In Vegas the dust is still going up.

Las Vegas was born a boomtown in 1905 when a tent city blossomed alongside the just-built Los Angeles and Salt Lake railroad, and with it were born *The Age* and *The Advance,* weeklies that competed for attention in the bustling little shipping center. *The Advance* receded, but in 1909 the *Clark County Review* appeared to challenge *The Age.* In 1922 it was renamed the *Las Vegas Review,* and in '29 as Boulder Dam building activity prompted another boom it became a daily as the *Las Vegas Evening Review.* The *Las Vegas Journal* was established by James Scrugham (later Congressman and Governor), and the two papers merged in July to become the *Las Vegas Evening Review-Journal.*

The *Las Vegas Age* went daily in 1931, but reverted to a weekly again in 1934. In 1947, just as Bugsy Siegel completed construction of his big pink Flamingo Hotel to launch a new industry and open a new era in Las Vegas, the *Review-Journal* swallowed up the old *Age* and became, at last, the only newspaper in town.

The *Review-Journal* is now part of the Donrey media empire, and is the oldest, biggest and most profitable paper in Las Vegas. It is headquartered on Bonanza Boulevard, in a brick and concrete bunker at the edge of the westside ghetto. The *R-J's* electric sign is in full view of the traffic streaming relentlessly past in both directions, but the building itself is tucked back out of rock throwing range of the sidewalk. Access is closely monitored by a force



Hank Greenspun, the closest thing Las Vegas has ever had to a Philosopher-King, with a secure place in the annals of American journalism.

of private police stationed in a parking lot guardhouse and on roving patrol, and the entrance to the fortress is protected by iron gates and restricted fields of fire.

These massive security procedures arouse no interest in a city with more private police than cops. "We instituted these precautions when the pressmen went out on strike in October," says *R-J* General Manager Bill Wright. "They've worked out so well we've decided to continue them." And the system is being beefed up. Video surveillance cameras are being installed in the hallways, and the doors throughout the building are being fitted with electric locks activated by employee I.D. cards instead of keys.

"It's real Buck Rogers stuff," says Wright happily.

Indeed, the inside of the *R-J* building is less like the Siegfried Line and more like the Starship Enterprise. Employees and visitors alike wear I.D. tags clipped to collars and lapels, and the hush of a bank vault hangs over the gleaming corridors. In the city room there are no overflowing wastebaskets, no papers strewn around, not even any typewriters. Instead, reporters compose their stories on computer terminals, erasing, rephrasing and correcting as they go along with special keyboard controls. Editors activate video screens to check copy before the computer is given the green light to set the story in type. The system extends to City Hall where a terminal console permits a reporter there to write up the story on the spot, and transmit it automatically to the newsroom.

The *R-J* excels in thoroughness. "We try to provide our reader everything they can't get somewhere else," says Executive Editor Don Digilio, whose first assignment as a rookie reporter in 1960 was to cover the Gene Fullmer-Sugar Ray Robinson Middleweight Championship fight at the Convention Center.

"The staff is large enough to give us the luxury of a full-time reporter covering the Water District," Digilio says. Four photographers are on duty around the clock, shooting "everything that bleeds or burns," as one of them put it.

With 58 people the editorial staff makes up the largest single department at the *R-J*, enough to cover the city's news like a blanket, and the first edition of the day hits the streets about midnight. By the time the fourth and final edition is off the press about six in the evening, 25 to 30 pages have had to be remade to keep up with the news. Some 70,000 copies a day reach about 60 percent of Clark County households, and one of last year's Christmas editions totaled more than 300 pages, counting the sections, inserts and stuffers.

In 1950, three years after Siegel took the lid off Vegas, the *Review-Journal* was struck by its typographers, and, although the union itself was successfully locked out, the *R-J* has been suffering the consequences of that dispute ever since. The strikers put out a small paper of their own, finally selling it lock, stock and rickety old press for $1,000 to a young lawyer named Hank Greenspun. In June the paper was christened the *Sun*, and the *R-J* had some competition it couldn't swallow.

Hank Greenspun has been a pesky David to the *R-J* Goliath for nearly three decades. "The most difficult of all pursuits," says Greenspun today, "is to

break into the newspaper field where a monopoly exists, unless you have something so different, so outstanding, that it can succeed despite everything. I did everything wrong and it turned out right. I didn't like Pat McCarran's Nevada. I didn't like its image and I didn't like its influence over industry, the legislature, and people's lives. And I said so."

The *Sun* has always been Hank's paper — virile, aggressive, a roaring defender of civilization. He quotes Blackstone: "The press must be free to protect the ends of an ordered society; to sustain and support its basic institutions; and to defend the freedoms which constitute the most glorious aspect of our national heritage."

Greenspun's anti-McCarran editorials at once attracted statewide attention to the upstart *Sun*, and when he damned Joe McCarthy the whole country sat up and took notice.

"Senator McCarthy is a secret Communist!" Greenspun wrote on the front page of the *Sun*. "From out of his past the whisper has risen like a ghost to haunt him. When I first heard it in Washington I thought it was too incredible to be true. I knew he was a sadist and a pervert, and if I had only stopped to think, the answer should have been, and why not a Communist?"

In editorial after editorial Greenspun lashed out at the Senator from Wisconsin. "Senator Joe McCarthy has to come to a violent end. Huey Long's death will be serene and peaceful compared with the demise of the sadistic bum from Wisconsin."

And; "Really, I'm against Joe getting his head blown off, not because I do not believe in capital punishment or because he does not have it coming, but I would hate to see some simpleton get the chair for such a public service as getting rid of McCarthy."

Shortly after the editorial appeared Greenspun was indicted for "publishing a newspaper which contained non-mailable matter of an indecent nature tending to incite murder or assassination " He was tried in federal court and acquitted on the first ballot.

In the hell for leather Fifties, the boom became truly explosive, fueled by the millions of dollars pumped into the construction of new casino hotels on the Strip that was shaping up along the old Los Angeles Highway. Las Vegas was leaping forward into the Twentyfirst Century, and the dynamic *Sun* moved a step faster than the heavier, more cautious *R-J* in keeping pace. By 1962, when Hank's own try for the governorship had been swept aside by the Republican voters (he failed to carry his home precinct against Las Vegas mayor Oran Gragson in the primary), the *Sun* was challenging the *R-J* for leadership in the city.

And then one night in 1963 the *Sun's* plant and offices burned to the ground, destroying everything. Hank and his staff created what he calls "the longest newspaper route in the world" to get the *Sun* out every day. News was gathered in a makeshift City Room in associate editor Ruthe Deskin's kitchen; the paper itself was printed in Phoenix, Riverside and Los Angeles and flown to Las Vegas in a chartered DC-3. The morning paper sometimes did not hit the streets until after dark, but the *Sun* never missed a day.

"We learned that a newsaper is a living spirit and not mere bricks, mortar and lead," says Greenspun today.

But the fire, which Greenspun says was arson, was a great catastrophe for the *Sun*. All the momentum the paper had built up was lost as it stumbled from an easy lope into a frantic scramble. For six months the *Sun* was homeless, struggling to keep its feet, and when it finally occupied unattractive new quarters across from some empty acreage on Highland Avenue, the *R-J* was far out in front.

Fifteen years later the *R-J* is still far out front. But Las Vegas is huge now, spread far out across the rocky desert floor, its 400,000 citizens capable of supporting a second newspaper in comfort. Hank himself is a millionaire several times over ("I started buying real estate when I came here 30 years ago"), and one of the four or five most influential men in Nevada. He is the closest thing Las Vegas has ever had to a Philosopher-King, with a secure place in the annals of American journalism.

But there is a gadfly in Greenspun's ointment, a burr under his saddle. In March 1975, rival publisher Bob Brown accelerated the *Valley Times*, once a homely North Las Vegas weekly, to a daily publication and began to compete with the *Sun* for second place. Like Greenspun's own, Brown's editorials are often indictments of the prominent and powerful. Brown's favorite target: Hank Greenspun.

In an April, 1976 effort, Brown wrote:

"There has never been a more power hungry man in the state of Nevada than Hank himself. And there are few that can top him at wheeling and dealing. Those who've watched him use his newspaper as a blackjack to advance his own personal ends know the truth thereof "

Greenspun speaks generously of the benefits to the community from the competition between the *Sun* and the *R-J*, but he is not so mellow when it comes to the *Valley Times*. Although the *Sun* ignores the paper in its editorial columns (except for an occasional reference to a "scandal sheet") Greenspun's personal annoyance is obvious.

"I don't believe the *Valley Times* is properly constituted as a newspaper," he says.

"If it were published for constructive purposes we'd welcome a third voice. We welcome competition. We made the *R-J* a better paper. But a third newspaper is the height of economic stupidity in a community this size."

Beating Greenspun at the newspaper business in Las Vegas is a tall order, but it is what Brown must do to stay in the game. "It can't be done," one Las Vegas advertising executive says. "But if anyone can do it, Bob Brown is the man."

Like many of Nevada's famous 19th century newsmen, Brown was brought up in the back shops of a succession of Southern California sheets as his father pursued a publishing career. He worked his way through the University of Michigan as a pressman for the *Michigan Daily*. After college he edited papers in Los Alamos, New Mexico and Rock Springs, Wyoming before being drafted into the Army after the outbreak of the Korean war. After an assignment as an MP he joined *Stars and Stripes*, working in Tokyo and Korea, and took his discharge overseas to work for *United Press International* all over the Far East, in India and in Pakistan. Brown returned to the States in 1958 to go to work for Donrey papers in Fort Smith and Rogers, Arkansas, and then for the *Daily Alaska Empire* in Juneau as Editor and General Manager.

In 1960, as the *Sun* was overtaking the *R-J* in circulation (it had surpassed the *R-J* in political influence almost as soon as it appeared) Brown was given the editorship of the *Review-Journal*. "The *Sun* was within about 3,000 of us in circulation," Brown recalls. "By the time I left in 1964 the *R-J* was easily 15,000 ahead. And we started to pull away before the fire."

Brown admits that he is mortgaged to the hilt, but denies he is financed by Greenspun enemies. "Hank's made plenty of enemies over the years and it's hurting him now. But they are not financing the *Valley Times*. If I could get them all together I'd love to have their backing, but most of them are too afraid of him to do anything. At one point we had prepaid advertising from Summa Corporation, but that has been used up."

The *Valley Times* is squeezed into a little stucco cheesebox building on the far northern fringe of the city. There is a freeway on one side, a skateboard park on the other, and a Husky truck stop directly across the street, but otherwise it is surrounded by the bleak and empty desert. A rented trailer is butted up against the west wall to catch the overflow from the business offices inside the building. Reporters and editors bang their stories out on old black Underwoods, sucking on Luckies and gulping down lukewarm coffee between paragraphs. "Last week we beat 'em on three stories," Brown exults.

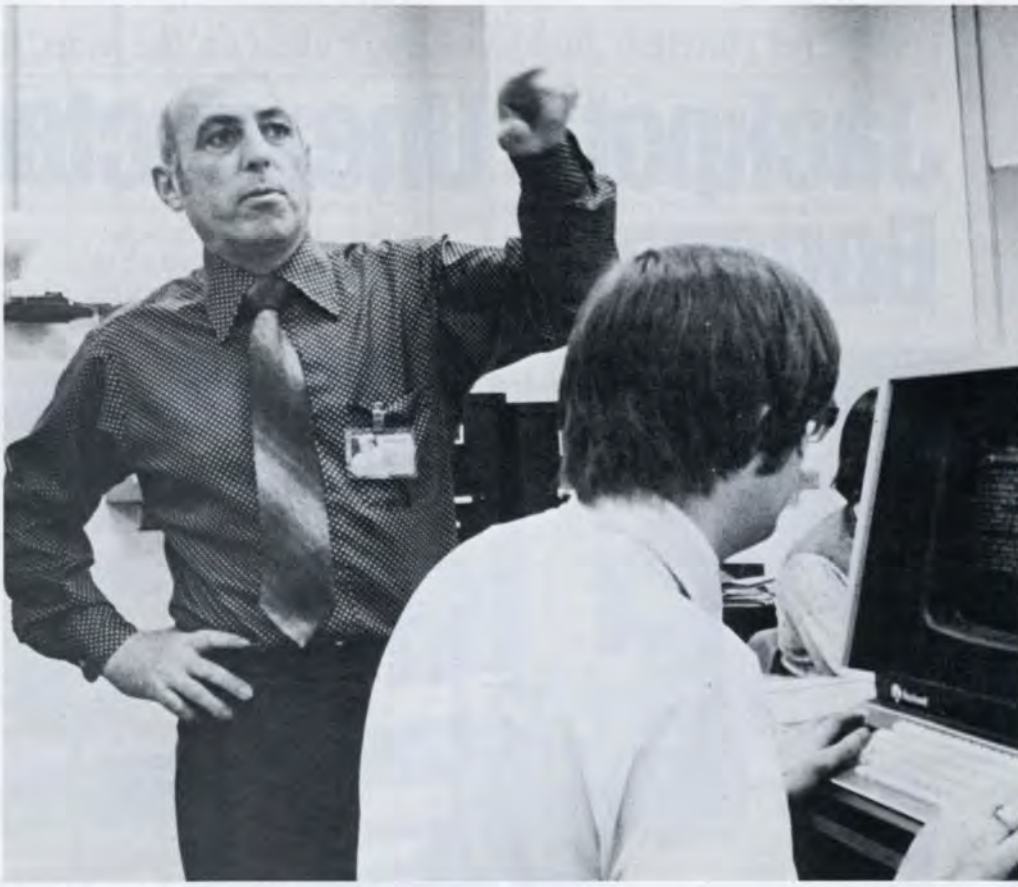
His face drops. "This week they kind of beat us a little."

Brown has a man assigned to the gambling industry beat, but otherwise his handful of reporters have free rein at going after the news. "We have to cover things hit and run, but our reporter was first on the scene when Al Bramlett's body was found — chartered a helicopter to go in. We had the Stardust story two months before either of the other papers touched it. And since we began covering gaming industry news closely the *R-J* has put a reporter on the beat full time.

"The real reason we're going to overtake the *Sun* is that we get out a better paper. Sometimes we get an inferiority complex, putting out a 16, 20, 24 page paper. But people like it because we concentrate on local news, and the *Valley Times* went into the black for the first time as a daily paper in the last quarter of 1977"

So much raw material sits out on the desert floor in plain sight in Las Vegas for all to see that three newspapers can barely begin to keep up with it all. As for how long the three papers can thrive in a city of less than half a million people, the answer is: how long will the boom last? □

Bob Brown, publisher of the Valley Times, ex editor of the Review-Journal, a painful burr under Greenspun's saddle.



Don Digilio, Executive Editor of the practically computer-run Review-Journal – the oldest, biggest, and most profitable paper in the Valley.



GARY ELAM PHOTOS

Until Carl Hayden, Jackpot wasn't even on the map. By Richard Menzies.

Jackpot's Unexpected Bonanza



DICK SNYDER PHOTO



"If he's not here, he's across the street, and if he's not there, he's out of town."

In a nutshell, the casino receptionist had already told the story of Carl Hayden, tireless promoter of Jackpot, Nevada. As chief publicist and one man public relations department for Cactus Pete's Incorporated, Carl is a man on the go whose full time job is singing the praises of life among the lava rocks and sagebrush of Nevada's northeastern-most town.

At a glance, there doesn't seem to be all that much to sing about: two gas stations, three casinos and as many motels, two gift shops and, incredibly, a delicatessen comprise the business district. So what is there to brag about?

"Well first," brags Hayden, "the freshest air. We have the cleanest air in the world and the freshest water. So you have fresh air, pure water and good booze to go in it. And you'll live forever."

Hayden himself is something of a fresh breeze in the sometimes stuffy world of public relations. A slow talker whose train of thought tends to derail in mid-sentence, Hayden's languid manner recalls Wallace Beery. His office, like the man, is a study in informality, furnished wall to wall with newspapers, books, and cardboard boxes, his desk heaped high with memos and papers with a small space hollowed out for his typewriter. Somehow out of the clutter a weekly newsletter is distilled, 130 copies of which go out to newspapers and television and radio stations in several neighboring states.

In the three years since he took over as the town's official "scribe," Carl Hayden has become something of an institution, famous for folksy dispatches that have enlivened many an otherwise dull news day. Where but in Jackpot, for example, could a golf tournament be disrupted by ball thieving magpies, on a course where coyotes are employed as greenkeepers? And who wouldn't delight in the news that snowdrifts on Burnt Meadows are higher "than sleigh bells on a giraffe," or that a $393.60 nickel jackpot had been won by Billy Graham — Billy Graham the dishwasher from Silverton, Oregon? And if that's nothing to shout about, how about 17-year-old Brenda Horner, who can "bellow" in a voice that under ideal meteorological conditions can

carry for three miles?

But not all of Hayden's news tips are just for fun; often as not, they get results. When word went out that for want of a chapel, Sunday school services were being conducted in a casino cocktail lounge, the news was headlined as far away as Rome, Italy. Southern Baptists in North Carolina also read all about it and promptly collected twelve thousand dollars in donations and organized an expedition to build Jackpot its first bona fide church house.

Hayden is no stranger to journalism. As a roving reporter for the *Salt Lake Tribune*, he spent 35 years on the road with no place to call home but his car and a post office box in Jackpot. In 1974, when the *Tribune's* management cut back on regional coverage, he decided to call it quits, saying he only wanted to be associated with "progressive, aggressive organizations." Since he happened to be 65 at the time, Carl decided to live on social security checks, and so moved to his adopted hometown to be near his mail.

Old habits die hard, though, and after six months rest and recuperation, Carl was easily coaxed into doing publicity work for Al Huber, president of Cactus Pete's Incorporated. Looking around, he saw there was a lot to be done. Although Jackpot had long been a popular port of entry for Idaho gamblers and weekenders, it was still pretty much *terra incognita* for the rest of the world. To his dismay, Hayden noted that Jackpot was not listed on highway signs beyond a 14 mile radius; worse yet, the town didn't even exist on most road maps.

Hayden went to work and soon things began to happen. The Idaho highway department was hit with a volley of irate letters; map makers at Exxon were sent back to the drawing board with one phone call: *"Why* have they left off their allegedly updated map the fastest growing town in the state of Nevada?"

While map makers and sign painters scurried to set things straight, Hayden and Huber huddled to plot other strategies to steer tourists to Jackpot. The result is an astonishing social calendar for a town of eight hundred, including five annual air races, a cross country motorcycle race, a $20,000 golf tournament, a boat show and rockhound rendezvous, and the Independence Day International Bellowing Contest. Hayden was charged with promoting the events in seven states and Canada, and soon a potpourri of out-of-state license plates could be counted in the parking lots of Jackpot.

But perhaps the most ingenious of Hayden's publicity stunts was the invention of the annual Diamondfield Jack 54-mile cross country horse race. Hayden's hope was that Diamondfield Jack would do for Jackpot what Doc Holiday did for Tombstone and Bigfoot for Weaverville (see Box).

When Hayden isn't busy enlarging Jackpot's place in history, he is fond of reciting a list of recent civic improvements: a new million dollar apartment complex, a 90 unit trailer park, tennis courts, a fish pond and an ice skating rink. The observance of law and order has also come a long way since the days of Diamondfield Jack; Jackpot now has two full time deputies, a resident highway patrolman and a justice of the peace. As yet there is no jail, however, so prisoners must be transported to Wells or Elko and returned for arraignment, and if convicted, shipped back again.

"In other words," notes Hayden with satisfaction, "any arrested person in Jackpot instantly becomes a tourist."

Carl Hayden isn't alone in his high opinion of Jackpot, where bragging seems to be as contagious as the Russian flu. Roy Spence, a night cook at the Horseshu Casino who daylights as a free fishing guide, is proud to point out that the area has year 'round angling for half a dozen different game fish, including walleyed pike. Storekeeper Louis Kolbert adds that the climate is ideal for retired people, and that while there's as yet no doctor in town, there's also no cemetery.

"And as a result," adds Carl, "nobody dies."

As for Carl Hayden, death is out of the question, having received a strict order from his boss to stay alive.

"The reason being," explains Al Huber, "that his filing system is so bizarre, if anything happens to him I'll never be able to sort through his mess."

Schedule of Jackpot Events: 1978

Air Races:
May 13: Lander to Jackpot
June 3: Seattle to Jackpot
July 22: Denver to Jackpot
Sept. 23: Portland to Jackpot
Oct. 28: Great Falls to Jackpot

June 9, 10, 11:
Nevada Rockhound Rendezvous (rock show)

June 18:
3rd Annual 96-mile cross country motorcycle race

July 4:
3rd Annual International Bellowing Contest

August (no date yet)
Annual Boat Show, probably the second Saturday and Sunday in August. Water show and boat clinic on the Salmon River Falls Reservoir.

Sept. 14, 15, 16, 17:
Cactus Pete's $20,000 golf tournament

Sept. 30:
54-mile Diamondfield Jack endurance race

Plus several back country 4-wheel-drive caravan tours into the Jarbidge wilderness area, to be announced.

For more information contact:
Carl Hayden, Jackpot, NV. 89825.

The Saga of Diamondfield Jack

The star of the saga is one Jackson Lee Davis, a turn-of-the-century drifter and sometime prospector who earned the sobriquet Diamondfield after discovering what he incorrectly assayed as a lode of beautifully faceted diamonds sparkling in the Owyhee desert. When the gleam turned out to be mostly in the eye of the beholder, Jack took a job as range detective for the Sparks-Harrel cattle outfit headquartered near what is now the town of Jackpot. Range disputes between cattlemen and sheepmen were not uncommon, and when two sheepherders were found murdered in their camp in February, 1896, Diamondfield Jack was the prime suspect. Tried in Albion, Idaho, Jack became the subject of a controversial case that enriched the reputations of half a dozen future politicians, among them William E. Borah of Idaho and John Sparks of Nevada. Convicted on circumstantial evidence, Diamondfield subsequently spent six years behind bars and narrowly escaped the scaffold twice before being pardoned after a lengthy review.

A major argument for the defense was that for Jack to have been at the scene of the crime would have entailed a trail ride of 54 miles in only five and a half hours — hence the inspiration for the annual cross country endurance race. (As an interesting footnote, modern riders have bettered Jack's alleged time by half.) □

SHOW GUIDE

LAS VEGAS

Aladdin
736-0111
Theatre for the Performing Arts

America and Michael Murphy, April 2-8
Bagdad Showroom
Gladys Knight and the Pips, Frankie Valli, April 18-May 1
Casino Lounge
Irish Showband, April 2

Caesars Palace
731-7431
Diana Ross, April 20-May 3
Frank Sinatra, May 4-10
Paul Anka, May 11-17
Ann-Margret, May 18-June 7

California Hotel
385-1222
Gary Lemasters, nightly

Circus Circus
734-0410
"Round the World Circus Acts," 11 am to midnight
Guilded Cage
Perfecto in Motion, 9 pm to 3 am

Desert Inn
733-4444
Patio Bar Lounge
Continuous Entertainment

PHOTOS COURTESY HARRAH'S



WAYNE NEWTON

Dunes
734-4741
Casino De Paris '78

Flamingo Hilton
733-3111

Four Queens
385-4011
Jana, March 21-April 17
Lou Styles and the Stylists, April 18-May 22
The Gathering, May 23-June 19
Nan Brennan, June 20-July 24

Fremont
385-3232
To be announced

Frontier
734-0241
Juliet Prowse and Foster Brooks, Mar. 23-Apr. 19
Doc Severinson and Lola Falana, April 20-May 26
Wayne Newton, May 27-June 24

Golden Nugget
385-7111
Gold Strike Lounge
To be announced

Hacienda
739-8911
Spice on Ice

Holiday Casino
732-2411
Wild World of Burlesque

Landmark Hotel
733-1110
Jubilee Showroom
Temporarily Closed

Las Vegas Hilton
734-7777
Bill Cosby and Doug Henning, April 2-17
Helen Reddy, April 18-May 1
Lou Rawls, May 2-8
The Osmonds, May 9-29
Liberace and the Chinese Acrobats of Taiwan, May 30-June 19

Marina
739-1906
Bare Touch of Vegas

Maxim Hotel
731-4300
"The Maxim Force"

MGM Grand Hotel
739-4567
Mac Davis and David Brenner, March 30-April 19
Englebert Humperdinck, April 20-May 3
Rich Little and Cleo Lane, May 4-24
Dean Martin, May 25-June 7
Shecky Greene, June 8-14
Englebert Humperdinck, June 15-28

Mint
385-7440
Top of the Mint
Peter Urguidi
Lounge
Mike Yeager and Jerry Sun April 1-9
Mike Yeager, Jerry Sun Nan Brennan, Apr. 10-23
Gathering and the Jerry Sun Show, Apr. 24

Riviera
734-5301
Neil Sedaka and Milton Berle, March 28-April 12
Olivia Newton John and Kenny Rogers, April 13-26
Shirley MacLaine and Pat Henry, April 27-May 10
Debbie Reynolds and Pat Cooper May 11-24
Ben Vereen and Joan Rivers, May 25-June 7

Royal Inn
734-0711
Bobby Douglas, March 30-April 19
Marlane and the L.A. Express, May 11-31

Royal Las Vegas
732-2916
Rare and Bare

Sahara
735-4242
Eddy Arnold and Jerry Lewis, April 6-13
Johnny Carson and Donna Theodore, April 14 & 15
Jerry Lewis and Buddy Hackett, April 16-26

Sands
735-2916
Sergio Franchi and Nipsey Russell, Mar. 29-Apr. 11
Dionne Warwick and Charlie Callas, Apr.12-25
Danny Thomas & Mills Brothers Apr. 26-May 9
Alan King and Lola Falana, May 10-24
Wayne Newton, May 25-June 14
Sergio Franchi and Nipsey Russell, June 15-27
Doc Severinsen and Lola Falana, June 28-July 18



JOHN DAVIDSON

Showboat
385-9123
Mardi Gras Lounge
To be announced

Silver Bird
734-2502
To be announced

Silver Slipper
734-1212
Gaiety Theatre
Boy-lesque

Stardust
732-6325
Lido De' Paris '78

Tropicana
739-2411
Tiffany Theatre
Folies Bergere '78

Union Plaza
386-2444
Broadway Entertainment
Can Can

LAKE TAHOE

Cal-Neva Lodge
831-1511
Continuous entertainment

Harrah's Lake Tahoe
588-6611
Bobby Vinton, Apr. 21-27
Glen Campbell, Kelly Monteith, Apr. 28-May 11
Frank Sinatra, May 12-18
Steve Martin, May 19-25
Carpenters, June 2-15
Johnny Mathis, June 16-22
Lawrence Welk, June 23-July 13
Lounge
Four Tops, March 23-April 9
Bedazzle, Indefinite
Sidro's Armada, Apr. 10-16
The Platters, Apr. 17-30
The Checkmates, May 1-14
B. B. King, May 15-28

Harvey's
588-2411
Ron Rose, Apr. 11-May 5
Lenny Herman, May 8-28
Bill Page, May 29-June 11
Ron Rose, June 12-22
George Liberace, June 23-July 28

Hyatt Lake Tahoe
831-1111
Continuous entertainment

North Shore Club
831-3100
Gloria Gold & Showdown, Mar. 28-Apr 16

Sahara Tahoe
588-6211, 800-648-3322
(Toll free from Ariz., Calif., Ore., Idaho, Utah)
Olivia Newton-John, Mar. 24-Apr. 2
Gabriel Kaplan, Apr. 7-9
George Benson & Minnie Riperton, Apr. 28-30
Raquel Welch, May 26-June 5
Helen Reddy, June 6-20
Liberace, June 21-July 4

RENO-SPARKS-CARSON CITY

Carson City Nugget
882-1626
Freddy Powers, Mar. 14-Apr 2
Four Tunes plus One, Apr 4-30
Kathy O'Shea, May 2-21

El Dorado
786-5700
The Diamonds, Apr. 4-23
The Muglestons, Apr. 25-May 14
Pepper Martin Show, May 16-June 4
Billy Armstrong, June 6-25
The Reycards, June 27-July 16

Harolds Club
329-0881
All New Mini-Burlesque '78

John Ascuaga's Nugget — Sparks
358-2233
Red Skelton, Mar. 30-Apr. 5
Shirley MacLaine, Apr. 6-19
Debbie Reynolds, Apr. 20-26
Mel Tillis, Apr. 27-May 10
Roy Clark, May 11-24
Andy Williams, June 8-17
Debbie Reynolds, June 18-July 3

Harrah's Reno
329-4422
Joan Rivers-Peter Marshall Apr. 1-12
John Davidson, Apr. 13-26
Eddy Arnold, Apr. 27-May 10
Don Rickles, May 11-17
Bill Cosby, May 18-24
Wayne Newton, May 25-31
Jim Nabors, June 1-21
Dionne Warwick, June 22-July 5
Casino Cabaret
Mickie Dolenz-Davy Jones, Mar. 21-Apr. 2
Les Sizzle, Indefinite
The Platters, Apr. 4-16
Sidro's Armada, Apr. 18-23
Kreskin, Apr. 25-30
The Checkmates Limited, May 16-28
Kreskin, June 13-25
Jerry Van Dyke, June 27-July 9

Holiday Hotel
329-0411
Continuous entertainment

Holiday Inn Downtown
786-5151
Continuous entertainment

Mapes
323-1611
Continuous entertainment

Ormsby House — Carson City
882-1890
Mark Twain Bar
Matys Brothers, Mar 13-Apr. 2
Sherman & Leigh, Apr 3-23
The Motifs, Apr. 24-May 4
Sugar & Spice, May 15-June 4
Tony Castro, May 15-27
The Esquires, June 5-25
Prime Rib Room
Windstone, Mar. 27-Apr 16
Two of Clubs, May 1-28

Jessie Beck's Riverside
786-4400
Continuous entertainment

Ponderosa
786-6820
Johnny Western June 12-15

Shy Clown Casino
358-6632
Continuous entertainment

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
Star Broiler, Winnemucca
623-2892
Winner's Inn, Winnemucca
623-2511

Dates and performers subject to change.



EDDIE ARNOLD

The Fallon Auction: one of the West's great rangeland traditions.
By Anthony Amaral.

Crying A Sale

Each Wednesday, about three hours before the sun rises over Fallon, Nevada, bumper to bumper cattle trucks blaze a milkish stream of light from east and west on Highway 50 and converge on the Gallagher stockyards.

Here, at what is known as the liveliest animal auction house in the inter-mountain West, a couple of thousand head of cattle, sheep, hogs and horses will come under the auctioneer's cry. In a year nearly 80,000 head will change owners among the stockmen from Nevada, Idaho, California and Oregon who attend the weekly auction.

It's big business. But not all business.

Probably 80 percent of the audience is there for socializing: spunky cowboys with their eyes divided between the livestock and the gals; gals with undivided eyes on the cowboys; ranchers and their wives who set aside Wednesdays for town shopping and a day at the auction; and dozens of retired folks, like Bill Bartlett of Silver Springs, who own a lot or two and enjoy the *feel* of livestock atmosphere.

"I'll buy a ewe once in a while," he says. "Maybe sell some lambs. Mostly, my wife and I just like to get together with country people, talk livestock, complain about the present and reminisce about the old days."

Bill is one of maybe two hundred who, by first light, have jammed the house restaurant where the aromas of coffee and bacon are heavy and the conversation loud.

Out back, where stock trucks are unloading, another cacophony of bellowing cattle reverberates through the yards while massive bulls, pawing nervously in the granulized corral dust, lift a dusty, brown, haze over the pens. Only the sheep and hogs, reposing in a separate building, assume a placid nonchalance in straw-bedded stalls.

Meanwhile, cowgirls ride their horses deftly through the stockyard alleys, opening and closing the free-swinging pen gates to channel the cattle to their designated areas. One pen, a sort of off-stage holding area, holds the first lot of cattle to be auctioned.

Six a.m. is auction time. A narrow doorway is opened and one by one the cattle are hustled through into the limelight of the sales arena for a brief moment of scrutiny by the auctioneer and buyers in the gallery. It's also the start of



one of the most intriguing poker-face exchanges outside a poker game.

Common knowledge on the auction circuit is that an auction house literally rises or falls on an auctioneer's technique. Kenny Bullen has been swinging an auctioneer's gavel for over 20 years and is considered one of the finest in the Far West.

What makes a successful auctioneer, according to Kenny, is the auctioneer's manner. "It's his pace and method of presentation that becomes his characteristic style."

Additionally, experience gives the auctioneer his special polish, he says, "particularly in judging livestock, appraising buyers and current livestock market trends. He pits his knowledge against equally astute buyers — and wary sellers."

This is the poker game that begins just moments after the livestock enter the arena (which is also a suspended scale that registers their weight). Kenny appraises the animal's condition weight, age and sex and estimates where to start the bidding. Seconds later he's *crying a sale,* a staccato chattering which is mysterious only to the untrained ear.

"An auctioneer has to create excitement," Kenny explains, "or else he arouses no more enthusiasm than if he were selling wilted flowers."

Squeezed between the bullet-speed chatter is the *mark,* or current bid, "It's given with precise timing," Kenny adds, "to encourage reluctant bidders biding their time and to keep the pace moving rapidly to a final bid."

All the while, Kenny's eyes dart over the audience recognizing subtly given bids, another mysterious nuance to the novice observer.

Within a half minute, often in just 15 seconds, he recognizes when a lot has reached its optimum bid and his hammer falls. The lot is ushered out the exit side of the arena and another introduced.

With hundreds of lots waiting to be auctioned, Kenny must maintain momentum. He's often relieved for short spells by young novices learning the auctioneer's art. Most are graduates of auctioneering school, ready to develop their own style and techniques from practical experience. Sometimes they're the brunt of the western brand of humor.

Josephine Pagni who has been secretary and office manager for the auction house for 16 years says, "Occasionally, we like to play jokes. Once we passed a single duck into the arena and the intense young man went and auctioned it off for $5.75. He'll go places."

Auctioneering business, auctioneering socializing — and the particular jokes of an auctioneering atmosphere — often frolick past midnight if the consignment of livestock is particularly heavy. Then once again, the stock trucks flood onto Highway 50, capping another week of one of Nevada's best rangeland traditions. □



The most notorious redlight district in Nevada finally tumbled on the tides of reform. By Eric N. Moody and Guy Louis Rocha.

The Rise & Fall of the Reno Stockade

Last summer a bulldozer and several hammer-swinging workmen unceremoniously leveled the old Reno Stockade, a tired collection of apartments on the north bank of the Truckee that once housed one of the most notorious redlight districts in the United States.

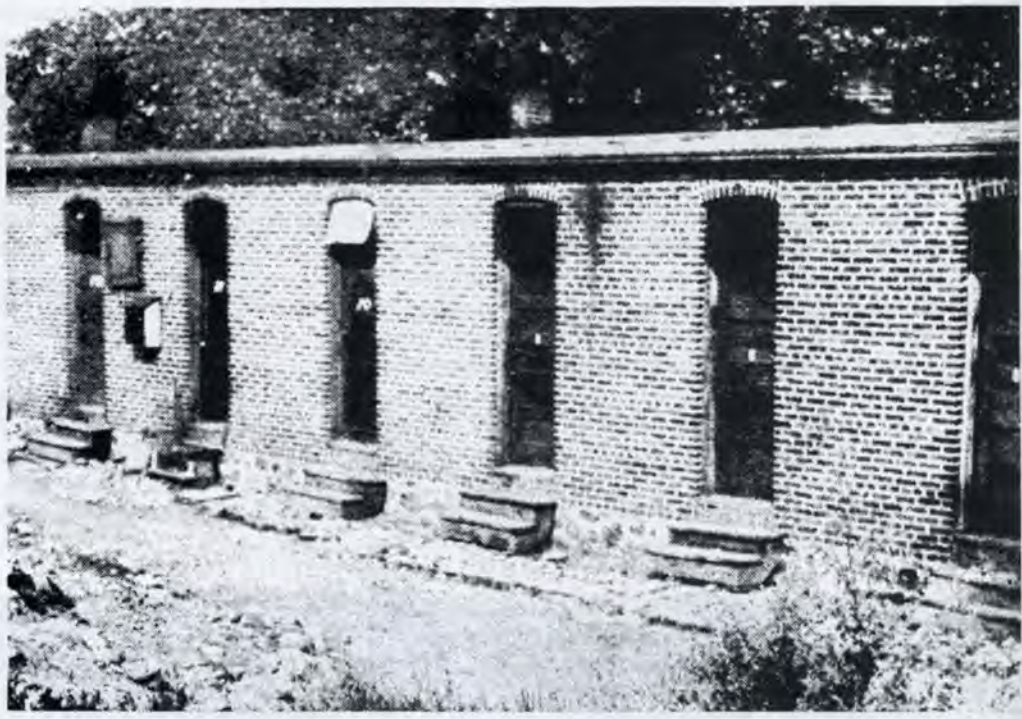
The Stockade, which operated from 1923 to 1942, consisted of two rows of "cribs" with a tall wooden fence at one end of the complex and a dancehall at the other. In its heyday the brothel was the centerpiece of a thriving industry permitted and regulated by the city of Reno. In 1925, Reno had the last legal redlight district of any major American city.

Prostitution had always been a prominent part of Nevada's heritage since the territorial days. Ladies of the evening were welcomed with open arms in the first mining camps, and prostitution was tolerated in most communities as the state, and its society, matured.

By 1920 Nevada's red lights had weathered the winds of reform fanned by World War I and the Progressive Era, and continued to burn bright. The next decade, however, witnessed Nevada's first sustained reform movement aimed at suppressing prostitution. There were concerted attacks on redlight operations in Reno, Las Vegas, Carson City, Ely and other Nevada towns. Ironically, it was Reno's anti-prostitution crusade that climaxed with the construction of the Stockade.

Reno brothels had been closed briefly by the army during the First World War, but by 1920 it was business as usual. Prostitutes openly solicited customers from saloons and hotels along and adjacent to Front (now East First) and Second streets, as well as in rows of wooden shacks in Chinatown at the eastern foot of Front Street. The women's activities always had been offensive to "respectable" citizens, but city officials were reluctant to interfere with the redlight trade.

In fact, the city government had been rather protective toward the prostitutes.



"You've never seen anything like this – not even in Paris' darkest slums. This is Reno's 'bull-pen,' sometimes known as 'the crib.' 'Hi, there, big boy, look me over!' Girls, splotchy-faced. Girls with glittering eyes. Girls who have all the world's tragedies etched in their thickly-powdered faces." – REAL DETECTIVE MAGAZINE, Summer 1931.

A succession of laws and their repeal had left prostitution tolerated as long as the hustlers remained within unofficial but universally recognized boundaries in the downtown district.

But in 1922 Reno reformers renewed their anti-prostitution campaign. Led by the League of Women Voters and aided by religious and education groups, the movement appeared to have achieved its goal. That month Mayor Harry Stewart issued an executive order declaring the redlight district closed. In November the prostitutes evacuated the district, and in January 1923 the city council backed the mayor by passing a law prohibiting prostitution in the city.

The new law, however, simply scattered the sex trade throughout the town. As one prominent attorney noted, hidden prostitution flourished all over Reno.

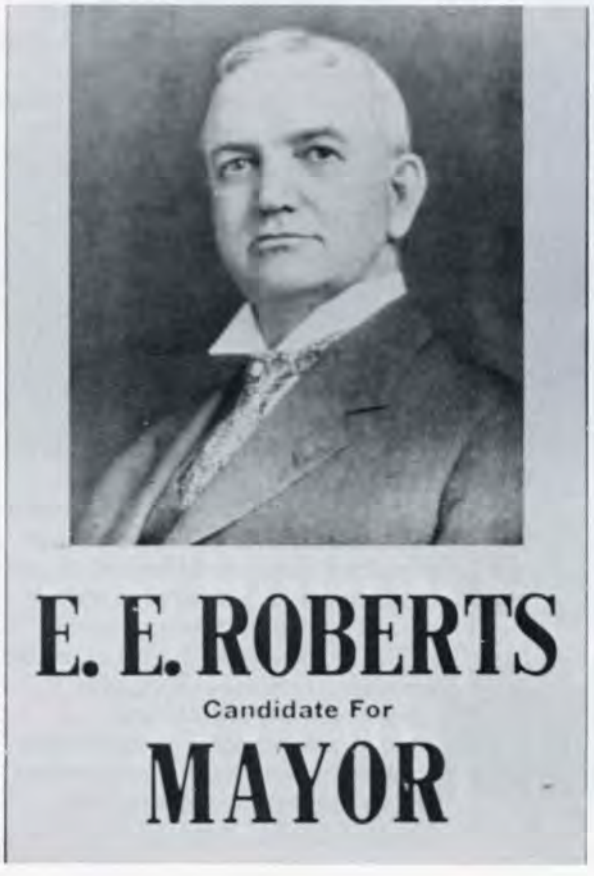
In the city election campaigns of the spring of 1923, Reno voters faced a major issue: should the redlight district remain closed, or should it be reopened so that prostitution could be segregated and controlled? Reno reformers wanted to continue the absolute ban, while the community's "liberal" elements favored repealing or at least amending the anti-prostitution law – which in effect would reopen the district.

The reformers generally backed Mayor Stewart in his reelection bid. Most liberals gathered around Edwin E. Roberts, a former congressman. Roberts also received support from the state, redlight property owners and from city resident George Wingfield, the most powerful political and economic figure in Reno, and the state.

In the May election Ed Roberts was victorious, as were the city council candidates favorable to his stand on



"Curly Bill" Graham (Center) and "Jimmy the Cinch" McKay (Right), principal owners of the Stockade, were also boxing promoters. Here they are shown in Reno with fellow promoter and ex-heavyweight champion of the world, Jack Dempsey, during ground breaking ceremonies for the Baer-Uzcudun boxing arena in May 1931.



"I don't believe in prohibition or any kind of reform that takes from any man or woman their right to find happiness in their own way I would repeal all blue laws. I would make Reno the playground of the world."

PHOTOS COURTESY NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

prostitution and vice. In November 1923 the new council approved an amendment to the anti-prostitution law that permitted brothels to operate in the city at a distance of 250 feet or more from any public thoroughfare.

The new law forced the redlight district to change its location. Some illegal brothels, such as the Mohawk on East Second, continued to operate in defiance of the law (and apparently without much trouble), and prostitution flourished as before in certain hotels and apartment buildings. But most redlight operations moved eastward, away from the middle of the city. Small houses, such as the Cottage and the Green Lantern, were established downriver on the north side of the Truckee. And the Stockade was built just off Second Street next to the old Riverside Mill.

The Stockade was constructed by the Riverside Securities Co., headed by William J. Graham, James C. McKay (after 1928) and Henry O. "Tex" Hall (beginning in 1926). Graham and McKay, the principal stockholders, were prominent Reno gamblers and racketeers who had great influence in the community. The events leading to the Stockade's construction seem to testify as much to its owners' position as political insiders as to their shrewdness as businessmen.

Riverside Securities was incorporated in July 1923, two months after Roberts' election as mayor. Then the company leased the Stockade's future site from the Riverside Mill Co., one of many corporations in which George Wingfield had major holdings. Construction began in August. In November the anti-Prostitution law was amended. Before the end of the year the Stockade, presumably with both wings and attached dancehall, was open for business.

The Stockade and the other "houses" in the district became orderly and profitable businesses. Their female employees were required to register with the police and to have regular medical checks for venereal disease. The Stockade was managed by Phyllis Moore until the early 1930s. A police guard stood watch at the fenced entrance side. At the opposite end of the complex was the Pastime Club, where a band often played late into the evening.

Between the entrance and the club, along both sides of the enclosure, were some 50 cribs that were rented to as

Continued



*Per person, double occupancy. Price of $38.50 includes 3 hours of tennis. $41.30 includes 18 holes of golf.

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many as three shifts of women a day. The prostitutes generally were young and hailed from nearly every state in the Union. Each day they paid $2.50 rent and $1.50 for meals, and took in $20 to $40 for their services. Attired in anything from skimpy bathing suits to formal dresses, the ladies stood in the crib doorways next to their personal nameplates, watching, beckoning and sometimes calling to the men sauntering by.

In 1936 Tex Hall died, and two years later Graham and McKay were convicted of mail fraud and conspiracy and sent to prison. But the Stockade stayed open under figurehead company officers.

The red lights of the Stockade burned bright until World War II. On January 7, 1942, exactly one month after Pearl Harbor, Washoe County complied with a military request and ordered all redlight establishments to close. The Stockade shut down, but the Cottage and Green Lantern did not. Finally in May 1942, after continued protests by federal officials, the city suspended the 250-foot exemption for the duration of the war — and the last of Reno's red lights went out.

The Stockade and the other houses stayed closed after the war. There was one unsuccessful attempt to open a new brothel on Commercial Row, but Reno and Las Vegas were experiencing great population and gambling-fed tourist booms in the immediate postwar years. By 1948, when the war emergency was ended, it was generally believed that legal prostitution projected a negative image.

In 1949 Governor Vail Pittman vetoed a legislative act that would have allowed prostitution on a local-option basis. Two months later Acme Realty, wholly owned by Graham and McKay, sold the Stockade to Harry Linnecke, who remodeled the old cribs and rented them as apartments. The following year Acme Realty was dissolved. Linnecke ran the apartment complex until July 1977 when it was torn down amid a brief fanfare created by an arts group's attempt to acquire the old brothel for a cultural center.

The Stockade was the last of the old time Reno brothels to disappear. It represented a significant and controversial aspect of Nevada's past, symbolizing both Reno's frontier roots and its colorful, maverick status in twentieth century America. □

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DAY WILLIAMS

introduction to the director, Bob Goodman, and a "Bet On It" pin; a one-year subscription to Nevada Magazine for two of your out-of-state relatives; and a Governor O'Callaghan coin.

WINNERS WILL BE ANNOUNCED in our October/November/December issue and many of the photographs — winners or losers — will be used (and paid for) in future issues of Nevada Magazine.



MARK ARCHOFF



DAY WILLIAMS

RULES

1. Completed entry blanks must be included with photographs and must indicate "professional" or "amateur" status.
2. Five black and white, and five color photos allowed per entrant (prints — unmounted.) No minimum, but maximum is 10 photos per entrant.
3. Color transparencies may be 35mm, 2¼ x2¼," 4x5," or 8x10"; color prints must be 8x8" to 11x14."
4. Black and white photos must be 8x10" to 11x14."
5. Each individual photograph must bear entrant's name and complete address, and photo description should be included.
6. Entrants must enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope and proper packing material to assure safe return of photographs.
7. Entries must be received no later than June 30, 1978.

(Anyone who ignores the rules will be disqualified.)

JUDGES

Bob Stewart: Photographer and press secretary for Nevada Governor Mike O'Callaghan

John Bardwell: Freelance artist, and Nevada Magazine's designer

Caroline Hadley: Editor, Nevada Magazine

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953 West Moana Lane, Reno. 826-3088
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Nevada Notes



WATERHOLE IKE

Waterhole Ike, one of Golconda's most notorious drunks, recently received his Social Security card from the federal government. With No. 530-80-4623 registered at his local bank, Ike now boasts a savings account with nearly $1000.

Not bad for one who doesn't work and just can't stay away from the bar. Ike's success is largely due to the smart business instincts of his barroom friends, who have put up a dollar a share to syndicate him for stud service.

Waterhole Ike is a pig and the friend and protege of Mike Crowley, who operates Waterhole No. 1 in this tiny railroad stop 16 miles east of Winnemucca. A couple of years ago Crowley and eight of his patrons began collecting proceeds from shares in a cigar box. If the racehorse Secretariat could do it, they said, why not Ike?

When the cigar box overflowed Crowley decided to open a savings account for his prize porker. But the savings and loan firm said Ike would need a Social Security number so that interest could be reported to the IRS. So Crowley applied for the card.

"Everything I put in there was the truth," Crowley says. "His mother was Go-Pig-Go and his father was Three Star. He was born on May 1, 1974." For the signature Crowley wrote "Waterhole Ike by Mike Crowley." Soon the pig received his card. Currently he is performing stud service at $25 a time and watching his savings grow.

But success hasn't disrupted Ike's habits of dropping in at Crowley's every morning to drink beer from a bucket. "He's all right until about 10:30 and then he comes in, has his drink and he's in hog heaven," says Crowley. "It uncurls his tail."

WINNEMUCCA SPUDS WOW VEGAS

It's a rare occasion when the guest of honor is the main course. So it was on December 11, 1977, declared "Potato Day" by Governor Mike O'Callaghan, when the Nevada potato was honored at a cocktail party held at the Las Vegas Convention Center.

More than 400 guests sampled a lavish array of eye-appealing, delectable hors d'oeuvres prepared from Winnemucca's home-grown spuds. The decision was unanimous: Winnemucca potatoes are impressive.

One fan is Vince Giaccalone, who has worked in Las Vegas for 18 years. He cares about food. He was a chef at Caesars Palace for many years and is currently executive chef at the Maxim Hotel.

"The boss at the Maxim was very unhappy with the potatoes we'd been getting — we had to dry them out before we could use them — so I looked around to see if I could find something better." After making a few calls, Giaccalone said, he got the word from a major food distributor that there was something new on the market:

"It was a Winnemucca potato! Now who knows about Winnemucca? It didn't sound right but he sent some over, we started using them, and now I



get nothing but compliments. There's no hassle with them; we can do anything with them — souffle them, make exotic hors d'oeuvres."

Giaccalone believes the russett potato is the best kind to use for fancy items. He says Winnemucca's potato has everything going for it — good soil, excellent climate with cool nights and warm days, and disease-free growing conditions. In the last few years several major Idaho potato growers have developed large farms in Winnemucca — and Winnemucca already exceeds Idaho on a hundredweight per acre basis.

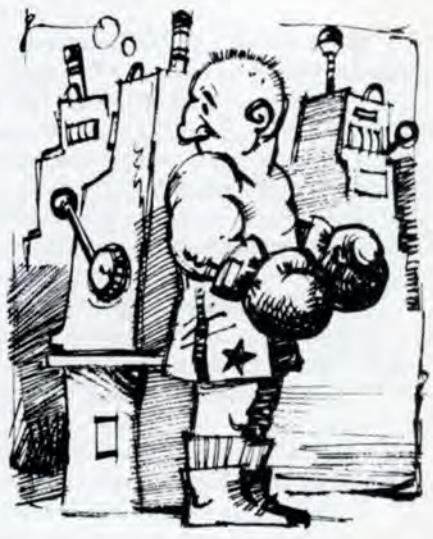
"For some reason other potatoes seem to be more waterlogged," Giaccalone says. "I love Nevada potatoes. The boss is nothing but happy, and most of all the customers love these potatoes. Potatoes from Winnemucca may sound funny, but they are great to work with!"

DEFECTOR SAVED BY SLOTS

The American victory in the U.S.-Romanian amateur boxing matches at Stateline last January was flavored by the defection of Romanian heavyweight Mircea Simon. A day after losing his Saturday bout in the third round, the 23-year-old boxer contacted the FBI through a Romanian-speaking intermediary and asked asylum.

Simon grabbed his luggage as the call was made and went into the casino lobby. Worried that his teammates would spot him, he hid behind a bank of slot machines and waited among the one-armed bandits. Finally the FBI agents arrived and whisked him off to a motel hideaway on Lake Tahoe's south shore.

Three days later Simon, who said he was forced to box in his native country, was granted asylum.



A chief's daughter, Sarah was a crusader, an independent woman who raised her voice on behalf of her people. She remains one of the West's great enigmas. By Patricia Stewart.

Sarah Winnemucca: Paiute Princess

Sarah Winnemucca (1844-1891) was the granddaughter of Captain Truckee, who was a scout for the Stevens-Murphy-Townsend party and friend of the Great Pathfinder, John C. Fremont. Her father was Poito, the War Chief Winnemucca. Sarah was born near the Humboldt Sink "in the pine nut season," probably in 1844, and died at the home of her sister at Henry's Lake, Montana (now Idaho) on Oct. 17, 1891. Her own Indian name has been variously reported as Sonometa, Thocmetony and Somit-tone, meaning shell flower. How she came by the name of Sarah has never been explained. She is most renowned for a daring round trip non-stop horseback ride of 223 miles from Idaho into Nevada to warn her family members against joining in the Bannock War of 1878. "Yes, I went when the officers could not get an Indian man or a white man to go for love or money. I, only an Indian woman, went and saved my father and his people," she exulted. Sarah Winnemucca was an interpreter, crusader, lecturer, article writer and author of a book, "Life Among the Piut· · Their Wrongs and Claims."



Sarah Winnemucca charmed audiences from San Francisco to Boston when she appeared for speaking engagements in this costume, definitely not typical of her poverty stricken people.

Nevada may never have produced a more brilliant or complex woman than Sarah Winnemucca. Part saint, part sinner, part missionary, part camp follower, she was the epitome of the good-bad heroine. Chameleon-like, she seemed different to everyone who knew her.

Sarah liked to be known as the Paiute Princess. She could be as regal as the ancestry she claimed or engage in a hair-pulling fight. Once the *Nevada State Journal* carried a long and laudatory account of her life, her goals and her concerns for the Paiute people. Shortly afterward the newspaper had to report that the owner of the Reno hotel where Sarah was staying charged he caught her stealing food.

Princess Sarah had an unusual understanding of the ways of white people because she had an unusual education. Her grandfather, Captain Truckee, insisted that she be educated. As a youngster she lived with a Mrs. Roach in Stockton. Later she spent three years studying at the Convent of Notre Dame in San Jose. Sarah also learned English and Spanish, and was fluent in three Indian dialects.

There is no evidence that her father, Poito, the War Chief Winnemucca, either learned English or led any troops into battle. The brainy Sarah fought all the language battles for her father-chief.

Shortly after the Pyramid Lake War of 1860, Sarah began her life-long crusade against the Indian agents appointed by the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Washington, D.C. In the late 1860s she went to the Presidio in San Francisco to tell Gen. Irwin McDowell, commanding officer of the military district, about misconduct by Nevada agents. In 1870 she returned to the Presidio with a similar story for Gen. John M. Schofield.

Militancy was not encouraged in any woman, Indian or white, in Sarah's day. Therefore her letter to Ely Samuel Parker, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, written in 1870 from Fort McDermit, seems all the more remarkable:

"Sir: I learn from the commanding officer of this place that you desire full information in regard to the Indians around this place with a view if possible of bettering their condition by sending them on the Truckee River Reservation. All the Indians from here to Carson City belong to the Pah Ute tribe. My father whose name is Winnemucca is head chief of the whole tribe, but he is now getting too old and has not energy enough to command nor to impress on their minds the necessity of their being sent on a reservation; in fact, I think he is entirely opposed to it. Me, myself, and most of the Humboldt and Queen's River Indians were on the Truckee Reservation at one time but if we had stayed there it would have been only to starve. I think that if they had received what they were entitled to from the agents they would have never left there

"It is needless for me to enter into details as to how we were treated on the reservation while there. It is enough to say that we were confined to the reserve and had to live on what fish we could catch in the river. If this is the kind of civilization awaiting us on the reserve, God grant that we may never be compelled to go on one as it is more preferable to live in the mountains and drag out an existence in the native manner.

"So far as living is concerned the Indians at all the military posts get enough to eat and considerable cast-off clothing, but how long is this to continue? What is the object of the Government in regard to the Indians? Is it enough that we are at peace? Remove all the Indians from the military posts and place them on reservations such as the Truckee and Walker River (as they were considered) and it will require a greater military force stationed around to keep them in the limits than it now does to keep them in subjection.

"On the other hand if the Indians have my guarantee that they can secure a permanent home on their native soil and that our white neighbors can be kept from encroaching on our rights, after having a reasonable share of ground allotted to us as our own and giving us the required advantages of learning etc., I warrant that the savage as he is called today will be a law-abiding member of the community fifteen or twenty years hence.

"Yours respectfully,
Sarah Winnemucca"

With our marvelous gift of hindsight, it now seems that Sarah's request was much too clear and reasonable to have got past the bureaucracy.

Firm in her belief that white soldiers were better than white agents, Sarah had led about 500 Paiutes from the Truckee reservation and Walker River area to Fort McDermit in the late 1860s.

Their coming aroused the white settlers, who beseeched Lt. Col. James H. McElroy to feed the starving Paiutes in order to prevent depredations against property. So well were the Indians treated that Sarah and her brother Lee persuaded 400 more Paiutes to come from Camp C. F Smith in southern Oregon.

Sarah wrote: "There were now 900 (Indians) in all at Camp McDermit. Every head of a family was furnished with a good tent of the required size of his family, such tents as are used by the soldiers and every morning at five o'clock rations for the day were issued. A pound and a half of meat was given to every grown person, and good bread — for they actually baked good bread for them — and once a month coffee, rice, sugar, salt, pepper and beans were issued Everyone had enough."

Sarah Winnemucca seemed to be everywhere at once. Certainly she was cast in the same nomadic mold as the rest of her people. She called no particular spot home and had no trouble finding paying jobs as interpreter and teacher.

During the winter before the Bannock Indian War of 1878, Sarah lived in Grant County, Oregon. She heard war talk from Indians who came to see her, including her longtime friend, a grizzled one-eyed Paiute named Egan. According to Sarah's account, she took some white passengers in her wagon to Malheur City. Then she had a rendezvous with Egan and Oytes, the Paiute "dreamer" or prophet, and Bannock Jack. They wanted her to go to



Sarah and members of her family as they appeared at the time they were summoned to Washington, D.C., in 1879. Sarah is attired in the dress of contemporary white women, whose finery she enjoyed. With her are, from left, her father Chief Winnemucca, her brother Natches and her cousin Captain Jim. The youngster is unidentified.



PHOTOS COURTESY NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Old Winnemucca, the War Chief, who had his nose pierced so he could wear a bone through it.

Washington and report how badly the Indians had been treated by the whites. The three took up a collection of $29.25 to defray her expenses, and Sarah said she could drive the wagon to Elko, sell it, and set forth for Washington.

Instead she delayed this mission to take a man named Morton and his daughter Rosey to Silver City, Idaho.

"So we started on the morning of the 8th of June," she wrote. "We journeyed for three days and heard nothing about an Indian war, but we saw houses standing along the road without anybody living in them. We talked about it and did not know what it meant. On the twelfth we met a man on the summit, just before getting to a place called Fort Lyon, who told us there was the greatest Indian war that ever was known. He said the Bannock Indians were just killing everything that came in their way and he told us to hurry on to a place called Stone House. That was the first I heard that the Bannocks were on the warpath."

An Indian named Paiute Joe came into the camp and said he had killed Buffalo Horn, the Bannock leader. That left Egan, the Paiute, as the war leader. Fearing then that the war would spread to include Paiutes as well as Bannocks, the captain in charge asked Sarah to go to Nevada and urge her father not to join the warriors.

"This was the hardest work I ever did for the government in all my life. The round trip took from 10 o'clock June 13 until 5:30 p.m. June 15; I was in the saddle night and day and covered a distance of about 233 miles."

Many years later Gen. O. O. Howard wrote about the short Bannock War and the part Sarah Winnemucca played in it. He characterized her as "sweet and pretty." The general also said it was not his men but another Indian, Umapine of the Umatillas, who killed Egan. Without Egan's leadership the war was lost for the Bannocks.

Nevada Paiutes had not participated in the Bannock War. Nevertheless, one large band was ordered first to the Malheur Agency in Oregon and then to the Yakima Reservation in the state of Washington, where their suffering was intense.

Yakima's squalor and corruption prompted Sarah to embark on a series of lectures about the plight of her people, with a goal of raising enough money to get to the nation's capitol and talk to those in power.

She raised so much noise about the unfair treatment accorded Nevada Indians that the President himself tried to appease her. In 1879 Interior Secretary Carl Schurz sent an emissary to Nevada to escort Sarah and her family to Washington. She met President Rutherford B. Hayes and other officials.

On her return from Washington she was hired as interpreter at Malheur Agency. She was supposed to travel around trying to get Paiutes to return to Malheur. On one trip Sarah went to Yakima, but the Indian agent there said he had not received orders to let them go. Eventually the Nevada Paiutes who did not die at Yakima freed themselves by slipping away and making the journey back to their native lands.

An unfortunate result of Sarah's ceaseless complaining about the Indian agents was the retaliation by the agent at Malheur. The agent, W. V. Rinehart, organized a series of

affidavits to be sent to Washington denouncing the Indian woman. The one signed by William Currey of Grant County, Oregon, was typical:

"She is generally regarded as untruthful and not entitled to be believed. She is generally regarded by those who know her as a common prostitute and thoroughly addicted to the habits of drunkenness and gambling," he swore.

Sarah made a valiant effort to refute the slander by gathering up letters of commendation, including one from Gen. Howard, and appending them to the book she published in 1883.

During that period, Sarah Winnemucca, the Paiute Princess, by then in her late thirties, was a bitter and frustrated woman. She had no home, no world of her own. She was accepted neither by Indian nor white society. All of her projects, including matrimony, had failed.

Full of self pity, Sarah took up her pen and wrote an article for the monthly *Californian* in 1882.

"Once the Indians possessed all this beautiful country; now they have none," she wrote. "Then they lived happily and prayed to the Great Spirit. But the white man came, with his cursed whiskey and selfishness and greed, and drove out the poor Indian, because he was more numerous and better armed and knew more knowledge. I see very well that all my race will die out. In a few short years there will be none left — no not one Indian in the whole of America. I dare say the white man is better in some respects, but he is a bigger rascal, too. He steals and lies more than an Indian does. I hope some other race will come and drive him out, and kill him, like he has done to us. Then I will say the Great Spirit is just, and that it is all right."

Sometime that year Sarah's mercurial temper cooled, and she revived her faith in the white man to the extent of marrying one of them. It was probably her third marriage to a white man. This time she married L. H. Hopkins, a commissary clerk, in Montana in 1882. They remained married until he died at Lovelock four years later.

Meanwhile Sarah's efforts had come to the attention of a tireless do-gooder, Elizabeth Palmer of Boston. She invited Sarah to travel east. There the Paiute Princess was enormously popular on the lecture circuit; she also made appearances at Congressional hearings.

Miss Peabody, who became immensely fond of Sarah, insisted upon financing an Indian school to be taught by Sarah in Nevada. So came into existence the Peabody School at Lovelock. The school, though well intentioned, had an erratic existence.

After Hopkins' death and her own increasing bouts with ill health and alcohol, the Paiute Princess was no longer regal. Jeanne Elizabeth Wier, first director of the Nevada Historical Society, dismissed Sarah as "degenerate in her later years."

But what did Miss Wier really know of this Indian woman's enormous zest for life? The last act wasn't over yet.

The final scene of Sarah's drama was played out in Henry's Lake, Montana (now Idaho) where the princess had gone to live with her sister. Around Henry's Lake they say Sarah died from a dose of poison administered by her sister because the two women were contending for the attentions of the same man. Sarah's obituary states that she was taken violently ill with stomach cramps after eating and died on October 17, 1891.

Even in death she was flamboyant and controversial. □

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When the siren wails, chances are Nevada's volunteers will be first to the rescue. By Guy Shipler.

FIRE!

The first indication of trouble was a deep, earth-shaking rumble, swelling out of the desert to the southeast of Wells. Quickly the sound became a series of staccatto bursts, as if several jets, one after the other, had broken the sound barrier. But the reverberations were stronger, more pervasive than any sonic boom.

People in Wells paused to listen to the explosions, and squinted in the bright sunlight toward the rolling sound. At first they could see nothing. But within a few seconds a dark cloud rose from beyond the horizon, reaching high into the clear desert air.

At the Wells firehouse the radio squawked a message from a Western Pacific freight train: Violent explosion at Tobar. Trainload of bombs. Need help."

Immediately the Wells volunteer fire department went into action. In spite of the chilling prospect of what lay



For fire fighters and victims alike, smoke is more dangerous than flame. The great majority of fire injuries are caused by smoke inhalation.

Instructor shows a young volunteer the fine points of hose handling. Control is critical because of the water's tremendous force, which will crack the hose like a whip if it is left unattended.



ahead there was no hesitation — the men who had gone through the long training to handle such emergencies left their businesses and jobs and raced to the firehouse. When their fire engine arrived at the little settlement of Tobar, some 15 miles away, they found an incredible scene of destruction. Four of the 22 freight cars carrying 750-pound aerial bombs had already blown up, scattering hot twisted metal over the surrounding desert, starting myriad blazes which could send up any or all of the remaining 18 cars at any moment.

"Those Wells firefighters knew what they had to do, even if it meant risking their lives," says Lowell (Lody) Smith, now Nevada's state forester, who arrived at Tobar from Elko as part of the backup. "Since they were first on the scene, they had to take charge, and they had to act. That meant getting to the train to try to put out the fires that might ignite the rest of the cars. And it meant keeping everybody else away in case there were more explosions. They had the guts to do both. And that's the main reason that the rest of the train didn't blow up."

Lody Smith relates this incident to illustrate the vital part volunteer firemen and firewomen play in the whole structure of firefighting — and especially their importance in Nevada. He's in an ideal position to know the statewide situation; as president of the State Fire Chiefs' Assn., oversight of the volunteers comes under his jurisdiction.

"The chances are more than likely that the volunteers will be the first on any scene. The vast distances in Nevada dictate that. Most areas are far away from any full-time, professional fire department, so it's volunteers who get hit with these scary and volatile situations first — bus accidents, fire on the highway, train wrecks, plane crashes — you name it.

"Major catastrophies need somebody who knows what to do and is able to do it quickly, the first few minutes are the most crucial part of any emergency." Smith believes you can have the best brains in fire protection and medical science available to you two hours after a catastrophe, but if a trained firefighter doesn't act in the first few minutes it wouldn't make any difference what skills there were later.

The Nevada firefighting volunteers have all the training they need and they also have the guts to get out in the trouble and do the best they can even if it endangers their lives. And considering the danger involved they get little credit for their work — partly because the general public doesn't recognize how much protection of its lives and property depends on volunteer firefighters in this state. Of Nevada's 130 separate fire departments, 95 are composed entirely of volunteers. About 13 more are part-paid, with volunteer contingencies, and the remaining few are all-paid. Even the urban areas still rely heavily on volunteers — Las Vegas and Carson City, for instance, have contingents of volunteers who serve as backups to the regular full-time paid departments. All in all, best estimates show that there

It's not all work.



MIKE CASSIDY PHOTOS

are between 1300 and 1500 volunteer firefighters in Nevada.

The uninitiated might well feel stirrings of uneasiness over all this because they tend to equate volunteers with amateurs. The fears are groundless. Actually, it is the safest and most efficient way to go. First, there is the economic factor: The cost of having full-time, completely paid fire departments throughout the state, especially considering the number of rural areas involved, would be so staggering to the taxpayer that communities would tend to keep their fire protection at dangerously minimum levels; second, the volunteers get the same rigorous and extensive training as paid personnel, usually both in firefighting and emergency medical techniques. (The latter consists of an 81-hour course.)

Perhaps the best example of firefighter training is provided by the famed Warren Engine Company of Carson City, which was founded in 1863 and is the oldest continuously operating department of its type west of the Mississippi. Although it now has 48 paid members, it still relies heavily on its present 20 volunteers. They have become members of the department only by meeting high performance standards as the result of rigorous training.

Ray Koon, a member of the Warren Company, says, "When I put my life on the line in a fire situation — and I've been scared — and extend myself to the limit of my physical and mental capabilities, I want to know that the guy behind me is just as dedicated. That's why we're picky about who we take in." Or in long-time Carson volunteer Bob McCabe's words: "When you're dealing with fire, you're dealing with something that can get you just as quick as it can get somebody else."

That's truer now than it used to be. "We're not just smoke eaters any more," says Koon. Now all firefighters — volunteers and regulars — have to contend with deadly chemicals which come from such synthetic materials as polyurethane and vinyl. Gases from a burning sofa can be fatal, for instance. In Nevada there is an annual "oil and gas

...and then there's Silver City

Sometimes a disaster can rejuvenate a virtually defunct volunteer fire department — and have classic Keystone Comedy overtones in the process. Silver City, Nevada, is a case in point:

Six years ago the 150 residents of this slumbering mining town below Virginia City had a fire-protection system that consisted of (1) the fire chief, who was also the rest of the department — he had an assistant but he was away at college; (2) a complete set of hydrants with no water to any of them; (3) a 1948 Dodge Brushfire truck; and (4) a little International Travelall (both vehicles with dead batteries). To control anything from an over-zealous bonfire to a conflagration, the town relied on the more advanced fire departments of Virginia City and Carson City.

That didn't always work out — as the citizenry discovered when the blacksmith shop on Main Street caught fire. Jim Allander, now the assistant chief but then a fairly new resident in town, recalls what happened:

"Our trucks wouldn't start. Virginia City blew up an engine coming down the hill. Carson City arrived and hooked up to a hydrant that didn't have any water. We decided to do something about it."

The "we" were about 20 people, led partly by Allander, now the city's maintenance man. "Nobody among us had any prior experience in fire fighting," he says, "but we just reorganized the fire department anyway, sort of spontaneously." They approached the county fire marshall, and as soon as he realized the group was serious, "he came and taught us how to use the trucks — which we had been able to fix up so at least they would run. We figured out how to get water to the hydrants. We got involved with George Schweitzer's state training program. Some of us went to burn school in Hawthorne to get our first real experience at fighting fires."

Because of ongoing training — including slides and films from Carson City and help from Sparks Fire Chief Bill Farr's program — Silver City's Fire Department has achieved what it regards as full stature. (It even has 13 Emergency Medical Technicians.) The department gets some money from fund-raisers like balls and steak fries and its basic operating budget from Lyon County's Central Fire District (comprised of Silver Springs, Stagecoach, Dayton and Silver City).

Equipment has been upgraded to include a Class B pumper which puts out 500 gallons a minute, and one of those four-wheel-drive units contributed by the State Division of Forestry. A radio system keeps personnel in touch with the dispatcher in Yerington in case of any emergency. And the department has just started a cadet program — five teenagers are getting training as future firefighters.

But what most people hear about the Silver City Fire Department is its water fights. At the moment they are the state champions, and proud of it. People frown on this, especially during a water shortage. "But it's really great training," says Allander. "The pumper gave us the opportunity to handle two-and-a-half inch hose. It was controlled pressure practice, because working that hose isn't easy to do. Any movement by any of the four people on it affects what the hose will do. Getting coordinated makes us more accurate when it's important."

That can't be argued. But water fighting is also "our sport," as Allander says — and a lot of fun.

Silver City firefighters get out of the heat after a job well done. The congratulations followed a day-long training exercise in which the volunteers fought controlled burns in an old, isolated building slated for demolition, supervised by county officials and cheered by picnicking spectators. PHOTO BY JOHN WISE

school" to teach and update firemen on how to handle gasoline and oil explosions.

The establishment of volunteer fire departments and training of their personnel in the rural areas of Nevada is especially important — and especially difficult. Generally this is a cooperative effort among the community, the state's division of forestry and the county. Says Lodi Smith, whose forestry operation provides the main expertise:

"We show them how to draw up the incorporation papers.

"Then we work with the county to provide material and training. The volunteers themselves build the fire station, actually physically laying the blocks and putting the building up. We convert a vehicle, such as an all-wheel-drive Army truck for them, put on a 750-gallon water tank, a 100-gallon-a-minute pump, with a separate engine, a two-and-a-half inch hose for structures and booster lines for wildfires.

"But they have to finance themselves. This means the most ingenious types of programs you've ever seen. They'll have cake sales and steak fries and street dances. In some other areas the communities are so small that the firemen's wives buy each others' cakes. And the money goes to buy life-saving equipment or hoses or something else needed to strengthen the department."

The main reason for the division of forestry being so deeply involved in all this is that it is perhaps more dependent on volunteer firefighters than any other agency. "They're the backbone of this division," says Smith simply.

"Believe me, without that link between our division and the volunteers in the remote areas, I can guarantee that we would be in very serious trouble when it comes to handling wildfires."

Bob McCabe tries to explain why people give time, disrupt their routine and endanger their lives to work as volunteer firefighters. "You have to be community-minded," he says. Then he hesitates. "I don't know. It's something intangible that drives you to get up in the middle of the night and go to a fire." □



Money Managers, Madcaps & Monitors, pt. II

Tricia Lee

Principal dancer,
Halleluja Hollywood

It's what's expected in Las Vegas. Spectacular shows with nude dancers. Gorgeous, enormous showgirls, with exotic makeup and a smattering of feathers, sequins, or rhinestones.

For the Halleluja Hollywood show at the MGM Grand Hotel in Las Vegas, there are 49 dancers, 14 statuesque showgirls, 14 dancing nudes, 14 singers in the chorus plus principal dancers and singers. For the 98 people who are in the show, backup consists of 30 wardrobe ladies to handle 700 costumes and 50 stagehands, electricians, sound men, and light technicians.

The principal dancer of the show is a 5'11" Australian blonde who was born in a town named Casino. She was a featured dancer in the Lido in Paris prior to coming to Las Vegas.

"I wanted to be a classical dancer," says Tricia Lee. "I studied ballet for 10 years and went to Europe, but I was so tall that nobody would take me. I'm about 10" too



big." She wanted to join a ballet company but never could and now she's happy. "I'm glad I'm not in it now. It's too much hard work for too little and it's fighting for two seconds onstage by yourself. It's very sad."

Fortunately for Tricia, an agent of the famed Miss Bluebell contacted Tricia in London to work as one of the Bluebell Girls in a tour of the Far East. Miss Bluebell is famous in the spectacular dance world. She places all the girls at the Lido in Paris and the Lido in Las Vegas (at the Stardust). She has the girls at the MGM. She has a company in Barcelona; another in Hong Kong. "She likes girls with classical training rather than jazz training," says Tricia Lee, "because basic classical training does always show through—then she can give you her style of presenting and so forth."

After the Far East tour, Tricia joined the chorus line at the Lido, and five years later she became a principal dancer there. A showgirl's life is hectic. Tricia works seven days a week, but gets only two days a month off. She works 15 shows a week, the last show on Saturday starting at 3 a.m. Even though Tricia would prefer to dance with all her clothes on, dancing nude doesn't bother her anymore. "When I became principal I had to dance semi-nude, and being a principal was important to me. I also believe it's the way you do something that makes it good or bad. You can have more class topless than somebody who is completely dressed can have."

The Donn Arden shows are spectaculars. In extravaganzas like Halleluja Hollywood, the costumes are so big and the stage so large, that showgirls have to be 5'8" or taller. There are no stars mentioned on the marquee, but Tricia is indeed the star of the show and she is not what a showgirl is expected to be. She is conservative, either crocheting between shows in her dressing room, or going home to sit down with a cup of tea with her French husband Patrick, or to play with their dogs and watch the news.

Tricia is 26 and wants to dance a few more years. "It takes over a year to put on a show like this. I'll probably finish up this show and start the new one. Then I'll quit and have a family."

She adds, "Most people think the show is extraordinary, phenomal, unique, and they love it. But some people just sit there and don't move. They are stunned by the whole thing."

Steve Wynn

Golden Nugget

In Pennsylvania, there was a gaming parlor named Waysons Bingo in Upper Marlboro. Stephen Wynn used to run the games on Sundays so that he could pay his way through college. Less than a decade later he was running the Golden Nuggett Casino in downtown Las Vegas.

Dynamic Steve Wynn is a new kind of Las Vegas operator. Even though some locals feel he is too inexperienced in gaming for the job he has, his record seems to show that he will be able to handle it. "People think of me as a pain in the ass around here," says Wynn. "I tried to get the limit in keno raised to $50,000 a few years back, but they wouldn't go for it. There was never a bona fide argument against it but everyone in the industry thought it a bad idea so it didn't happen."

The Golden Nugget was built in 1946 by a group of gamblers from Los Angeles. The early partnership became a corporation which started to acquire properties in the



downtown area. In the mid-Sixties the Nugget's stock was publicly traded on the stock exchange.

It was in 1972 when a group including then 33-year-old Stephen Wynn, 36-year-old Ed Doumani (a strip motel operator), and Jackie Gaughan (long-time Las Vegas businessman and gambling house operator), bought effective control of the stock of the corporation. Wynn was made president and the Golden Nugget has since become much more than it was. In the last two years a highrise hotel including 400 rooms has been added along with a new parking garage. A bundle of money has been sunk into the place but the fancy western saloon atmosphere it used to be famous for remains.

The new men on Fremont Street are trying to change the "grind" image of the downtown area. At the time the Nugget was expanded, the Four Queens was involved in a three million dollar expansion and the Fremont was spending more than five million upgrading their premises.

"We are looking for a better class of player than bus tours and give-aways and contests," says Wynn. "We're interested now in the quality image."

Just like uptown.

Jimmy Mahar

Shift boss, Frontier Hotel

"In the old days everybody was a player and there was plenty of money around. The bosses were players, the dealers were players. You could walk down the street at night in the Forties and you could carry five thousand around in your pocket. Nobody ever hit you over the head because everybody was making money. Then big business came in, and credit started, and it was 'you don't need no money, just sign this and pay so much a month.' People got up to their neck in bills so they didn't have any money to play no more. In the past 15 years things have really changed."

Jimmy Mahar has been in Las Vegas since 1945, dealing craps or 21, working as pit boss or box man. For the past 12 years he has been with the Hughes organization, his latest job being shift boss at the Frontier.

There are three pits at the Frontier: a dice pit; a 21 and wheel pit; and the baccarat pit. There is a pit boss for each pit who can write out markers and approve some credit; floormen who are in charge of smaller sections of that same pit; and a shift boss who has charge of all the games, including slots, keno and the table games. If the pit boss or floor man has any doubts about a decision, then he will call on the shift boss, who has to know about everything that's going on in the hotel at all times during his shift.

"Credit is important for the pit boss," Mahar explains. "Every customer who wants credit here has to write out a card at the cashier's cage. We check his bank. Say this man is worth $25,000; when he fills out his card we ask how much he wants his credit established at. Now he can say $1,000, $5,000 or $25,000, but we will not go over the $25,000 because his bank says that's all he's good for." When he wants $1,000, the dealer tells the boxman or floor man, and the customer will probably get a marker which is like a check that he signs for. At that point the pit clerk puts the information on the computer and every time he gets money, it's recorded and subtracted from his maximum."

Jimmy Mahar worked his way up from dealer to boxman to pit boss and he says it takes years to become a good shift boss. "You gotta be able to handle any situation that comes up. Anybody can stand out there with a pencil and paper and write down figures or names—that doesn't take any intellect at all. But experience is necessary and that takes time working in these places. If somebody comes in and tries to cheat you, then you know that you are being cheated because you've seen it done before. There are thousands of ways to cheat and every day somebody comes up with something new. Or they think it's new but it happens to be old to us."

He believes that if the gambling casinos could have their way, that two types of people would be barred from playing. "Those are drunks and people that don't know what they are doing," he laughs. "If they play according to the rules, we are supposed to win. The trouble is they don't play the way they should and they cut the percentages down. Some people come up and lay down $5 and look around and throw the dice. They keep rolling and the money keeps going up. An ordinary guy would take the money off but this one will turn around and say, 'Is this mine?' and they've got $200 on the line. They forget to pick it up. That's the people you have to be afraid of because those are the people that let their money parlay. They are always winners.'"

Editor's note: Since this interview was held, Jimmy Mahar was promoted by the Hughes organization to casino manager at the Landmark.

Tonnis Lubbers

Vice president customer service, John Ascuaga's Nugget

A Dutchman who found baking to be glamorous, now presides over the enormous food and beverage department of John Ascuaga's Nugget. And he is also responsible for the hotel, gift shop, wardrobe, and the Ascuaga meat plant.

Tony Lubbers says his desire in life was always to cook and bake. After he finished high school he went to bread and pastry baking school, then to cook school and his first job after he qualified was at sea for the Holland America Line. He started as cook's mate and worked his way up to chef. He emigrated to San Francisco in the late Fifties but couldn't get a job in the kitchens of that town because of a powerful union that believed in hiring their own. He finally found a job managing a restaurant in Monterey, learning what it was like to work in the front end (where there was no union) rather than the back, doing the buying, books and handling the public as a host.

He moved to Nevada in 1962 to work as banquet manager for John Ascuaga's Nugget but was soon made assistant restaurant manager; after five years he became restaurant manager. In late '76 he was named vice president, customer service, but there's nothing he likes better than the food business.

There are 800 people involved in the Nugget food department, including chef, sous-chefs, dishwashers, busboys, waiters and waitresses. The biggest shift is swing, when all eight restaurants are open. Lubbers says the Nugget is very old fashioned when it comes to food preparation.



"We order produce and dairy products daily, fish and meat three times a week. Stuff that will hold we'll order a month at a time. Steaks are cut in the Nugget kitchens. We grind our own boneless chuck, never using any cheap meat. We use about 400 lbs. of mushrooms a day and most of them are chopped by hand because a machine will chop them all to pieces and they come out looking like garbage. We make our own sauces. We make our own soups. We go through about 500 lbs. of bones in a week, draw our own boullion and make our own dressings."

About 10,000 lbs. of prime rib is cooked each week; on Saturday night about 2,000 lbs. is used. "People are predictable," Lubber states, "and orders for the Circus Room are approximately 40 percent for prime rib. In an eight-hour shift, 1200 customers go through the coffee shop, which is open round the clock." Juanito's is open about 20 hours a day. Everything from the Oyster Bar is cooked to order except the clam chowder. Their Polynesian restaurant, Trader Dick's, has a permanent Chinese smoke oven to cook Peking duck and barbecue ribs. All food is cooked to order otherwise the vegetables aren't crisp and the flavor is gone. The Golden Rooster Room is famous for its buffets; Captain Cook's for Polynesian and American dishes; and the Round House for steak, scampi, lobster and prime rib.

Lubbers worked in the kitchen for 10 years before he got into management and he understands the problems. He knows how long a job takes, how much work goes into it. He remembers a time when the Nugget's ex-chief Dick Graves challenged head baker, Gene Berry: "Mr. Graves brought a stick of bread back from Mexico several years ago and it was hard as a rock when he came in with it. They have different wheat down there, maize, and it's much heavier, but the idea was to imitate it. It took over a month to finally get it the way we wanted—crisp on the outside, soft on the inside."

Even though this "Mexican bread" is perfect when it's fresh, there are no preservatives in any Nugget bakery products so they don't keep long. Bread is baked six times a day; leftovers are fed to the Circus Room's performing elephants. "If I would give you ten o'clock at night a piece of bread that was baked at seven in the morning, you would say, 'What happened to this place?' In the food business, that's the way it goes."

Nevada Calendar



Jim Butler Days in Tonopah features street dancing, barbecue, powder shoot, parade, and the state championships for single and double jack drilling and mucking (champion hard rock driller Fred Andreason in photo). Also the State's Liar's Contest. May 26- 29.

APRIL

DATE	
*	**Fernley:** 50 Mile Horse Endurance Race
1-30	**Las Vegas:** "Mohave." Exhibit of Southern Nevada Geography, plants and animals, UNLV Museum of Natural History
1-30	**Las Vegas:** Dance in Photography, exhibit, Clark County Library
1	**Overton:** Third Annual Moapa Valley Fair
1	**Reno:** Silver State Car Show, Fairgrounds
1	**Elko:** Sheepherder's Ball, National Guard Armory
1	**Las Vegas:** "Heiress," 8 p.m., Judy Bayley Theatre
1, 2	**Reno:** 3rd Annual Silver State Appaloosa Club Horse Show, Fairgrounds
1-7	**Las Vegas:** Art-A-Affair Art Exhibit, Flamingo Library
1-15	**Las Vegas:** Patti Warashaina, ceramics display, Grant Hall, UNLV
1-16	**Henderson:** "Industrial Days," in honor of Henderson's 25th anniversary as a Nevada City
1-21	**Las Vegas:** Kachina Doll Exhibit, UNLV museum
2	**Las Vegas:** "Heiress," 2 p.m., Judy Bayley Theatre
2	**Hawthorne:** "The Magic Egg" puppet show, Walker Wassuk Arts Alliance
2	**Las Vegas:** Symphonic Association of Las Vegas, Spring Concert, Ham Hall, UNLV, 2 p.m.
2-28	**Las Vegas:** Indian Art, watercolors by Jan Mouldina, Las Vegas Art Museum
4	**Las Vegas:** Las Vegas Chamber Players, 8 p.m., Ham Hall UNLV
4-6	**Las Vegas:** Japanese Floral Art Demonstration and Exhibit, Showboat
6-8	**Reno:** RENO JAZZ FESTIVAL
6-8	**Reno:** Red Rock Volunteer Fire Dept. Rummage Sale, Fairgrounds
6-30	**Las Vegas:** "Those Were the Days They Gave Away Babies with Half a Pound of Tea." Thurs.-Sun., Meadows Playhouse
7	**North Las Vegas:** PROGRESS DAYS
8-19	**Las Vegas:** Juried Student Show, UNLV Art Gallery
8-9, 22-23, 29-30	**Ely:** Nevada Women's Bowling Tournament
9	**Las Vegas:** UNLV Orchestra with soloist, 2 p.m., Ham Hall
10-14	**Las Vegas:** Spring Military Golf Classic, Showboat
12	**Las Vegas:** Lecture, the Amazing Kreskin, 8 p.m., Student Union, Ballroom, UNLV
12	**Carson City:** Carson City Chamber of Commerce Community Awards, Ormsby House, 6:30 p.m.
13-16	**Ely:** Nevada State Republican Convention
14	**Las Vegas:** Vancouver Symphony, Ham Hall, UNLV, 8 p.m.
15	**Spring Mtn. Ranch:** Desert survival techniques, Visitors Center, 9 a.m.
15	**Las Vegas:** Sonor, contemporary music ensembles, Ham Hall, UNLV, 2 p.m.
15	**Las Vegas:** Quilting Demonstration and Instruction, Old Mormon Fort, 4 p.m.
15-16	**Reno:** Comstock Arabian Horse Show, Fairgrounds
16	**Las Vegas:** Las Vegas Chamber Players, 8 p.m., Ham Hall, UNLV
15-May 5	**Las Vegas:** "Three Weeks in Las Vegas." UNLV Art Gallery
18	**Las Vegas:** Trio Recital, Ham Hall, UNLV, 8:00 p.m.
20-23	**Las Vegas:** Southern Nevada Youth Fair, Convention Center
21-23	**Reno:** Region I Horse Sale, Fairgrounds
21-23	**Reno:** 12th Annual Rod and Custom Car Show
21-23	**Las Vegas:** ALL INDIAN POW WOW, Horseman's Park
23	**Las Vegas:** UNLV Concert Band & Wind Ensemble, 2 p.m., Hall Hall
23	**Valley of Fire:** Slide program on wildflowers, tour, Visitors Center, 1 p.m.
23	**North Las Vegas:** North Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce and Nellis AFB Bowling Tournament, College Park Bowl

24-30 **Las Vegas:** Dance in Las Vegas, ethnic, folk, and contemporary dance in parks, dance studios, and concert halls

24-May 31 **Las Vegas:** Rock Art of Southwest Indians, UNLV museum

25 **Las Vegas:** UNLV Collegium Musicum, Ham Hall, UNLV, 8 p.m.

27 **Las Vegas:** Kalman Banyak, violin recital, Ham Hall, UNLV, 8 p.m.

27 **Nellis AFB:** Military Appreciation Breakfast

27-29 **Reno:** "Il Trovatore," by the Nevada Opera Guild, Pioneer Theatre, 8:15 p.m.

27-30 **Las Vegas:** MINT 400 DESERT RACE

28-30 **Las Vegas:** "West Side Story," Clark County Community College, 8 p.m.

29 **Reno:** Reno Soccer Club Dance, Fairgrounds

29 **Las Vegas:** New Games Tournament and Festival, yoyo championships, arts & crafts, Sunset Park

MAY

* **Las Vegas:** Ladies Spring Golf Classic, Showboat

* **Elko:** Fiesta Mexicana, Nat'l. Guard Armory

* **Las Vegas:** Lecture, Jane Fonda, 8 p.m. Ham Hall, UNLV

Weekends **Dayton:** Flea Market

1-30 **Las Vegas:** "Mohave" Exhibit, UNLV museum of Natural History

1-3 **Las Vegas:** "West Side Story," Clark County Community College, 8 p.m.

2-7 **Reno:** ATA Golden West American Trapshoot, Harolds Club

4-7 **Reno:** 4H Jr. Livestock Show, Fairgrounds

4-6, 11-13 **Las Vegas:** "The Bacche," Judy Bayley Theatre, 8 p.m.

5 **Hawthorne:** James Young on "Nevada Flowers," Walker Wassuk Arts Alliance, 8 p.m.

5-7 **Las Vegas:** Festival: The Arts, '78, Clark County Community College

6, 7 **Ely:** Nevada Women's Bowling Tourn7 ment

11-13 **Ely:** Arts Festival

12, 13 **Reno:** Nevada Humane Society Rummage Sale, Fairgrounds

12-14 **Reno:** State Jr. Livestock Show, Fairgrounds

13 **Valley of Fire:** Slide Program of state park

14 **Las Vegas:** "The Bacche," 2 p.m., Judy Bayley Theatre

14 **Elko:** Merchants' Home & Recreation Show, National Guard Armory

14 **Yerington:** Pizen Palettes Nevada Artist Association Art Show

18-21 **Reno:** Reno Services League Fair, Fairgrounds

19 **Hawthorne:** Arthur Johnson on "Let's Tour the Night Sky Tonight," Walker Wassuk Alliance, 7 p.m.

19-21 **Reno:** Nevada Jr. Quarter Horse Show, Fairgrounds

19-21 **Reno:** Washoe County High School Rodeo

20 **Nellis AFB:** North Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce and Nellis AFB Golf Tournament

20-28 **Las Vegas:** HELLDORADO DAYS

25 **Reno:** Annual Reno-Sparks Flower Show, "Symphony in Flowers," Coliseum, 1 p.m.

26-28 **Reno:** Sierra Morgan Horse Club Show and Sale, Fairgrounds

26-29 **Tonopah:** JIM BUTLER DAYS

26-29 **Caliente:** Lincoln County Homecoming, barbeque, ball games

27, 28 **Reno:** World Wide Flea Market, Fairgrounds

27-29 **Ely:** PONY EXPRESS SPRING RUN

27-29 **Yerington:** Nevada State Good Sam Samboree, 1978

27-29 **Gold Hill:** GOLD HILL ART FESTIVAL, Gold Hill Pottery and Art Gallery

JUNE

Weekends **Dayton:** Flea Market

1-July 10 **Hawthorne:** Nevada '78 Photographic Exhibit, Walker Wassuk Arts Alliance

3 **Reno:** SCOUT O RAMA, Fairgrounds

3, 4 **Elko:** High School Junior Rodeo, Fairgrounds

3, 4 **Reno:** Nevada Paint Horse Association Show, Fairgrounds

8-11 **Gardnerville:** CARSON VALLEY DAYS

10, 11 **Reno:** Nevada Arabian Horse Society Show, Fairgrounds

16-18 **Reno:** NSHA Region I Horse Show, Fairgrounds

16-18 **Virginia City:** ANNUAL ANTIQUE SHOW

18 **Jackpot:** CROSS COUNTRY MOTORCYCLE RACE

21-25 **Reno:** RENO RODEO, Fairgrounds

23-25 **North Las Vegas:** North Las Vegas City Fair, Rancho High School

24 **Yerington:** Lyon County Riders Horse Show

29-July 1 **Reno:** HARRAH'S SWAP MEET & CAR SHOW



Helldorado Days, Las Vegas – one of the country's biggest and best rodeos – will feature America's greatest cowboys and cowgirls competing at the Convention Center. May 20-28.

A dying art is alive and glowing in Nevada. By Peter Laufer and Sheila Swan.

NEON

The dying art of neon is alive and glowing in Nevada. But just barely. Craftsmen still painstakingly construct a few new signs, and many of the existing tubes receive loving maintenance and get turned on when the sun goes down. But vandalism, the energy crisis, and changing tastes continually take their toll. Paint and plastic are the unromantic replacement for the alluring neon flicker.

British chemist Sir William Ramsay discovered the inert colorless gas in 1898. Some historians credit Austrian-American inventor Nikola Tesla with the first demonstration of neon lighting. He found that the gas glowed in vacuum tubes charged with electricity. Glowing neon tubes became his favorite device for lighting his lab, and he had the tubes bent into shapes and words for his amusement. It was 1910 when Georges Claude, in Paris, first used neon for commercial signs. Neon advertising signs quickly spread under Claude's patent to America.

Out in Eastern Nevada, Elko still is covered with vintage neon, and provides the neon aficionados with numerous examples of the art. "That-a-way" points a gold cowboy toward the Centre Motel. His gold color means his tubes are filled with helium, not neon. Neon burns a bright redish-orange and it takes other gases and techniques to create the various other colors. Argon makes violet, krypton turns purple, and xenon is an electric blue. Those gases combined make more colors, as does adding liquid mercury or coating the inside of the tube with a color.

Bars across Nevada flash martini glasses at their customers — only in Elko, at the Sandpiper Lounge, is a leggy redhead bathing in a drink.











LAUFER PHOTOS

The Elko Power Company uses Reddy Kilowatt to peddle electricity. Considering Mr. Kilowatt's connection with the power company as its trademark, it's ironic that his neon likeness is burned out on one side, only partially lit on the other.

But of all the neon in Elko, Shorty is the star of the show. Observers of Elko's signs may consider some of the signs excellent neon art. But only Shorty went to the signmakers intending his likeness to become a work of art. He wanted an image of himself to adorn the outside of his business. He wanted his portrait to be rendered in the neon medium, to be used to invite passersby into his place.

"I've always been Shorty," says Shorty, "so I went to the sign company and told them I wanted a Shorty. They done a real good job. It looks like me."

Shorty got the sign back in the late forties. A few years ago, when he sold the business to a couple of Basque fellows, the neon Shorty went with it. Chapo is one of the new partners. Chapo means short in Basque, and







he likes the sign. But he's not sure he can rationalize the expense of the upkeep. Inflation is forcing the company that owns the sign to raise the maintenance fee.

Bob Glave makes neon signs at his own company, Sierra Signs, in Minden. He's worked all over Nevada. He says, only half jokingly, that the neon business is going down the tubes. "Vandalism, rain and snow destroy the signs," says Glave, "and orders for intricate old fashioned stuff are almost a thing of the past." Most neon sign makers' business today comes from repairs, and they all agree that if it weren't for Nevada, neon would already be only history.

"Neon excites people," Glave says. "Neon and flashing lights mean Nevada."

Saving energy and reducing clutter are killing neon at Lake Tahoe. The Tahoe Regional Planning Agency complained about the signs, and the casinos are blinking off.

Neon is on its way down in Carson too. Those who keep track of this sort of thing say that at its neon zenith, the Carson Nugget was covered with more of the gases than any other place in Nevada. The manager there, Don Tatro, says he wouldn't mind if what's left of it just blew down in the wind.

"Big garish signs are finished," says Tatro. "When the remodeling job here is complete, most of the Nugget neon will disappear."

While it dies on so many streets, neon enjoys a certain avant-garde vogue that's spreading across America. For about one hundred dollars, a collector can order a simple custom-made sign for conversation making interior decor. Most Nevada sign makers are happy to fill custom orders.

Creating a new sign or rebuilding an old one is an exacting job. Glass tubing, heated by fire, is bent and twirled while almost molten. With a hose connecting the worker's mouth to the glass, it's blown to maintain a constant diameter while it's shaped. They say the bends are hard to keep at an even thickness, but the bends must be even or the sign breaks before it leaves the workbench. Journeymen neon signmakers worry that their craft is disappearing. Too few youngsters study with them. There is nobody to take the journeyman's place.

People either love it or hate it. Some think it's an art form, others call it a blight on the landscape. Take a close look for yourself. Nevada neon is some of the best in the country. □

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The life of a country schoolmarm in the 1920s. By Bud Hage.

Sagebrush & Solitude

A light early morning fog hugged the meadows along the Humboldt River while frost clung to the willows and grass, making them appear almost white.

In the little town of Elko, that New Year's Day, 1923, only a few teams and an occasional pedestrian could be seen moving cautiously about the frozen streets. Most people were secure in their homes, anticipating a leisurely day by the fire and the traditional New Year's dinner.

In front of a big white house on Oak Street a young woman stood, wrapped to her ears in a heavy coat while sacks and baggage were piled on the sleigh that would serve as the stage to Mountain City. The driver collected his four lines, stepped up to the seat and told his five passengers, "Climb aboard, if you can find a place to sit among the mail sacks." He turned to the young woman and asked if she was the school teacher for Mountain City.

"Yes," she replied.

"You had better ride on the seat with me," he suggested. "It will be a long, cold trip before we reach our overnight stop at Tuscarora."

The horses leaned into their collars. The sleigh hesitated a moment, runners frozen to the rutted streets, then suddenly, with a sharp pop of breaking ice, lurched forward. The two day trip to Mountain City had begun.



Grace Clayton's first school at Deep Creek. Grace Clayton (rear), Edna, Allan, and Marie Hoag.



PHOTOS COURTESY GRACE CLAYTON

Grace Clayton.

As they headed north, on what today is Fifth Street in Elko, a cold northwest wind had started to blow. The passengers wrapped blankets or robes around themselves as best they could, and adjusted to the most comfortable position among the mail sacks and baggage. It would be two hours to their first stop at Eight Mile Station, and midnight before they reached Tuscarora, a journey the school teacher would later describe as "the longest, coldest trip I've ever taken."

The young woman, Grace Clayton, was no stranger to long, cold trips or the hardships of horse drawn travel. She had been raised on the South Fork of the Humboldt where her parents had a ranch and stage station. Her schooling had been at the Lower Southfork School, an eight mile round trip by saddle horse or cart.

After her graduation and having qualified for a "permit to teach" she accepted her first job at the Deep Creek school at the Hoag ranch in Northern Elko County. It was 1922 and Grace was one of many young women who traveled to the remote areas of Nevada to teach at isolated small towns, mining camps, and ranches.

Sometimes the school would consist of eight or ten students, but as often as not, it would be three or four children,



Mountain City School. Left to right: Christina Smith, Ruth Womack, Dorana Womack, Dolly Bowman, Jewell Stinton.

often from the same family. School facilities were as primitive as the mode of travel. A school house usually consisted of a one room frame building with a pot bellied stove in the corner for heat — which the teacher would build and light before school. If the weather was bad, she may have to spend the

Continued on page 55

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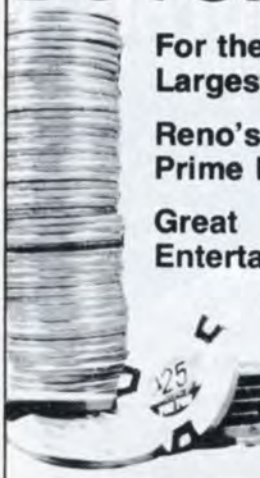


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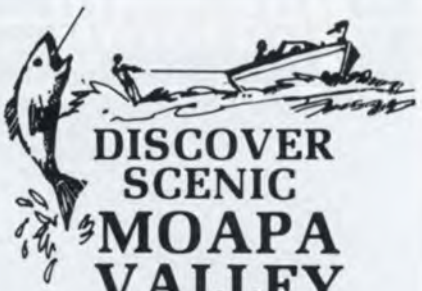
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Continued from page 52

early part of the session drying her students out around the stove and since many of her students came to school on horseback or by buggy or cart, she had to help the children with their animals, including the horseshoeing.

Several grades were taught in the same room so the teacher dealt with each student individually, requiring considerable class preparation. Wages for teachers in 1923 were $120 a month with $20 of that going for board and room, usually bought from one of the families whose children she was teaching.

Daily work in the country school was far from glamorous: "There was little to break the teaching routine at Deep Creek," Grace recalls. "Occasionally the Hoag children and I would ride horseback into the hills or down the canyon. We were close to the old town of Cornucopia, and some of the prettiest rock masonry I have ever seen was at the Cornucopia Mill."

But it would not be accurate to suggest that the country school teacher's life was only dull: "One Thanksgiving we were invited to the Jake Reed Ranch at Whiterock," says Grace. "I believe they had built a new store and had invited neighbors for miles around to celebrate the opening. Mr. Hoag was gone so Mrs. Hoag and I drove a team and wagon to Whiterock for one of the most memorable evenings of dining and dancing I can recall. There was a tremendous selection of food — beef, lamb, turkey, venison, chicken, ham, and everything to go with it. Imagine, that kind of a feast on the Owyhee Desert those days!"

Single women in the west earlier this century were still rare, so the sight of the school teacher was generally accepted with pleasure by the many bachelors around. No dance was ever without an invitation and Grace said that sometimes her feet would still hurt, two weeks after the event.

Any holiday was a legitimate excuse for a community get-together, and most turned into all night stands. When social gatherings were several months apart, people had to make the most of them. Everybody came, from children to old folks. It wasn't just the dancing, although that went to daylight also unless the fiddler gave out before. There was a tremendous amount of "just visiting," between people who may have been months at their isolated ranches and mines, without outside contact. News was exchanged, latest gossip passed around, business discussed, the young folks romanced, and the children played.

Another reason for these all night affairs was the distance people had to travel. It was necessary for many people to stay overnight before traveling home, and few of these folks believed in wasting any part of the night sleeping when a good party was going on. There were a group of six couples in Mountain City, while Grace was teaching in that mining camp, that would travel anywhere within a day's ride to attend a social affair. By the time they returned from their trips they looked so rough that they were dubbed the Dirty Dozen.

When Grace Clayton was transferred to Tecoma she found a rather difficult group to teach. "There were several Mexican children who spoke Spanish and a little boy from Italy who was learning English. The Italian boy turned out to be one of my best students. I also had the signal maintainer's children and a little boy from the UC Ranches whose first name was Joe. He had several miles to ride to school each morning and also had to wrangle the saddle horses for the buckaroos before breakfast."



Riders at Mountain City preparing to go to a dance on Trail Creek.

Reading, spelling, arithmetic, and geography were thoroughly taught in those small country schools and even though few students had the chance to progress beyond the eighth grade, they did have a sound foundation in basic academics.

Grace Clayton taught until she was married in 1926, and she's often wondered how her students succeeded in later life.

"Some, I know have been very successful," she says. "Many I have lost contact with over the years. In some ways it doesn't seem right, but of those students I've kept track of, at 81, I've outlived almost all." □

Touring

Silver Dyke

Photos by Bette Miskimins





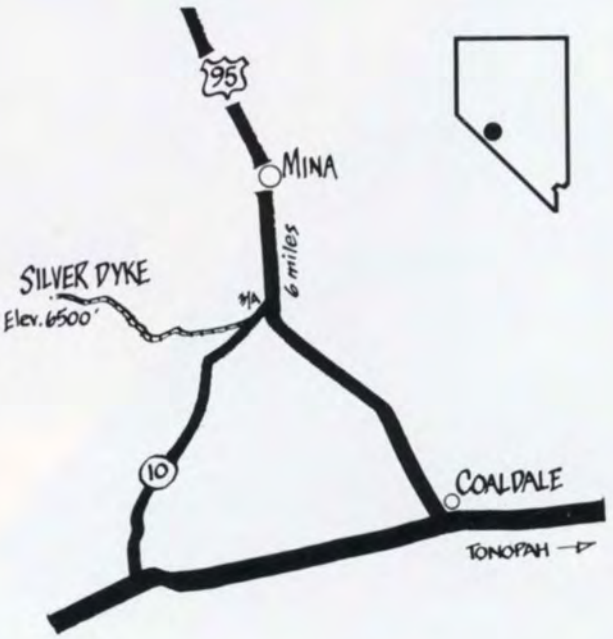


The sun-beaten buildings creak in the wind that whirls down the canyon west of Sodaville. Doors lie flat on the floor. Roofs are gone, opening the old mill and its outbuildings to the rigors of the western Nevada seasons. Other gaps left by scavengers challenge the visitor's imagination to complete the picture. Like other ghost camps, Silver Dyke has a special solitude, the kind of peaceful setting that many Nevadans have always called home.

Fifty years ago Silver Dyke was a bonanza property. Nestled in a narrow canyon six miles south of Mina, the camp produced millions of dollars worth of tungsten ore between the two world wars. Tungsten, which has the highest melting point of any metal, was the darling of steel tool and armor makers. Only Pioche and Mill City produced more Nevada tungsten than Silver Dyke in those days.

In 1915 C. E . Noble discovered the tungsten-bearing mineral scheelite east of the Excelsior Mountains near the old silver diggings that gave Silver Dyke its name. Prospectors traced Noble's strike to a wide network of quartz veins running three miles westward on the canyon's north slope. In 1929 the Nevada-Massachusetts Company consolidated scattered claims and stepped up production, hauling trains of ore cars by caterpillars to the mill.

The boom lasted until the mine shutdown in the late Thirties. Today Silver Dyke is quiet and like its neighbors Sodaville and Rhodes, keeping its secrets.



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"A shepherd watches, a shepherd sings"

By Louis Irigaray and Theodore Taylor, published by Doubleday & Co. Inc. Reviewed by Olivia Mandel.

Loneliness. Silence. And, always, the sheep. They are stubborn, perverse, not very bright animals. They will play follow-the-leader over a cliff, into a slough, or over an imaginary staff after the first ones have leapt and the staff has been withdrawn. They stampede in eerie silence.

But if they were your livelihood, and had been your father's livelihood; if they promised food to your family and put money in your pocket — then you watched the sheep. You tended them carefully, knew their habits, the pitfalls (and the pits) into which they could catapult themselves, and learned to put up with the silence and the loneliness. You sometimes sang to them too.

Twenty to 50 sheep are a bunch, 100 to 1000 are a flock, over 1000 are a band. Trailing two bands into the Sierra Nevada in the mid-1930s, six-year-old Louis ("Louee") Irigaray spent his first year with the sheep. It would also be his last in the high Sierra, for the federal grazing laws had been enacted. He spent years thereafter on leased land in the San Joachin Valley and the Kettleman Mountains of California, where the home ranch was, near the town of Lemoore.

These bands of his father were among the last of the itinerant "tramp" bands to wander the Sierra. With Baptista Marc, his father's number-one herder, to guide him, Louis learned the ways of the sheep. There was always work to be done. But a young boy makes fun of work, and there was excitement too — a fire, a storm, the ever present predators — as well as the antics, and tragedies of the herders.

To the herders, who spent many weeks and months alone with a band, the grower, or owner, was their link with the world. On coming to America to make his fortune, each herder came with a name of a relative or a friend, but always with the name of someone to go to who would see to his welfare



— if only to make that first connection. Often it was the name of a man or woman who owned one of the numerous Basque hotels which were to be found in all the western states, from San Francisco to Elko, Reno to Salt Lake, Gardnerville to Winnemucca. The grower remained the link on the range but the hotel owner was the nursemaid, father confessor, doctor, employment agent to the Basque, and very often the relationship continued when the herder was on vacation or laid off, until that day when the herder could return to the Basque country. It was someone to help combat the loneliness.

For Louis' "Ama" or mother, Marie, there was often loneliness too. She had come visiting from the Pyrenees when

she met and married Michel Irigaray. She had hopes, dreams, of being an entertainer, and Louis' earliest remembrance was of her singing. Instead, she became a grower's wife, disliking sheep. There were times she was left with the band; longing for people, but often left alone only to cook for the shepherds. But it was always the sheep who came first.

Through the thousands of years that Basques have herded sheep, there has always been a troubador, a "bertsulari," chanting stories in rhyme. Today the troubadors still come down from the high ranges, in from the winter pastures, whenever there is a picnic or gathering, competing with other bertsulari as the Basque herders compete among themselves for the best grazing land for the sheep. So Louis composed rhymes, and as he grew older set them to music, and sang to the sheep as he tended the band.

A Shepherd Watches, A Shepherd Sings is the name of a book published by Doubleday. It is Louis Irigaray's story of his first 20 years with the sheep. Irigaray and his co-author Theodore Taylor have put together a surprisingly lyrical yet earthy picture of a segment of Basque life not yet fully explored — from the shepherd's own view. The profiles are excellent and the book is well indexed, with 15 black and white photographs, many of them by Don Dondero of Reno. Chapters are punctuated by verse, some Irigaray's, some ancient, others simply pertinent, humorous or poignant, and at times one hears the echo of the missing guitar:

Hear the music in the trees
Playing sharp and clear
Bell sounds echo in the breeze
The lonely shepherd's near . . .

A Shepherd Watches, A Shepherd Sings, written by Louis Irigaray and Theodore Taylor, is published by Doubleday and Co. Inc., New York, and sells for $8.95.

The shepherd today

"Oh, how I lost sleep over the decision to sell. I was brought up to be a shepherd, like my father."

Louis Irigaray has made Reno his home for six years and he is now pursuing a career as a folk singer. He has sung at numerous state fairs, schoolrooms, and clubs, including a seven-month stint at the Ormsby House in Carson City. He plans to open with the new Reno Comstock Hotel in July.

"I'd like to be a sort of good will ambassador for The Comstock," Louis says. "I love to lecture kids, answer questions about sheep, sing a few songs. That's better than smoke filled rooms *all* the time . . . .

"Like a sheepdog brought down from the range who jumps out of the truck at Fourth and Virginia, I still get a little lost uptown."

Louis takes off for the mountains and the silence whenever he gets a chance: "You know, Nevada is much more like the Basque country, the Pyrenees than California. The terrain, the freedom. It's the last of the West, the last frontier. There are only 'windshield herders' in California but there are places in Nevada you still have to use a burro. Nevada's been pretty good in preserving land for sheep. But you know, it won't be long before sheepherding as I know it will be a thing of the past."

Like thousands of other Basque shepherds, Irigaray has a Basque base. He feels perfectly at home at *Louis' Basque Corner* in Reno, drinking a cup of coffee or "Basque tea" — which is really good red Basque wine. The restaurant's owners, Louis and Lorraine Erreguible, oversee new arrivals from the Pyrenees, help with their employment and their visas just like the innkeepers of the past.

Louis Irigaray and Theodore Taylor are planning a second book, to cover Irigaray's years from age 20 onward, his family life, and his decision to sell the sheep and become an entertainer. Hardest in his new life is the waiting, surprisingly, to get things moving.

"It's a real battle, waiting for the phone calls. If you don't have feed for sheep, you have to get it *now* — an immediate decision. It's easier to move a band of sheep than two people."

Still, he doesn't need to separate his old life from his new — and he couldn't if he wanted.

"I still wake at three in the morning sometimes, wondering what to do about the sheep. I guess you never get it out of your system." □

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