

GUIDE: WHERE TO TAKE THE KIDS

# NEVADA

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Summer 1978 \$1.00

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10 Cheap Trips Minutes Away from the Big Time  
Dining off the Beaten Path  
The Weekend Prospector  
PLUS: Ruby Mountains, Virginia City, Marlette Lake

Cover Photo: Camel Races, Virginia City, by C. J. Hadley

# NEVADA

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# Editorial

In the past few months we have discovered writers and photographers of stature and enormous talent on our own doorstep—and we have talked them into sharing some of their words and pictures with Nevada Magazine's readers.

The First Annual Pro-Am Great Nevada Picture Hunt has brought the lenses out of the woodwork and uncovered a great variety of new views of the state. You will see the winner's photograph in the next issue; you also will see some excellent pictures that did not take away the Nikon, or even the Fuji, but certainly are good enough for publication and for payment.

Nevada Magazine soon will have a contest for words, and it will be the writers' turn for cash and glory

We are particularly proud of the contributors in this issue.

Guy Sipler finished his story on frontier politics just prior to entering the hospital for a sinus operation. When he came out he said, "This is the first time I have been able to breathe at night for more than 30 years." Sipler has been writing for Nevada Magazine since 1966. He is a correspondent for *Time Magazine*, a former special writer for *Business Week*, has served as Washoe Valley watermaster for \$12 a day, and is currently capitol correspondent for KOH Radio and KTVN-TV in Reno.



SHIPLER



MANDEL



AMARAL

When Guy writes for Nevada Magazine, he makes it better

And then there's Leon Mandel, whose list of successes includes stints as magazine publisher, editor, staff writer, used car salesman, book writer and automobile test driver. He has been missing from the pages of Nevada Magazine since the second issue of 1976, mostly due to book projects, out-of-state (and out-of-country) assignments for car manufacturers and special interest magazines. Even though he claims to live in Reno, we can't find him often enough to talk him into writing regularly. Mandel's "The Thrill of Indolence, the Agony of Activity" is on page 12.

Nevada is the magazine of the Real West, and Anthony Amaral is one of the Real West's greatest fans and commentators. This issue, Tony's "Hap Magee and the Longhorns" starts on page 24. Tony recently took on the editorship of the magazine, *Nevada Horse Life*. We expect it to attain a greater following, simply because of Amaral's knowledge and hard work. — Caroline J. Hadley

## WESTERN CARPETBAGGER

By Eric N. Moody

A Bristlecone paperback

284 pages; \$5.25

"Senator" Thomas Fitch is best remembered as "the most corrupt man that ever followed politics on the Coast." As the premier carpetbagger of them all, the scalawag ranged from New York to Hawaii.

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# Letters

## LABELS LOST, FAITH RESTORED

Your recent card sent to all subscribers regarding a berserk mailing machine was unheard of. Who in this modern world is ever concerned with a subscriber or customer? The normal approach is to let the subscriber find out by himself he missed an issue. Then when he asks for a copy (and only then) be advised they are out of print.

Thanks for your interest. You have restored my faith in human nature. By the way, your publication is a dandy!

Carl S. Balch  
Hillsborough, CA.

I don't think, I know that "machine went berserk."

Don't worry what people don't get, but worry as to "what they get." How many like myself got a 1978 calendar when they ordered a 1979 one? Let's not read and print only the good letters but the bad also.

Steve Nykorchuk  
Pittsfield, MA.

Sorry, our mistake. Your order came in January; we accidentally mailed this year's calendar with about 300 others who did want 1978. The 1979 calendar will be

mailed to you as soon as it is printed this fall.—Ed.

## A B DICK MAGAZINE

I was most pleasantly surprised when I received my first issue of Nevada Magazine. Being unfamiliar with the publication I had expected a backroom, scamp-and-A B Dick homey magazine, but spent the evening reading a publication in which you and your staff can take totally unabashed pride. True, you may never reach the pinnacle of *Readers Digest*, but those who are not familiar with "Nevada" are the losers in that contest.

Donald E. Werve, Jr.  
Northridge, CA.

## WHY THE JUNK?

For me, Nevada is a very disappointing choice for a magazine. I was looking for Arizona Highways I had seen years ago—picked up wrong one. Your choice of subjects is below par. Your state is beautiful—why the other junk?

Vera Barbato  
Meadow Vista, CA.

We surely do enjoy reading this magazine as well as Arizona Hiways and New Mexico Hiways.

Mrs. Floyd Ebbers  
Modesto, CA.

The last issue was terrific. Keep up the good work—you may outdistance Arizona yet!

Paul Christian  
Modesto, CA.

Where and what is Arizona?—Ed.

## MORE KNOWLEDGE THAN A RAIL-BIRD COWBOY

Learned more about horses in a recent issue (No. 3, 1977) than I have from all the rail-bird cowboys I have met in the past 40 years.

Tom Flanagan  
Millbrae, CA.

## STATE NOT THE GREATEST

Friends in the East have generously furnished me with a subscription to a lively new magazine, *New Jersey Monthly*, an impressive publication with a masthead overflowing with the names of nationally known writers. Interestingly, this new venture—began just a year ago in the middle of the country's most congested, most competitive media market—turned a tidy profit in its very first year of publication.

The state rarely does anything as well or as quickly as private initiative, does it?

Ralph T Heller  
Reno, NV

## BETTER COVERAGE

Why don't you mail our magazine in some sort of separate cover and increase the subscription price to cover the cost? I'm sure most subscribers would rather pay a little more to be protected from the U.S. Postal Service!

Donovan R. Cook, Jr.  
Antioch, CA.

We're thinking about it, but prices may have to go up soon regardless of cover!—Ed.

## SAHARA DESERT WITH SLOTS

It is seldom I take the time to write to a publication. In the case of Nevada Magazine I feel compelled to do so.

My husband and I are Nevadans and are currently stationed in Washington, D.C. with the military. Your publication brings the Nevada we know and love home to us and keeps us from losing touch with the uniqueness that is Nevada. It has been a great educational tool in presenting and introducing our friends here, many of whom regard Nevada as a Sahara Desert with slots, to an interesting, diverse and beautiful state. Thank you for a quality magazine.

Norma M. Grady  
Washington, D.C.

Somehow you have blended the past and present of Nevada in a most pleasing manner. Don't lose that touch.

Buddy Noonan  
Newport Beach, CA.

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Plants without a thirst are the secret of success in desert gardening. By Julian Stone.

# The Desert Gardener



So you want an English garden filled with roses, hydrangea, snapdragons and lilies spewing over crazy paving? You want flowering ivy climbing the stucco walls toward your thatch roof?

Forget it.

And don't forget it because you can't grow it. You can. But for a fraction of the water that a Buckingham Palace garden requires, you can grow a desert garden that's less time consuming, more suited to Nevada's dry climate, and just as beautiful.

Nevada is high desert. It is the driest of all the 50 states. Because of its harsh, strong winds, the ground suffers from soil erosion and water evaporation. And Nevada's desert neighbors in California, Oregon, Idaho, Utah and Arizona face those same problems.

During the Comstock era a century ago, trees were stripped from the valleys and mountains close to Virginia City. Wood was so valuable that stumps weren't even left. Now we are paying the price of those old prospector cabins and mine shaft timbers by living on vast expanses of brush, with no trees, no shade, and little protection for the remaining soil or the wildlife.

The City of Las Vegas uses about 75 percent of its water supply keeping its golf courses and front lawns green. And it's not the only town that uses more water on plants than on people. Eventually it is hoped that desert dwellers will want to fill their yards with plants that are tolerant to Nevada's harsh growing conditions.

"Growing anything in this kind of climate requires a new ethic," says Clark County botanist Jack Fisher. "It's a good idea to forget lawns in Nevada; they are mostly wasted space, are seldom used, need too much water and too much energy. Front lawns should be changed to shrub gardens, using native plants wherever possible."

And Fisher's right. Henderson is not Great Britain; Winnemucca is not the Pacific Northwest; and Clark County's four inches of precipitation a year is a far cry from London's 23.4 or Seattle's 38.79 inches. But, even so, the choices in the desert are as broad as those found at the best of England's country estates.

"Many beautiful native plants can be

*The Joshua tree, or yucca brevifolia, can be grown in gardens. Trees from three to seven feet tall are available at commercial nurseries. Joshuas seldom bloom in a yard but require little watering. (left)*



*Beavertail's real name is opuntia basilaris. It is easily grown, available at commercial nurseries, and will bloom profusely every year.*

*Acamptopappus shockleyi likes open spaces. Commonly known as golden heads, this is a perennial that grows to 12 inches. Collect seeds for planting in late spring.*



used in local gardens," says Fisher "Desert willow is excellent, easily germinated, easily grown, has beautiful flowers; desert marigold will bloom all summer long with very little extra water; Princess plume is a tall yellow shrub that grows to two or three feet. A small orange flower that will bloom for months with little extra water is globe mallow; a white one is peppergrass, which easily germinates and smells like sweet alyssum. Flax is a Nevada native which flowers for weeks, can be white or blue, and is really well suited for desert gardens."

Perennial plants come back every year and need minimal maintenance. Seeds are available for many of these from some gardening catalog companies. Annuals have special requirements, are more exacting, and not too many people have the talent or the time to develop them.

"It takes a little bit of understanding and practice," explains Fisher "There are so many varieties so many choices, sizes, shapes and colors.

"Like *Ambrosia dumosa*, or burrobush. This is in the sunflower family and could be a filler for a yard. *Eriogonum inflatum*, desert trumpet, is a weird plant, doesn't get much higher than two and a half feet, has large green leafless stems with tiny yellow flowers in spring that could be used in solid plantings for an interesting effect."

*Yucca* is an arborescent plant of the lily family that can be grown from seed. Its huge white blossoms have a lovely scent in springtime, and, if pollinated, bears fruit that is enjoyed by desert ground squirrels. Pampas grass from Argentina grows well in parts of Nevada, looks good, and conserves water. Joshua trees have crazy shapes, and Jerusalem thorns are attractive trees which develop showy yellow flowers each spring. These all grow well in Nevada's southern counties.

Desert flowers are often called belly flowers because to see most of them you have to get close to the ground.

"It's a pity," says Fisher, "because very few people are using natives. The typical brush found in Clark County is ignored; flowers that are easy to grow and good to look at are not considered.

"Take creosote bush. It flowers like a buttercup but people seldom think of using it. It would be great in a front yard. Indian paintbrush is a bright orange-red, a lovely plant that could be used throughout Nevada. Also



HADLEY



*Erigeron*, or fleabane, is a perennial and grows 4-1/2 inches. Seeds can be collected in late spring. Drought tolerant; water sparingly. (top left)

The pin cushion cactus, or *coryphantha vivipara*, grows up to six inches and can be found at commercial nurseries. (top right)

Southern Nevada's miniature *Gilia cana*, a five-pointed purple star. (below)



Mormon tea grows easily, has cones instead of flowers." (And the drink can be used as a physic.)

Evening primroses and four o'clocks bloom in the evening. Pin cushion is in the daisy family, smells like coconut, and will flower for weeks at a time. Brodia is a type of hyacinth that is purple and is found along most of Nevada's highways. Brodia flowers for about two weeks, up to a month if the temperatures aren't too high.

Dozens of varieties of cactus will grow in Nevada and will improve the look of a desert garden. Strawberry hedgehog, garrel cactus, silver cholla and beavertail are all available at commercial nurseries. "But be careful of beavertail," warns Fisher "The spines will come off on you skin and are hard to get out."

Decomposed granite is common all over the state but lots of desert plants can grow in ground that looks like dried cement. At certain times you can see Nevada mountains smothered with yellow flowers; valleys covered with a carpet of purple or blue or red. Annuals, particularly, change drastically from one valley to the next.

Growing native brush means low work, no maintenance. Blackbrush, sagebrush and desert peach can be developed from seed. Rabbitbrush is a beautiful but common Nevada shrub which becomes a mass of yellow

flowers in fall. The only problem with some of these is that some people are allergic to the pollen

Charles Schopper is a landscape designer who disagrees with Jack Fisher Schopper has been involved in horticulture for 50 years and owns a nursery in Reno, but does not believe that gardens filled with native plants will ever happen.

"There is enough desert out there already," he says. "People get sick of it. And doctors even advise against using native plants because of allergies to sagebrush and things like that It's okay for those plants to be in the desert but it's not terrific to start putting them around a house. I don't want to get sued for making people sick by using native plants. I have peoples' health to consider "

The only future problem could be that if Nevada continues to grow at its current rate, and if annual precipitation continues to decline at its current rate, and if water consumption increases at its current rate, then there's a chance that watering gardens may eventually be prohibited.

And if you are still not convinced that a natural desert garden can look good, take another look at some of the options: Apache plume is in the rose family, has five petals, and has super potential for gardens. Mesquite trees are pretty, long lasting, conserve

water, grow up to 20 feet tall, and can be used for shade. South African daisies can be used as a good water conserving ground cover in the south; Rocky Mountain juniper or white or blue periwinkle can be used in the north.

"A lawn needs watering every day in the desert," says Fisher. "Carefully

planned native gardens will require one-third or less water. But if you still insist on using a lot of water for your garden anyway, then plant vegetables and get some return.

"And if you do plant cactus in your yard," he adds, "don't expect them to flower every year. Even though they can live through very bad times, some

years may not be right for them to flower. And the blooms don't last very long. Perhaps one day. But for that single day, you'll find the sight is more than worth it." □

*Another story for desert gardeners, including tips for vegetable and fruit growers, will appear in our winter issue—Ed.*

## WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT WIND BREAKS

Nevada Division of Forestry is concerned with protecting the environment, soil and water conservation, windbreaks and wildlife habitat. Mat Frolich is nursery manager at NDF's Washoe Nursery. He can help you plant a windbreak which will not only prevent soil erosion and keep your roof shingles on, but also provide excellent game cover.

Often called a shelterbelt, a windbreak should be at least three rows wide, with a different kind of tree in each row.

"We try to get people to plant three rows of different species in a wedge shape," says Frolich. "The shortest trees should face the wind, the tallest should be close to the area to be protected. You need a lot of stem for a good windbreak, trees may tangle, but they should be spaced from five to 20 feet apart."

NDF's nursery personnel or your county agent can help you solve your tree and plant problems. They know what will grow well in your area and NDF sells a wide variety of small trees at 40 cents apiece.

"We sell in quart containers, 25 at a time, because no one can have a windbreak consisting of just one tree," says Frolich. "We are not in business for landscaping or aesthetic reasons; what we want is better survival. If you plant our trees in the cartons, we believe they will stand a better chance."

Poplars and willows are favored trees because they grow fast (from five to eight feet a year), but they should never be planted near plumbing or septic systems because their roots will cause problems. Frolich suggests starting with poplars for an instant windbreak, and then adding other plants that are longer lasting.

"With poplars you can have a good sized tree in about five years but they may not last too long," he says.

"Fremont cottonwoods are great for

windbreaks and shade, and they grow easily in decomposed granite. The only problem with poplars and cottonwoods is they are susceptible to disease. They need proper care, enough water, and a commercial fertilizer at least once a year."

When cottonwoods are first planted, they should be watered every week. After they take hold, water them less. "If you don't hold off the water a little bit on older trees," Frolich explains, "then the root systems won't expand. Evergreens will take on a bluish color if they are overwatered due to stress; other trees—like ash or locust—will not stand overwatering because they are produced to be drought resistant and they are susceptible to root rot."

Trees that grow well in Nevada include black and honey locust, poplar, cottonwood, golden willow, Nanking cherry, American plum, sand cherry, sumac, and Russian olive.

"Russian olives are not only excellent windbreaks," says Frolich, "they are also wind resistant (something the hard-wooded green ash is not). And if they are planted close enough together they provide a nice game cover and a seed that's edible to game birds."

Also recommended by NDF for short windbreaks are sand cherry, bladdersenna and caragana (which is durable, will last for years, can stand any amount of cold, grows to 10 or 12 feet and is excellent game cover). Lilac, caragana, or Russian olive are good for the center rows.

Black locusts are excellent windbreaks and shade trees. They grow to 30 feet, are wind resistant, and can be used in the tallest row of a shelterbelt wedge. Honey locusts are hardy; and a lawn can grow under this big tree because it offers thin shade.

The best method of growing trees while conserving water is trickle irrigation.

"It's a system of plastic pipe with

emitters at every tree," explains Frolich. "Some are designed to be buried. If you have a lot of trees, this saves water and time. Just turn on the water once a week and let it run all night."

If you don't have a drip system, then moat watering once a week is also good for the trees according to Frolich, because this method takes air down to the roots.

NDF does not want to compete with commercial garden centers, so it doesn't sell much ground cover. But the foresters do have some suggestions:

"European sage lives only about 10 years but it makes a fairly fine extensive root system that will tie down loose sand pretty well," says Frolich. "There are a wide variety of junipers on the market that make good ground cover and the closer you plant them together, the faster you'll get good coverage. Some will form a blanket only six inches high; others will grow over three feet."

Other suggested ground covers include catoni astra which grows from 12 to 16 inches high. It grows fast and lives long, but is not an evergreen.

"Vining material is also good for ground cover, especially in the northern counties," Frolich adds. "Think about Hall's honeysuckle, ivy, or vinca minor which easily grows in granite."

If you want to know more about windbreaks, conservation and native materials that can improve Nevada's environment, see the people at the Division of Forestry nurseries: In the northwest—Washoe Nursery, 885 East Lake Blvd., Washoe City; in the south—9600 Tule Springs Road, Las Vegas; and in the northeast—Nevada Youth Training Center grounds east of Elko.

One goal of the Nevada Division of Forestry is "to see more forests back in Nevada."

You can help them do it. □

There is no greater threat to the committed laziness of a 20th century American than to live in Nevada. By Leon Mandel.

# The Thrill of Indolence, the Agony of Activity

In early May, during normal years, I watch our bog come awake. There is some explanation required here, since I am aware that bogs awaken spontaneously only in semi-tropical climates. Who ever heard of a bog stretching, yawning and shaking itself in the middle of a city in the high desert?

You would be right to ask about that. So let me tell you right away that mine is an artificial bog. Artificial in its making, that is, but not in its being. I had a bog dug, or a hollow for one, and then boglike materials brought in from places and climates hospitable to bogs. With the encouragement of weekly soaking, the pussy willows and the bamboo and the lily pads grew as though they believed they lived in American Samoa. Our drought has been cruel to my bog, but I am happy to see that this year, for the first in the last three, the bog is prospering again from its weekly bath.

Watching the bog from the deck of my house is about as violent an activity as I choose to indulge in. And I am quite careful not to overdo. Bog staring is probably bad for the eyes. Furthermore, for all I know, my bog is self conscious and does not like to be watched every moment of the day.

It was out of consideration for the pussy willows that I left the bog alone today and that was my mistake. I just hung up the phone; this time it was an invitation to stalk carp with a crossbow. As I did with the invitation to hang-glide, climb a sheer cliff in a CJ7, backpack to Hunter Lake, spend the evening with *Carmen* or go to a Reno High School Booster's Club meeting, I turned it down flat. All this has taken place since arising this morning. I arise late and it is now only past noon.

Although I love Nevada with the passion of a man who has come late in life to marriage, I find this one of my

state's greatest faults. It takes several billion dollars to be a proper recluse here. They tell me only one man has managed it thus far. It would be nice if I could make it two, but at the moment I do not think highly of my chances.

It is my pleasure to lie in bed and read. It is my work to move from that bed to the typewriter. I have counted the steps, getting out of the wrong side (in relationship to my typewriter—and there is no right side when dealing with that grim instrument) of my bed and walking to the chair at my desk is 11 paces. Given a choice, out and back, 22 steps, would mark the boundaries of my world. My job takes me to Detroit and Los Angeles, to New York and to Stuttgart. When I am at home, I would leave my house only if rooted out. The sense of my complaint is this: I am not given a choice about whether to stay at home even when I am at home, and it is Nevada's fault.

How do you nap in a playground? What is a social hermit to do if he lives in Disneyland? It is bothersome to exist in the middle of a recreational centrifuge, forever tossed and flung from backyard adventure to fund raiser to pigeon shoot.

There is a six-month stack of Nevada State *Journals* and Reno Evening *Gazettes* canting dangerously in one corner of my office. They are allowed to accumulate on the questionable theory that to surrender an old newspaper is to give away part of one's life and who is so certain of his immortality that he can afford that? At any rate, from a single issue of the *Journal* (Thursday, February 9, 1978) I have extracted the threats to my well-being and quietude during the middle of last winter.

The *Journal* reproached me for having missed a Ralph Nader speech the previous evening at the university.

I also missed the Miss Washoe County pageant. That would have

been of second level consequence except that Miss Washoe County turned out to be a friend of my daughter's and the sharing of her triumph was dinner table conversation for a week thereafter. Not only did my daughter spend that week giving me reproachful looks, but a friend of mine, a hardbitten ex-ad director from New York, compounded the omission by going to the Sparks Nugget Celebrity Room for the pageant and reported it was virtually a live performance of the film "Smile," and why hadn't I accepted his invitation to go along?

The weather people in the *Journal* were forecasting a dreadful amount of snow and they were right. The bog was hidden from sight for three days.

Edward English of the University of Iowa Counseling Service appeared in the *Journal* to warn me to bake a batch of bread or suffer the consequences. "Punching down that dough will topple tensions," he said. I ignored his advice and sure enough, an anxiety attack followed. I decided to tough it out and to this moment have yet to bake my first scratch loaf of pumpernickel, but I am aware every moment I ignore the oven that I am skating on the thin edge of control.

The Washoe County library wanted to remind me through the pages of the *Gazette* that it was displaying Harry Johnson's collection of automobile memorabilia. Not for very much longer either, so I had better get on down there.

Elko, said both newspapers, was about to stage its annual cutter/chariot races. The snowmobilers were going at Wildhorse Resort.

The *Journal* wanted me to know that half of America hunted and fished. It was clear from the piece that half of the hunters and the fishermen lived within shouting distance of my bog and the implications were clear about my own



unamericanism in these respects.

The newspaper congratulated Washoe County on sponsoring winter survival classes but wanted to know why it took so long for them to get started. The last class filled just one day after it was announced, "And well it should" said the *Journal* as if the writer knew perfectly well he was aware his story was to be read by one specific (unnamed) slacker

Western Nevada Community College was offering a workshop and seminar on reloading of rifle, handgun and shotgun ammunition. Unwritten, but vividly clear, was the implication that this would be one of my last

chances to redeem myself in the eyes of the community

Then, as though they had run out of patience with me totally, the February 9th *Journal* and *Gazette* simply confronted me with a calendar of events. I could do or watch anything from archery to tumbling (almost a whole column in agate type listed martial arts events and schools).

Failing all of that (I was beginning to read exasperation at my indolence in the tone of the *Journal*), I could go to the 29th Annual Sierra Cascade Logging Conference and Equipment show at the Coliseum. Immense and irresistible toys worth \$20 million on

display just five minutes from my house.

Slyly, it seemed to me, the sports pages intimated that the upcoming five-game road trip of the UNR basketball team, critical to its chances for a WCAC title, would require my presence somewhere along the line. The suggestion was clear: if I couldn't bring myself to go at least to St. Mary's, the newspaper wouldn't be responsible if UNR didn't manage to win the conference championship.

The WNCC Wildcats whipped Lassen and Joe Ayarbe made an impassioned plea at the Sierra Nevada Sportswriters and Broadcasters luncheon (he was polite enough not to be publicly scandalized by my absence) for fans to come out and watch his team. Ayarbe's eyes, in his photo in the

*Gazette*, seemed to be staring at me and only me. No charge, he said. Even free hotdogs.

The Sierra Nevada Auto Racing Association announced in the morning paper that its meeting that evening would virtually decide the future of motorsports in Northern Nevada. Although it was made clear that interested parties were free to stay at home, SNARA and the *Journal*, both seemed to say, could not be held responsible for the consequences of absenteeism.

My son came home, having spent five months in Australia, to linger with his friends for six weeks before going back to college. Although neither the *Journal* nor the *Gazette* carried that particular story, the fact was hard to ignore; equally hard to ignore was the dislocation his presence caused in what had been a peaceful house. Pleasant and welcome dislocation to be sure, but tranquility tends to be shattered when a monster child returns to the den bringing with him a pack of wandering yearling males.

Should I go on?

The point is it all became too much for me and I succumbed. With my newly returned son and five of his friends, my wife and I set out on a bright February Sunday morning to go tobogganing at Galena Creek. It was a glorious day; the sky that impossible azure only the *National Geographic* seems to capture properly, the air so stimulating that it seemed to be a national resource, a kind of State Treasure like the bottled waters of European spas. At Galena Creek, in the innocence of the morning of the Lord's day, His children were partaking of the elementary joys of His earthly province. Filled with a kind of primitive rapture, teenagers, families with toddlers, middle aged adventurers alike were splashing in the snow, rubbing it into their cheeks, sliding down virgin drifts, caressed by the chill, all in the strangest collection of vehicles I had beheld since I saw a movie on the invasion of Iwo Jima. There were inner tubes and garbage can tops. There were flexible flyers and toboggans taken from family attics undisturbed for generations. There was a deadly serious bobsled that for all I knew might have come straight from the slopes at Cortina. Frequently, there were just plain jean bottoms. It seemed clear everyone was having an absolutely marvelous time. It seemed

(Continued on page 60)

## Eureka: Cow county summer holiday.

By David W. Toll

I stood sweating in the hot summer sun and yelled as my son ran barefoot up the middle of the street. He ran as fast as he could go, chased by a swarm of local boys. Sam's bare feet pounded furiously against the warm pavement, but one of his pursuers was slowly gaining. When they were within half a block of the burlap sack lying in the middle of the street they were running even.

As they rushed up to the sack the other boy was a half step in the lead. He lunged for the sack, snatched it up, and spilled out a dozen pairs of shoes onto the street.

Sam grabbed his shoes out of the tangle, plopped himself down hard on the asphalt and stuffed his feet into them. He jumped up again and was flying toward the finish line as the rest of the pack arrived and began rooting around for their shoes.

Sam won.

And he came in second in the two-block dash with shoes on. A gold and a silver, and \$3 cash in prize money. And then a fellow handed out quarters all around so that every kid in town had ice cream money. We had a whale of a Fourth of July in Eureka.

We had been out on an idle summer's journey through Nevada that had already involved getting lost in the desert wilderness of northern Elko County and lazing for a few days at the pool of the Tropicana in Las Vegas. We were traveling without a schedule and had come to Eureka on the day of the greatest municipal celebration of the year purely by chance.

Eureka's streets were crowded early with ranch families in from the valleys around. The cool, cavernous drinking houses of the old mining city were filled early, but promptly at ten they spilled their cheerful clientele out onto the sidewalks to watch the grand parade.

The Sheriff closed the highway through town, and with red lights flashing merrily on the roof of his squad car he led the procession slowly up the center of the street. He was closely followed by a small brown van from which announcements thundered and over-amped country music blared, and then the first float, a flat bed GMC all aflutter with crepe paper, and after

that the first riding group. Then another float carrying half a dozen little girls in pretty dresses, and then an old square Buick from the early thirties with an American flag fixed on every corner. Then came the Boy Scouts, and then the Cub Scouts, and then the 4-H Club, and after them came all the other kids in town mounted on a patriotic fleet of bicycles and trikes with red white and blue crepe paper wound into the spokes. There were some cowboys in satin shirts at the end of the parade, and after them came the Sheriff again. He had doubled back around town. And when he had brought up the tail end of the parade all the way to the gas station at the top of town, he turned around and led it back down through town again.

Not only was it a fine parade but we got to see it twice.

The games and races began after the parade. Sam's double victory was heady wine for us both, and so we

(Continued on page 61)

### FOURTH OF JULY IN NEVADA

- AUSTIN: After the 10 a.m. parade, Main Street is blocked off for games, races and egg throwing.
- BATTLE MOUNTAIN: Parade, races and booths.
- BOULDER CITY: Damboree Parade and Celebration.
- CALIENTE: Parade, barbecue, motorcycle races and the Miss Lincoln County pageant.
- CARSON CITY: Parade 4 p.m. from Mills Park to Governor's Field, with ballgames, booths and fireworks.
- ELKO: Do it yourself celebration with fireworks at dusk.
- ELY: Parade 10 a.m.; sack races, watermelon eating, Almost Anything Goes Ely Style, and the biggest fireworks in White Pine history.
- EUREKA: Parade 10 a.m., followed by games and contests. Don't miss the egg toss.
- FERNLEY: Parade, barbecue, old time fair, fireworks.
- HENDERSON: Fireworks display at Morrell Park.
- JACKPOT: Third annual international bel-lowing contest (anyone can enter).
- LAS VEGAS: Evening fireworks at the Silver Bowl.
- LOVELOCK: Kids' parade, contests and County Park barbecue.
- McDERMITT: Semi-annual Rodeo.
- SPRING MT RANCH: Philadelphia Boys Choir concert, 5 p.m.
- TONOPAH: Kid's parade at 10 a.m., family barbecue, fireworks.
- VIRGINIA CITY: Parade featuring floats and firehose carts; starts with bell ringing at 11 a.m.
- YERINGTON: Kids' Day: Sack races, watermelon eating contest, greased pig race, baseball field, 11 a.m. parade and celebration.

# Summer Calendar

A treasure chest of public (& private) pleasures.

## WEST

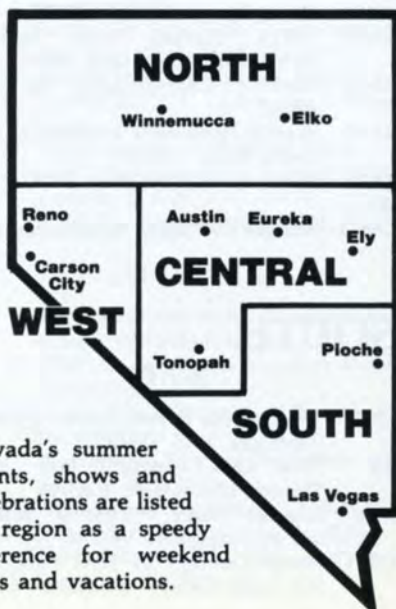
JULY

- Wknds DAYTON Flea Market  
 Wknds FERNLEY Fun Fair Flea Market, Sunday Auction  
 Sats. Art Market, James Lillard Park, SPARKS  
 1 Nevada Quarter Horse Assoc. Horse Show, Fairgrounds, RENO  
 1-10 Indian Images Photographic Exhibit, Walker Wassuk Atrs Alliance, HAWTHORNE  
 1-31 Wellington Station Museum, WELLINGTON  
 1-31 Indian Western Art Show, CARSON CITY  
 2 Nevada Junior Quarter Horse Show, Fuji Park, CARSON CITY  
 2 "Liar's Race"—Anything that floats can compete, Walker Lake, HAWTHORNE  
 4 Independence Day celebrations, FERNLEY, VIRGINIA CITY & YERINGTON  
 7,8 "The Bartered Bride," Nevada Opera Guild, Pioneer Theater, 8:15pm, RENO  
 8 Hike up Shakespeare Rock, 3 mi. hike, 1pm, State Park System, GLENBROOK  
 8,9 Walker Lake 100 Mile Marathon Boat Race, Cliff House Marina, HAWTHORNE  
 8,9 Antique Bottle Show & Sale, V&T Room, Coliseum, RENO  
 9 Star Gaze at Spooner Lake, 7:30pm, Hwys. 28 & 50, State Park System, SPOONER LAKE  
 9,16, 21,23 Piper's Opera House, Chamber Music Festival, VIRGINIA CITY  
 13 Children's Day at Spooner Lake, nature walk and hotdog roast, 10am, State Park System, SPOONER LAKE  
 15 Centro De Informacion Latino Americano Dance, Fairgrounds, 8pm, RENO  
 15 FALLON High School Rodeo  
 15,16 Jackpot of Gems '78, Reno Gem and Mineral Society, Coliseum, 10am, RENO  
 15,16 Overnight at Price Lake, 8-10 mi. hike, State Park System, TAHOE MEADOWS  
 16-22 National Pinto Assoc. Convention & Show, RENO  
 19 Full Moon Walk at Spooner Lake, Barbecue, 7pm, Hwys 28&50, State Park System, SPOONER LAKE  
 21-22 All Indian Rodeo & Parade, FALLON  
 21-23 NSHA Region VII Gymkhana & Horse Show, Fuji Park, CARSON CITY  
 22 Mt. Rose Peak Climb, 10 mi. hike, 9am, Hwy 27, TAHOE MEADOWS  
 26-30 ATA Pacific Intl. Trapshoot, Harolds Trapshooting Club, RENO  
 28-30 "Madame De Sade," 8pm, RENO Little Theater  
 29 Children's Day at SPOONER LAKE, 10am, State Park System

JOHN CURTIS PHOTO



Fireworks dance across Reno's skyline on the Fourth of July when nineteen Nevada towns turn out in their best star spangled finery to celebrate the nation's 202nd birthday.



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





DON DONDERO

America's top stunt pilots and three classes of high speed pylon racers will be featured in Reno's 16th annual National Championship Air Races. The Indianapolis of air racing takes place September 15-17 at the Stead airport.

Ely's Pony Express Days, August 19, 20, 26, 27, offer two weekends of exciting thoroughbred and quarter horse racing at the White Pine County Fairgrounds. The Ely celebration, with a \$35,000 purse, and Elko's Labor Day races, September 1-4, open the Nevada-California fair racing circuit. The popular slag races in downtown Ely are scheduled for the evening of the 18th. Post time at the race track is 1 p.m.

30 Art Day at Sand Harbor, day of sketching, drawing & painting, 10am, LAKE TAHOE

### AUGUST

- Wknds DAYTON Flea Market
- Wknds FERNLEY Fun Fair Flea Market, Sunday Auction
- Sats. Art Market, James Lillard Park, SPARKS
- \* Churchill County Fair and Rodeo, FALLON
- 1-31 Wellington Station Museum, WELLINGTON
- 3-10 Gallery of Homes, Coliseum, RENO
- 5 Latino Americano Dance, Fairgrounds, 8pm, RENO
- 5 Lyon County Riders Horse Show, RENO
- 5 Beaver Dams in Little Valley, 4-5 mi. walk, 9am, State Park System, LAKE TAHOE
- 6 Visit to GLENBROOK, 3 mi. walk, State Park System
- 6-13 RENO Model Boat Show, Coliseum
- 7-15 High School Rodeo, FALLON
- 8-25 Chrysler New Boat Show, RENO
- 10-13 All Arabian Show, Comstock Arabian Assoc., Fairgrounds, RENO
- 12(T) Santa Maria Day Festival, DAYTON
- 12,13 Washoe Horsemen's Assoc., Junior-Senior Show, Fairgrounds, RENO
- 13 All Senses Nature Discovery Day, 1 mi. walk, 10am, State Park System, SAND HARBOR
- 18 Full Moon Walk at SPOONER LAKE, barbecue, 7pm, Hwys 28&50, State Park System
- 19 Children's Day at Spooner Lake, 10am, State Park System, SPOONER LAKE
- 24 Senior Citizens Day at Sand Harbor, for those 60 and over, easy 1 mi hike, 10am, State Park System, SAND HARBOR
- 25-27 Lyon County Fair & Rodeo, YERINGTON
- 26 Duane Bliss Peak Climb, 5 mi. moderately difficult hike, 9am, Hwys 28&50, State Park System, SPOONER LAKE

### SEPTEMBER

- Wknds DAYTON Flea Market
- Wknds FERNLEY Fun Fair Flea Market, Sunday Auction
- \* Community Hoe Down, SMITH
- 1-3 Horse Show & Gymkhana, Region VII 10th Annual, Fuji Park, CARSON CITY
- 1-15 Indian Images, Photographic Exhibit, Walker Wassuk Arts Alliance, HAWTHORNE
- 2-4 Labor Day Rodeo, FALLON
- 2-4 Hydroplane Boat Races, Paradise Park, SPARKS
- 4 Governor John Sparks Day, Parade—B Street, Carnival, Battle of the Bands, Boxing—Deer Park, SPARKS
- 6 Reno Gem & Mineral Society, workshop demonstration, Clubhouse, 480 S. Rock Blvd., 8pm, SPARKS
- 6-10 Nevada State Fair & Rodeo, RENO
- 6-10 American Arabian Horse Association, RENO
- 9,10 Camel Races, VIRGINIA CITY
- 15-17 NSHA Annual State Show & Gymkhana, Fairgrounds, RENO
- 15-17 National Championship Air Races, RENO
- 16,17 Washoe Horsemen's Association, Junior-Senior Show, RENO
- 24,25 Ferrari Races, VIRGINIA CITY
- 30-30
- Oct. 1 Antique Gun Show, Fairgrounds, RENO

### SOUTH

#### JULY

- 1,2,8 "Pure as the Driven Snow," Meadows Playhouse, LAS VEGAS
- 1-9 "The Odd Couple," Judy Bayley Theatre, UNLV, LAS VEGAS
- 1-13 Summer Dance Workshop, mornings and evenings, LAS VEGAS
- 1-31 Wood Carvings by John Vanderwall, Sun Circle Gallery, BOULDER CITY

- 4 Independence Day Celebrations in BOULDER CITY CALIENTE, HENDERSON and LAS VEGAS (see previous page)
- 9 Outdoor Concert, Sunset Park, 5 p.m., LAS VEGAS
- 13-23 "Death of a Salesman," Judy Bayley Theatre, UNLV, LAS VEGAS
- 16 Woody Owl Children's Festival, SPRING MTN. RANCH
- 22 Bluegrass Concert, SPRING MTN. RANCH
- 27-27
- Aug. 6 "The Last Meeting of the Knights of the White Magnolia," Judy Bayley Theatre, UNLV, LAS VEGAS

### AUGUST

- \* Lincoln County Fair, PANACA
- 2-6 Jaycees State Fair, LAS VEGAS
- 3-6 "The Last Meeting of the Knights of the White Magnolia," Judy Bayley Theatre, 8pm, SPRING MTN. RANCH
- 18-20 NSHA Region V Open Horse Show, Horsemen's Park, LAS VEGAS
- 26 Bluegrass Musical Picnic, noon to dark, SPRING MTN. RANCH

### SEPTEMBER

- 2-4 Labor Day Celebration, PIOCHE
- 8,9 Dance Concerts in the Park & Albuquerque Dance Theatre, SPRING MTN. RANCH
- 10 Bluegrass Music Concert, Sunset Park, 5pm, LAS VEGAS
- 10 "The Bird Princess," a children's program, SPRING MTN. RANCH
- 23,24 Kiwanis youth Benefit Purebred & Half Arabian Horse Show, Horsemen's Park, LAS VEGAS
- 26-
- Oct. 21 "I Do, I Do," Meadows Playhouse, LAS VEGAS
- 29-
- Oct. 1 IAHA Region VII Horse Show & Championships, Horsemen's Park, LAS VEGAS



Camels and jockeys will be at full gallop at one of the West's zaniest events, the Virginia City Camel Races, September 8-10. Added attractions include hang gliding, hot air balloons and the old camp's famous boardwalk attractions.

HADLEY



Big time rodeo returns to Winnemucca this Labor Day weekend, September 1-3. Nevada's oldest bronc busting show includes a Friday night fight card, the Mile Long Parade and an all-night downtown street dance Saturday. The Cotton Rosser rodeo starts at 7 p.m. Saturday and Sunday. Winnemucca added to its rodeo legend in 1976 when all top five roping teams were timed between 5 and 6 seconds from chute to tie.



Enjoy a carnival, clowns and a multitude of contests and exhibits at the Jaycees' State Fair at the Las Vegas Convention Center August 2-6. Southern Nevada's mid-summer frolic runs Wednesday-Friday 4 p.m. to midnight, Saturday noon to midnight and Sunday noon to 10 p.m. Look for the jello jump.

## NORTH

### JULY

- Sats. Stock Car Races, LOVELOCK  
 \* Archery Club State Field Championships, ELKO  
 1, 2 National Basque Festival, ELKO  
 1-3 Art Show, Nixon Hall, WINNEMUCCA  
 2 Art in the Park, City Park, ELKO  
 3 Independence Day Dance, 4pm, BATTLE MOUNTAIN  
 4 Independence Day Celebrations in BATTLE MOUNTAIN, ELKO, JACKPOT, LOVELOCK and McDERMITT  
 7-9 NENQHA Horse Show, Fairgrounds, ELKO  
 22 Air Race from Denver to JACKPOT  
 22,23 NENHA Horse Show, Fairgrounds, ELKO  
 28-30 Nevada Open Horse Show, Fairgrounds, WINNEMUCCA  
 29,30 Water Show & Boat Clinic, Salmon Fall Reservoir, JACKPOT

### AUGUST

- 3-6 Frontier Days: Rodeo, Parade, Drilling and Basque Contest, Dance and Barbecue, LOVELOCK  
 5,6 Mountain Trails Appaloosa Horse Show, Fairgrounds, ELKO  
 8,9 Northern Nevada Women's Golf Tournament, ELKO  
 10-15 Pacific SW Babe Ruth Tournament, 13-year-olds, Kump Field, ELKO  
 11(T) Shrine Circus, Fairgrounds, ELKO  
 12,13 WINNEMUCCA Gem & Mineral Society Show, Nixon Hall  
 25,27 Tri-County Fair, WINNEMUCCA  
 31 4-H Horsemanship Contest, Fairgrounds, ELKO  
 31 ELKO Fair Pep Rally, City Park

### SEPTEMBER

- 1-3 Nevada's Oldest Rodeo, Livestock Show & Sale, WINNEMUCCA  
 1-4 ELKO County Fair & Livestock Show & Horse Races  
 14-17 Cactus Pete's \$20,000 Golf Tournament, JACKPOT  
 17 Businessman-Rancher Field Day, Fairgrounds, ELKO  
 23 Air Race from Portland to JACKPOT  
 23,24 State 4-H Show, Fairgrounds, ELKO  
 30 Diamondfield Jack Cross Country Horse Race, JACKPOT

## CENTRAL

### JULY

- 2 Demolition Derby, ELY  
 3 Motorcycle Races, Second Annual Grand Prix and Evening Dance, AUSTIN  
 4 Independence Day Celebrations in AUSTIN, ELY, EUREKA & TONOPAH (see previous page)  
 15,16 Basque Festival, ELY  
 18 Slag Races, Downtown, ELY  
 22,23 ELY Nevada Casino Amateur Golf Tournament  
 29,30 EUREKA Rodeo

### AUGUST

- 4-6 White Pine Horse Show, Fairgrounds, ELY  
 19 TONOPAH Picnic, Reunion with Evening Dance  
 19,20, 26,27 Pony Express Days, ELY  
 19(T) Lions Club Picnic, AUSTIN  
 20 Ethnic Food Fair, County Park, ELY  
 20 Petroglyphs at Grimes Point, 1 mi. hike, 1pm, State Park System, east of FALLON  
 26 Cowbelle Barbecue, ELY  
 26,27 White Pine County Fair, ELY

### SEPTEMBER

- 2-4 Overnight at Berlin Ichthyosaur, for the handicapped camper, State Park System, BERLIN  
 4 Labor Day Parade & Celebration, ELY  
 9 Children's Festival, City Park, ELY  
 9-12 White Pine Pro-Am Golf Tournament, ELY  
 16(T) Grand Opening of AUSTIN Park; Picnic and Games

**Gunfire has not figured prominently in the state's political history lately, yet that lack seems hardly to have detracted from the color or variety of Nevada's candidates. By Guy Shieler.**

## **It's Still Frontier Politics**

To anyone familiar with the lusty nature of Nevada politics it seems altogether fitting that Carson City became the state capital as the result of a gunfight. For although such drastic methods of settling disputes have since been frowned upon even in Nevada, politics here still often reflect a gunfight's rawboned frontier characteristics. There's a free-wheeling, offbeat, sometimes weird and always refreshing approach of an unusual number of candidates for high office that gives the Nevada political scene a perennial glow of benevolent madness.

It's not always intentional; it just sort of happens. Such was the case in that choice of the state capital, whose location was to be determined at the constitutional convention. In the 1860s Virginia City was the area's booming community, and so had many delegates favoring it to be the capital. But there was just as obstinate a crew of delegates who wanted Carson City. The heat of the debate became so intense and personal that two members of the convention came to force of arms a few hours before the vote on the matter. The Virginia City advocate was wounded in this encounter, and was physically unable to attend the voting session. And so Carson City was selected by a single vote—16 to 15.

Gunfire has not figured prominently in the state's political history since, yet that lack seems hardly to have detracted from the color or variety of Nevada's candidates. They have come, sometimes with great success, from the entire range of society—madams to maitre d's, from self-proclaimed countesses to carpetbaggers, from the famous to the infamous. And one thing we can count on every election year is a gaggle of citizens who, after a few drinks, are suddenly inspired with the sure knowledge that they can save us all and decide to enter some race. (The

secretary of state's office, which has become expert at eyeballing blood-alcohol content with remarkable accuracy, reports as of this writing that so far in 1978 two people so inspired have arrived without being arrested for DUI and have filed for high office.)

Some years produce a more fun-and-games slate of candidates than others. Usually it's a year when the major offices are all up—U.S. senator, governor, congressman, and so on. Particularly memorable along that line is 1962, when the sideshows almost overshadowed the main events.

To start off, we had "The Man Who Wasn't Here." He was Morton F. Meads, who filed as a Republican candidate for the U.S. Senate. If his name rings no bell with you now, consider that it also rang no bell with virtually every Nevada voter at the time he filed. A major reason for this serious lack of name identification was that Mr. Morton F. Meads was indeed not here, but halfway around the world, in the Philippine Islands. But he could legitimately seek the job as a Nevada senator because he could somehow show his legal residence to be Las Vegas.

Meads never did show up to campaign in the state. He did, however, supply a 24-point platform, which contained some ideas as far removed from reality as he was from Nevada. One plank urged the "elimination of the Ivy League Influence in the State Department by the replacement of all such people by University of Nevada alumni." Another urged "expansion of boundaries of Nevada into the Pacific and the so-called south China Sea." Meads would accomplish this feat by contributing one of the islands he claimed to own in that area, thus giving Nevada "an outlet on the sea and a dominant and critical influence in world affairs." And under Plank No.

17, Meads would bring big league baseball to Nevada "with the cooperation of the state government."

With this ambitious platform Meads also sent along a printed copy of his biography, in which he boasted of his several nicknames. For instance: "He has been humorously called the Tiger from Nevada because of his running fight, with the help of fierce Moros, to drive off the Communist Chinese from one of his islands. He was called 'Rin Tin Tin' for a long time after he choked to death with his bare hands a mad dog running wild in the streets of Sandakan after the liberation of Sandakan during World War II."

A few days before the primary, Meads issued a statement from Manila: "I have gained substantial support. The Nevada Good Government League is supporting me. I also expect the veterans of the Flying Tigers to back me." A scramble by new people and party members failed (1) to uncover the Nevada Good Government League; and (2) to locate more than three ex-Flying Tigers living in the state.

In the primary on September 4, 1962, Nevada Republicans cast 25,081 votes for U.S. senator. Of those, Morton F. Meads got 792.

Meanwhile, back in Las Vegas, other interesting 1962 candidates were busy diverting media attention from the main show:

Gene Austin, singer and composer of such popular standards as "My Blue Heaven," "Lonesome Road," "How Come You Do Me Like You Do," and "When My Sugar Walks Down the Street," was running for governor on the Democratic ticket. His main pitch: "I believe I can do all the things the present governor (Grant Sawyer, running for reelection) is doing and sing, too." Austin sent an invitation to Harry Truman to come out and help him campaign by playing piano duets with him. He never got an answer



And although he promised "to make Nevada a blue heaven if elected," Gene Austin got only 5,017 votes to Grant Sawyer's 40,168 in the primary

Also in that race was George C. Moore, Jr. A Vegas head waiter, Moore explained to one of the few reporters able to find him that he was conducting "a sort of silent campaign." That turned out to be one of the most accurate statements ever made in an American political race. Moore was spotted in public just once, at the Delta Saloon in Virginia City. He walked in with a bundle of posters and was told he could put one in the window. He refused, made a bee-line for the men's room, stuck one poster over the toilet, and left. His other major activity was to place a campaign sticker on the governor's reserved parking space behind the capitol building. His 1,937 votes placed him fourth in the four-man primary (M. D. Close, also of Las Vegas, was third with 2,213 votes.)

Dean "Diamond Tooth" Miller, well-known around the legislative building in recent years as sergeant-at-arms of the senate, ran for the assembly that year—and lost. His main campaign theme was his proud boast that when he was a senator in New Mexico, *Time Magazine* called him "the best senator money can buy."

J. Carlton Adair was a Republican candidate for Congress. An official of the Las Vegas civil defense organization, he was reported to have become considerably alarmed over the panic reaction in California during the big fall-out shelter scare the year before. There was talk of a huge migration of Californians to Nevada to

seek refuge from a nuclear attack. Adair was said to have proposed recruiting a big emergency Nevada militia to stop all Californians at the border who tried to "invade" Nevada.

Although 1962 was clearly a vintage year for color in Nevada politics, it was by no means unique. There had been the mayor of Reno in the Prohibition 1920s whose biggest campaign idea was to put four kegs of whiskey, each with a tin cup, on the corners of Virginia and Second Streets. There was Tom Mechling, who came from out of the blue (and recently from some other state) to defeat Alan Bible in the U.S. Senate primary in 1952 and narrowly miss beating incumbent Republican Sen. George Malone in the general. And there was the late Sen. Pat McCarran himself, a Democratic U.S. senator who terrorized the eastern liberals with his tremendous power and even more tremendous conservatism.

All of these varied aspects—and more—of Nevada's political character are so much a part of our election scene that the state itself has been an embarrassment to other parts of the nation—especially the staid Eastern Establishment. Certainly the history of any state in the union can show a record of kooks, crooks and compromise in its political history that matches anything in any other state, including Nevada. But elsewhere these aberrations tend to be hidden in the family closet. Nevada's tendency to be open about such matters, to accept them more or less as part of everyday life, comes as a shock to those used to more ordered political customs.

The shock is not new. Ever since

Nevada was admitted as a state in 1864, one horrified group after another has been trying to get Nevada kicked back out of the union. The Presbyterians of Nevada and California once adopted a resolution expressing "extreme embarrassment and hot indignation at the legalized vice and disgraceful divorce laws." The *Chicago Tribune* became so exasperated with the state's raw western antics early in this century that it suggested that Nevada's two senators be barred from Congress, as was done with southern senators during the Civil War (The only hangup was that such expulsion is prohibited by the U.S. Constitution.) Some editors cried that the state was populated by "a race of savages" and was "a symbol of brutality, vice and anti-social conditions in general." And as late as 1966, a book entitled *Nevada: the Great Rotten Borough*, a "historical study," summed up the general consternation elsewhere over the state's behavior—and especially the fact that such a sparsely populated and unkempt state can send so many U.S. senators who are both disruptive and powerful to Washington.

Contributing to this widespread unease and general consternation is the fact that Nevada's basic political philosophy tends to go in two directions at once. Whereas on one hand that philosophy is highly liberal, on the other—and at the same time—it is highly conservative. This pliable framework allows Nevada to develop, through its special logic, liberal or even "radical" social legislation—legalized

(Continued on page 62)

The man who made the law in Southern Nevada. By Ann Henderson.

# Jake Johnson: RUFFIAN LAWMAN



PHOTOS COURTESY AUTHOR

By 1892, Pioche's heyday was over. It had been as violent and lawless a mining town as Nevada had ever seen, but times were changing. At the very moment Pioche's responsible citizens were looking forward to a life of calm, the town's newfound pretensions toward respectability were shredded by a gunfight the *Pioche Weekly Record* would call "a regular battle a revival of the early days."

That was remarkable enough in 1892. It certainly startled the citizens of Pioche. But more remarkable still was the fact that a principal in that "regular battle" would go on to become one of the most famous lawmen in the state.

His name was Jake Johnson, and he never lost the fondness for direct action that precipitated the Great Gunfight in Pioche. For 20 years, as constable, deputy sheriff and then sheriff, Johnson would bully, intimidate and sometimes pummel lawbreakers. Nor did he abide by a strict definition of the word: a lawbreaker to Johnson was anyone who overstepped Johnson's own bounds. He was not a man above interpreting the law to suit the circumstances.

By buckboard, the indomitable Johnson covered a domain that spread over the then single county that now is divided into two: Lincoln and Clark. No one ever questioned his efficiency, but then no one looked too carefully at his seldom scrupulous observation of legal niceties either.

Perhaps that was because they understood that Jake Johnson had great respect for the therapeutic value of jail. After all, the Great Gunfight in Pioche had given him an opportunity for an extended stay there himself.

Johnson had been accused by a former railroad man named McCune of cheating him at cards in a Pioche saloon. After bystanders separated the

two men, McCune shot at Johnson but missed. Johnson allowed himself to be led out of the saloon but returned minutes later with a gun. Courteously warning the bartender to move out of harm's way, Johnson drew down on McCune. Both men fired at the same time, but it was McCune who was badly injured. From all indications, McCune recovered from a shattered arm, punctured lung and the injury caused by a bullet that lodged near his spine.

But if McCune recovered, Johnson thrived. Two years later, Johnson was elected constable of the then growing—but now silent—camp of Delamar. There is no indication the gunfight was an issue or even remembered when Johnson decided to run for office as the People's Party candidate. But if Johnson's subsequent style of law enforcement is evidence, there is reason to believe that he had taken the lesson of direct action to heart.

In later years, the Delamar newspaper would say of the sheriff's forcefulness: " would-be toughs need expect no quarter from the Sheriff if they make a move to overstep the laws. He will not allow any such men to run the town." Those who ignored or did not believe the newspaper found themselves faced with a powerfully-built, barrel-chested man with eyes so pale blue they appeared colorless. Johnson preferred his fists to a gun and he dealt with toughs by booting them roughly out of town. As for the ones who wouldn't stay booted, they were registered at the "Hotel de Johnson," as the Delamar jail was called.

The local press couldn't have been more delighted. Johnson was just the man needed to control the seamier elements that are usually among the first residents of a boom camp. The newspaper was so pleased with the results that when Johnson ran for sheriff four years later, the Delamar *Lode* completely ignored his opponent and boasted, "Jake is known throughout Nevada and Utah as a terror to law breakers, and never yet has a man escaped whom Jake has been called upon to take in."

But how did the people of Lincoln County feel about Johnson? In the 1898 election he squeaked by his opponent by 12 votes even though the press claimed Johnson was efficient and "well loved." Later the voters did reject Johnson as sheriff, but his opponent persuaded him to stay on as deputy



Local residents may have been offended by Johnson's arrogance and cussed determination for they, too, were expected to toe the line and were reminded periodically of that fact. The sheriff posted notices warning Delamar citizens they would be dealt with severely if they violated certain edicts. For example, no one was to sell liquor to the Indians, young boys were not to hang around the red light district, the town was to be kept clean as a buffer against illness. Most importantly, care was to be taken where ashes were dumped because of the extreme fire danger and water shortages during the summer months.

In the summer of 1900, fire, the dreaded enemy of all mining camps, finally struck Delamar. The holocaust decimated half the camp. Along with the loss of jobs and homes came an influx of looters and undesirables. The newspaper lamented, "The fire has developed a very bad state of things in camp. A number of bad men, among whom are recent Arizona convicts, have been acting in a lawless manner and threatening to burn the balance of the town. Jake ran some out of town and is watching the rest."

Delamar recovered and was rebuilt, but fell victim a year later to another enemy of mining communities: rumors the mines were closing. Johnson, the citizen, responded to these in a letter to the editor in which he defended the viability of the mines and the town, and suggested the "scandal mongers had no business staying in Delamar."

But the mines only had a few good years left and as Delamar declined, so did Johnson. Nevada was becoming civilized, and to a certain degree, so was Jake, although he never completely lost his sporting nature.

Johnson was in his early fifties when he gave a friend the keys to the jail one December afternoon in 1915. He was feeling ill and told his friend to feed the prisoners if he wasn't at work in the morning. That night Johnson died in his sleep.

The *Pioche Record* eulogized that, "While Jake Johnson had his faults, he was fearless and faithful in the performance of his duty." But perhaps it was the local judge who knew Johnson best, for he told those assembled for a memorial service in the courtroom: "If he had an enemy, it was himself." □

The former Nye County seat survives with a handful of residents.  
By David E. Moore.

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# BELMONT

## the beautiful mountain



Belmont is tucked in a rolling valley on the sunrise side of the Toquima Mountains. Surrounded by forests, blessed with springs and building stone, Belmont is different from most Nevada ghost towns. Many of its century-old brick and wood buildings are wobbly but still standing, and with its setting, Belmont is downright pretty. It lives up to its French name, "beautiful mountain."

One hundred years ago Belmont was the seat and cultural center of Nye County. The two-story county courthouse was the biggest building in a town that took pride in its civic achievements. There were churches, a busy commercial district and the inevitable crowd of saloons and boarding houses. The mines were located a mile east of town, where the El Dorado South, the Combination and eight others were gearing down after its last production peak in 1874. All told, \$15 million in gold and silver came out of the mountain before the ore bodies ran out.

The main street that once was shaded by maples and balm of Gilead trees is rough and dusty nowadays, a thoroughfare for trucks bulging with barite ore from the Northumberland Mine 20 miles north. The trucks rumble daily along Route 82, hell bent for the railhead at Mina.

But Belmont itself isn't in much of a hurry. A handful of residents keep watch over the town, which has been declared a national historic district. Most town property is private, so light fingers beware: Belmont is protected by the National Antiquities Act and state law—no scavenging is allowed, and inside snooping is dangerous because of the beating the buildings took from last winter's heavy snows.

The Nevada State Park System recently acquired the old courthouse, which had fallen into disrepair after the county moved its headquarters to Tonopah in 1905. The park system has stabilized the building and has plans for interior renovation so the courthouse can be opened for public enjoyment.

Visitors are welcome to stay awhile, have a picnic and meet the old town's ghosts. Camping sites are available at nearby Pine Creek, Peavine and Kingston. Tonopah, 43 miles south, has has and full camping and motel accommodations. Belmont may be reached by State Route 8A and either Route 69 from Manhattan or Route 82 from Kinney Junction. □



Photos: Dwight Cooper



*Old Yeller's spread is about 54 inches. "He's kinda mean," says Hap.*

America's scrawniest cattle are making a comeback in Nevada. By Anthony Amaral.

## Hap Magee and the Longhorns

"If it weren't for longhorns the cowboy might never have been," says Wabuska rancher Hap Magee. "Nor those epic trail drives and soulful ballads cowboys sang to soothe those wary longhorns. Without the longhorn the West just wouldn't have had its most romantic episode."

This legendary breed of cattle, with massive horn spreads and suspicious glares, is indeed a prominent if half-forgotten thread in the colorful tapestry of the old American West. Magee's ruddy complexion glows when he talks about longhorns, a glow reflecting the fact that he has one of the largest herds—2,000 head—in the U.S. As he says, "It's just about the biggest since John Chisum drove his herd up the trail from Texas and started the tide of longhorns north."

Magee was one of the earliest of a growing legion of westerners who are preserving this epochal animal of Texas. Mustangs may have gotten all

the glory, they declare, but it was that equally wild and narrow-flanked, flat-ribbed bovine with the enormous curved horns that fed the nation after the Civil War

Last year Magee moved his ranching headquarters to Wabuska, an area 20 miles north of Yerington known for its hot springs, a rail stop, and now Hap's big horned herd. He admits that longhorns are "a scrawny kind of cattle," but he's convinced that mixing longhorn bulls in range herds could strengthen all Nevada breeds.

"Longhorn cattle could really improve things in Nevada but all those federal people kind of want registered type cattle," Magee says. "That's part of the rules of the range. Longhorns are discriminated against.

"We have some starvation, bad, tough ranges in Nevada a lot of the grass isn't good. Some ranges are almost uneconomical to operate anymore. But by crossbreeding range cows with longhorn bulls we would not only get hybrid vigor and all that good stuff, but the cross could strengthen the less hardy English breeds."

Magee's love affair with longhorns began when he was a small boy. He lived next to the Rancho San Antonio in Oakland and heard tales of a longhorn drive through that ranch at the end of the 1840s. That hooked him on cattle. His father was in the oil business and tried to encourage his son to join him, but Hap Magee preferred cattle.

"I was born in California, and I've lived there a lot, but the *feel* for Nevada never left me," he says wistfully. "I fell in love with the high desert and wanted to be a cowboy." At age 14 he began, pursuing trails that led to riding for ranches in Nevada and California. He also fell under the lure of the rodeo circuit but in 1958 a rodeo injury left him in a hospital for five weeks. "It was a lot of time wondering how to stay with livestock and not be tempted to the high risks of rodeo," he recalls.

At the time, rodeo stock was imported mainly from Mexico but an outbreak of hoof and mouth disease had closed the border. "Mexican cattle are too expensive for roping anyway,"

*Just like it used to be in the Old West, with chuck wagons leading the herd. Wagon master is Dean Calkins of the C-D Ranch in Fallon.*



*Magee (on tractor) talks to his Wabuska ranch foreman, Russ Short.*

says Hap. "They have a dying problem because after you put 3,000 miles of haul on them they are too weak and they die. More than 20 percent are lost in transit."

Stock contractors scurried east to Florida and Louisiana for Brahman strains which produced pugnacious offspring. Magee decided the time was ideal to become a rodeo stock supplier, and as soon as he was released from the hospital he acquired a bull and a small herd of cows of unsavory temperament. He crossed the worst with the worst and in 10 years built a successful rodeo contracting business, acquired a Hereford cow ranch in the San Ramon Valley of Northern

California, and for the sheer pleasure of it, his first longhorn cattle.

Magee now rents bulls all over the country. His longhorn herd is often used for television commercials, and the commercials are shot at Magee's Wabuska ranch. He supplies the bulls for Gary Leffew's bull riding school in Carson City each summer, and takes his smaller steers to Camarillo roping schools which are held on the western reaches of the Sierra.

Three times he's tried to settle in Wabuska, Nevada, and three times he's gone broke. Now he's trying it again with his 2,000 head of longhorns.

"I'm no longer just a hobby breeder of longhorns," Magee brags. "Fact is,





GORDON CAMPBELL PHOTO

*The Western America Texas Longhorn Sale & Convention was held in Elko last May. This photo shows the champion bull owned by Col. Frasier West of Ione, California.*

like a lot of other cowmen, we're rediscovering what the old time cowmen knew: that the longhorn is not just a lot of legs and horns. His blood is something special and, commercially, a good investment."

Longhorns developed from Andalusian cattle of Spain and other European strains. As with Spanish horses which went wild in the American West to become mustangs, Spanish cattle also became ferals and reproduced easily in the brush country

of Texas. All longhorns are identified by their remarkable horns but only steers, because of a hormonal action, attain the huge spreads usually associated with the breed. The record horn spread is 114 inches.

According to Magee many Hereford and Angus ranchers are introducing longhorn blood into their commercial herds. After two centuries of man-care, the old breeds of Great Britain—which in the last century crowded longhorns out of the commercial picture—have

lost some of their hardiness.

"Longhorn cross to Hereford and Angus is restoring stronger resistance to disease and parasites, and good foraging ability. Also the cross produces smaller calves, which means a higher survival rate for range-born calves."

Magee isn't shy about using superlatives when praising the longhorn and backs up his romantic inclinations for the breed with facts. He's studied the breed, cross-bred, and then crossed the first-cross heifers back to Hereford bulls. He is convinced that the longhorn has a future all its own.

And a few other breeders in Nevada are in agreement with Magee, who says Bobby Garrett of Deeth, Les Stewart of Paradise Valley, and Russell Berg of Round Mountain are also convinced that Nevada and longhorns will blend and offer major opportunities for Nevada's ranching business.

One of Magee's major promotions, now that he's back in Nevada, is to talk with Indian ranchers and convince them to use longhorn bulls on their range cows. Magee believes the ranchers could sell about 30 percent of their herd to rodeo stock contractors and tap a profitable new source of supply

It is because of such plans and constant promotion that Magee is recognized throughout the livestock industry as the longhorn's staunchest supporter. Moreover, he will haul his better specimens anywhere in the West for rodeos and other western celebrations to arouse interest and regard for this uniquely historical animal.

For example, there's Scoop, a 32-year-old steer. "He still has exceptional teeth," boasts Magee. "Match that with any other breed. And look at the horn spread: 58 inches tip to tip. Of course it has nothing to do with beef quality, but it's pretty to look at. And then there's Old Yeller. He's a bit wild, kinda mean, but he's pretty too. And one of my cows has had 28 calves, all heifers. It's a record! When she has her thirtieth, I'll retire her."

Hap Magee may have gone broke a few times because of his love for cattle, but he means what he says about his favorite breed.

"Longhorns could mean a lot to Nevada, and the feds will allow them their place in time. After all, the longhorns are more American than anything we have on four feet right now." □

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# Nevada Notes

## DESERT SHRIMP HARVEST

A new seafood industry is being hatched in the Nevada desert. Since last fall, fresh water shrimp have been grown and harvested in the cooling ponds of Sierra Pacific's Fort Churchill power plant, 24 miles north of Yerington. The result: tasty crustaceans, many big enough for American fish markets.



The experiment is the brainchild of Dr Robert Taylor of the School of Veterinary Medicine at University of Nevada Reno. In August 1977 Taylor and his colleagues released 16,000 Malaysian prawns in the ponds, which maintained a 70 degree temperature during the growing period. Taylor harvested his first crop of desert shrimp in March.

"Many of the prawns were market size, averaging nine to the pound," he said. "The prawns are considered commercially feasible if they grow large enough to obtain 10 to the pound. If they were all like that, it would be super "



## REJECTED PETS FIND HOME

Some of Nevada's artifacts of the future will include pet rocks and gambling chips, which are being preserved at opposite ends of the state.

North Las Vegas has offered a new traffic median as a pet rock burial ground. The city announced last spring that it would accept the former Christmas items from owners "who are no longer willing or able to provide proper care for, or love and protect their pet rocks." Dave Morby, library, parks and recreation director, was caretaker of the rejected pets. "It's the humane thing to do," explained one official.

As the pet rocks were being safely entombed, officials at Harrah's uncovered a place to dispose of 37,500 outdated gaming chips—in the foundation of the hotel-casino's new Reno parking garage. The tokens, in their time valued at more than half a million dollars, will be preserved forever a few feet below the tires of Harrah's customers.

## ASK ME

Las Vegas and Reno have their visitor courtesy campaigns, and new rural Nevada has its own—an informational campaign designed around the natural friendliness of service people in the cow counties. The program includes "Ask Me" buttons and T-shirts and wide distribution of event calendars.

Anyone who wants his or her own "Ask Me" T-shirt should contact the Nevada Department of Economic Development. The handsome blue and white T-shirts are available in small, medium and large sizes for \$2.50 each.

"Ask Me" buttons are free for the asking.

## BONANZA DAYS IN NORTHERN NEVADA

The grand opening of MGM's Grand Hotel in Reno last May gave Northern Nevada gaming watchers their first inside look at the new guy in town. Guests were greeted with champagne, cigars, corsages and night long entertainment in the world's biggest casino. MGM bursts with superlatives: the world's biggest show stage; 1,000 hotel rooms and twice as many slot machines; 3,500 employees working in a giant, glittering mountain of concrete, glass and steel that cost \$131 million to build on 145 acres.



MGM is but the first of several gleaming new hotels to change the Reno-Sparks skyline this year. Close behind was Del Webb's addition to its Nevada fleet, the Sahara Reno; the Comstock; Circus Circus' northern big top venture; and the Money Tree, spreading its branches downtown. John Ascuaga's Nugget, Harrah's and Harolds expansions are in the works. And the boom goes on.

Labor Day madness is an Elko tradition. By Bud Hage.

# Elko County Free For All

"Awhile back," says Hardrock, backing up to the warmth of the bunkhouse stove, "I mentioned that a friend of mine, who had the flu, looked as bad as if he'd just spent four days at the Elko County Fair. Some of my Elko friends took exception to that statement, thinking I was disparaging that famed celebration and insinuating an excessive amount of revelry and carousing takes place in that city during its most popular annual event."

That's really not the case. The reason folks leave Elko red eyed and worn out after the Labor Day weekend is there's so much excitement going on, many of them can't bring themselves to waste time sleeping.

Why, I was standing near the desk in the Stockmen's Hotel last year on the first day of the fair, when one of the local ranchers walked in. Someone asked if he had a room yet.

His reply?

"What the hell do I need a room for? I'm only going to be here four days."

Now with that kind of dedication on the part of the local populace, how can you have anything but a first class event? Whether it's horseracing, stock horse contests, or livestock exhibits, in my opinion, the Elko Fair has the world beat—even though these events have changed some since I first remember them.

Take the horse racing. Today the horses come from all over the West, big purses are offered and the same rules follow that you would expect to see at Churchill Downs.

When I was a kid, it wasn't near as sophisticated, but it sure was fun. The horses were mostly local, right off the ranches. No one cared much about what breed they were or what pedigree they had. If some fellow had a horse he thought could run, he entered him. A good many of those horses had never seen a track or starting gate before and had done damn little running where they weren't dodging sagebrush.

The jockeys, often as not, were buckaroos off the same ranches who happened to weigh a little less than most fellows.

It was quite a sight. Race officials and trainers trying to load six or eight head of range horses in a starting gate surrounded by a noisy crowd of people. When the bell rang and the gates popped open, it was difficult to tell if

you were watching a horse race or a bronc riding contest. If a jockey was still there when his horse threw his head up and started to run, it was a cinch, that guy was some kind of a bronc rider.

Those days, you seldom saw the Indians sitting in the grandstand with the whites. Most always they sat on a hill just off the far turn of the race track.

I was always puzzled why they preferred to sit out there in the hot sun rather than under the shade of the grandstand roof. We kids had always tended to stay away from the hill, but when several friends said they would sure like to find out what went on over there, we took courage in numbers and slipped down the far side of the track through the sagebrush to have a close up look at the situation.

Now it's amazing what you can learn on the far side of a race track, out of sight of the judges. Up to that time we had assumed the jockeys used those little racing bats they carried to make their horses run faster, but from our vantage point near the far turn, we found that was not true at all. Those racing bats were to whip the other fellow's horse over the head to make him run slower. The jockey whose horse got slowed down by a swift whack across the ears usually responded by beating on the other jockey with his bat. Now, by the time the horses made it around the far turn, anyone could pick the winner. The jockey who had done the best whipping job had the lead and the race was his.

Those Indians weren't uncivilized. They just knew where the action was, and the amount of money that crossed those blankets after a race made the paramutual windows look like a Sunday bingo game.

The stock horse contest has changed some too. The horses are just as good as they were back then. Most of the riders have learned their horsemanship in the sagebrush just like their counterparts years ago.

I notice though, the judges are different. Today they wear white shirts, smoke tailor-made cigarettes and mostly come from California. Those days the judge was probably just another local buckaroo who didn't happen to be competing that day.

One time a big fellow from up north of Elko, we'll call him Frank, was picked for a judge. He met all the



qualifications, was a better than average bridle man, wasn't competing in that event, and was pretty handy with his fists. He also happened to be sober that day

The contest went pretty smooth until a little, short tempered guy, we'll call him Mike, backed his horse wrong to Frank's way of thinking, and a dispute arose.

Now as neither of these fellows believed in long arguments they were soon swinging on each other. Mike was fast and could hit Frank, but too small to hurt him. Frank was big enough to put Mike away with one good punch, but too slow to hit Mike.

These boys went at it until they ran out of breath, backed off, got their wind and went at it again. By this time most folks figured this was the main event and were leaving the grandstand for the livestock arena where they could get a better idea of which man to place their bets on.

The boys fought until they ran out of wind, sat down, got up and fought, sat down, got up and fought. By late afternoon the picture was still the same. Mike could hit Frank, but couldn't hurt him. Frank could hurt Mike, but couldn't hit him. At dark they finally quit.

I don't remember who won the bridle contest that year, but the fist fight was judged a draw

Everybody's proud of the fine job the 4-H kids do these days, with their livestock projects at the fair. But, I'd like you to know, kids were interested in livestock back then too.

One time, six of the town's more promising youth—I'm not mentioning names because several of them are among the town's leading citizens today and are sensitive about folks recalling their pasts—borrowed a hog from a guy on the edge of town, who didn't happen to be in when they called. They brought her downtown and turned her loose in the gambling hall of the Stockmen's Hotel, just as the evening crowds began to gather

Now, she was a big old sow, weighing about 300 and wild as a snake. Her first pass was right down the bar against the brass rail, leaving some folks laying on the floor looking at the ceiling. That was the first time some of them had been in that position—at least that early in the evening.

She came back through the gaming area, gaining speed on the way, leaving one blackjack table upside down and several women on top of the bar screaming. By this time all

the help and some of the customers are trying to get a hold of the hog, but all the screams, shouts, and curses indicate there's not a whole lot of coordination in the effort, and nobody can seem to hang on long enough to stop her

There's one faro dealer in the place who grew up on a farm in Iowa. A quick flying tackle and that fellow got a hold like only a good hog man knows how. I think he would have stopped her too, if his head hadn't connected with the side of a crap table as the hog passed swiftly underneath.

The sow was finally cornered among the overstuffed chairs in the lobby by the boys themselves. They were headed out the door with her when the hotel manager barred the way. He was minus some skin here and there from his part in the melee and the only way he could have been madder was to have been bigger

He was a good hearted fellow though, and quickly decided to forget this "harmless display of youthful exuberance" when the boys promised to do the same thing to his competitor across the tracks.

As the boys and a sizable crowd of spectators started for the Commercial Hotel, they found their way barred by a passenger train stopped at the Southern Pacific depot. Word passed through the crowd that the sheriff was coming and those boys, not wanting to get caught with the evidence, quickly climbed up between cars, opened a door and turned the hog loose with the passengers just as the train starts to move.

We never knew what happened, as the screams and curses were quickly drowned out by the sounds of the train steaming west, but I'd lay odds that's one group of travelers who never forgot Elko.

The Elko Fair has changed a lot since then. They've built a horse barn on that hill where the Indians used to sit. The stock horse contests are conducted according to standardized rules, and I understand it's been years since the winner of a horse race was decided by which jockey won the fist fight after they crossed the finish line.

But is it still a good event?

I'd say it's the best.

And do I plan to be there this year?

Absolutely—unless those fellows involved in the hog incident meet me at the edge of town and prevent my entering. □

# Christmas in July?



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1979 Nevada Calendar, still only \$2.50 each.

Unionville. Bolivia. Dad Lee's Station. Pershing's backcountry is discovery and exploration. By C. J. Hadley.

# Black Jack's County



*Lovelock bustled during Rochester's boom at the turn of the century.*

The obvious is missing in Pershing County. For interstate travelers on Highway 80, Pershing's beauty and mysteries are too subtle to see.

But if you turn off that endless ribbon of blacktop, you will find lush canyons, precious stones, prospectors' cabins and recreational opportunities in a sparsely populated county of great contrasts and desert charm.

Its history is splendid.

Between 1841 and 1857, more than 165,000 travelers passed through this section of Nevada on the California Emigrant Trail. In 1850, over 9,700 animal carcasses and 3,000 abandoned wagons were counted between Lovelock and Ragtown on the dreaded

Forty Mile Desert.

During that great western migration, the Humboldt River disappeared close to the present town of Lovelock. But it formed a marsh before it sank beneath the alkali and the emigrants called the welcome and moist bottom land in lower valley, the Big Meadows.

In the 1860s Englishman George Lovelock opened a stage business at the edge of the Big Meadows to serve the emigrants traveling west. They stopped at Lovelock's to rest and to fatten their livestock on the lush green grass before crossing the formidable Humboldt Sink.

It was a time when Pershing County was thriving. Miners found millions of



dollars worth of silver, gold, tungsten, copper and lead; railroad passengers found little to entertain them but were traveling to Golden California anyway; and the wagon train riders found high priced water, beer and food.

Pershing was, in fact, more populated in 1863 than it is today, and the remnants of its most active era can be found rotting in the canyons of its numerous mountain ranges. Everywhere there are glimpses of the country's past glory

There are ghosts of mining towns like Etna, Loring and Barbersville; railroad stops that have all but disappeared like Cosgrave, Humboldt House, Mill City, and Oreana; and the way stations that served the emigrants



*Willow fences were common in Nevada 100 years ago. This one still stands in Unionville. (left)*

*Famous as a sheep camp and for silver discoveries worth four million dollars, Seven Troughs was settled in 1906. (bottom right)*

*Agony for emigrants making their way to California, the Forty Mile Desert left a great many stragglers behind. (bottom left)*

at places like Jacob's Well and Buffalo Springs.

On May 25, 1917, Lovelock was incorporated and became a city. Less than two years later, Pershing was carved from the original Humboldt County and its only city became the county seat. Lovelock's 1920 census told of 2,803 inhabitants, yet 50 years later that number was 133 less—which makes Lovelock one of very few cities that lost population during America's boom years.

Pershing County today is mining and agriculture. The county today is excellent for recreation. Quicksilver and iron were mined until recently and prospectors continue to search for silver and gold. Lovelock Valley produced one percent of the nation's alfalfa seed supply, and one of its feed lots can handle up to 16,000 head of cattle. Rockhounds search for quartz, crystal, dumortierite, perlite, opal, garnet, tourmaline and pyrophyllite;

*Vernon was a vigorous mining camp sporting three newspapers and a rock wall jail. All that remains is one wall of the jail and a windmill and trough that provided water for livestock. (top right)*

*Ancient tufa rock formations—remnants of prehistoric Lake Lahontan—can be found all over Nevada. These are 10 miles from Lovelock just off Interstate 80 West. (below)*

fishermen go to Rye Patch Reservoir to catch bass, walleye, crappie, carp, catfish and trout.

The lower valley meadows are said to be the best in the state for hunting chukar, sage hen, pheasant, duck, geese, quail and dove. And Pershing County is also known for Edna Perviance, who was schooled in Lovelock prior to becoming Charlie Chaplin's leading lady during the time of silent films.

But the best of Black Jack's County is saved for explorers, because there are dozens of ghost towns tucked away in its hills.

Like Rochester, which produced almost \$9 million in silver and gold and in 1913 had a population of more than 2,000; many of its buildings are standing today. Unionville, one time home of Mark Twain, still has a few residents, and the political capital of Humboldt County before Winnemucca claimed the seat. And Seven Troughs, which produced almost \$3 million in ores, boasted a population of 2,500 in 1907 and whose tailings are still being worked.

And don't forget Dun Glen, which lasted 30 years and produced more than \$15 million until the ore gave out and the town of Chafey took over. But Chafey didn't last very long. Its population was 1,000 in 1908, "but the ore couldn't support the high strung activities of the Chafeyites," so ruins of its mill and other buildings



now lay abandoned in the brush.

The treasures of Pershing's past can't be appreciated from the blacktop. In the backcountry always carry plenty of water and watch you gas gauge. Outside Lovelock the nearest modern campsites are at Rye Patch, but there is ample public domain on which to rough it.

Collect rocks around the old Vernon Jail; look at the ruins at Humboldt; pick honeysuckle or picnic in Bloody Canyon; or fish from a boat or from the banks at Rye Patch.

And when you pass through Lovelock, stop for the county's biggest celebration of the year, Frontier Days. This year's agenda includes rodeo, parade, hardrock drilling contests, bluegrass music, dances, barbecues, weight carrying and arm wrestling, from August 3 to 6. Don't miss it. □



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Spreading cheer to Nevada's  
northern neighbors.

By A. C. Howard.

## The Great Jackpot Booze Connection

During the Big Depression I had a truckdriving job that required long hauls across the Nevada desert. My co-driver and I had a sleeper cab, and we frequently drove loads of whiskey from San Francisco to the Nevada-Idaho border near the present site of Jackpot. It was a 700-mile run across two wet states to a dry one, where the whiskey was turned over to bootleggers at a secret rendezvous.

The California leg of our trip was smooth sailing, but jockeying over the Sierra was tough in winter when the snow piled high on Donner's 7,300-foot summit. Large plows using 12-cylinder Liberty airplane engines on their blowers cut swaths truck-top-high through the snow. One year Truckee was so snowbound that local merchants were digging tunnels between their businesses when we passed through

At the Truckee port of entry, where westbound travelers still surrender their Iowa corn and Minnesota strawberries, gun-toting inspectors threw away your bananas, shot your drooling dog and dared you to offer an argument. In that era any traveler smoking cigarettes more elegant than a nickel sack of Bull Durham or Golden Grain was under automatic suspicion.

Reno was an oasis for fueling, feeding and flinging the ivories. Even then the town was famous and truthfully advertised itself as the Biggest Little City in the World. The action at Harolds Club proved the slogan to be true.

But beyond Reno our lonely hauls were enlivened only by a few lights and shady trees of small Nevada towns. Once, however, our journey took on some unexpected drama at the Carson Sink. My partner was tutoring a young friend in the manly art of shifting gears, fighting sleep and persuading divorcees. The student overcompensated on a curve, and our rig and its 38,000-pound payload of California whiskey took a tour of the alkali bog. The trailer overturned and the truck sank to the floorboards. We spent three unhappy days salvaging and reloading in the hot sun.

Lovelock boasted a roadside store or two and a line of dust-laden trees that offered just a hint of shade.



Winnemucca was a northern Nevada megalopolis with several blocks of businesses, a hotel and a Western Union telegraph office. The Star Cafe had good food and slot machine entertainment, and the Winnemucca Hotel catered to more well-heeled travelers, having a cool dining room and winsome waitresses.

From the telegraph office we sent a telegram each trip announcing our probable time of arrival at a drop point we called Twin Springs or Contact. The telegraph office was usually closed, but messages could be left inside the screen door. The operator had made friends with a docile rattlesnake which often coiled in the entrance. I generously permitted my partner to leave the messages.

A few hours later Battle Mountain's twinkling lights could be seen from 30 miles away in the clean desert air "Battle Ground" consisted of a gasoline pump, water if urgently needed, a few homes, and the biggest, most ferocious mosquitos I've ever met.

Elko was a relief. It offered paved streets and an air of civic pride, not to mention good food. The pavement ended at the city limits. From there it was on to Wells and north to Contact.

The narrow road to Wells was gravel and dirt, fenced with barbed wire woven with king-size sagebrush to act as a snow fence. We carried large pads called suggins to cover and protect our freight from the cold. Wells was considered the coldest spot in the U.S.

Once the fuel lines froze, leaving us stranded in a cold, howling wind. We propped the big suggin around the fuel tank and lit smudge pots to thaw the lines. Then we cut sagebrush for fire to warm our hands. When the lines finally thawed, the engine turned over slowly and crankcase oil bubbled out the breather cap vent.

The end of our legal whiskey haul was a pair of lookalike sheds just inside the Nevada line. There the agent from Twin Falls, Idaho, met us with crews and cars to unload our cargo. We continued to Twin Falls with an empty rig as the bootleggers roared away in the night, spreading cheer to Nevada's northern neighbors. □

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## Martha and the Doctor

A frontier family in Central Nevada. By Marvin Lewis.

Dr James Gally was a dreamer. No sooner had he established a handsome dentistry practice in Ohio than his dreams seized him by the scruff of his neck and he packed up his family—wife Martha and their two children James and Matty—and succumbed to the lure of wealth and adventure to be found in the West during the 1860s. Unlike most families westward bound (for life was difficult enough to live—much less to write about), both Martha and the doctor recorded the 10 years they spent in their search, and eventual fulfillment, throughout central Nevada.

Responsible for holding the family together while her husband made money in any way he could, Martha carefully recorded their daily lives: the hardships encountered in moves from camp to camp, their life in wagons and tents (often with no money and little food), often her despair but always the loneliness, the overpowering loneliness of her life.

The optimistic Dr. Gally, who almost perversely abandoned dentistry except in emergencies, did everything to keep them going—farming, hauling, mining—but always prospecting, and always (though usually for no pay) writing. Under the pseudonym Singleline he was well known for his stories, poems, and letters in Nevada newspapers.

The narrative—the extraordinary story of Martha and the doctor and the stories each wrote about their lives—was woven by author Marvin Lewis, who died before the final manuscript was completed. It was finished by his sister, Betty Lewis, and gives the reader a rare look at the day-to-day struggles of a pioneer family in central Nevada.

\* \* \*

*The Gallys arrived in Nevada in August, 1864, just two months before Lincoln declared Nevada a state.*

The doctor's family was familiar with the change, motion, and color of

the Mississippi Valley; the sagebrush land was a far departure from the sap and verdure of their old home. All was stangely quiet in the valleys, save for the occasional sound of a hare, a bluejay, or a raven; and after the sunlit hours, the sombre shadows lengthened into forlorn darkness reinforced by the "shivering howl" of a coyote. To Dr. Gally, it seemed like a ghostly world, a haunted domain. As they made their evening camp on the floor of a sagebrush valley, the Gallys had reason to contemplate the "dead silence."

"Back home (as we fondly call the old States)," Dr. Gally wrote in 1870, "there is snow or there is not snow; but here, one stands at night on the dry sand in the valley, or lies on his blanket among the dusky gray of the bushes, while a little way from him, on either

hand, the snowy peaks, white as the ghastly wardens in a fairy tale, keep stern and shrouded guard upon the scene."

The Gallys had to cross mountain ranges that ran short distances in broken but nearly parallel formations on their way to Austin. The ranges enclosed valley floors and abounded in sinks, marshes, alkali flats, and passes. About 50 miles from the Utah border was Schellbourne Pass and the Schell Creek Station. This was a pleasant stopping place because it afforded cold spring water. Egan Canyon, the pass that connected Steptoe and Butte valleys, offered scenery "wildly grand and beautiful"; clumps of willow trees gave welcome shade in the summer months and in season wild roses and gooseberries grew profusely and many doves made the canyon their nesting

*Abandoned pioneer cabin near the Ruby Mountains, White Pine County.*



territory

Somewhat to their surprise the Gally family enjoyed the newness of the sagebrush land. They traveled in a leisurely manner, taking a month to cover the 157 miles from Egan Canyon to Austin in central Nevada. Both people and animals benefited by the slower pace of the march. The Gallys felt invigorated by the dry, warm autumn climate.

The Gallys had come to the end of their emigrant road—the beginning of the second chapter of their pioneer adventure. For the doctor, this was a time of expectation. His boundless energy would expend itself in many pursuits. The children would become seasoned in the ways of a new life, but for their mother, there existed mixed emotions. Her nervous energy, drained by the plains crossing; doubts and fears about their future overwhelmed her. The days and years to come were to bear out some of her darkest premonitions.

\* \* \*

*The rigors of desert travel behind them, the Gallys settled in Austin. While the doctor immediately leaped into mining and political ventures, Martha observed the raw young camp, fascinated by its bustling free spirit.*

For Mat Gally, impressions of the area were formed over a period of several months. Since the Gallys were living in a warehouse in Clifton, the entrance to the two-mile-long canyon and the sights it offered were familiar to her. She could look out her door on any day of the week to see wagons, coaches, and strings of oxen entering and leaving the canyon. She brushed shoulders in Clifton with all types of people from all classes and every part of the world. The extraordinary social and political freedom of the community was a matter of wonder to her. There was fascination in this fast-moving, bustling world:

"The country is new & the population heterogeneous—you see every grade of every nationality represented—Americans from everywhere that have been everywhere—elderly portly capitalists that are here to invest—keen elegant speculators that have been successful—hairy, hungry "hard" looking miners, some that have "struck it" & some that haven't. Mill-owners & mill hands—merchants, doctors, lawyers, sailors, saddlers, "butcher & baker" every thing and everybody—



*Street scene in Austin about the time the Gallys arrived in the booming mining town.*

riches & rags—broadcolths & fustians—"greasers with their black faces & slouched hats, "Castilians" with their fierce moustachios & jingling spurs—Frenchmen, Englishmen, Prussians Russians Poles Swiss Dutch Jews Irishmen & Scots—Indians with their blankets & half naked squaws with their papooses bound to the board, hanging down their back from a band that passes round their (the squaws') head. You can live as you please, dress as you please, eat as you please, make money as you please, or lose it as you please, go where & as you please & die & be burried or not as you please. One man hurrahs for Abe & his neighbor for Jeff—one man drinks to the health of the Repubs or "Blks" as they call them here & another gives as his toast "Davis & his cabinet" or "Lee & his Gents." In the street you hear every tongue and language from the grunt of the Shoshones to the soft music of the Italian—see every costume coats cloaks shawls wraps poncho serapes & blankets—great long droves of pack mules, driven usually by Mexicans with their little ponies & queer whips, passing some great towering wood or lumber wagon holding two or three cords of wood & hauled by their overworked oxen which require the most peculiar & extensive profanity that ever you heard to get them along—along will come the coach with its thoroughly groomed & well fed horses dashing through the narrow street—perhaps running into a drove of camels with their long beards and ugly necks at which sight the horses most decidedly "shy" & no

wonder You see great big freight wagons from California or Salt Lake, bigger than the old National Road wagon drawn by sometimes 10 & sometimes 20 mules all driven by a single line. Everybody, women as well as men ride a full gallop up hill and down—almost everbody gambles, play faro, monte roneaux or billiards checkers chess & dominoes—women usually Spanish or French hire tables in the different saloons & play all night. The Chinamen with their loose shirts, long queues & wooden shoes do nearly all of the washing."

The great freedom of life in Austin also was evident in political life. During a period of fierce sectional division and in the midst of a bloody civil war, politics was freely discussed. This had been unthinkable in Ohio, where political passions has attained new levels of violence after the Gallys left. Mat wrote to her father that "we have not lived politically so freely for years." When Richmond fell, followed by Lee's surrender, many people, according to Mat, "expressed their sorrow openly," and the excitement that prevailed when news was flashed of Lincoln's assassination was intense. For the last year of the war, the Gallys found in Nevada the freedom from civil passion they had dreamed of in Ohio.

*Excerpts from "Martha and the Doctor; A Frontier Family in Central Nevada" by Marvin Lewis; Bristlecone Series Paperback, published by University of Nevada Press, Reno, Nevada. 247 pp. \$5.00.*

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
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What kind of people choose to live in a desert while all the time their hearts are in the water? The people who know. By Burge Hulett.

# A Desert Navy

## BOATING IN NEVADA

*Inland boating can be fun.*



Nevada, the desert state, is a boaters' Nirvana. Its private navy, according to boat registrations during 1977, was 23,997. Furthermore, boating, like most other activities in this last frontier state, takes on the character of the people involved. It is no exercise in tradition. Yacht club elitists in white flannel trousers and J. Press blazers are as out of place in Nevada as a pickup camper and horse trailer would be on Sutton Place in New York.

Well before the snows melt, Nevadans take to their desert lakes in a white water cascade of activity. They water ski at over 50 mph or fish for cutthroat or skim over the water at over 80 mph in a 600 hp ski boat or fly with the wind on a 20-foot Sol Cat.

Every weekend from the middle of May until well into November, launching ramps at Mead, Pyramid, Washoe, Mohave, Tahoe, Walker and Lahontan are alive with boating cuckoos of bewildering shapes, sizes, sexes and intentions unloading Sangers, Eliminators, Hondos, Hobie Cats, Prindles, Nautiques and Sea Rays. They are metrolites from Las Vegas and Reno. They come from funky towns like Virginia City and Gold Hill. They are cattlemen from Elko and Winnemucca or miners from Battle Mountain and Eureka.

They are students, blackjack dealers, lawyers, cocktail waitresses, politicians and physicians. They come to the lakes in Econoline vans, Chevrolet fordors, BMW megadollar coupes, VW squarebacks, Jimmy 4x4s and Datsun minitrucks—all with boats lumping along behind.

For some, it may be a long and uncomfortable drive, but unlike their fellow enthusiasts in the waterlogged and overcrowded states of the East, they all know when they get to their destination, there will be no wait. At Nevada's lakes, there's room for everyone. Each lake seems to suit a specific boating activity best, although Oh-My-God ski boats co-exist with agile catamarans and trolling fishermen throughout the state. It is a reflection of the Nevadan's willingness to let live; it is a clear extension of the Nevadan's overall regard for the rights of the individual.

In the south, Lakes Mead and Mohave offer immense open spaces. Lake Mead may not be ready to apply for membership in the Deep Seas category, but it does have 229 square miles of water surface and 550 miles of shoreline.

JOHN CURTIS PHOTOS

Northern lakes are not so extravagant in terms of size, but they do have much diversity

What kind of person would choose to live in a desert while all the while his heart is in the water?

#### I. Joe Messineo, water skier

Calling Joe Messineo a recreational water skier is like calling the winner of the Silver State Marathon a dilettante jogger. Lots of people water ski, but Messineo has elevated the diversion almost to a religion. It's the most important thing in his life, and he has arranged his days to suit his passion. Joe Messineo skis year round. When the weather is warm he skis on the water in Nevada and California; when it turns cold he skis in Nevada on the snow and on the water in Southern California. For the past two years, he has spent three months in Hawaii water skiing the winter away

Messineo, a life-long Nevada resident and a carpenter by trade, looks like he belongs in Redondo Beach. His Hawaii sun-bleached hair and his trying-to-be-blond beard top an athletic body clothed in layered jeans and tee shirt make him look far more a product of the beach than the desert. So much for looks: Joe Messineo's water skiing career started on Mt. Rose in Northern Nevada.

Messineo was snow skiing so young he can't remember exactly how old he was. But he does remember the first time he went water skiing.

"It just felt right," he says, "and I knew I had to keep on."

Joe has skied behind just about everything that will pull him along fast enough to practice his competition specialty, slalom skiing. But he prefers to put his \$230 Connelly water ski in the wake of a Ski Nautique, a boat built specifically for competitive water skiing. This deep vee inboard is suitable for the three basic events that make up water ski competition: jumping, trick and slalom.

When it comes to water to ski on, Messineo is as demanding as with his boat preference. About Pyramid Lake he says: "It's a good place to ski when the weather is right. Then there's no wind and calm water." But as every Nevada boater knows, Pyramid is a fickle mistress. Says Messineo, "When the wind comes over the mountains, you have about 20 minutes to get off. If you don't you had better call your insurance company."

Lake Lahontan, with its coves and



*it can be chic*

*and it can take you to the edge. It's your choice.*

varied shoreline, offers a lot for water skiers. Messineo likes the beaches, trees and coves for a day spent working out on skis and just enjoying the lake. He says that the coves, with their calm water and few people make them perfect places to practice slalom skiing.

Lake Topaz doesn't get high marks from the water skiing crowd because of the abundance of rocks and scarcity of beaches.

Walker Lake, thinks Messineo, is too far for Reno based water skiers, but for skiers in Central Nevada has almost as much to offer as convenient Pyramid.

The best place for warm weather skiing, according to Joe Messineo, is the mile-high crystal clear water of Lake Tahoe. "It's the best water skiing in the world on the right day. Maybe it's the density of the water or something but you can really get down



on that lake." So though there are few places to beach and the water temperature is chilling, Lake Tahoe rates first on the best places list in Nevada water ski circles.

What's the bottom line for a dedicated water skier, where does it all lead? For Joe Messineo, the ultimate is to be among the select group making their living water skiing and to become a sponsored athlete on the payroll of a ski company or a ski boat manufacturer. In the meantime Joe Messineo keeps on practicing and improving in Nevada, California and Hawaii.

Right now his training centers on barefoot skiing and slalom competition. He says about barefoot skiing, "You can't fear it, you've got to have confidence."

Joe has gone over 70 mph on water skis. He says, "You tense up and hang on. If you fall it's like falling off a motorcycle, you have got to stay loose (in a fall) or you'll eat it."

And eat it you will. Even the perfect water of Lake Tahoe is like concrete when you hit it as 70 mph. But Joe Messineo doesn't think about falling. He doesn't have time; he's too busy figuring out how quickly he can trade his carpenter's apron for a wet suit when he deposits his paycheck on payday

## II. Mike Privette, ski boat jockey

When most boaters see low-slung, flat-bottomed fiberglass hulls with monster chrome motors sticking high out of the back, they think of reckless, outlaw drag racers of the water. According to Mike Privette, that's reflexive hysteria. Privette should know. Mike's proudest possession is, "Stone Cold Crazy," a better-than-new Sanger jet drive ski boat with a chrome 454 cu. in. Chevy driving a painstakingly assembled jet pump. Privette is well aware of what can happen in a 600 hp, 90 mph boat. Like all racers, Mike gets his pleasure from being on the edge.

"Everybody calls me crazy 'cause I'm out on the redline; no max, you do whatever it takes." Whatever it takes, for Mike, is having the fastest jet boat on the lake. And he has done whatever it takes to make "Stone Cold Crazy" a showpiece as well as a go-piece.

Privette's rig is a stunner: multi-hued, pinstriped hull, white chrome-wheeled trailer, both hitched to a color coordinated GMC 4x4. There isn't a spot of dust, dirt, or grease anywhere



Joe Messineo: there's money in skiing.

on the boat or the monster Chevy sticking out of the rear

The 24-year-old barber says he spends three to four hours cleaning his jet boat after each outing. And it looks it.

Mike, a Reno resident, speaks of Pyramid Lake with reverence.

"It's the neatest lake in the world when it's calm but once the clouds lift over the hill you had better get the hell off "

Mike remembers the Labor Day weekend two years ago when 13 boats went down because their skippers didn't pay attention to the weather warnings. Ski boats with eight-inch freeboard are designed to do one thing: accelerate like a barracuda. These drag racers of the water are faster than the fish they slam past on their way to 90 mph.

Says Mike about his boat, "It's awesome out of the hole, I've never been beaten." The only things that have matched Mike and "Stone-Cold Crazy" are vee drives. Mike says that the vee drive prop boats can take him on top end but are no equal from a standing start.

Lake Lahontan is the place for ski boaters. Mike says, "It's the boat drag strip of Reno."

If this conjures up images of crazed men and women zooming over wake-ripped water in tranquil Lake Lahontan turning ideal weekends to ruin for less adventuresome boaters, then listen to Mike Privette.

"The ski boats get on the water about 5 p.m. when everybody is starting to leave. It's not crowded then and we can have the lake almost to ourselves. It's just too dangerous to race out there when the water is full of families in their little boats."

Mike and his ski boat friends have too much at stake in their \$14,000 boats to risk either themselves or their



Mike Privette: the thrill of 600 horses.

machines in a high speed accident. Beaches five, seven and nine are where you can find Mike and the rest of the ski boat people at Lake Lahontan.

Mike and his wife Laura are water skiers but not in the same way Joe Messineo is. To Mike and Laura, "Stone Cold Crazy," is the center of their attention whereas to Joe, the boat is just a device to allow him to water ski. Mike justifies his boat with an interest in water skiing but that's not exactly the way it is. Listen to him talk about "Stone Cold Crazy "

"I just saw it and dug it—it looked good, it's an elite boat—it's primo." And it is. "Stone Cold Crazy" won first place in Reno's 12th Annual Rod and Custom Car Show (boat division) at the end of April.



For houseboats and cruisers, Lake Mead has it all: open water, secluded beaches and year-round boating weather.

Is the thrill of running a big-engined ski boat hauling along at 90 mph? Well that's part of it, but there just aren't that many times when you can go that fast on the water. There is a lot of the car culture in ski boats. Says Mike, "My biggest rush is when I get to a ramp and everyone turns their heads. They all want to hear it start and see it go."

And see it go they do. Mike believes in using his boat. It doesn't look it but "Stone Cold Crazy" has had plenty of hole shots on lots of weekends during the past two years. Mike can't understand people who have poorly maintained boats. He says, "They're like mistreated kids—I don't see how anyone can do that."

### III. Dottie Goffstein, pleasure boater

Every Friday afternoon convoys of city bound Southern Nevadans cast away their urban shackles and bolt for the water like packs of water-starved springer spaniels. They're off to Lakes Mead and Mohave, with trailers, boats, ice chests and tethered sails flapping in their wake.



Ray Craft: rather fish than eat.



Jim Sisco: wind in the sails.

The weekend is escape time for Nevadans like Dottie Goffstein of Las Vegas. Dottie has been hooked on Lake Mead boating for 25 years. She enjoys fishing, swimming, water skiing—and just relaxing, preferably in some hidden, wave-lapped cove.

Dottie Goffstein's lake activity centers on her comfortable cruiser, the Four Queens. Her late husband Ben was founder and builder of the Four Queens, a longtime Vegas landmark. Both casino and boat are named for their four daughters, who grew up on the lake and usually join Dottie on weekend outings.

Her boating style is relaxed and spirited, a combination of outdoor savvy and homespun comforts. Friday she eases the Four Queens out of its marina berth and points to a secluded beach like Hidden Cove, her favorite, with friends and family. Time for a bonfire in the evening, daytime barbecues, swapping stories on the beach and even TV. "With generators, you can watch TV if you like," Dottie says. "TV comes in great out there."

She enjoys the informality of boating and weekend get-togethers and the camaraderie among lakegoers. "It's a different world. Everybody is on the same level—I don't care if you have a 50 foot boat or a 14 footer. There's nothing like 'I've got more than you.'"

There are two socially active yacht clubs on Mead, but Dottie shys away from luaus and such frolics. "When there are a lot of people around, I don't want to be there."

"I'm not a joiner," she says. But Dottie Goffstein is involved in one cause she feels strongly about: that the marinas serve boaters. She's an active and vocal member of the Lake Mead Boat Owners Association. "We try to make sure that security is kept up, that we have cleanliness." The Association also suggests safety rules and buoy locations around the lake.

Boating safety is one of Dottie Goffstein's prime concerns. "One of my pet peeves is people going out on the lake who don't know the lake at all. They take seven or eight people in a 16-foot boat and don't have life jackets. That's sick." She also has strong words for water skiers who disregard warning buoys, sweep too close to shore and knock others' boats off the beach.

"But once you get annoyed, you're defeating your purpose. I go to the lake to relax."

Mead has been her weekend and summer home for a quarter of a

century, and in that time she has watched the lake's activity grow as Las Vegas grows. Marina facilities were basic then, and boating was on a smaller scale. "Everything's a lot bigger now. I don't think we saw any fiberglass boats at all, and the biggest boat on the lake was a 36-footer from the Flamingo. Years ago all the hotels—including the Thunderbird, the El Rancho and the Flamingo—all had boats for their customers." Now only two hotels provide that service.

And she believes that Las Vegas hotels ought to get their customers to the lake more often.

"The thing that annoys me is that more visitors don't know about the

*(Continued on page 54)*

## NEVADA BOATING LAWS By Dave Rice

The Nevada Department of Fish and Game is primarily responsible for Nevada boating safety. NDFG's 24-page pamphlet, "Highlights of the Nevada Boat Act," is available FREE and will answer most of your questions regarding boating on Nevada waters.

What follows, are excerpts:

- Each person aboard must wear an approved lifejacket.
- Any waterskier must wear an approved lifejacket and be observed by a person in the boat who is not the operator. (Requirements vary depending on size of boat. Ski belts are not approved.)
- Motorboat exhaust systems must be effectively muffled. (On some lake waters it is illegal to operate a boat if the exhaust system emits a noise level greater than 86 decibels, measured at a distance of 50 feet or more.)
- All boats powered by a motor must be registered, and registration must be carried on the boat when it is in operation.
- Boat numbers and registration decals must be placed clearly in the forward portion of the boat.
- Out-of-state boats with valid registration may be operated in Nevada for 90 days.
- Boaters must carry at least one working, fully charged fire extinguisher. (Regulations vary with boat size, gas tank placement and hull type.)

Send for a free copy of "Highlights of the Nevada Boat Act"—NDFG, P.O. Box 10678, Reno, NV 89520. Or pick one up: this pamphlet is available at all NDFG regional offices and at some boating supply stores and lake marinas. □

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# Black Rock Sunrise

Words and photos by Pandion



The first light of dawn stirred Early Man in his makeshift bed of reeds along the shoreline of Pleistocene Lake Lahontan, and his quick-opening eyes caught the smallest rays of sun as it broke into view over the mountains to the far side of the great waters.

Barren hillsides, wispy clouds and drifting fog slowly became illuminated by the ancient sun some five to ten thousand years ago, casting its light across the waters that began evaporating about that same time, causing Early Man to seek his food elsewhere. The colorful morning scene was repeated many times when he lived on the shore of the big waters, hunting its plentiful waterfowl and catching its fish.

Today, we know this area as the Black Rock playa. This past winter Nevada desert wanderers were able to witness the same scenes that Early Man came to know as meaning a fair day. But for us the scene is far less permanent than his, as the big waters flooding the playa were merely the discharge of storms that pelted the Black Rock and Granite ranges bordering the playa, and not the deep melt-waters of glaciers.

The Great Basin changes ever so slowly. It is the same sun, the same mountains, the same landscape that Early Man traversed. Yet here, ten thousand years later, the greatest change in the Black Rock is that man has learned to record the scene on film, instead of chipping and recording on rock.

### *NO PLACE FOR BEGINNERS*

"Phone—60 miles" reads the sign at the Soldier Meadows ranch. The arrow points south towards Gerlach, the last signs of civilization before the once dreaded Black Rock Desert. Things have not changed much from the days of wagon trains in this desolate land. It is not a place for beginners wanting to visit Nevada's deserts.

Anyone wanting to travel this part of northwestern Nevada must carry food and water, with heavy emphasis on the water. Accommodations are "zero" so also plan on carrying extra gas, fan belt and other spare parts. Roads are not maintained except for the main route, State 34 and 8A, so an extra tire would also be in order.

Potable water is scarce to non-existent. If you want a place to be self-sufficient, self-reliant, and totally self-entertained, enjoy one of the West's real areas of isolation—the Black Rock Desert, and environs.



*The harsh dryness of the region is relieved in places by hot springs, which support plants and aquatic life adapted to high water temperatures and mineral content.*



**From mountain climbing to trumpet lessons to city swimming, there's something for every youngster this summer in Nevada. By David E. Moore.**

## Where To Take The Kids

Nevada is famous for its adult recreation and entertainment. But that does not imply that the kids have to get the short end of the deal at vacation time. Every town in the Silver State has opportunities for children, for the entire season or an afternoon excursion. Outdoor outings, city recreation and forward-looking children's programs in music, ecology, dance and sports are available to all, from tots to teens. Many attractions cost nothing or little, and parents can give themselves and the youngsters a break from the vacation routine. After all, Nevada is for kids too.

### CAMPS

**Washoe Pines Ranch**—Franktown Road, Washoe Valley near Reno. Sessions 6/25-7/29 and 7/30-8/12. Environmental education program sponsored by Foresta Institute for youngsters aged 10-15. Sleeping in teepees, eating outdoors, caring for domestic animals, camp chores, ecology, art, swimming, kitchen and mountaineering. First session half at ranch, half on extended field trips. Five week session, \$775; two week session \$310. Also, **Western Studies Trek** 6/25-7/22. A four week expedition across Nevada and California for ages 14-18. \$600 fee. Call 702-882-6361.

**Summer of Fun**—Reno Recreation Center, 925 Riverside Dr., Reno. Ages 7-14. Tours swimming, bowling, movies. Two week sessions starting 7/3, 7/17 7/31, 8/14, Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m.-4 p.m. Fee \$25, registration first come, first served.

**Fort Apache Day Camp**—840 Gentry Way, Reno. Thru 8/1. Ages 5-12. Private. Weekly, daily, hourly registration. Trips to parks, lakes, Carson City, Bowers Mansion. Swimming, hiking, crafts, games. Kids should bring lunch. Fee \$.60 per hour, parents pay extra entrance charges. Early and late supervision available. Call 702-825-5812.

**A Small World Day Camp**—4701 Neil Rd., Reno. Thru 9/1. Ages 6-12. Private weekly or daily sessions, 8:45-4:45 p.m. M-F. Trips to Tahoe, Pyramid Lake, Virginia City, planetarium, fish hatchery. Swimming, hiking, fishing, crafts. Bring lunch. Pickup in Reno-Sparks area. Fee \$35/week, \$8 one day, excluding swim lessons (plus \$10 yearly insurance fee). Call 702-825-2522.

**This Is It Ranch Day Camp**—11900 S. Virginia, Reno. Thru 8/25. Ages 5-14. Private weekly sessions; 9-5. Booked for '78; waiting list and '79 signups available. Pickup service within Reno. \$39.50 per week, discounts for 4 or 10 weeks and for second child. Call 702-825-0886.

**Clark County Day Camp**—Thru Aug. 25, 10 weekly sessions. Ages 8-12. Outdoor experience in the Spring Mountains. Accent on learning about nature and campcraft skills. Hiking, cooking, singing, nature, arts and crafts. Bring lunch. Pickup at 16 locations in Las Vegas, Boulder City, Henderson and North Las Vegas. 8-4:30. \$8 per session. Contact Clark County Dept. of Parks and Recreation.

**Girl Scouts—Camp Foxtail**—mountain overnight camping for girls 7-14. Weekly sessions starting 7/5, 7/12, 7/24, 7/31. Signup early. Fees per session: \$57.50 for scouts, \$75 others. Also, special horseback riding and backpacking programs. 702-385-3677

**Adventure Summer Camp**—1833 W Charleston Blvd., Las Vegas. Thru August. Ages 7-11. Private day camp, with several overnight excursions. Mt. Charleston, Lake Mead, Sunrise Mountain, Arizona Strip, Utah. Hiking, rafting, instruction in desert flora and fauna. Bring lunch. 9-5. \$35 per week. 702-382-8492.

**Sun Aire Summer Day Camp**—5140 Eastern Ave., Las Vegas. August 11th. Ages 6-12. Private, weekly sessions, minimum two. Field trips every day. Horseriding, swimming, roller skating, plays, arts and crafts, hiking, cookouts. \$40 per week, \$16.50 for summer insurance, shirt and cap. 702-739-7115.

## MUSIC CAMPS

Southern Nevada Summer Music School. Intensive music program and mountain recreation for ages 8-18 at Lee Canyon Youth Camp on Mt. Charleston. Elementary youngsters explore instrumentation, vocal music, dance and drama. Teens have special individual attention and ensemble experience. Elementary, 7/9-15 or 7/16-22, \$110 fee. Jr. High, 7/23-8/5, \$225 fee. Sr. High, 8/6-19, \$225 fee. Early registration encouraged. Fees include all programs, food and housing. SNSMS, Box 19247, Las Vegas, NV 89119.

Lake Tahoe Music Camp. Vacation with music for ages 10 through high school at Stateline 4-H Club grounds. Sponsored by Univ. of Nevada, Reno. Concert band and string orchestra instruction, 7/31-8/5, \$115; jazz week, for instruments, vocal jazz and pop singing, 8/6-11; \$125. Registration thru 7/21. Students can commute or camp full time. 784-6145 or 784-4046.

## PLAYGROUNDS & RECREATION

Las Vegas playground program for ages 6-12, thru 8/25. M-F, 8-4. Sports, arts, crafts, drama, dance and field trips. CCPR.

Boulder City playground supervision in neighborhoods, 2 hours M-F. BCRP

North Las Vegas summer program for kids at five NLV community centers. Games, arts, crafts, swimming, all day M-Th or T-F. Four 2-week sessions, \$15 fee each. NLVR.

Las Vegas junior high recreation, ages 13-18, thru 8/25. M-F, 1-10 p.m. Sports, tournaments, open gym, arts, crafts, field trips. CCPR.

Carson City Fun Weeks, ages 5-7 and 8-11, thru 9/1. M-F, 9-4. Weekly schedule of games, field trips and lake outings. Special trips for teens. Weekly fees \$10 and \$15. CCRD.

Reno summer playground program at 12 parks and schools, ages 6 and up, thru 8/25. M-F, 9-5. Also, field trips to Tahoe and Donner. No fee except admissions and supplies. RRD.

Reno-Sparks YWCA, 1301 Valley Road, Reno. Recreation for pre-schoolers and up. 322-4531.

Sparks Summer Outburst for ages 6-14, thru 8/25. M-F, 9-3. Weekly themes with arts, crafts, drama, games, roller skating, trips. Also, special events. \$10 weekly fee, register two weeks in advance. Sparks Recreation Center. SRD.

Elko city park has facilities for tennis, handball and basketball, with picnic area. Summer special events.

Winnemucca summer rec program for kids and youths includes rafting on the Humboldt, jogging, tennis and Sunday motorcycle racing. 623-5081.

## GYMNASTICS

Las Vegas gymnastics classes, all summer, day or evening, ages 5-18. Southern Nevada Gymnastics Assoc., 873-4600.

Reno gymnastics classes, ages 6-9 and 10-15. One hour afternoon classes M-F, 7/17-8/11. \$15 fee. RRD.

Sparks gymnastics, with tumbling and floor exercises, ages 4-14. Sparks Middle School. Three hours per week, 7/14-8/11, register two



*Young guitar player practices chords at Southern Nevada Summer Music School, the innovative Lee Canyon camp directed by Bill Lowman and other Las Vegas musicians. Elementary campers work with instruments, song and drama.*

weeks in advance. \$5 fee for ages 4-5, \$10 for 6-14. SRD.

Fallon gymnastics with tumbling and apparatus, ages 7 and up. Churchill High School. Two week sessions starting 7/11 and 7/25. \$2 fee. CHR.D.

## DANCE, MUSIC & THEATER

Marionette and Puppet Show and Workshop for tots and youths, 7/12 and 7/13. Paradise, Sunrise and Cannon centers. CCPR.

Dance, music, theater, piano and guitar classes for kids and teens. Eight week session begins 9/25, registration thru 9/22. Reed Whipple Center. LVR.

Rainbow Company Children's Theater, full spectrum of theater skills for ages 4-17 September registration for fall classes. Reed Whipple Center. LVR.

Las Vegas Civic Symphony, conducted by

William Gromko, is open to musicians of all ages. September auditions. Reed Whipple Center. LVR.

Reno classes in basic ballet, folk, jazz and modern dance, ages 6-15. M-F, 1-1:50 p.m., 7/17-8/11. \$15 fee. RRD.

Reno, Puppets and Me, dramatic puppet pro-

## KEY

BCRP: Boulder City Recreation & Parks Dept., 293-3956.

CCPR: Clark County Parks & Recreation Dept., 384-8472.

CCRD: Carson City Recreation Dept., 882-2463.

LVR: Las Vegas Recreation Dept., 386-6511.

NLVR: North Las Vegas Recreation Dept., 649-7737.

RRD: Reno Recreation Division, 785-2262.

SRD: Sparks Recreation Dept., 359-7930.



WEED EVANS

gram for ages 6-13. Building puppets and performing original stories. One hour morning classes, two days weekly, 7/17-8/4 and 8/7-8/25. RRD.

Sparks Introduction to Music, including instruments, rhythm and composition for ages 4-8. Half hour Monday morning sessions, 7/17-8/21. Registration starts 7/2. \$8 fee. SRD.

Fallon classes in ballet, acrobatics and tap-dancing for ages 8 and up. T&T 10 a.m., 6/28-8/3. \$2 fee. CHR.D.

## PAINTING

Las Vegas classes in watercolor, drawing, sculpture for kids and teens. Eight week session starts 9/25, registration 9/11. LVR.

Sparks, beginning painting with oils and acrylics for ages 9-12 and 13 and up M&F mornings, 7/17-8/4. Registration 7/2. \$6 fee. SRD.

## TENNIS & GOLF

Reno junior tennis, age 7 thru high school. Beginners, intermediate and advanced. M-F, 1-1/2 hour classes starting 7/3, 7/17 and 7/31. \$3 fee, register first day. Reno Tennis Center, Vaughn School, Wingfield Park, Northwest Park, Reno High. RRD.

Reno junior golf for ages 10-17, with lessons and tournaments at Brookside Golf Course. Friday mornings thru 8/18. \$5 fee, register at Reno Rec Center. RRD.

Sparks tennis classes for ages 6-17. M-Th, one hour morning lessons in two week sessions starting 7/3, 7/24 and 8/7. Register week in advance.

Play at Sparks High, Reed High and Burgess Park. \$4 beginners fee, \$6 intermediate. SRD.

Fallon tennis instruction for ages 9 and up at city courts. Afternoon lessons MWF in three-week sessions starting 7/10 and 7/31. Kids' tennis tournaments all summer. \$2 session fee. CHR.D.

Fallon golf classes for ages 11 and up at Casa deMar Country Club. Daily, 7/10-7/21. \$5 fee. CHR.D.

## SKATEBOARDING

North Las Vegas Hi-Roller Skateboard Park, skateboarding area with ramps. Parents must sign for children under 18 years of age, membership \$5. First hour \$1.50, each additional hour \$1. Skateboards and safety equipment rentals; kneepads, elbowpads and headgear are \$.25 each. 1009 East Cheyenne, North Las Vegas, NV. 649-3050.

Sparks skateboard and bike races for ages 4-14 on 8/16. Skateboards 11:30 a.m.-12:30 p.m., bikes 10-11:15 a.m. at Sparks recreation center. No fee. SRD.

Winnemucca, skateboarding techniques and races in summer recreation program. No fee. The Park.

## CASINO KID CENTERS

HARRAH'S, Reno and Lake Tahoe. Supervised nursery and varsity sections, with cartoons and G rated movies. Ages 2-6, three hour maximum in Reno and four at Tahoe, \$1.50 an hour per child. Ages 17 and under, \$2 per person for

## Chow Time.

five hour maximum. Open 9 a.m.-11:45 p.m. 786-3232 (R), 329-4422 (LT).

CARSON CITY NUGGET. Free supervised children's lounge for ages 4-16. Open 10 a.m.-10 p.m. weekdays, til midnight weekends. 882-1626.

LAS VEGAS HILTON & FLAMINGO HILTON, Las Vegas. Youth hotel for ages 3-18, operating as summer camp with games and outdoor activities. Currently for hotel patrons. 372-5551.

ALADDIN, Las Vegas. Fun Center, with machine games. Hotel babysitting service, four hour minimum of \$11, each additional hour \$2.50. 736-0111.

CALIFORNIA HOTEL, Las Vegas. Children's recreation room. Hotel babysitting service, four hour minimum of \$11, each additional hour \$2.25. 385-1222.

CIRCUS CIRCUS, Las Vegas. Top floor children's carnival arcade. Hotel babysitting service, \$2.50 per hour. 734-0410.

MGM GRAND HOTEL, Las Vegas. Children's arcade, open 24 hours. Hotel babysitting service, \$4.50 per hour, \$.25 extra for each additional kid. Supervised day care center for tots, 8 a.m.-7:30 p.m.

## SWIMMING

### South

Las Vegas has eight public swimming pools operated by the Clark County Recreation Dept. Open thru 9/4 9 a.m.-7 p.m. Swim lessons for ages 6 and up, \$3 for 10 sessions. Pools: Brinley, 2480 Maverick; Desert Inn, Vista & Demonte; Maslow, Pancho Villa & Lana; Paradise, 4770 S. Harrison; Parkdale, 4478 Springdale; Sunrise, 2240 Linn Land; Sunset, Sunset & Eastern; and VonToble, 2436 North Pecos. Additional programs: Water polo, competitive, synchronized, and swimming for the handicapped.

Indian Springs, Logandale, Mesquite and Overton also have county swimming pools, with same hours and lesson fees.

Henderson Swimming Pool is located at 115 West Basic. Operated by the city, the pool is open through Labor Day.

Boulder City pool is open thru 9/4, from 1-8 p.m. Red Cross swimming lessons, 8-12:30 weekday mornings. Also, swimming and diving team signups.

### Northwest

Reno has four pools operated by the city's recreation division. Open thru 9/4. Swimming lessons for youngsters aged 6-15 in two mid-summer sessions, 7/10-7/21 and 7/31-8/11. Sessions (each 12 days) cost \$3, with 45-minute lesson each morning. Register at pool during the preceding week. Additional programs in adult swimming, 16 years and older; water safety and rescue for ages 11 and up, starting July 3 and 24; advanced lifesaving for ages 15 and up, starting July 24. Outdoor pools: Idlewild, Idlewild Dr., and Traner, 1600 Carville Dr., open Mon.-Sat. 10-noon, 1-6 p.m. and Sun. noon-6 p.m. Indoor pools: Moana, 240 Moana Lane, and Northwest,

2925 Apollo Way, open Mon.-Sat. 1-5 and 7-10 p.m. and Sun. noon-6 p.m.

Sparks has two city pools open thru 9/4. Swim classes for ages 3-17 in four 2-week midsummer sessions, starting 7/3, 7/17 7/31, and 8/14, Mon. to Thurs., 30 minutes each morning. Fees are \$5 for tots 3-5; and \$3 for 6 years up. Registration on Saturday nine days before session starts. Other programs in diving, synchronized swimming for ages 12-18; basic rescue for ages 11 and up; and waterbabies under age 2. Pools: Oppio, 18th & York Way, and Deer Park, Prater & Rock, open afternoons. Oppio closed Mon.; Deer Park closed Fridays. Swim fees are 50¢ for ages 6-17 \$1 for ages 18 and up, and \$1 for family swim.

Bowers Mansion swimming pool is located on old U.S. 395 in Washoe Valley. Open afternoons thru 9/4. Washoe County Recreation conducts morning swim lessons for tots, beginners and intermediate swimmers. Two week sessions start 6/26, 7/10 and 7/31 with sign up at 10 a.m. on Monday before session. Fees: 12 and under, 25¢; 13-17 50¢; adults 75¢. No extra fee for lessons.

Carson City indoor and outdoor pools will be open all summer, afternoons and weekday evenings. Swim lessons for ages 9 mos.-5 and 6-18, all levels. Two week sessions M-F starting 7/3, 7/13 and 7/31. \$3.50 fee. Registration preceding Fridays.

#### Rural Nevada

Elko swimming pool is open afternoons and evenings, Monday-Friday. Fees: 6-11, 25¢; 12-17 75¢; adults \$1; family \$2.

Fallon swimming pool is open all summer afternoons and evenings. Fees: tots, 20¢; students, 40¢; adults 75¢. Swim lessons for ages 6 and up.

Minden pool is open afternoons thru Sept. 4. Fees: 5 and under, free; 6-12, 30¢; and 13 and up, 60¢.

Virginia City pool is open afternoons all summer. Fees.

Yerington pool is open every afternoon. Fee: 25¢.

## MUSEUMS

Nevada museums welcome kids, and kids enjoy seeing and touching the treasures of Nevada's past, its Indians, settlers, flora and fauna. Most are free and open year round.

Nevada State Museum, Carson City; North-eastern Nevada Museum, Elko; White Pine Museum, Ely; Eureka Historical Society, Eureka; Churchill County Museum, Fallon; Mineral County Museum, Hawthorne; Southern Nevada Museum, Henderson; Visitors Center, Lake Mead R.A.; Museum of Natural History, Las Vegas; Carson Valley Historical Society, Minden; Lost City Museum, Overton; Lincoln County Historical Society, Pioche; Nevada Historical Society, Reno; Visitors Center, Valley of Fire; Wellington Station Museum, Wellington; Lyon County Museum, Yerington.

## SHORT SHOTS

Sparks Water Carnival, for ages 6-18. Relays and swim contests. Oppio Pool, 7/1 and 8/26, and Deer Park 7/29 at 5 p.m.



WEED EVANS

*Milk for breakfast.*

"Johnny Moonbeam and the Silver Arrow," a young Indian meets the gods of nature. Judy Bayley theater, UNLV 7/7-8 at 2 p.m. Kids 75¢ adults \$1.75.

"Millenium," a children's musical. Reno Little Theater, 7/10-15 at 7:30 p.m.

Children's Days at Spooner Lake, nature activities for ages 6-12. 7/13, 7/29 and 8/19, 10-2. Register at 831-0494 in advance.

Old Fashioned Picnic, games and contests. Deer Park, Sparks, 7/15, 11-5.

Woody Owl Children's Festival, puppet show, theater, music. Spring Mtn. Ranch State Park, 7/16.

"The Frog Prince," Judy Bayley Theater, UNLV 7/21-22 at 2 p.m. Kids 75¢ Adults \$1.75.

Concerts at Deer Park, Sparks, 5:30-8 every Tuesday evening in August. Country western, Dixieland, Big Band and pop.

"Take Me to the Treasure," Judy Bayley Theater, UNLV, 8/4-5 at 2 p.m. Kids 75¢ adults \$1.75.

All day trip to California Angels game, 8/6, sponsored by Clark County Recreation Dept., Las Vegas.

Junior Field Day, Paradise Park, Las Vegas. 8/9.

Reno Junior Tennis Tournament for ages 18 and under. Singles (\$1 entry), doubles and mixed doubles (\$2). 8/14-18 at Reno Tennis Center.

Playground Festival, games and contest, Paradise Park, Las Vegas, 8/24.

Children's Festival, City Park, Ely. 9/9.

"The Bird Princess," Spring Mountain Ranch State Park, 9/10.

Park Art in Sparks, painting, tie-dying and wood sculpture for everyone. Deer Park, 9/6, 11-3.

## PRICELESS JUNIOR JUNKETS

A sampling of Nevada outings that are kind to the family budget:

The Alan Bible Visitor Center at Lake Mead has a desert botanical garden and nature trail, as well as natural history exhibits. Open 8-4:30 every day. Free. For group tours, allow 3 to 4 weeks notice.

Tour Hoover Dam, one of the world's true engineering and scenic marvels, 31 miles east of Las Vegas. Tours conducted seven days a week, 7:30 a.m.-7:15 p.m. Children under 12, 50¢ adults \$1.

Civil War soldiers are on hand at Fort Churchill this summer to describe the old fort's history and their experiences there in the 1860s, on Saturdays and Sundays 10-2. Free. Fort Churchill State Monument is located eight miles south of Silver Springs.

Lehman Caves National Monument is open all year for tours of its spectacular cave network, with evening programs and excellent camping nearby. Tours are free for those 16 and under, and 50¢ for adults. Located 68 miles east of Ely.

Harrah's Automobile Collection in Sparks features every car you ever wanted to own or drive, in shiny, immaculate condition. On Glendale Road, open 9 a.m.-10 p.m. every day. Ages 6-13, \$1.25; 14-18, \$1.75; adults \$3.50.

Step into orbit at the Atmospherium-Planetarium on the University of Nevada Reno campus. Open Monday-Friday 8-5, with free admission to museum, exhibits and telescope nights on Wednesdays and Friday 9-10. Star Theater admissions are \$1 for ages 6-17 and senior citizens, \$2 for adults. Children under six can attend special Saturday matinees. Call 784-4811 for show times.

## DESERT NAVY

*(Continued from page 43)*

lake. There are package tours where they are picked up at their hotel and taken to Lake Mead Marina for lunch and a ride to the dam. It's too bad that more hotels don't kick this around. We get such a bum rap about crime and everything, and it's such a wonderful family thing out there."

Among those flocking year-round to the lake are boaters from Arizona and Southern California. Besides Nevada's boating advantages of open spaces and clean air, there's also the matter of time. Dottie says some Los Angeleans find it's quicker to drive to Lake Mead and get in the water than it is to jostle past home crowds and get out to sea. "Here you can get to a super fishing hole in 10 or 15 minutes," she points out.

One of her favorite lake rides is from the lower basin north through Boulder Canyon to Echo Bay. Another passes the Paint Pots near Hoover Dam. "It looks like a great movie backdrop with the blacks and greys and oranges and greens and yellows," she says. "Each time it looks different."

### IV. Ray Craft, fisherman

Ray Craft has been hunting fish since he was six years old and for the past 20 years in Northern Nevada. Craft is a man of patience, a trait necessary for fishing as well as repairing and tuning delicate engines of foreign cars, which is how he supports his fishing habit. His wife Lisa says, "He'd rather fish than eat." Well, it all works out since Ray Craft catches enough fish to keep his freezer full and his table heaped with trout, bass and catfish.

When Craft arrives at a fishing hole by car and is able to tow a boat, he likes to use a 23-foot inboard equipped with a spare outboard for trolling and emergencies. The spare engine is a particularly good idea when fishing Pyramid Lake for cutthroats and cutbows (a cross between a rainbow and a cutthroat trout). The best boat for fishing Pyramid is anything with a deep vee and weather protection. As with everyone who goes out on Pyramid, Ray Craft watches the weather

"When you see dust boiling up on the north end—get off," he says. But Pyramid Lake has another side, at least for fishermen: "Pyramid ranks with the best, it's as exciting as any place I've fished." And that's high praise from a man who has fished Baja California

and lakes in Kentucky, Ohio, Michigan and California. The best trout fishing is in the late fall and early winter so Ray Craft doesn't foul his lines in Joe Messineo's water skis or Mike Privette's ski boat.

Pyramid Lake is on an Indian Reservation and the lake's facilities are maintained by the Indians who charge a special use fee of \$2 per day or \$15 per season per boat. No one complains about the cost.

When fishing Pyramid, Ray Craft uses a spinning rod and reel with lures. Bait isn't allowed (an exception is made for the Indians who use anything they want on their hooks). Craft says any flash lure or black woolly worms (plastic) will work.

When Craft goes to Lake Lahontan for largemouth bass he still keeps an eye on the weather because Lahontan, while not as treacherous as Pyramid, can get rough when the wind whips the dust on the north end. There are supposed to be stripers in Lahontan but few people, including Ray Craft, have caught them. What fishermen do catch, in abundance, are catfish and white bass. Craft remembers the day he and a friend drifted around a small island in the lake and, using flyrods, caught 50 bass in an hour

Ray also fishes Wild Horse Reservoir, a 3,000-acre body of water 65 miles north of Elko on Highway 51. Here he fishes for rainbow trout and the bright red (when spawning) Kokanee salmon.

Any fishing trip to Elko wouldn't be complete without a jaunt south on Route 46 to the Ruby Marshes which Craft describes as, "One helluva good fishing hole." And there's more. Ruby Lake sits at the foot of the Ruby Mountains and is one of Nevada's most beautifully primitive areas. The valley by the lake is often called Nevada's Garden of Eden. At one end of the lake is a special 30-acre area set aside for skiers and powerboaters. Ray Craft goes to Ruby Lake to catch bass. He uses black plastic worms and in the late summer evenings surface lures seem to work particularly well.

He remembers a 7-lb. trout caught in Ruby Lake but says that much larger have been caught there. He has also hauled in a bass over five pounds.

On the way back to Reno from Wild Horse and Ruby Lake many fishermen stop at Rye Patch Reservoir, an 11,000-acre irrigation reservoir on the Humboldt River, 21 miles north of Lovelock on I-80. The reservoir is

stocked with Groppi, white bass, trout and walleye. There are also catfish in Rye Patch.

Lake Tahoe has about the same water conditions as Pyramid Lake and the same caution should be observed when fishing for mackinaw and surface fish like rainbow. The mackinaw sometimes hide at depths of 200 feet and need to be deep lined with wire.

Ray Craft, being a northern Nevadan, hasn't had much of a chance to fish the vast waters of Southern Nevada, Lakes Mead and Mohave, but now that he's got a new plane and an inflatable boat he's more than ready to extend his Nevada fishing horizons.

### V. Jim Sisco, sailor

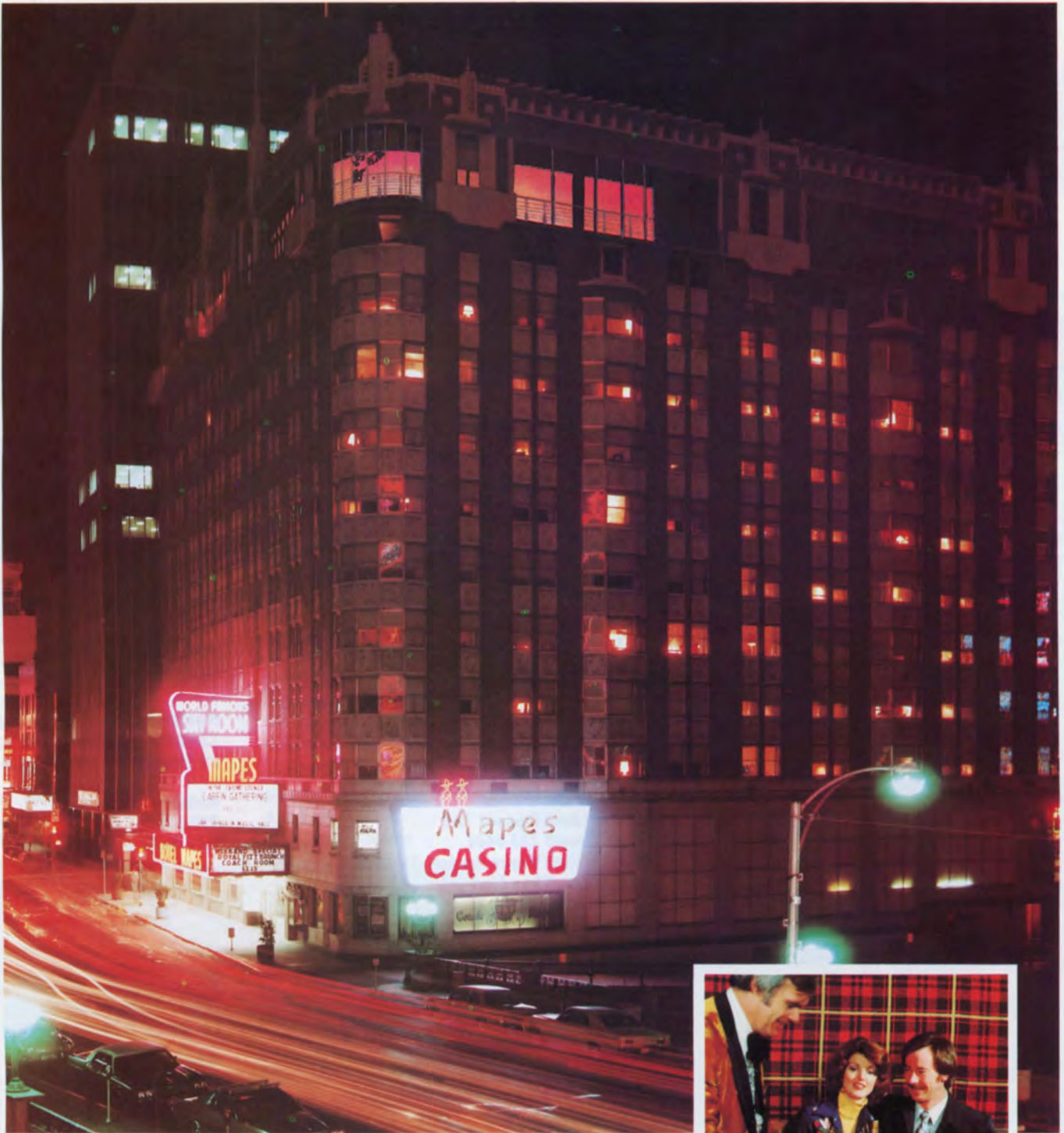
If the name "Sierra Yacht Club" gives you a mental picture of stately sailing ships and 12-meters tacking in steady winds, then you don't understand Nevada sailing. Here the action is fast; the boats agile and small. Blue water sailors can't keep up in the Nevada league that races Sol Cats, Hobies, Lazars and Prindles at Washoe, Lahontan, Tahoe and Lake Mead.

Jim Sisco won the Sierra Yacht Club championship last year sailing a Prindle 16, an asymmetrical hulled catamaran. His experience isn't confined to small boats. Sisco and his wife Jennifer came to Nevada from California and Florida where for a year their Florida home was a 38-foot ketch. These days they live for the long Nevada boating season.

Says Sisco, "When it's 50 degrees we sail." Wet suits replace more traditional garb in Nevada but the competition in races is as fierce as the SORC (Southern Ocean Racing Conference) or the America's Cup. Most of the racing activity in Northern Nevada is centered around Washoe Lake between Reno and Carson City on Route 395. Here the Sierra Yacht Club holds races and weekend campouts for members and friends. (Membership in the Sierra Yacht Club costs \$10 per year and includes numerous social and sailing activities. There are about 100 active members, sailing all kinds of small boats.)

Washoe, with its shallow, warm water, can generate big waves when the wind is right, up to three feet. For the hull-flying cats waves are good—the boats surf down them as they would on Pacific waters.

What really separates Nevada lake  
*(Continued on page 58)*



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# Show Guide

## LAS VEGAS

### Aladdin

736-0111

### Bagdad Showroom

George Carlin, 7/6-7/8, 7/13-7/15

Loretta Lynn, thru 7/10

Frankie Valli, 7/11-7/17

Conway Twitty, 7/18-7/31

Cheech & Chong, 7/20-7/22

Alice Cooper, 8/25-9/7

Loretta Lynn, 9/19-10/2

### Theatre for the Performing Arts

Leo Sayer, 7/15

Chuck Mangione, 7/23

Sha Na Na, 8/27

### Caesars Palace

731-7431

Lynda Carter, thru 7/15

Andy Williams & Lennon Sisters,

7/6-7/19

Paul Anka, 7/20-8/2

Tom Jones, 8/3-8/16

Lynda Carter, 8/17-8/23

Paul Anka, 8/24-9/6

Diana Ross, 9/7-9/20

Frank Sinatra, 9/21-9/27

Andy Williams & Lennon Sisters,

9/28-10/11

### California Hotel

385-1222

Gary Lemasters, nightly

### Circus Circus

734-0410

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

### Desert Inn

733-4444

Wayne Newton, 7/4-7/27

Roy Clark, 7/28-8/10

Wayne Newton, 8/11-9/26

Juliet Prowse & Foster Brooks,

9/27-10/24

### Dunes

734-4741

Casino de Paris '78

### Flamingo Hilton

733-3111

Contemporary

### Four Queens

385-4011

Sheila & the Man, 7/2-7/23

Jana, 7/25-8/21

Helen Long & the Longshots,

9/19-10/16

### Frontier

734-0241

Sergio Franchi & Nipsy Russell,

7/6-7/26

Juliet Prowse & Foster Brooks,

7/27-8/23

Roy Clark, 8/24-9/6

Robert Goulet, 9/7-9/20

### Golden Nugget

385-7111

Buck Owens, 7/4-7/16

Bobby Goldsboro, 7/18-7/31

### Hacienda

739-8911

Ice Fantasy

### Holiday Casino

732-2411

Wild World of Burlesque

### Las Vegas Hilton

734-7777

Steve & Edie, thru 7/10

John Davidson & Doug Henning,

7/11-7/30

Bill Cosby & Tina Turner, 7/31-8/21

Hiroshi Itsuki, 8/22-8/23

Lou Rawls, 8/24-9/11

### Marina

739-1906

Bare Touch of Vegas

### Maxim Hotel

731-4300

Olde Tyme Burlesque

### MGM Grand Hotel, Las Vegas

739-4567

Carpenters & David Brenner, 7/12

Captain & Tennille, David Brenner,

7/13-7/26

Mac Davis & Joan Rivers, 7/27-8/16

Engelbert Humperdinck, 8/17-8/30

Carpenters, 8/31-9/13

Dean Martin, 9/14-9/27

### Riviera

734-5301

Glen Campbell & Lonnie Shore,

thru 7/12

BILL COSBY



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OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN

Debbie Reynolds & Milton Berle,  
7/13-7/22  
Barry Manilow, 7/23-8/16  
Bobby Vinton, 8/17-8/30  
Ben Vereen, 8/31-9/13  
Olivia Newton-John, 9/14-9/20

**Royal Inn**  
734-0711  
Paul & Dodie, 7/13-8/2  
Marlane & the L.A. Express, 8/3-8/23  
Loretta St. John, 8/24-9/13  
Bobby Douglas, 9/14-10/4

**Royal Las Vegas**  
732-2916  
Rare & Bare

**Sahara**  
735-4242  
Don Rickles, 7/12  
Charo, 7/13-7/26  
Jim Nabors & Joey Heatherton,  
7/27-8/2  
Totie Fields & Bert Convy, 8/3-8/16  
Jerry Lewis & Joey Heatherton,  
8/17-8/30  
Tony Bennett, Sid Caesar & Imogene  
Coco, 8/31-9/13

**Sands**  
735-2916  
Doc Severinson & Lola Falana,  
thru 7/18  
Dionne Warwick & Charlie Callas,  
7/19-8/8  
Shecky Greene, 8/9-8/22  
Shecky Greene & Mel Torme,  
9/20-10/3

**Silver Bird**  
734-2502  
Revue

**Silver Slipper**  
734-1212  
Boylesque & Morris as Elvis

**Stardust**  
732-6325  
Lido de Paris '78

**Tropicana**  
739-2411  
Folles Bergere '78

**Union Plaza**  
386-2444  
"Can Can"

### LAKE TAHOE

**Cal-Neva Lodge**  
831-1511  
Jose Feliciano, 7/1-7/4  
Freddie Fender, 7/7-7/9

**Harrah's Lake Tahoe**  
329-4422  
Lawrence Welk, thru 7/13  
Bobby Vinton, 7/14-7/23  
Neil Sedaka, 7/24-8/3  
John Davidson, 8/4-8/24  
Johnny Mathis, 9/11-9/17  
Eddy Arnold, 9/18-9/28  
Wayne Newton, 9/29-10/19

**Harvey's**  
588-2411  
Ron Rose Sound, 7/1-10/15  
George Liberace Orchestra, 7/1-7/8  
Zep Melsner, 7/9-7/22  
Bill Jenner, 7/23-7/28  
Hallemans, 7/29-8/11  
Lenny Herman, 8/12-8/31

**North Shore Club**  
831-3100  
Rock, Jazz, Country

**Sahara Tahoe**  
588-6211, 800-648-3322  
(toll free from Ariz., Calif.,  
Ore., Idaho, Utah)  
Liberace, thru 7/4  
Engelbert Humperdinck, 7/5-7/14  
Johnny Cash, 7/15-7/21  
Lou Rawls, 7/22-7/31  
Engelbert Humperdinck, 8/1-8/11  
Flip Wilson, 8/12-8/25  
Danny Thomas-Lola Falana, 8/26-9/1  
Rich Little, 9/2-9/10  
Tony Orlando, 9/11-9/17  
Diana Ross, 9/18-10/1

### RENO-SPARKS- CARSON CITY

**Carson City Nugget**  
882-1626  
Freddie Powers, 7/14-7/30  
Four Tunes Plus One, 8/1-8/27  
Jerry Sun, 8/29-9/27  
Cathy O'Shea, 9/19-10/8

**El Dorado**  
786-5700  
Reycards, thru 7/16  
Golden Oldies, 7/3-7/8  
Frankie Carr & The NovElites,  
7/18-8/6  
The Diamonds, 8/8-8/27  
Dotson & Co., 8/29-9/17  
The Dae Han Sisters, 9/19-10/8

**Gold Dust West**  
323-2211  
Sandra Kay & The New Breed, thru 7/8  
Doyle Hood & Southern Breeze,  
7/4-7/16  
Jeff Young & Posse, 7/10-7/22  
Kimberlys, 7/18-7/30  
Breakaway, 7/24-8/5  
Eddie Cash, 8/1-8/13  
Buck Owens Show, 8/30-9/3  
Johnny Western, 9/12-9/24

**Harolds Club**  
329-0881  
Lancers & Jody Donovan, 7/2-7/30

**Harrah's Reno**  
329-4422  
Dionne Warwick-Dick Shawn, thru 7/5  
Jim Stafford, 7/6-7/19  
Tony Bennett, 7/20-8/2  
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Glen Campbell, 8/17-8/30  
Steve Martin, 8/31-9/13

**Mapes**  
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Martin Downy, thru 7/8  
David Proud, 7/18-8/6  
Tony Austin, 8/8-9/3  
The Nelsons, 9/5-9/11

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Sparks**  
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Red Skelton, 7/4-7/26

Vicki Carr, 7/27-8/9  
Juliet Prowse, 8/24-9/10  
Andy Williams, 9/11-9/20  
Shirley MacLaine, 9/21-10/4

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New Day, thru 7/2  
Tony Castro & Friend, 7/3-7/16  
Mariane & the LA Express, 7/17-8/6  
Fire Sign, 8/27 on

**Shy Clown**  
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Louise Mandrell, 7/3-7/8  
Henson Cargill, 7/10-7/16  
Family Portrait-Custers Last Band,  
7/17-7/23, 8/1-8/6, 8/14-8/20  
Gene Watson, 7/24-7/31

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Freddie Weller, 8/7-8/12  
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**Stateline Casino, Wendover**  
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**Star Broiler, Winnemucca**  
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**Winners Inn, Winnemucca**  
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Dates and performers  
subject to change.



JULIET PROWSE

(Continued from page 54)

sailors from their blue water counterparts is an ability to cope with ever changing wind conditions. "Mountain lake sailing is just different from lowland sailing," says Jim Sisco. "It takes a lot more skill, you have to pay attention all the time."

While Washoe Lake is the favorite of the Reno area sailors there are other good sailing areas in Northern Nevada, particularly Lake Tahoe which boasts the steadiest wind in the area. It may not blow as hard as on some other lakes, but Tahoe wind is shifty and gusty. The lake favors mono hull boats because of wind and water conditions and offers some of the best weekend camping and cruising in the area. Ports like Sand Harbor and Emerald Bay have good facilities and are popular on weekends in the summer.

According to Jim Sisco, Donner Lake, just over the California border, is the best sailing lake near Reno. The wind at Donner funnels west to east through the mountains and provides long upwind beats and equally long spinnaker runs downwind.

Lake Lahontan is a favorite for sailing campers. Lahontan's heavily

planted shoreline with its many coves and fingers offer opportunities to get away from everybody and enjoy the water, the boat, and the outdoors.

Jim Sisco says that powerboaters are a problem for sailors only during races: "They don't seem to understand that there is a race going on: They don't know that their wake can upset an entire race." He says that the ski boaters know the potential of their boats and are safety conscious. "It's the family guys who don't know much about boats who cause the problems."

In the summer, says Sisco, Donner, Kings Beach and Sand Harbor get crowded and he prefers the peace of Washoe and Lahontan to the hustle of Donner and Lake Tahoe.

Sisco believes sailing in Nevada will make a better sailor of anyone because of the ever-changing flukey air. Further, sailing in Nevada is growing. "There's a sailboat for everybody," says Sisco, and no matter what your age or physical condition he contends there is a boat and sailing activity for you. Sailing can be whatever you want it to be. It can be a relaxed afternoon floating along before the wind daydreaming or it can be exciting.

"I've never pumped so much

adrenaline as I have with cat racing," says Jim Sisco. And this from a man who races powerful Husqvarna motorcycles off-road when he's not sailing.

The sailing growth in Nevada is caused by the same factors that have sailboat manufacturers all over the country working overtime. A sailboat's biggest advantage over a power boat is in the cost of the fuel. Wind is free, and in Nevada there is plenty of it. Also the initial cost of a sailboat is low compared to a powerboat. Three thousand dollars will get you set up with a 16-foot catamaran. And that includes all taxes, a trailer, and a few extras.

Although Nevada sailboaters share no-cost power and low initial cost they have an advantage over people who must sail on the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific. While the Atlantic and Pacific have acres of ocean, most boating activity is confined to small spaces along both coasts.

But Nevada, with its open and abundant water spaces, encourages a sailboater to get much more enjoyment out of his hobby. There are no high-priced water ghettos, like Los Angeles' Marina del Rey, in Nevada. □

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## THE THRILL OF INDOLENCE

(Continued from page 14)

that way, although I cannot bear first hand witness since I sat in my car in the parking lot taking all this in, only occasionally asking that one of my son's friends chase up some new snow so I could make a fresh batch of margaritas. At the end of the morning, one of my son's friends had broken a rib. Another needed (it turned out) 12 stitches over his left eye at St. Mary's emergency room. My wife could barely hobble to the car and once home, made immediately for the brandy and the heating pad. To my absolute astonishment, even their complaints had a sense of joy to them. As an ex-New Yorker, it seemed to me I was hearing a kind of western version of a celebration of a mugging. It took me a while to understand it was no such thing; it took me weeks to comprehend that that encounter was joyful in all its aspects including the hurt, which, after all, was a simple almost playful reminder that small bruises are a part of living in harmony with nature. When I finally did understand that my mood went from quiet superiority to a kind of bewilderment.

I have put all my phones on removable jacks. I have installed blackout drapes in my office so no one can see if the lights are on. I have put a dead bolt on my front door and a muzzle on my dog. I have let newspapers pile up at my doorstep and told everyone I have gone off on sabbatical to Sri Lanka. I have stocked my bedroom with graham crackers and orange juice so I can spend weeks hiding there if necessary. I am thinking of sending an obituary notice to the *Journal* and the *Gazette*, but I hesitate because they might rewrite it to make me feel guilty for not going to my own funeral.

I am not sanguine any of this will help.

Tomorrow, three people from the east arrive having conducted business in San Francisco and are "stopping off" to say hello on their way home. In the five years we have lived in Reno, everyone I have ever known and most of their friends and relatives have stopped off to say hello. I have seen, and my poor wife has entertained, easily five times the number of people who live in greater Chicago; all just stopping by to say hello. Reno seems to have some irresistible social magnet buried in its heart.

All right, I suppose I need to admit to sadness at not having been a part of it all, although it seems to me foolish to express public regret at not having broken an arm.

"Recreation Unlimited" says the sign announcing the motorist's arrival at the Nevada border. I am here to tell you the sign writer was not indulging in hyperbole, but he would have been more socially responsible if he had included "Recklessness Unlimited" somewhere in his message. Since I am not only slothful but wildly prudent, these are some of the things I have done to keep from being torn into 40 pieces by the 40 people who call or come by every day to take me, by force if necessary, off to do 40 different things.

In conscience and the interests of preserving a marriage far better than I deserve, I will take everyone out to dinner. Out to dinner is just that much further away from my own board and bed.

After the chocolate mousse and the Armagnac, manners will insist that I offer to take these easterners gambling and to a show. I like the immense variety of entertainment in this city, not excluding the spectacle of out-of-towners having a wonderful time minimizing my taxes at the 21 tables. But not even that reassuring sight is much competition for a peaceful evening with five pillows, the dog insisting on his rightful place alongside me on the electric blanket and E.B. White's Essays.

The day after, we will have to go to the Collection. Harrah's Auto Collection is the Louvre to most of my colleagues, particularly those who live abroad. There is no quarreling with that, but HAC is in Sparks, and Sparks is in another country.

All of this is a tiny frozen section of last February when the state was in hibernation and there was virtually nothing to do here—at least compared to the delights available when the weather is benign.

Now it's early summer, and the threats to my placid existence are terrifying to contemplate.

At least my bog is doing well. I have this moment come back from another visit to the deck, another look at the bog. A small amphibian was making a slow, careful journey along the bog's edges. It seemed to have to exert immense effort on its way.

I wish I could write it a note of sympathy. □

**EUREKA FOURTH OF JULY**  
(Continued from page 14)

repaired to the Owl to celebrate and unfortunately missed the start of the egg toss.

The egg toss is a favorite diversion in Nevada's small town celebrations. It requires any number of two-partner teams, each team with one fresh hen's egg, and begins with the partners facing one another in two long rows in the center of the street. Some of the partners are married couples, and others have just teamed up for the contest, which begins when the egg is passed from one partner to the other, and everybody takes a step backward.

Again the egg is exchanged, and again everyone takes a step back. And the egg is tossed. And a step back. And the egg is tossed again. By the fourth and fifth step backward the eggs are being tossed a fair distance. They loft gently up, spinning slowly as they arc easily into hands held like a basket of angel's down to cushion and cradle the flying hen fruit.

But by the time the egg tossers have backed up all the way to the curb on each side of the street, about half of them have been eliminated by the smashing of their eggs. The remaining pairs regroup facing up and down the street so they can retreat indefinitely with each successful exchange of the egg. Now the eggs are hurling 30 and 40 yards, and with each toss hollers and shrieks ring out. The last pair with an egg unbroken is the winner and gets about \$3 in prize money to split. The losers get egg all over their jeans and everyone is happy.

There was a barbecue at a ranch out in Diamond Valley after that, and then a dance late into the night. And so the celebration of the glorious Fourth continued along Eureka's old and emptied streets and in the ranches below the wind-scuffed hills.

There are many small Nevada communities glad to include out of town families in their Fourth of July festivities. You may not see any fireworks shows, but you'll get a taste of one of Nevada's bed rock traditions. If you are as lucky as Sam and I were, you may even come away with a memory that will last you all your life. □

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### FRONTIER POLITICS (Continued from page 19)

gambling, easy divorce, easier marriage, tacit acceptance of legal prostitution in certain areas. And it also has allowed the state to lead the nation in areas now widely accepted elsewhere but for which it is seldom given credit: Nevada was one of the first states to give its citizens the benefit of workmen's compensation, minimum-wage legislation, women's suffrage, the recall, the initiative and the direct primary (Nevada had directly elected three U.S. senators before the rest of the nation caught up with the practice by ratifying the Seventeenth Amendment.)

But by contrast, there runs through the state's political backbone a granite-hard vein of conservatism. Party registration is nearly two-to-one Democratic, which suggests a strong liberal strain to the average New Yorker. Yet the vast majority of Nevada Democrats stand somewhere to the right of Gerald Ford, and their party candidates had best remember that if they want to get elected.

Clearest proof of this conservatism in action shows up in Washington, D.C. Regardless of party affiliation, most of Nevada's senators and congressmen have seldom been noted for leading or even following what Washington would regard as liberal causes. And some have been regarded by the Eastern Establishment as representing views that reach straight back to the Stone Age.

Opinions like that don't phase Nevadans. In fact, what annoys political outsiders most of all is that the people here don't care if their state is regarded as an illegitimate child left on the nation's doorstep, unloved and unwanted. Instead, they show a fierce conviction that their free and open approach actually keeps politics and government more wholesome and cleaner than in many other areas. They delight in the fact that their political leaders, whether crude or polished, must always be one of them, and must expect to be treated as such.

This attitude was best summed up by Richard G. Lillard in his book about Nevada, *Desert Challenge*: "To the average citizen the state government is good because it is visible. The capital is a populous, clean goldfish bowl instead of a murky, muddy frogpond with one frog visible, half-submerged on a rotten log." □



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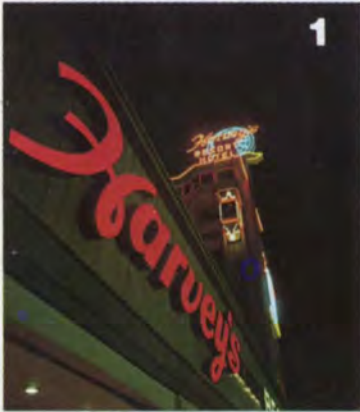
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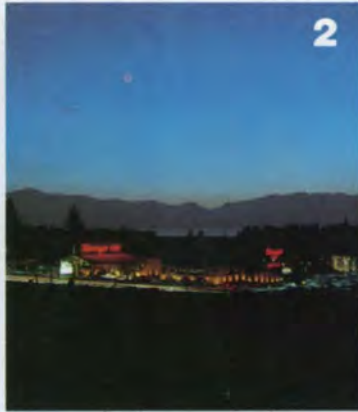
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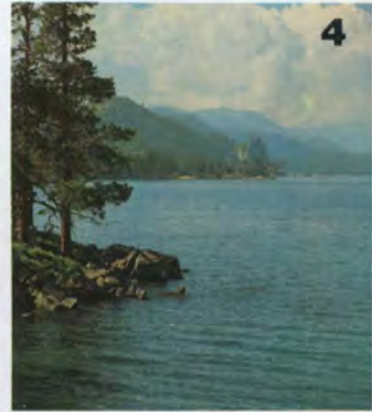
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