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NEVADA MAGAZINE is published bimonthly by the State of Nevada, at 101 South Fall Street, Carson City, Nevada. (c)Copyright 1979 by the State of Nevada. Second class postage permit Carson City, Nevada 89710 with additional entry in Denver, Colorado.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$6.95 for six issues, U.S. and Canada; \$8.95 Foreign. Please allow six weeks for delivery.

NEVADA MAGAZINE assumes no responsibility for damage or loss of any material submitted for publication. A stamped, self-addressed return envelope must be included.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: New address should be accompanied by old address label and sent to Circulation Department, Nevada Magazine, Carson City, Nevada 89710. Please allow six weeks advance notice.

NEVADA

Volume 39 • Number 4
September/October
1979

SPECIAL SECTIONS

- 22 50 GREAT TOWN & COUNTRY TRIPS by David Moore & Tom Martin
Touring on a tankful out of Reno and Las Vegas.
- 33 125 FABULOUS FALL EVENTS & COW COUNTY CELEBRATIONS
Complete September/October Nevada Calendar plus Steel Driving Men: A Nevada Day Tale of Two Saloons; The Great Man-Mule Race from Elko to Lamoille; Whistling Wizards in Carson City for Whistle-Off of the World; Club Swingers Rave About Jackpot Open; Fighters and Midgets Battle Over The Skies: The Richest Air Race in History. And much more.

FEATURES

- 6 NATIVE ARTS FOR AN INDIAN SUMMER
by C. J. Hadley, Patricia Stewart & Judee Quillin
The people's arts and crafts, ancient to contemporary, on and off the reservation.
- 14 RELENTLESS GOURMAND by Leon Mandel
The Thinn Way: Inside information on a diet food restaurant.
- 16 OWLS, EAGLES & WOODPECKERS by Pandion
Photo essay on man's envy, the birds.
- 19 FIRST IMPRESSIONS CONTEST WINNER
A Nevada judgment that impressed the judges. Introduction by Guy Shipler.
- 56 THIRD ANNUAL GREAT NEVADA PICTURE HUNT
One thousand dollars in prizes for Nevada photographers.

YESTERDAY

- 20 LAST SHOOTOUT IN PALISADE by Harry Webb
An unorthodox love triangle throws a frontier town in turmoil.
- 44 MARK TWAIN COULDN'T TAKE A JOKE by David W. Toll
For Sam Clemens, every practical joke was a dirty trick—and unforgivable.
- 54 RENO'S BLACKSMITH BALLADEER by Anthony Amaral
Richard Jose began his great singing career in Nevada saloons.

OUTDOORS

- 42 WILD IN THE CITY by William J. Plummer
Wild creatures not only know how to survive in Las Vegas—they know how to enjoy it too.
- 50 CALL OF THE CHUKAR by David Moore
The Silver State's favorite upland game bird, and how to cook it. Plus Fall hunting season and limits.

DEPARTMENTS

- 4 EDITORIAL
5 LETTERS
30 ASK NEVADA
36 NEVADA CALENDAR
47 LENS
64 SHOW GUIDE

ON THE COVER: GOLDEN EAGLE by Pandion



72-year-old Louis Gibellini gets ready for Nevada Day. See Richard Menzies' story on drillers Gibellini and Fred Andreasen on page 33.

Editorial

Many Nevada readers have written or called the past few months asking when they could enter the next photo contest. As of this publication, the Third Annual Pro/Am Great Nevada Picture Hunt is officially open. (See page 50.)

In this year's contest, the overall sweepstakes winner will take home a Nikon FM valued at almost \$600. Other winners will share cash, \$120 worth of Fuji color film, and gift certificates from some of the best camera stores in the state.

These terrific incentives are offered simply to encourage you to send us great Nevada photos that tell about and feel like the real West.

More than 150,000 readers saw last year's contest and after the winners were announced we got a lot of flack. Some complaints were from photographers who did not win; they believe their photos were better than the ones that took the prizes. Half a dozen critics hollered for new judges, saying that

last year's (including me and this magazine's talented designed) were tasteless, if not blind.

With more than a thousand entries, winners are hard to choose. We do throw out the unintentionally out-of-focus, the over- and under-exposed. Boring subjects and non-Nevada pictures are ignored. We try not to discriminate because of complicated wrappings and many hours are spent sorting entries into "good," "has merit," and "return home with thanks."

Qualifications of our contest judges (and tips on their taste) follow:

DON DONDERO, Reno. Professional photographer for 25 years. Member of the prestigious American Society of Magazine Photographers. Has been published in *Fortune*, *National Enquirer*, *Argosy*, *Time*, *Life*,



DONDERO



HICKSON



SEGERBLOM

Der Spiegel and *Paris Match*. Official photographer for the 1960 Winter Olympics at Squaw Valley. Dondero's photographic education consisted of four weeks at the Navy's Aerial Photo Reconnaissance School in 1943. Dondero says he is strong on visual impact. "If it's a grabber and well composed, I'm going to like it."

HOWARD HICKSON, Elko. Photographer Painter Interior Designer Director of Northeastern Nevada Museum. Producer of many audio-visual shows. Hickson started the state's annual traveling photo exhibit for serious photographers in 1975. Some of the results of "Nevada 79" were in our Spring issue. Hickson says he likes to zero in on things when he is judging and muses: "I am looking for the wedding of technique and artistic effort in a traditional manner." When asked what that means, he admits, "Not a god-damn thing!" What he really looks for "is flavor of Nevada combined with good camera technique and artistic effort."

CLIFF SEGERBLOM, Boulder City. An eminent contemporary southwestern artist, Segerblom has won numerous awards for his painting and photographs. He has had many exhibitions of his work in the Southwest and has shown at the Metropolitan Museum in New York. He initiated the first Colorado River-Grand Canyon river running art-photography workshop for the University of Nevada, Las Vegas and also established that school's photo department. His work has appeared in major publications including *Time*, *Life*, *Arizona Highways*, *Nevada*, and *U.S. Camera*. Segerblom says he is looking forward to judging your entries. "I think that paintings and photographs are either good, bad, or indifferent," he says. "It doesn't matter if they are far out or very conservative, they either come across as winners or losers."

This year's Great Nevada Picture Hunt is open for entries until October 31, 1979. Photos will be judged in November and winners will be published in the January/February issue.

Good luck.

—C. J. Hadley

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Letters

SPARKS IS SORE

I really resent your reference to Oregonians eating "unborn rice, wheat essence and molasses drippings!" (Mandel's, "The Unique Nevadan," Summer 79). My husband and I lived in Oregon all our lives until our move to Nevada and neither of us has ever heard of such a meal. Oregonians are big steak eaters and always will be.

We have always enjoyed your magazine, but after that comment I am tempted to cancel our subscription.

Chris Rader
Sparks, NV

COUNT ME IN

From 1956 to 1973 my husband and I spent our vacations exploring the remote regions of Nevada. During most of those years, we were avid readers of Nevada Magazine.

Today I received my first re-subscription issue—Summer, 1979, and it seems as though I am home again in the State I love more than any other.

Nevada has been calling all these years—from Gold Hill where my husband worked for a time at the Yellow Jacket Mine in 1922, and from all the byways where not a sound would be heard but that of the wind.

I'm happy to be back.

Dorothy H. Gill
San Francisco, CA.

BOATERS WANT DOCK AT NELSON

Enjoyed the story on Mohave and on Murl Emery (Spring 79). I wish there were some way to make his museum available to boaters. Will a dock be rebuilt at Nelson's Landing?

Dick Kemp
Cottonwood Cove, NV

MORE PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION!

There is one thing I would like to see in Nevada whenever possible. More information on how to reach some of the interesting spots in your state by public transportation. I would like to see some of the scenic spots you describe.

Helen M. Johnson
Denver, CO.

You will find several options in our "50 Great Town and Country Trips" which starts on page 22. Gray Lines, Las Vegas-Tonopah-Reno Stage Lines and Transportation Unlimited do offer special tours to Valley of Fire, Hoover Dam, Lake Tahoe and Virginia City, and special flights are available over the Las Vegas Strip, to Valley of Fire and to the Grand Canyon.—Ed.

THE NEVADA GRIP

My husband (a Nevada lover for many years) and I just completed a trip through your exciting state. Now I'll tell ya; I used to thumb through your magazine, read a story or two then lay it aside. The day we got home I got out all of our Nevada Magazines and looked them over real

good! How thrilling it was to see and read of the places we'd been.

That wild and wonderful Nevada country got a good grip on me before we left. So now I'm renewing our subscription and thanks to you and some wonderful memories, I'll have a little bit of Nevada with me all the time—until we can return.

Evelyn Jenkins
Hiwasse, AR.

ARTISTIC APPEAL?

Over the years I have used the information about our state in Nevada Magazine to help in selecting painting sites purely for my own enjoyment. I had idly wondered if it wouldn't be nice—someday—to maybe have one of my paintings used for someone's article, never in my wildest ever expecting to be the subject as well (Moore's story, Summer 79).

What great skill you have, to be able to take such a subject and develop an article so colorful and exciting. In focusing attention on art and artists of our state your contribution to the development of our cultural heritage will continue. My deepest appreciation.

Lucile Spire Bruner
Las Vegas, NV

COWBOYS STICK TOGETHER

I want to commend Bud Hage on his mighty fine writing. I sure enjoyed his articles. More power to him! But what puzzles me is, how in hell does he find time from his cow work to even sign his name?

Harry Webb
Tujunga, CA.

The reason I am subscribing to Nevada Magazine is strictly because of Harry Webb. Three generations of my family have subscribed to and searched for every magazine to which he contributed stories.

Lillian Zelder
Santa Paula, CA.

Harry Webb is a super story teller.

Irene & John Ratcliff
Gardena, CA.

Bud Hage's "Pine Mountain Storyteller" in Winter 79 really did justice to one of the finest writers of Old West stories that we have left. Harry Webb has no peer in his profession. And his "Garcia's Mustang Trap" in the Spring issue is a classic example of telling like it was in the Old West.

Congratulations for giving the reading public authentic stories of the olden days, and to offer such a splendid magazine as Nevada to them. Keep up the fine work.

Dewel Tidwell
Las Cruces, NM.

See Webb's "Last Shootout in Palisade" on page 20.—Ed.

IF you have something to say about this magazine and its contents, please write, "Letters Editor," Nevada Magazine, Capitol Complex, Carson City, NV. 89710.

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Native Arts for an Indian Summer

The Peoples' arts and crafts, ancient to contemporary, on and off the reservation.

Among the Sioux it was said that a people without history were like wind on the buffalo grass.

There are a number of Nevada Indians taking care that that prophecy of the central plains does not come to pass among their own people.

On and off the reservation, Nevada Washos, Paiutes and Shoshones carry on their tribes' traditional crafts and art. In some tribes elders encourage young tribal members to learn—and improve on—the old ways. Indian arts and crafts often find their way into the hands of collectors and curious travelers, who in their own fashion also help keep Nevada's native arts alive.

Indeed, America is lucky that many tribal customs have survived at all.

Indian dancing and most Indian ceremonies were outlawed by the government for almost one hundred years. It was said the ceremonies were ritualistic and therefore dangerous because they inspired Indians to fight.

Native American children were taken away from their families and their reservations and sent to government boarding schools. They were taught white ways and the English language while being denied their own customs, language and beliefs.

In the Fifties some young Indian adults were removed from their homeland and sent to cities for "urbanization and acculturation." This was because the federal government believed Indians had to be brought into the mainstream of American life.

Fortunately the Indian way, and Indian art, have not been completely destroyed. The old ways have been taught by elders on the reservations, and language, dance, crafts and customs have survived.

Indian art in the state of Nevada consists mostly of buckskin and beadwork but there are also many silversmiths, basketmakers, potters, painters, and sculptors among Nevada's Indian artisans. Most of the work is traditional.

Fortunate Eagle

Adam Nordwall sits on the porch of his home on the Paiute Shoshone Indian Reservation at Stillwater near Fallon, surrounded by wife, children and grandchildren. To the east and north he can see the Stillwater Marshes, to the south, enormous irrigated fields past his own Round House Gallery, to the west his workshop where he painstakingly polishes Utah slate and hand carves works of art on its surface.

"Every day I find things of interest out here," he says. "For five days in a row I saw dust devils go by. That was of interest."

A Chippewa Indian from the Red Lake Reservation in Minnesota, he was given two names at birth. "I had a Christian name, Adam Nordwall, and an Indian name which was the name of my grandfather, my grandfather's father and his father. That name is Amarbees, which means handsome."

He was taken from the reservation at the age of five. His father was dead, and because of the hardship the government felt his mother was undergoing having to raise all the children by herself, they were simply taken away. "We went back once every two years but oftentimes when we got to the reservation we were put on a bus and shipped around to the opposite side of the lake to go to a government health camp."

He says he didn't mind the boarding school or the health camp but that he got very, very lonesome at times. "Some would look at the process from the standpoint of assimilation, acculturation, and say this was the best thing for the Indian child," he says now. "I believe it would have been good for the children to learn the disciplines if it had been balanced with a number of other things that were denied us. We did not have a family relationship. We were denied anything that related to our culture or traditional ways.

"Many Indians were alienated from their own background; they were taught that Indian ways were savage or barbarian. They began to look upon their elders with shame, rather than with pride, admiration and love, and that was a terrible thing."

For more than 20 years, Nordwall has tried to encourage his people to learn the old ways and skills, to appreciate their culture and heritage. He wanted to be a teacher but the government school he attended was not accredited. Even so, because of his knowledge and experience, in the middle Sixties he was given an 'eminence credential,' which is a lifetime teaching credential in the State of California. He taught sociology, physical education and Native American dance for four-and-a-half years at California State University at Hayward.

In 1968 when Nordwall was chairman of the Bay Area Council of Native Americans the reenactment of Columbus' landing was started at Aquatic Park in San Francisco. "They used to have boy scouts dressed as Indians and that kind of ranked us out," he says. "Here's a whole bunch of Indians watching a bunch of non Indians pulling almost a comical act. The more we got involved with it, the more ludicrous it became. Here we are, supposedly paying homage to a man credited with the discovery of the country. But the country was inhabited already."

When the Indians welcomed Columbus with smiles and gifts of food in 1492, Nordwall said they did not realize he was claiming their souls and their land. "If they had, they would not have let him get off his boat."

After that Nordwall symbolically scalped Columbus during the Columbus Day celebration in 1968 as a protest, "because of what is happening

Fortunate Eagle's bracelets and fetish necklaces are just part of a terrific selection of Indian-made items available at the Round House Gallery near Fallon.





Peace pipes by Fortunate Eagle are for sale. This horse and bowl is sculpted from pipestone, the stem from sumac; brass tacks and horse hair complete the decoration.

to our land and our resources."

He took part in the Alcatraz invasion of 1969, ran for Congress (and lost), and has taught inmates at San Quentin as well as college students at Hayward.

In 1971 he was given his manhood name by the Old Elk family of the Whistling Water Clan when they honored him by adopting him into their family and the Montana Crow Nation. The name is Dachasbatchelor (our spelling), and loosely translated means Fortunate Eagle, Good Eagle, Eagle Who Has a Good Life.

Compelled to reverse the doctrine of discovery to the source of the doctrine itself, which was the Vatican, in 1973 Fortunate Eagle flew to Rome with his Shoshone wife Bobbie. In full regalia, holding a spear draped in eagle feathers, he walked to the end of the runway, raised his spear, stuck it in the ground, and said, "In the name of the American Indian I hereby lay claim under the doctrine of discovery of this land called Italy." He met with the president of Italy, offering him a ceremonial peace pipe, and had an audience with the Pope. "He wanted to meet the Indian who had discovered his country."

Three years ago Nordwall decided it



Fortunate Eagle's slate carving "Calumet dancer" (above), shows Chippewa holding highly decorated pipestem as he dances to the Great Spirit, the Spirits of Four Winds, and to Earth Mother. The hoop denotes the sacred circle of life. "Warriors in Combat" (below) depicts a horse stealing raid with a Crow warrior chasing off a Sioux raider.

was time to remove himself from Indian politics. He moved to Fallon to his wife's old home on the Fallon Paiute Shoshone Reservation.

"We want to teach the young people who wish to learn the dancing and old songs. We are hoping for a resurgence of Indian pride."

Apart from his political and educational activities, Fortunate Eagle is a dedicated and talented artist. He is a silversmith, beadworker, painter and

sculptor. He is a maker of pipes, securing the stone from the Sioux's sacred quarries at Pipestone, Minnesota.

At the Round House Gallery in Fallon, Fortunate Eagle says he is trying to write a new book rather than try to save all the tattered and torn pages of the old one. "Some people say Indians are trying to stop progress, but what is progress if not in some ways to preserve?"

"It is extremely sad that the Indian



traditions and culture are dying, in some tribes faster than others. The knowledge of the ancient ones is dying with the elders and few want to learn the old ways and skills."

The pressures of society are helping to erase Indian skills also. For example, some areas have been closed preventing the Indians from gathering the native materials necessary for basket making. "The art will die simply because of a lack of raw materials."

His Round House Gallery is part museum, part store. "Wherever I go I'm constantly looking for things of beauty that are made by our people. I'll

(Continued on page 58)

Mamie Nez

When you meet Mamie Nez it does not take you long to figure that art is her life. The evidence—in buckskin and beads—surrounds her.

This Paiute woman, endowed with clever fingers and a creative spirit, was born 72 years ago on the Pyramid Lake reservation, the daughter of the late Sam Kaye and Edna Abraham Kaye of Nixon. Coming from a race of people to whom the artful way of making things is second nature, Mamie was taught her skills by her mother. More accurately, she learned by observing.

"I didn't really make anything while she was still living," says Mamie of her mother. "When I started working with buckskin I just remembered what she did."

Mamie's "best hobby" is making cradleboards. Called hupa in the Paiute language, and fashioned of incredibly soft buckskin, the cradleboard is trimmed with fringe, beads and a decorative fine willow shade for the infant's head. The finished product offers little suggestion of the painstaking hand labor it has involved.

Mamie began perfecting the art of curing raw deer hides about 30 years ago, when she moved to Reno.

"A hunter brought some deer hides to me in exchange for a pair of gloves," she recalls. "So I started experimenting with the things I had seen my mother do and finally I was able to make gloves and moccasins."

It takes a lot of determination to attack a raw deer hide. First it must be



Mamie Nez shows one of her beautiful beaded, smoked deerhide and willow cradleboards. Her beadwork includes barrettes (above right), necklaces, bolo ties, belts and headbands. Mamie also makes buckskin moccasins and vests.





soaked in water until the hair begins to slip, and this may take a couple of days or a week, depending on the weather. The water has to be changed daily. "Early spring weather is best for this," Mamie says.

Traditionally the brains of the animal whose hide was being worked were cooked and saved for the bleaching process. Now Mamie goes to the butcher shop for cow's brains, which have to be cooked and sieved. A cottonwood log about five feet long, peeled and worked down to a satiny finish with one end rounded, is propped against a building and used as a base on which to scrape the hide. In the past, Paiutes used scraping knives made of deer ribs, but modern craftsmen like Mamie use a draw knife.

All of the hair is removed and, most important, all of the epidermis. Unwanted membrane can ruin the finished hide. After the tedious scraping process is completed, the hide is soaked overnight or longer in water with the brains, which act as a bleaching agent. Then the hide is put back on the smooth cottonwood pole and scraped and pulled as it dries to its final soft texture.

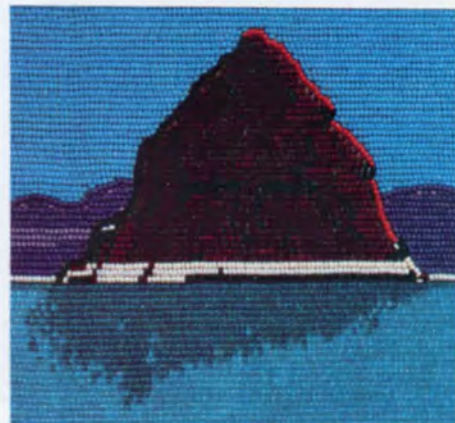
The bleached buckskin is a pale vanilla color. Through the intricate, hard-learned process of smoking, the skin can be turned into an elegant brown sugar shade. "Old timers used willow chips or bits of juniper for smoking," Mamie explains, "but I've found I can use the wood of fruit crates. It works real good."

Even at current minimum wages a Nez cradleboard is a bargain at \$500-plus. "First you have to have the deer hides," says Mamie. "Then it takes about a month to go through the whole tanning process, which is done in three stages. Then it takes another month to make the cradleboard, depending on whether you have the frame and headshade available."

Mamie has made a lot of cradleboards. She likes to give credit to

Pyramid Lake bead painting by Burton Pete, son of Mamie Nez. This intricate, painstaking piece of work was put together one bead at a time in tight single rows. It took months to complete and includes over 75,000 beads. Photo at right shows close-up of the Pyramid.

EmPee Leather Goods at the Moapa Indian Reservation near Overton designs and manufactures a high fashion line of elegant, wine-colored leather briefcases and executive accessories for men and women. Hopefully for sale soon at a store near you, EmPee's work is available from the Leather Shop at the reservation.



B. H. SMITH

her aunt, Lulu Jim of Nixon, for doing the willow work for the frames and the artfully rounded headshades.

"If the person wants the cradleboard covered with beads on the front, this takes longer, depending on whether you can get the beads. Less beads take less time. Maybe three weeks," she calculates. "It is hard to figure exact hours I spend because I can only work on them in the morning."

Each hupa is brightly trimmed with whatever colors strike the artist's fancy. The only difference in the decoration for boys and girls is that the boys' shades boast designs of diagonal lines while the girls' have fanciful rounded shapes. An infant up to nine months old can be comfortably laced into this traditional Paiute baby-carrier.

It takes a lot of buckskin to make clothing. Consequently Mamie has limited her production of adult dresses to four, and she also has made four dresses for 12-year-olds. Further, she has made fringed and beaded vests for both men and women.

When Mamie isn't doing buckskin work, she weaves bead belts on a loom, makes bead neck pieces or chokers and creates a number of other bead fashions, such as hair ornaments. The long belts, which shimmer in the light and look fragile, are ceremonial sashes worn at Pow Wows. The artist works in each bead separately, giving the finished product great variety in color and design.

"There never is an end to the orders people keep bringing in," Mamie says, who always has a list of people waiting for cradleboards. "Other people enter my work in contests at the rodeo now. At the Reno Rodeo last June a baby named Adrian Garcia went to the show in one of my cradleboards and won a prize."

In these computerized "Made in Japan" days it is indeed a delight to view Mamie Nez' collection of carefully handmade buckskin and bead works. Anxious that the Paiute crafts should not become lost arts, Mamie taught her children many skills and the whole family lives for art and creativity.

Mamie's son, Burton Pete, who lives next door to his mother, is particularly adept as a Paiute craftsman. By day he is a surgical orderly at St. Mary's Hospital but all of his own time is devoted to arts and crafts.

One of Burton's spectacular works is a large bead picture representing five

Indian chiefs' heads above Pyramid Lake. The Indians represented are Peter Winnemucca, Harry Winnemucca, Mark Jones, Jonnie Smith and Harrison Frazier, and the design is copied from a popular postcard. Working with one tiny glass bead at a time Burton kept statistics. He says he used 750 beads in each of 105 rows for a total of 78,750 uniform beads tightly fitted into the design. Earth shades and reds, oranges and yellows are employed. For the lake, opaque blue interspersed with transparent beads are used to give a sparkle to the water.

This work took infinite patience and six months to complete.

The world rolls on and times change, but the Paiutes sturdily cling to their belief in the value of hand labor. And Mamie Nez, through her own artistry and the skills she has handed on to her children, has made a very special contribution to the preservation of Paiute culture.

—Patricia Stewart

Moapa Leather Crafts

There is a real sense of irony about EmPee Leathergoods on the Moapa River Indian Reservation 50 miles north of Las Vegas near Warm Springs. But it is an irony well worth seeing for yourself.

In a group of weary gray buildings on their placid reservation, the Moapa Paiutes are manufacturing top quality Italian-style leathergoods now distributed in 27 states. The EmPee Leather Shop is operated by the Moapa Paiute Tribal Business Council. Manager Monte Feasel is non-Indian, but all production workers are members of the tribe. Their work is aesthetic, durable and marked by designs Gucci would envy. The line includes executive accessories and personal items for men and women.

All pieces in the utile and pleasing designer's collection are made of silky English Kip leather, in a smart wine color with practical natural linings, and trimmed with good hardware. The Moapas' top of the line briefcase carries clearly continental lines and is fitted for several accessory pieces: a legal-sized portfolio, a telephone-address book, a biweekly minder and a pocket secretary. That kind of versatility marks most other items, too. Prices are very modest in view of the quality, and buyers are welcomed on the reservation.

EmPee Leathergoods began in 1972 with a \$10,000 federal equipment grant to provide work for some of the reservation women. At that time the group was known as the Moapa Paiutes Handcrafts Association and it produced "conventional" Indian crafts: belts, sandals, beadwork and the like.

In the early 1970s Indian crafts did not enjoy their present popularity, and Japanese imports dominated the traditional "American Indian" market. The Moapas found few outlets for their products. Then-manager Perry Chocktoot, a skilled leather designer, recognized the need for a more commercial product line. He hit on leather carrying cases for hand-held two-way radios. The radio market was hot, and an outlet was secured through Wilson Electronics in Las Vegas. For five years, the radio cases were EmPee's only output.

When production problems developed at the leather shop and radio sales started to decline, a co-manager was sought to cope with the developments. Filling the bill was career leather man Monte Feasel, who came to Moapa from Denver in April 1978. Feasel, tribal coordinator Mike Ostanik and Fred King of the tribal council developed new samples and went to call on Wilson Electronics. They came away with a \$54,000 order and set about upping production.

"That order was a mistake," Monte says now. "We oversold Wilson's. They were overstocked, and eventually Wilson's sold out to Regency Electronics. Regency began sending back the cases and eventually quit buying from us about eight months ago." At the same time, EmPee was developing the new designer's line, so overhead was at an all-time high when sales bottomed out. Tribal council funding saved the operation.

Now, new radio case outlets have been developed and the designer's line is underway. Although it's been a struggle, EmPee Leathergoods should show a profit this fall.

The factory itself is efficient and well-equipped. The delicious aroma of supple skins fills its interior. The luxurious kip leather for the designer's line is grown in India, tanned and dyed in England and finished in Massachusetts. It comes to Moapa as small, soft hides rolled in butcher paper.

The skins move first to the "clicker," a hydraulic cutting press, where they are cut by templates. The templates, or dyes, represent the shop's largest single

(Continued on page 13)

NATIVE ARTS OF NEVADA

BATTLE MOUNTAIN

BLUE GEM TURQUOISE SHOP—14 W Front, 635-2391. 8am-5pm. Custom silver work; rings, necklaces, bracelets, watch bands, buckles, beaded chokers. For info. call Mr. Kimball at 702-635-2391.

DRESSLERVILLE

DRESSLERVILLE SENIOR CITIZENS CENTER—South on Hwy. 395, Country Club turnoff, 3 m. S. of Gardnerville. All types of beadwork such as salt & pepper shakers, beaded bottles, basket weaving and baby cradles. For information call Madeline Henry, 702-782-5671.

ELKO

SENIOR CITIZENS CENTER 1800 We-yumb St., Elko Indian Colony on N. side of city. Beaded key chains, earrings, hand bags, buckles, hair ties, cradleboards and moccasins. For further info. call Frank J. Joe, 702-738-6519 or 738-6327

FALLON

FALLON INDIAN TRADING POST—1071 Shoshone Dr., at the Indian Colony, 1½ mi. NE of town. All types of beadwork such as buckles, head bands, beaded coin purses, earrings. All sizes of moccasins, feather hair ties, Indian tanned buckskin. Also, horsehair baskets (collectors' items!). Owners Willie & Iola Byers.

FORTUNATE EAGLE'S ROUND HOUSE GALLERY—7133 Stillwater Rd. Slate carvings and sculptures, Indian art paintings and Navajo sand paintings, genuine Indian made turquoise and silver jewelry, beaded bottles, earrings and hair barrettes, plus woven Indian rugs. For information call Adam Fortunate Eagle, 702-423-6663.

LAS VEGAS

MOAPA LEATHER SHOP—55 miles north of Las Vegas on the Moapa Reservation. A super assortment of leather goods; hand bags, belts, attache cases, gun belts, moccasins. All types of beadwork such as necklaces, belts, earrings, hair ties. Call Preston Tom, Tribal Chairman, 702-865-2787

TURQUOISE CHIEF—1408 Las Vegas Blvd. South Ray Pluta, designer of silver and turquoise jewelry; rings, bracelets, necklaces, buckles and carved turquoise statues. For special orders call 702-385-7011.

NIXON

MAGGI'S GIFT SHOP—P.O. Box 265, 36 miles east of Reno, Hwy. 34 N. 9am-5pm daily. All types of beadwork such as hair ties, necklaces, bolo ties, watchbands, belt buckles, moccasins, coin purses, baby baskets, salt & pepper shakers and cigarette lighters. Owner

Margaret Houten (Paiute) craftsman; 702/Toll Station, Nixon No. 33.

OWYHEE

BENSON GIBSON TRADING POST—Hwy. 51 south to Owyhee, on the Duck Valley Indian Reservation, all types of beadwork such as head bands, barrettes, cigarette lighter cases, moccasins and gloves.

RENO

WADE'S SILVER SHOP—358 N Virginia St., 702-329-9922. 8:30-5:30 Mon.-Sat. Beaded baskets, bottles, earrings, necklaces, salt and pepper shakers, sugar bowls and belt buckles.

GEMS & JEWELRY CO.—108 W 2nd St., 702-322-4367 10-7:00, Mon.-Sat. Custom silver bracelets, watch bands, rings, earrings and pendants, beaded heishi strands, turquoise chokers and necklaces, belt buckles, squash necklaces and scrimshaw.

INDIAN TERRITORY—110 N Virginia St., 702-323-7050. 10-7:00 daily. Work done by local Indians. Beaded buckles, head bands, baskets, key chains, earrings, cigarette lighter covers, coin purses, clutch purses, bottles and Indian tanned moccasins and deer hide gloves.

RENO/SPARKS SEWING CIRCLE—34 Reservation Rd., off East 2nd St. near MGM Grand. 7:00pm. Tues. Crib size to king size quilts, crocheting, few small beaded items, take orders. Call Carol Frank at 702-786-3128, Ext. 210.

THE TEPEE—MGM Grand Hotel, 2500 E 2nd St., 702-322-5599. 10am-6pm, Mon.-Wed., 10am-11:30pm, Thurs.-Sun. Paiute hand-tanned and beaded dresses, purses, cradleboards, beaded bolo ties, hair clips, neck chokers, hair ties, earrings, and turquoise and silver necklaces, bracelets, pendants, watch bands, rings and belt buckles. Also Washo baskets.

SCHURZ

WALKER RIVER HANDICRAFT—Walker River Indian Reservation Tribal Hall. Authentic and unique handcrafted articles by the Walker River Paiutes. Assortment of beaded earrings, key chains, cigarette lighters, salt & pepper shakers, sugar bowls, bottles, vases, necklaces, barrettes, hair ties, buckles, and bolo ties. Also assorted baskets and cradleboards. 702-773-2263.

WADSWORTH

WADSWORTH ANTIQUES & INDIAN CRAFTS STORE—30 miles east of Sparks, work by Shoshone, Paiute and Washo Indians. Indian tanned gloves, beaded head bands, bottles, buckles, salt & pepper shakers, cigarette lighter covers, moccasins, cradleboards and stone artifacts. For information call Carl or Evelyn Kubler, at 702-329-7047

INDIAN EVENTS

JUNE

INTERNATIONAL FOOD FESTIVAL, Las Vegas Convention Center.

POW WOW, display and sale of native arts and crafts in conjunction with Reno Rodeo, late June, Washoe County Fairgrounds.

JULY

RODEO & POW WOW. Four day celebration usually ending on July 4. Duck Valley Indian Reservation, Owyhee, 100 miles north of Elko. Competitive dancing, round dancing, hand games, junior and adult rodeo, free BBQ.

14TH ANNUAL ALL INDIAN RODEO, late July, County Fairgrounds, Fallon.

AUGUST

FANDANGO, Battle Mountain Indian Colony. Gathering of the Indians, hand games, card games, round dancing, free BBQ.

2ND ANNUAL NEVADA INDIAN GOLF CLASSIC, Carson Valley Country Club, Gardnerville.

JAYCEES STATE FAIR, includes complete Indian village, Las Vegas Convention Center.

SEPTEMBER

ALL INDIAN FAST PITCH SOFT BALL TOURNAMENT, RIAA Classic, men's and women's, Shadow Mountain Sports Complex, Sparks.

TE-MOAK FESTIVAL, Sept. 1-3, hand games, round dancing, South Fork, Elko.

POW WOW, Duck Valley Indian Reservation, Owyhee, Sept. 9-11. Veteran's Day celebration Grand March, crowning of the new Shoshone Paiute Queen; games and special dances and songs, contests. Free BBQ.

SCHURZ RODEO, Sept. 15-16, including bareback, saddle bronc, bull riding, roping, steer wrestling.

OCTOBER

POW WOW, The Great North American Indian, at Las Vegas Convention Center. Oct. 4-7. Donation \$3.50. Over 10,000 Native Americans participating. Exhibits on display and dance contests daily. Pottery making, rug weaving, silver jewelry and sand painting by many tribes. For further information call The National American Indian Center at 702-385-0211.

PINENUT FESTIVAL at Schurz Oct. 5-7. Indian games, gambling, and dancing daily. Blessing of the pinenuts evening of 6th.

ANNUAL INDIAN NEVADA DAY CELEBRATION, Oct. 25-28 at Nixon. Amateur Boxing, Competitive Indian dancing. All Indian Rodeo and BBQ. "Enjoy yourself in Indian country; be a guest of the Pyramid Lake Paiute Tribe."

NOVEMBER

INTER-TRIBAL COUNCIL OF NEVADA ANNUAL CONVENTION. Arts and crafts show and sale, 3rd weekend in November, Reno. For further information call 702-786-3128.

investment. Obsolete dyes for items no longer made represent a substantial loss.

Tribal members built the hydraulic embossing machine still in daily use. Other equipment includes a gluing machine and several heavy duty sewing machines specially adapted to feed leather.

Longtime EmPee employees include Everline Begay, who has been with the shop since its beginning in 1972, and Delores Lee, who designed the firm's tasteful ram's head logotype. Delores attended the American Institute of Indian Art in Santa Fe and is a fine portrait artist. Her work graces many private collections and hangs in her alma mater's permanent collection and in the gallery of the Native American Arts and Crafts Council in Washington, D.C. Monte Feasel is hoping Delores, who has worked on and off at Moapa since '74, will replace him as EmPee's manager one day.

Artist Andy Wells is the creator of EmPee's great executive accessory designs. He first makes a sketch, then a prototype at a cluttered worktable in a corner of the factory. New items under his development include a carry-on luggage selection. Wells will do custom designs on commission.

There are other ironies on the Moapa River Reservation besides the improbably European look of its leather goods. Only about 20 tribal elders still speak the Paiute language. Preston Tom, now in his 12th year as chairman of the Moapa Business Council, says, "We tried to have language classes on the reservation a few years ago, so the elders could teach our language to the youngsters. But it didn't work out." He points out that Arizona's Kaibab Paiutes, another of the nine Paiute bands, do teach their native language to their children. Preston's sister married a Kaibab Paiute, and his four-year-old niece speaks the language. "My wife Louella speaks Indian," Preston tells, "and I can understand it. But I don't speak it myself."

Preston Tom is concerned that his ancestral language may pass away with this generation, and the same with his band's history, handcrafts and legends. "So far no one from the government or the universities has come here to talk with these elders," he tells.

Tom's office is elective and bears a three-year term. He recently left his eight-year tenure with Nevada Power Company, at a time when he had good

opportunity for advancement and a secure retirement plan, to serve the council full time.

Under Preston Tom's administration, the Moapa Paiutes have seen a lot of progress on the reservation. The Moapa Paiutes live in well-built, modern homes, a recent product of the tribal construction company through a HUD grant secured by Mike Ostanik. They enjoy a new community center built by the tribal construction company; and they operate a thriving young firm growing Jackpot Tomatoes under greenhouse for Nellis Air Force Base, Vegas Village and other purchasers. The Jackpot Tomatoes are picked ripe for the Las Vegas market and sold at fast as they can be grown.

Preston Tom says the tribe is seeking Indian apprentices to learn from King, Ostanik and himself, but to date they have found no applicants. The Moapa Band of Paiutes, like other reservation Indians, have had to hire non-Indian counselors and managers to help them run their businesses. They hope to find young Paiutes to learn from the innovators who are doing their best to develop vehicles for healthy pride on the reservation.

In the summer of 1978, the Moapa

Tribal Council held a business meeting of all tribal managers on Mt. Charleston to outline their goals. From that meeting came the wording for the council's objective, which holds a prominent position on the door of Preston Tom's office: "Our mission is to advance the Moapa Band of Paiutes and preserve their homeland by building an independent and self-governing community that provides an opportunity for all people who have made a commitment* to this mission." (*The spelling is intentional. It is the Indian way to make a small mistake in every work to show that only God is perfect.)

Presently EmPee's designer leathergoods are available in Nevada only at Wilson's House of Suede in Las Vegas, though the line seems right for any hotel gift shop or fine luggage store. Although there's a decided economic advantage to buying the briefcases and wallets on the reservation, the firm is trying to establish steady distribution through retail stores for both EmPee Leathergoods and Jackpot Tomatoes. Ask for the products at stores where you trade and you'll help the Moapa Paiutes to share in Nevada's prosperity.

—Judee Quillin

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The Relentless Gourmand



Featuring food and drink
in the Sagebrush State.

New York Magazine's Gael Greene would die, absolutely die.

The goddess of the new porno-food criticism would take one look at The Thinn Way, the Reno restaurant that caters to people who want to lose weight, and faint dead away from cholesterol deprivation.

What's more, she would be right, for what's even a *cuisine minceur* fan to do without profiterole, quiche, pont l'evêque or saumon fume on the menu?

And how's a tastebud voluptuary to cope with a place that serves frozen food right out in the open, without so much as an apology, and what's more charges an arm and a leg (dietetic) for it?

That's Thinn Way, all right, a specialty food shop cum lunchroom that is part of the Northern Nevada Weight Watchers conglomerate. Now there was a time when Weight Watchers considered it a part of the therapy of fat loss to restrict its members to food that only a garbage truck could love. But overweight Americans—and that is most of us—did not get that way through self discipline and asceticism. As more and more weight loss groups with more and more attractive diets were created, WW International began to lose business. Two years ago, WW was bought by Heinz, and the Heinz marketers understood perfectly well that Americans like a little spice in their diets.

About then, the WW program loosened up considerably—at no apparent cost to its effectiveness. A variety of red meats appeared in the diet, as did ice cream, and some ersatz pies and cakes.

However attractive all this good stuff sounded, it sounded better than it tasted; not many of us are imaginative chefs of international caliber and that's what it would take to turn a WW recipe into an appealing dish, much less a delicacy.

That's where The Thinn Way comes in. Using a nationwide network of specialist, low-calorie bakeries, freezeries, canneries and cookeries as suppliers, the restaurant has managed to stock a considerable supply of edible dietetic food, and while most of its business

comes from selling the stuff for home consumption, it can also be cooked and eaten right there in the combination Nebraska-linoleum-circa-1935-lunchroom/old *Saturday Evening Post* cover kitchen that is the public eating area of The Thinn Way.

Barbara Carter, Barbara Giles and Peggy Willard (with 15-year-old Robin Hanks' help) cook and serve the food, if you can call popping a package of frozen Manicotti (\$2.75 with salad) into the microwave oven cooking. They will also do a passable Reuben which uses turkey instead of pastrami (\$2.00), Chicken Cacciatore (the worst \$3 you will ever spend), a pizza made from pasta at \$2.50 and well worth it, or a tuna (\$1.75) or shrimp (\$2.75) salad as good as anything Denny's puts out.

But the great attraction of The Thinn Way is its ice cream. Change that, it's "Lite-'n-Frosty," a squishy frozen custard you'd swear came from a calorie manufacturing machine. Sometimes The Thinn Way has chocolate and vanilla, sometimes chocolate and English toffee, sometimes chocolate and something that tastes like the dope with which I used to paint model airplanes when I was a teenager. Never mind, most of it's damn good but even *that's* beside the point, the point being here's ice cream a dieter can eat with the blessings of Weight Watchers and therefore without the burden of guilt.

On balance, The Thinn Way's food is adequate, as good as you'll get in any

of the recent shrink-wrapped plasti-food restaurants that line the interstates. That alone is a great leap forward for diet food. But in addition, The Thinn Way has become a fashionable meeting spot for the waist conscious, and Reno's mini-celebs run into each other in this peculiar place as much as Hollywood's biggies do at the Polo Lounge.

More than any of these virtues, however, there is a friendliness about the people at The Thinn Way that goes much further than the decor in reinforcing the feeling that you're eating in a neighbor's kitchen. Never mind that for an eavesdropper, some of the conversations are stomach turning in their graphic anatomicality; for the most part the people who run The Thinn Way treat customers as guests, which is to say potential friends.

You can get plenty to eat at The Thinn Way, and all (or most) of it will be "legal," all (or most) of it will be eminently edible (and only the chronic dieter will appreciate the stunning accomplishment that represents) and all of it all the time will be served slathered with amiable gossip and sunny conversation.

Rare enough and worth the price—as is the feeling of overwhelming virtue that comes with every dietetic meal and seems to cling like a shining cape throughout the afternoon.

Open six days a week (closed Sunday) for lunch and dinner. Master Charge and Visa. —Leon Mandel

THE THINN WAY
1892 Locust Street, Reno
(323-1753)

Nevada gourmands are invited to share experiences and judgments of their favorite eating or drinking establishments in the Sagebrush State. Reviews should be 500 words in length, noting atmosphere, quality and prices. If yours is accepted, you'll be paid at least enough for a night out. Send with a self-addressed stamped return envelope to The Relentless Gourmand, Nevada Magazine, Capitol Complex, Carson City, NV 89710.



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Owls, eagles, a redheaded woodpecker. Some feathered citizens, up close. By Pandion

Shrill cries of the hawk waft down-slope on the winds of the high Sierra; the killdeer's staccato trills race across the barren sands of Stillwater fields as it spreads the alarm of an intruder; mournful notes of a dove thread themselves through the cholla and yucca of the low desert.

Wherever you go in this wide and diverse state there are man's envy, the birds. Adapted to the changes in environment that take place in Nevada, these fine feathered warblers inhabit nearly every corner of the mountains,

The great horned owl in a staring match. Found statewide, this large owl nests in barns and in tall cottonwoods. This one's home is Austin.





Rare glimpse of young osprey, fishers who beak their dinner from shallow waters of lakes and marshes.

White pelicans congregating at Pyramid Lake's Anaho Island, a national wildlife refuge and the bird's largest nesting colony in the U.S.





When the great horned owl (above) is caught in a corner, it puffs its wings and snaps its beak in warning. The Cooper's hawk (left) spotted near Virginia City is smaller than most hawks but is an equally talented rodent detector. It's shy and relatively rare.

slopes and desert. Their appeal ranges from awe of the eagle's soar to disgust as ravens rob the nests of others. Their diet varies from seed in the fields to raw rattlesnake meat, from grubs under tree bark to fish from Lake Tahoe.

Man's relationship with birds starts at the cradle, as the stork gently delivers the diapered child to its new parents, and continues throughout life as either friend or foe. Raptors are friends one day for ridding the countryside of rodents and vipers, foes the next as an "eagle scare" causes stockmen to lower their numbers. Even in death they visit, as a vulture circles waiting for the last breath to leave a sinking life on the desert floor.

Birds hold people's fascination and imagination by their abilities and deeds. The swooping falcon, wings half-cocked, racing towards another bird at 200 miles an hour, knocking it from the sky and killing it instantly, is the epitome of speed and grace. On the other hand, the ungainly antics of the turkey vulture attempting flight from

the ground changes from comedy to a display of aerial precision as it picks up thermals and without beating a wing is lifted beyond man's sight into the sky.

The osprey, hated by some because of its fishing ability, dives below the surface of Lake Tahoe and emerges with a sucker clutched wiggling in its talons. In the forests around the lake, woodpeckers are busy reducing insects that could wipe the trees out, filling the air with machinegun-like chippings.

Perhaps each of us at one time has held a small, helpless, featherless bird in our hand—one that was blown from its nest or attempted flight before it was able—and wondered how this pitiful looking thing could ever dart across the landscape in seconds where we take hours, migrate thousands of miles on its own strength, or stir us to wakefulness with its pure song.

Throughout the ages, birds have provided us with song. We have sung about the birds, and that is only fitting since they provided man and woman with the first sounds of music in that long ago and far away garden. □



Redheaded woodpecker in Humboldt County, a bird seldom seen but much heard throughout the West.

LINDA DUFURRENA

First Impressions Contest WINNER!

"Impressions for a Lifetime" was one of several of the 52 entries which sought to define the unique beauty that some see beneath the harshness of Nevada's landscape. But in my opinion, Cheryl A. Beckman, now of Puyallup, Washington, did it best.

Not only could she see it; she was able to accomplish the difficult task of putting so subtle a feeling into a sensitive and rhythmic pattern of only 340 words.

—Guy Shipler, Contest Judge

Impressions for a Lifetime

Rays of sunlight, shining, bending through a multitude of emerald leaves, touching a baby's body As warm and undemanding as her parents' love.

Cleanness of new-fallen snow, sparkling, trackless, delighting a small child's heart.

Crispness of pure mountain air, blowing cool through tall pines, filling a young girl's lungs and bringing clarity to her thoughts.

* * *

Growing up in Nevada was a blend of stimulating discoveries awakening my mind. It provided the depth and perspective for the rest of my life. Waiting each spring for the Indian Paintbrush to push through the barrenness of the high country, I was

renewed, filled with life's never-ending cycles. Holding a small Horned Toad in the cup of my hands, feeling its heart beating in tune with mine, I perceived the fragile steel threads that bind all earth's creatures in a web of survival.

Always I was aware of contradictions and an overabundance in all my surroundings. From the vast, overpowering majesty of primeval mountain ranges to the endless, lonely miles of arid desert, the Nevada landscape is vibrant with an ever-changing beauty. Each shift in season or in elevation reveals yet another, untouched vision. Colors flow like spilled paint on an artist's canvas. Sunrise and sunset create shades of brilliant magenta pinks and purples, trailing clouds across an end-

less sky. The lithe, tawny-gold mountain lion stalking the dotted brown-gold mule deer blends into the shaded hillside. The subtle beiges of sand and alkali are splashed with the grey-green of sagebrush, the emerald-green of cacti, and unexpectedly, the beautiful, deep, clear blue of a serene lake.

I have not lived in Nevada for over 13 years, nor have I found a home elsewhere—Nevada is continually pulling me to her. And I have learned well the lessons she taught me. With patience, there will be a blossoming; in time I will see the birth of delicate, iridescent flowers in the midst of cactus spines. As the mountains rise, bathed in radiant sunlight, so I, too, can reach for the sky.

—Cheryl A. Beckman

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The young schoolteacher and the two old timers named Bert were cozy as hens on a roost until that explosive winter night in '32 when everyone jumped for cover. By Harry Webb

The Last Shoot Out in Palisade

Palisade, Nevada hadn't had a shooting for two whole months, which wasn't a bad average for a town of sixty residents. That is, the population might be called "fluid," like when the Southern Pacific was blowing a thousand foot nubbin off the sheer "Palisades" in order to take a kink out of its line.

As we have said, shootings were rare unless Old Judge Van Laningham came down from his monarchy at Buckhorn. "Judge Van," being Marshal, Deputy Sheriff and Buckhorn's J.P. could always be counted on for double trouble in any town he visited until the night a .45 slug through his neck put him out of business for a couple weeks. But since everyone said "The old booger had it coming" no charges were pressed against Van's assailant. The old Judge had unlimbered his .45 and shot up Palisade's main saloon, besides taking pot shots at those escaping from doors and windows, until a hunk of lead laid him low.

Yes, our town was ordinarily a peaceful spot. Moderns would term it a "togetherness town." A bit too togetherness it appeared after a cute little Miss by the name of Margaret Watson took on the problem of teaching youngsters from six to eighteen years of age their three Rs. Teachers in these small Nevada towns usually came from Eastern cities as it gave them opportunity to absorb Western lore as well as a fine chance to latch onto a husband.

Miss Watson may have been one who wasn't interested in a husband, because at the time of which we write she was on her second term in Palisade and still unmarried although there were no lack of suitors from the nearby ranches.

Perhaps in time some cow hand might have gotten her in double harness had it not been for the most unorthodox "triangle" any town had experienced since the Klondike gold rush, when Rex Beach's two chief old characters quarreled over a chit of a girl, sawed their boat in two and dis-

solved their partnership.

Come summer on her second year back in Palisade and it looked like the town would have Miss Margaret Watson as a permanent teacher. For \$75 she had purchased two small houses and a huge ex-ice house thrown in for good measure. One of these cabins, with the help of neighbor Bert Gilman, was turned into a "Doll House" for herself and she rented the other to another "Bert" by the name of Bruffey.

The sheer-walled Palisades formed a funnel for storms and blizzards to sweep through and the school house being a quarter-mile from Miss Watson's house it behooved the two 65-year-old Berts to look to her welfare especially so in winter.

Bruffey and Gilman were both good cooks so each morning Gilman would fetch over a fine breakfast of hot cakes, bacon and eggs and steaming coffee. Then in the evening Bruffey would have Margaret's house warm and a fine supper cooking for the brain-weary girl. There was little doubt but that Miss Watson appreciated this on a par with the two Berts' love of catering to her. And with a salary of \$60 a month and no food to buy, the town folks said, "Margaret sure has it made."

The winter of '32 was a bad one and with Bert Bruffey's odd hours of wading through belly-deep snow to the Western Pacific line during nights put him in the Elko Hospital with double pneumonia. For weeks the prognosis was all bad and the general conversation among his Palisade friends amounted to "Looks like old Bert's a goner, wouldn't you say?" And Gilman was always the loudest worrier over Bruffey's probable demise though many detected a nuance of joy with his lament.

In Miss Watson, Bruffey had a loyal supporter and each Saturday found her by his bedside, something Gilman disapproved of, at least to those around Martinelli's Saloon. "Don't see what the hell good she thinks she's doing him," he would grumble. "Ol' Bert needs rest!"

One night, when several of us were present, Myra Hawkins asked Miss

Watson if the two men, despite all their kindness, weren't often sort of a nuisance when she preferred to be alone. "No," Margaret said, "those two old dears treat me as if I were a hotel guest. Naturally, there are times when just getting myself a snack would be a grand treat but I can't hurt their feelings. But just to let the poor dears know that being a teacher doesn't render one a total loss around the kitchen I often cook dinner on Sundays and have them over. No, there isn't the slightest problem."

Miss Watson might know the secret feelings of her pupils but she certainly was blind to those of her two old benefactors. Bert Bruffey, assisted by Margaret Watson, stepped off "Number Two" of a late Saturday evening to find her house cozy with warmth from the kitchen stove. Gilman had known she would be on that train, as number two was the only Westbound train, excepting an early morning train, that stopped in Palisade. Apparently, he had no inkling Bruffey would be coming home.

There's an old saying about "No fury like that of a woman scorned," but whoever the author of those words was should have been around Bert Gilman when he glanced out his door that bitter cold night and through Miss Watson's window observed her with an arm around "Uncle Bert's" shoulders as he sipped something from a cup. His two months bout with pneumonia had robbed him of half his weight and nine tenths his strength.

When a terrific explosion blew half the window out and shattered Miss Watson's "Coleman" lamp the ailing Bruffey was rejuvenated enough to drag Margaret to the floor with him just as another shot finished the window.

Then came several blasts and shotgun pellets demolished the bedroom window and splintered chunks from the thin celotex partition between bedroom and kitchen fell on the huddled pair. "My God," Miss Watson gasped, "he'll kill us!"

"Prob'ly," Bruffey calmly replied. "That is if he don't run outa ca'tridges first." But Gilman wasn't running out and as he yelled and circled the house he pumped shots through window holes and door. A twelve gauge shotgun blast can make plenty noise at best but by the time several explosions echoed and re-echoed off the Palisades folks later said they thought the S.P. powder house up by the ballast quarry

had blown up.

"Why, oh why doesn't Nat show up to stop him," the terrified Miss Watson cried, "before he comes in and murders us?"

"With all this racket," Bruffey strove to assure her, "he oughta be showin' up pretty soon. That is if he don't hunt a hole like it seems everybody else in town has. Wish I was at myself," he added. "I'd go out an' bust that gun over the old fool's head." Then he birthed an idea. "Maybe when he gets shootin' through the back window again you can slip out the door an' make a run for it." Folks always said if you poured coal oil on Bert and set him afire it wouldn't excite him. Like when the Narrow Gauge Depot was enveloped in flames and the Superintendent C. B. Sexton ran up to Bert in the act of eating a bag of apples. "What can we do, Bert?" he moaned, wringing his hands, "What can we do?"

Bert studied the fire a moment. "Watch her burn, I reckon," he finally drawled through a mouthful of apple. Palisade had no fire fighting equipment so there was logic in his answer

The opportunity came and Miss Watson was running as fast as her young legs could propel her through a foot of snow, screaming "Nat! Somebody find Nat!" When a cry like this went up it meant real trouble, and be it a kid had fallen in the river or someone had cut a hand off on a buzz saw everyone looked to Nat Hawkins to remedy the situation. Nat was the town Marshal and Deputy Sheriff.

Right then Nat was in Eureka 80 miles distant, but that didn't mean the town was without Law. The Marshal and Deputy Sheriff job only fetched in \$50 a month so Nat often went on the Narrow Gauge run to Eureka if the fireman, conductor or even the engineer happened to be sick. At such times he handed his badge over to saloon keeper Frank Martinelli.

Martinelli, like everyone else, had been alerted by Gilman's berserk shotgunning. Trouble was, Martinelli had put the gold and silver badge in the safe and in the excitement couldn't manipulate the combination and wasn't about to face maniac Gilman without plenty visible authority

By the time the badge was finally pinned on, the Watson house had been riddled by upwards of 20 shots and Gilman was still shooting. The writer's son and Nat's son, Myron, and several other know-nothing kids, who didn't know danger when they saw it, were



Palisade was a peaceful town on the Humboldt River 10 miles west of Carlin. Railroading was Palisade's lifeblood, and citizens threw a farewell party for the "Slim Princess" after her final run in 1938. Six years before, marshal Nat Hawkins, who now lives in Sparks, missed all the excitement while he was on the 90-mile run to Eureka.

the first on the scene imploring the shotgun wielder to quit shooting.

Gilman had run in his house but came out shoving shells in his pump gun just as Martinelli and other grown-ups arrived. "Bert," Martinelli ordered, "you're under arrest! Toss that gun down!"

"Like hell I'm under arrest!" Gilman bellowed. "I ain't throwin' no gun down, either, an' I'll kill any son of a bitch that tries to take it!" It was a touchy situation and no fooling. Then someone remembered Miss Watson and not knowing Bert Bruffey had returned supposed Gilman had for some reason vented his wrath on her

"If you've hurt that girl," Justice of the Peace "Pope" Lucey shouted, "we won't bother with the Law! We'll hang you from the nearest telegraph pole!"

"Miss Watson's up to our house," Myron Hawkins piped up. "She's okay. He only scared the pants off her." That was good news all around.

"Well," the J.P. shouted, "he needs hanging anyway."

"You dry up, Pope," Gilman yelled back, "or I'll blow that big paunch o' yours off!" With that he swung the muzzle from Martinelli to the J.P. and pulled the trigger but Pope had already leapt behind the house. Everyone had

too much respect for a shotgun to crowd him so remained at a safe distance trying to shout him into dropping the gun and going along with Martinelli peacefully.

It was during this state of affairs that Bert Bruffey came weaving his way around the Watson cabin. "Hell, Bert," he said as he drew closer, "have you gone plumb crazy? You keep on an' you'll kill half the town! Give me that damn gun an' stop all this foolishness." Bruffey was known to be a bit slow, both in head and action, but whether he was exceptionally brave or a 24-carat zombie it made little difference to the awed crowd.

"Come a step farther," Gilman yelled, "and I'll blow your head off!"

To everyone's surprise the wobbly, stumbling Bruffey came a step farther and grabbed the gun barrel.

"Damn you!" Gilman yelled, as they wrestled for the gun, and blew a hole in the snow. Due to his weakness Bruffey fell, pulling Gilman down with him. "Somebody better get this old fool," Bruffey panted, as he hung onto the gun barrel, "before he hurts somebody."

Everyone immediately became a hero and Gilman was being held by a

(Continued on page 62)



50 Great Town & Country Trips

Touring Reno and Las Vegas on a tankful.

By David Moore and Tom Martin

For many good reasons, even the most adventuresome travelers will be thinking twice this year about taking long fall trips. Save gas, we are told; moderation is the mark of a patriot. But what to do about wanderlust, that unconquerable force that says jump in the car and let's go?

The lucky truth is that Nevada vacationers and weekend explorers can choose from an abundance of gas-cheap trips out of Reno and Las Vegas. These less-than-a-tank tours won't just save you petrol. You'll visit ghost towns, great collections, swimming holes, beautiful canyonlands, and mountains and valleys jumping with fall color.

Outings like the Hoover Dam and Lost City run from Las Vegas, and the Lake Tahoe loop from Reno, take scenic parabolas that guide you easily back to home base. Attractions like the Old Las Vegas Fort and Harrah's Auto Collection in Reno—the biggest in this galaxy—may be a few city blocks away. Bus lines and air charters can whisk you to Virginia City or as far as the Grand Canyon.

For those heading deeper into rural Nevada, communities like Elko, Ely, Tonopah and Winnemucca had stable gas supplies through the summer. Autumn motorists in cow counties may wish to call ahead to check. Day-time gas stops and travel are recommended.

NORTH



AROUND TOWN

HISTORY & INDIAN LORE—Celebrating its 75th anniversary, the Nevada Historical Society at 1650 N. Virginia in Reno is open daily with exhibits and slide shows for the visiting public. Displays show the artifacts and customs of Nevada Indians and include a collection of baskets by Dat So La Lee, the great Washo basketmaker. There are maps from territorial days, mining history and a complete whiskey still. Slide shows discuss Nevada's Indian heritage, Virginia City and the Comstock Lode, and gambling history. If you're interested in research, the Historical Society houses miles of newspaper microfilm and the world's largest collection of Nevada photographs. Hours are 8-5 Monday through Friday and 9-4 Saturday and Sunday.

A THOUSAND COLLECTOR CARS—You can see Al Jolson's '33 Cadillac and 1,100 other gleaming, perfectly restored automobiles at Harrah's Automobile Collection in Reno. It's the largest in the world, featuring rare antique autos, airplanes, motorcycles and race cars snatched up by Harrah's sleuths. Also, you can see selected items from the renowned Pony Express Museum, and watch Harrah's experts working on the cars. There's a saloon and cafeteria too. Open 9-6 daily. Admission is \$4 adults, \$2 ages 13-20, and \$1.50 ages 5-12. The collection is located 3½ miles east of downtown Reno on East 2nd (Glendale Road). You can ride free by cable car or doubledecker bus from Harrah's to the collection.

HAROLDS' NICKELODEONS—Fully restored, antique nickelodeons valued today at up to \$30,000 are on display on the sec-

ond floor mezzanine at Harolds Club in Reno. Largest in the collection is a seven-foot-tall Seeburg G orchestrion complete with a keyboard, 64 pipes, bass and snare drums, tympani, triangle and cymbals. Player pianos, mutascopes (old time viewers with flashing photos) and vintage carriages and phonographs are also exhibited. Like the casino, the museum is open 24 hours a day. A new display of Harolds Club's gun collection, valued at more than \$1 million, is coming soon.

THE ORIGINAL SLOT MACHINE—A vast collection of antique slot machines can be seen at the Liberty Belle, 4250 South Virginia St. in Reno next to Centennial Coliseum. The saloon and restaurant is named for the Liberty Bell slot machine developed by San Francisco inventor Charlie Fey about 1895 and the prototype of the modern one-arm bandits that made Nevada famous. Proprietors Marsh and Frank Fey, Charlie's grandsons, have collected many other of his early machines, including the Silver Dollar, the first of its kind to handle large coins. Twenty-three antique slots, plus several player pianos and amusement machines are on public display. The Liberty Belle also offers fine food and drink from 11-11 daily.

SPACE SPECTACULAR—Some of the biggest stars in the universe appear daily at Reno's Atmospherium Planetarium, located near the Nevada Historical Society on North Virginia Street (U.S. 395). Star shows are seven days a week til September 16 at 3 and 8 p.m. featuring "Last Question" by Isaac Asimov and the film "Beautiful Nevada." Closed September 16-24, the Planetarium reopens September 25 with "Footsteps," commemorating the Apollo moon landing's 10th anniversary, and "Beautiful Nevada" through December 2, showing at 8 nightly and 3 p.m. Tuesday-Friday. Each program is about an hour long. Movie admissions are \$2.50 for ages 13-59, and \$1.50 for kids and senior citizens.



Hikers enjoy Lake Mead's backcountry.

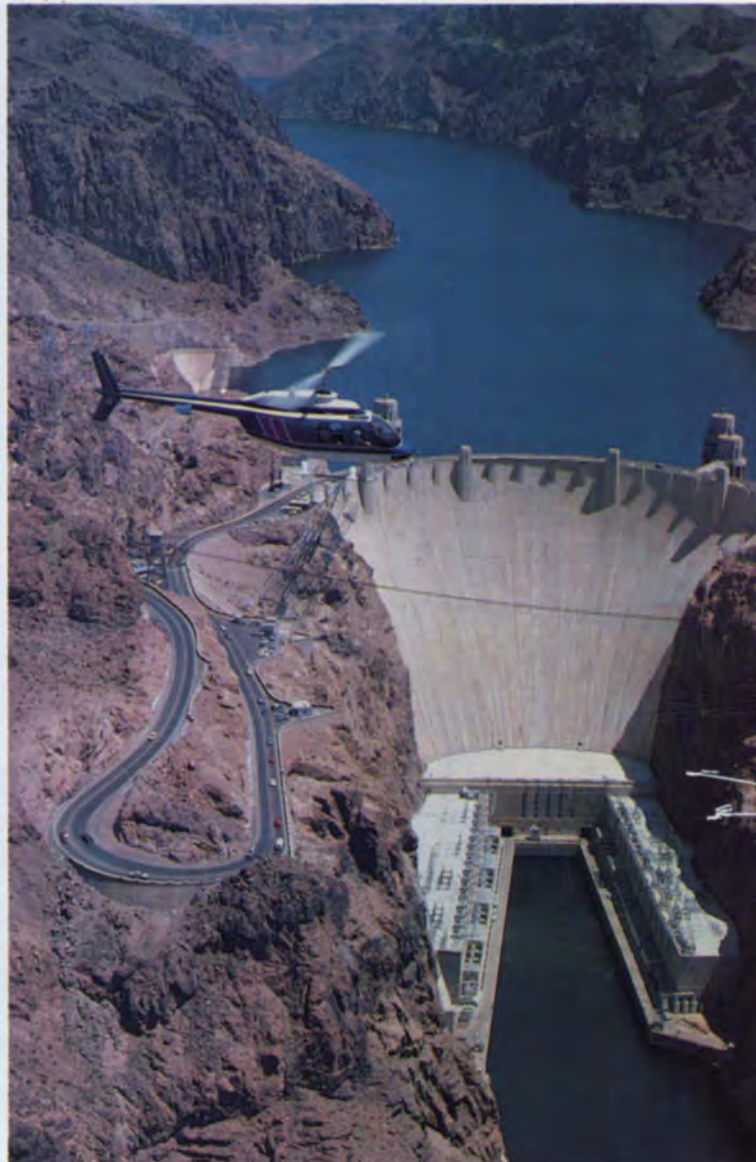
SZARKA PHOTO



Camping by houseboat on a Mohave cove. Houseboats can be rented at Cottonwood Cove and Echo Bay. Right, helicopter tour gives unique perspective of Hoover Dam.

DEL WEBB PHOTO

C. J. HADLEY



TOURING BY BUS—Gray Line in Reno has daily bus tours to Virginia City and Lake Tahoe. The afternoon Virginia City run is \$9 from 1:30-5:30 with about two hours free time. In the day-long Tahoe tour, from 10-7:15, you can stay at State-line slots and tables four hours for \$9 or ride around the lake and visit the Ponderosa for \$21. Tours leave from 2nd and Virginia streets, and tickets are available (329-1147) at the Holiday Hotel nearby.

LIMO RIDES & SHUTTLES—Casino Limousine & Minibus Service offers a shuttle service between major Reno-Sparks hotels, each other, and the Reno airport for \$1.50. Also, service from Reno to the Nevada borders and in California at Lake Tahoe range from \$6 to \$8.50. Call 329-1425. Bell Luxury Limousine runs 24 hours daily with reservations, for chauffeured tours out of Reno. For \$8 an hour you can rent a Cadillac limo and take off. Time is measured to and from the company's airport headquarters, and there is a 1½ hour minimum. Call 786-3700.

RENO-SPARKS BY BUS—Reno's new

Citifare bus line has four routes served every hour from 2nd and Virginia streets in downtown Reno. Destinations include MGM Grand, John Ascuaga's Nugget, Cannon International Airport and several

major shopping centers. Fare is 60 cents. Call 826-FARE for schedules.

SCENIC FLIGHTS—Western Nevada does not have the variety of standard air tours that Las Vegas has, but there are pos-

LONG DISTANCE HOT LINES

Travelers planning to head into Nevada's rural areas, or into the state from distant starting points, can call several "hot lines" for up-to-date gas information.

A toll-free number, 1-800-238-1000, has been established by Holiday Inn to give vacationers the latest scoop on gas in areas where its hotels are located. Six are in Nevada: three in Las Vegas, two in Reno and one in Elko. The service is nationwide, so operators can help you plan your trip from or to states like California, Oregon, Idaho, Utah and Arizona. You do not have

to be a registered guest of Holiday Inns to use the service.

Las Vegas has two numbers to call for gas information. From California, Utah and Arizona call 1-800-634-6333, and in Las Vegas call 737-6777 for the lowdown on Interstate 15 in California and Utah, and also Arizona highways. Nevada travelers on U.S. 395 North will get information on Tonopah. The numbers have been sponsored by the Las Vegas Visitors and Convention Authority, and may be maintained through fall.

sibilities if you have a flight plan in mind. At the Reno airport, Aviation Services Inc. offers charter flights of the customer's choice. Rates for one to three persons are \$90 an hour, and \$110 for four or five. Call 826-6400. You can cruise around the Tahoe Basin by air with Lake Tahoe Aviation based at the South Lake Tahoe Airport, 60 miles from Reno. LTA runs throughout the year weather permitting; rates are \$24 per half hour for up to three people. Call 916-541-2110. In Carson City, 30 miles south of Reno, Carson Tahoe Aviation offers charters to any area in the region. One person is \$36 per hour, two or three is \$56, and four or five is \$80 per hour. Call 882-1551 "at least an hour in advance." At the Reno airport, Chaparral Aviation has three intriguing milk runs that leapfrog across the northern half of Nevada on weekdays. From \$20 to \$40 one way you can visit Lovelock, Winnemucca, Battle Mountain, Elko and Wells; or Fallon, Austin, Eureka and Ely; or Yerington, Hawthorne and Tonopah. There's enough room for three passengers with small bags. Call 323-2121.

SPARKS' RAILROAD PARK—Engine No. 8 of the old Carson and Colorado Railroad is the centerpiece of the James C. Lillard Railroad Park at 15th and B streets two blocks west of John Ascuaga's Nugget in Sparks. The engine, built in 1907, is trailed by an elegant executive car said to be where Harry Truman gave 'em hell during his whistlestop campaigns. Check with the Chamber of Commerce people in the passenger depot nearby, and they will gladly conduct a free tour of the car and locomotive. Tour hours are 10-4 weekdays.

SPARKS PARKS—There are several grassy, shaded parks in the city of Sparks for picnics, games and just plain relaxing. Deer Park, the oldest and most popular, is located on a square block at Prater Way and Rock Blvd. The park has open and covered BBQ areas, basketball courts, a kid's playground, bandstand and a pool open through Labor Day. It's the original park in Sparks, once located on a trolley line and old Route 40, a wagon stop for travelers once known as the Sparks Free Auto Campground. It got its present name in 1904 from a petting zoo at the park that included deer. By the way, it's legal to drink beer in Sparks parks, but not in Reno.

40-100 MILES ROUND TRIP

BOWERS MANSION—On the forested west slope of Washoe Valley, 20 miles south of Reno, is Bowers Mansion, built in 1864 by Comstock millionaires Sandy and Eilley Bowers. The handsome, two-story sandstone mansion has been restored and is open for tours through October 31, from 11-1 and 1:30-4:30. Admission is \$1 adults, 50¢ kids. The shaded grounds are perfect for picnicking and games and swimming in the summer; the park is open daily 8-8 through October 31, and then 8-5 through



The M.S. Dixie, one of several Tahoe excursion boats, visits Emerald Bay.



Ponderosa visitors inspect the home of Ben, Hoss and Little Joe.

Memorial Day.

DAVIS CREEK HIKES & CAMPING—A mighty trickle out of the Sierra that offers a beautiful place to camp, picnic, hike and even canoe—plus ice skating in winter. Camping is year-round at \$3 a night, 7 day limit, and picnicking is free. For group camping and picnicking, call 785-6133 or 849-0684 for reservations several months in advance. Picnic areas surround a 4-acre lake, which in good weather is used by rafters and canoeists. In winter, usually about Dec. 15-Feb. 1, it's an ice skating lake (free), with skating daily and Friday and Saturday nights. A one mile self-guiding trail starts near the pond, and a brochure describes the highlights of plants,

animals and history of the area. Also, a strenuous 4-mile hike to Price Lake starts at the campground.

NEVADA STATE MUSEUM—Everything you wanted to know about Nevada is under the roof of the old United States Mint in downtown Carson City, 30 miles south of Reno on U.S. 395. The first exhibit shows presses and an array of "CC" silver dollars produced at the Mint from 1870-86 and 1889-93 during the rich days of the Comstock. A replica of a working Nevada mine is downstairs, and the museum's two floors and additions offer glimpses of early man in the Great Basin, Nevada history, wildlife, plants, bottles, buttons, brands, gaming equipment and a frontier gun collection.

Try your guess at the mystery display on the first floor. The museum is open 8:30-4:30 daily, and admission is free. The gift shop near the entrance has a wide variety of handbooks, literature and souvenirs.

NEVADA'S WHITE HOUSE—Tours of the Governor's Mansion in Carson City can be arranged by calling 885-5670 for an appointment. The visit to the state's First Residence includes a look at ceremonial rooms and the grounds and gardens.

SPEEDWAY SATURDAY NIGHT—Throw away those qualms about gashogs and thrill to the sight of scores of super stocks, hobby stocks and jalopies using outrageous amounts of gas in high speed races. Every Saturday night in September and October, T-Car Speedway holds races on the big oval track at Stewart, on the southern outskirts of Carson, 32 miles south of Reno. Admission is \$5 for ages 13 and up, \$3.50 for 6-12, and \$1 for kids under 6. Governor's Trophy Day, at 2 p.m. October 31 after the Nevada Day parade, is the season's finale.

NEVADA'S OLDEST TOWN—In Genoa, 43 miles south of Reno, you can visit the state's oldest bar and a replica of the oldest building. In 1851 John Reese established Mormon Station as the first permanent settlement in what is now the state of Nevada. A rebuilt fort is maintained as a museum and picnic grounds by the state park system. Across the street is the old county courthouse, now the home of the Carson Valley Historical Society's museum. Two saloons compete for attention at the hamlet's main intersection near the fort. The Genoa Bar is Nevada's oldest, with photographs, relics, a woodburning stove and a championship coin operated pool table. Across the street, the friendly Country Bar is another local hangout and carries milk, pop and a few other grocery items. Genoa also has two elegant dinner houses, the Pink House and Sierra Shadows, whose ranch house was built in 1856. Genoa is reached by U.S. 395 and Jack's Valley Road; turn west three miles south of Carson.

NEVADA'S SECOND OLDEST TOWN—Ask anyone in Dayton and they'll tell you Genoa is the state's second oldest town. Although emigrants first found gold in Gold Creek in 1849, it wasn't til about 1853, two years after Genoa was settled, that Hall's Station was established at the present site of Dayton, 12 miles east of Carson City. With the last decade's growth, Dayton isn't quite the rural outpost it was when "The Misfits" was filmed there in 1962, but it remains a friendly small town in the Comstock's banana belt. On weekends Dayton has two large flea markets side by side on U.S. 50 besides museums, an antique shop, groceries, gas, a cafe, a dinner house and three saloons. The first recorded dance in Nevada was held in Dayton on New Year's Eve 1853.

VIRGINIA CITY—A century ago Virginia City, 24 miles south of Reno, was the biggest, richest and most powerful place in



HARRAH'S

Harrah's Automobile Collection in Reno got its start in 1948 when Nevada gaming tycoon Bill Harrah acquired a 1911 Maxwell and a 1911 Ford. Opened in 1962, the collection today houses 1,300 cars, with more than 1,100 on public display.



JOHN BARDWELL

Two views of Virginia City: the V&T passenger train and the C Street boardwalk.

Nevada. Today the town's entrance sign notes 700 residents, which may be a slight exaggeration, but much evidence of its glory years is preserved along the C Street boardwalk and in the fine mansions and antique shops on B and D. First time visitors may want to see the 15-minute movies at either the Visitors Bureau or the Silver Dollar Hotel. The resurrected V&T Railroad runs 2.6 miles to Gold Hill and back daily from 10:30 to 6 through September, and on weekends in October, weather and traffic permitting. A sightseeing ride on a



tour tram is \$1.50; the driver will point out the mines you can visit to see firsthand why the Comstock Lode was the richest in history.

PYRAMID LAKE—A beautiful, moody desert lake that is the largest remnant of ancient Lake Lahontan, Pyramid is located 33 miles north of Reno on Nevada 33. The lake is famous for its enormous cutthroat trout. It is also the home of the rare, prehistoric cui-ui, and thousands of pelicans that nest at Anaho Island. Food and campsites are at Sutcliffe on the west shore; no boat rentals are available. Swimming is usually good through early fall. The fish start biting in October, while fishing is normally best in January and February. The lake is part of the Pyramid Lake Indian Reservation, and a tribal license is necessary for fishing.

THE CALL OF BONANZA—The Ponderosa Ranch is a giant lakeside replica of Ben Cartwright's TV spread at Incline Village, 36 miles from Reno on U.S. 395 South and the Mt. Rose Highway (Nevada 27). You can ride buckboards, visit the petting zoo, eat hotsburgers, drink genuine Ponderosa Mountain Dew, get married and visit the Cartwright ranch house. Open through December from 10-5 daily, with admission of \$3.50 for ages 12 and up, \$2.50 ages 5-11, and under five free. Also, horseback rides and special group parties are available (call 702-831-0691).

100 MILES & UP ROUND TRIP

FALL WATERSPORTS—September and October are probably the best months of the year to visit Lahontan State Recreation Area. Then, the 9-mile long lake created by Lahontan Dam on the Carson River does not have the crowds and blistering wind that visit it in summer, and the water temperature is still warm. There's plenty of room for boating and waterskiing, and good catfish and white bass fishing. Tackle, licenses and camping goods (but no boat rentals) can be obtained in nearby Silver Springs. Day use is \$2 a car. Overnight camping and/or boat launching is \$4. Lahontan is a 58-mile drive from Reno via I-80 to Fernley and U.S. Alternate 95 to Silver Springs. Entrances are on both U.S. 50 in the direction of Fallon and on Alternate 95 south of Silver Springs. It's a 45-mile drive from Carson City.

FALLON'S COUNTRY MUSEUM—Fallon, the self-proclaimed "Oasis of Nevada" is a fast-growing agricultural settlement 60 miles east of Reno and seat of Churchill County. Among its claims to fame are its delicious "heart of gold" cantaloupes and the only county-owned and run telephone company in the United States. Churchill County's history of pioneer trails, ranching and Indian lore are preserved at the county museum located at 1050 S. Maine Street. Off U.S. 50, take a right on Maine Street to reach the museum, open 9-4 Tuesday through Saturday and 12-4 on Sunday. No admission, though donations are welcome.



Lahontan has few crowds and fine watersports weather in fall.

C. J. HADLEY

HOOFING IT—If you think Wednesday is a nowhere day, drive to Fallon (60 miles), take a right just before the Raley's, and join the auction crowd at the Gallagher stockyards. There, every Wednesday morning at 10 begins a daylong auction of up to 2,000 cattle, horses, sheep and hogs attended by ranchers and livestock lovers for miles around. Regulars arrive at sunup for ham and eggs and coffee at Mary Jane's restaurant adjacent to the auction arena.

BIRDWATCHERS AT STILLWATER—As Fallon area farms are watered by the Newlands irrigation project, the return flow has created a marshy, verdant game refuge at Stillwater that ducks and geese visit in the fall. A good bet for camera and binoculars. To reach Stillwater, go five miles east of Fallon on U.S. 50 and turn left on Nevada 42. The 11-mile paved road leads to dirt and gravel roads inside the ref-

uge. After big rains these roads can be hazardous, but under dry conditions they're in good shape. Waterfowl hunting season opens October 13.

SAND MOUNTAIN—This wonder is a solid sand dune hundreds of feet high moving very slowly across a dry lake bed 25 miles east of Fallon on U.S. 50. The sand represents the remains of ancient Lake Lahontan, swirling and singing in the desert wind. It offers a fine slide by the pantseat and for those who prefer to sled with discarded car hoods. The great dune is about a mile off U.S. 50, and a dirt road leads to its base. Watch the road shoulders and don't drive too far or you'll get stuck.

FARM BELT TOUR—Take a day and visit three valley communities that show how green the desert can be. On U.S. 395 43 miles south of Reno are the Carson Valley towns of Minden and Gardnerville, Nevada's oldest ranching centers with three Basque restaurants and several antique shops. Nineteen miles south on U.S. 395, turn left on Nevada 3-208 to reach Wellington and Smith on a drive along the Walker River that leads to Yerington, the seat of Lyon County. Nearby at Weed Heights is the mammoth Anaconda copper pit, which shut down production last year. Wabuska, an old railroad stop, is 12 miles north on U.S. Alternate 95. A hydroponic tomato plantation is being developed near the hot springs on the east side of the road. Fort Churchill State Historic Monument is 12 miles north of Wabuska, displaying artifacts and literature near the crumbling ruins of the Civil-War era army outpost. It's eight miles more to Silver Springs and then 14 to Fernley, a fertile, booming settlement near the Truckee River. From Fernley it's 32 miles to Reno on I-80. For photographers, each area should provide good fall color as the cottonwoods and aspens make their

(Continued on page 28)

Energy conservationists show traditional gas-saving technique.



BOB HOOD

10 Gas-Saving Tips From an Expert

Think of this country as a great, flat pan filled with a finite supply of gasoline, being rocked back and forth by mysterious hands: OPEC, the oil companies, the federal government, God knows who else. As the pan is tilted one way, there is a surplus at one end and an empty pan bottom at the other; and then the situation is reversed. Sometimes there's enough gasoline to keep everyone supplied for a while. Sometimes there's not enough for anyone. That's the situation we face for the next 50 years, like it or not, and it can't do anything but get worse. So what's a poor automobile American to do? Save gas, is what, and save gas for himself through his own driving and maintenance habits. It isn't that difficult, and it could save you a 10-mile hike in the dead of night to a gas station that's closed anyway. What follow are 10 tips on gas saving. They're not expensive, or difficult, but they do require that you pay attention to your car and to your driving.

FIVE WAYS TO SAVE GAS BY CHANGING YOUR DRIVING HABITS:

(1) Don't warm your car in the morning by idling it in the driveway. Contemporary engines don't need that kind of treatment, but don't ignore the worth of warmup, just do it properly by driving your car slowly (15-20mph) for the first mile or two each morning.

(2) Use as few accessories as you can. Power-everything gulps energy. It takes fuel to operate servo devices, mechanical or electrical. The worst offender is the air conditioner, which can penalize you as much as five miles per gallon. It may be uncomfortable to drive in the desert without air conditioning, but your sweat is saving our balance of payments and maybe great inconvenience for you.

(3) Take the lead out of your foot. Most of us are thoughtless about driving; we use the throttle as though it were not tied to a gas pump. In fact it is, and a balloon-foot, light throttle pressure starting

and stopping, can save up to 15% in mileage.

(4) As an extension of the art of balloonfooting, try coasting. That is to say try coasting *only* in town. You can see a savings on the odometer when you spot a red light up a block or two and pop your car in neutral rather than charging up to it. *Warning:* you can coast all the way down a mountainside and save lots of fuel, but you run the risk of losing your brakes and your life without the added braking of the engine, not really a terrific trade.

(5) Fill up in the morning or in the evening, not during the heat of the day. Old time economy-run competitors used to pack the gas tank with dry ice, knowing that cooler liquid is denser liquid and therefore they could get more usable energy in a tank with cool gasoline than if it were warm. You don't have to go that far, but you don't have to refill with the sun high in the heavens and breathing down on the gas tank either.

FIVE WAYS TO SAVE GAS THROUGH THE MAGIC OF MECHANICAL ATTENTION:

(1) Pump up your tires. When you think about it, you will realize that the tire contact with the ground—those four patches—generate rolling resistance. Common sense will then suggest that reducing rolling resistance will reduce fuel consumption and that hard tires will offer less resistance than soft ones. But don't go overboard. Put in three to five pounds more than the owner's manual suggests. *Read the manual first:* some cars cannot tolerate imbalance in tire pressure (and some require it, VW Beetles and Corvairs are the principal ones) without placing their occupants in jeopardy. Also be aware that on long trips there is pressure buildup in the tires, so before setting out, take the pressures back down to normal.

(2) Use a good synthetic oil. There is some debate about this because of the variety of synthetics on the market, but there is agreement that the good synthetics are

better lubricants than the original. Obviously, anything that reduces friction increases efficiency and that includes fuel efficiency. A good synthetic from a major manufacturer can probably deliver as much as one more mile per gallon.

(3) Keep your car tuned. Everybody always tells you this, but it's such a pain in the neck to take a car in for service that nobody pays much attention. Now there's a good reason to rethink the whole problem. Take out pencil and paper, posit an across the board 10% improvement in fuel efficiency that will come from a well-tuned car, calculate the price of gas at \$1.10 (where we'll likely be by the end of the year), and a tuneup at \$50. Factor in the number of miles you drive each year and decide where economic good sense lies. More than likely it will lie with two tuneups a year.

(4) Have your wheels balanced and your front end aligned. This is an easy one: have you ever tried to push a loaded supermarket cart *anywhere*? It's the wobbly wheels that make the job so tough. They make the job tough for the engine of your car, too.

(5) Shun vanity. Many cars these days have front air dams—sometimes called chin spoilers—that their manufacturers think add a certain sexiness to the styling. Sexiness maybe, fuel efficiency, definitely not. Put your hand up and push it through the air. You'll feel resistance. The front of the car encounters the same air resistance 1000 times over. The less "frontal area" a car has to push through the atmosphere, the less hard the car has to work. Air dams may help hold the car down at high speeds and may work well with aerodynamic undersides but most cars, 99% of them in fact, have never had any wind tunnel work done with the spoilers on and don't have aerodynamic undersides (bellypans) anyway. As the Good Ol' Boys on the southern superspeedways have long since discovered, slipperiness is next to godliness.

—Leon Mandel

(Continued from page 26)

autumn turn. The complete trip is 178 miles.

DRIVE AROUND TAHOE—It's called "the most beautiful drive in America" by Lake Tahoe promoters, and depending on the taste of the beholder, they may be right. The 71-mile circular trip visits clusters of casinos, beaches and restaurants, and unsurpassed alpine views of the lake and the Sierra Nevada. Clockwise from Spooner Summit on U.S. 50, the drive passes Glenbrook, an historic logging center; beaches at Cave Rock, Zephyr Cove and Nevada Beach; Stateline hotel-casinos; and South Lake Tahoe's motel metropolis and beaches. On California 89 up the west shore and just past Camp Richardson is the Lake Tahoe Visitor Center operated by the U.S. Forest Service. There you can find out about hikes, mansions, nature walks and boat tours. The west shore has fine resorts and beaches. At Tahoe City change to Route 28, and 11 miles further you'll cross the border into Crystal Bay, a Nevada casino center that California claims is in California. The road in this stretch can be busy, but there are several turnouts for photo-taking. Incline Village has shops, golf courses, tennis courts and the Ponderosa Ranch. Five miles south is Sand Harbor State Park. The Tahoe loop can be reached in four ways: 43 miles to Incline Village by U.S. 395 and 50 through Carson City; 34 miles to Incline Village by U.S. 395 and the

Mount Rose Highway (Nevada 27); 45 miles through Truckee to Tahoe Vista by I-80 and California 267; or 46 miles through Truckee to Tahoe City by I-80 and California 89. The road is open all year barring avalanches and sudden storms.

SOUTH



AROUND TOWN & UP TO 50 MILES ROUND TRIP

SOUTHERN NEVADA'S PAST—A trip to the Southern Nevada Museum and nearby Railroad Pass gives visitors a glimpse into the real past of Southern Nevada. The museum has two locations in Henderson, one at 240 Water Street, the other just off the Boulder Highway. The Water Street location is particularly good for children, and reviews geological, natural and human history. Admission is charged. The Boulder Highway location is actually the old Boulder City Railroad Station, filled with antiques. At the Railroad Pass Casino there is a movie reviewing the history of that area, which first became popular when Hoover Dam was being built in the 1930s. The antique bar is fascinating, too.

NO GAMBLING HERE—Boulder City, 22 miles south of Las Vegas via the Boulder

Highway (U.S. 95-93), is the only city in Nevada that prohibits gambling. A walking tour of downtown Boulder City will lead visitors to many colorful shops featuring handmade goods, antiques, curios, and works of art. The Boulder Inn remains as it was when built in 1930. A movie on the past of Boulder City and Hoover Dam is shown daily at the Visitors Bureau. In October the city hosts one of the best known art festivals in the Southwest. Two miles beyond Boulder City is Lake Mead's visitor center, with books and exhibits of natural flora and fauna of this area. A park ranger will narrate a slide show if desired.

RED ROCK CANYONLANDS—Red Rock Canyon is a 20-mile drive west of Las Vegas on Charleston Avenue. A tour of this area begins with a scenic loop, which goes into Pine Creek Canyon at the base of 3,000-foot high cliffs. Three miles away is Spring Mountain Ranch, owned by movie stars, munitions heiress Vera Krupp, and later Howard Hughes. The ranch is now a state park and a visit to the striking old ranch house is recommended. Nearby, Old Nevada is a recreated Old West mining town with gunfights, arrests, mock hangings, and restaurants. Admission is \$5 for adults, \$3.50 for children (under five free). The round trip is 64 miles.

ENGINEERING WONDER—Hoover Dam is the most visited place in Southern Nevada. The dam, completed in 1935, is officially designated one of the world's seven modern engineering wonders. By car the dam is 35 miles from Las Vegas via U.S. 95 in Black Canyon. A movie about the dam's construction is free, and a tour inside the huge structure is \$1 per person. After the dam, head back 10 miles to Lake Mead Marina via U.S. 95 and Nevada 41 to take the tour boat "Echo" across the Boulder Basin and behind the dam for \$3. Transportation Unlimited, Gray Lines, and Las Vegas-Tonopah-Reno Stage Lines all have package tours from \$8 to \$16. The tours can be as simple as a look at the dam, or include the boat ride and lunch. For visitors in hotels, buses will pick up at specified hours. At the Gold Strike Inn, five miles from the dam, a Bauer Helicopter ride over the dam and Black Canyon costs \$10.

NEVADA'S OLDEST BUILDING—The Old Mormon Fort at Washington Avenue and Las Vegas Boulevard South, near the Elks Lodge, is the oldest existing building in Nevada, dating back to 1855. It was built by a group of hardy Mormons who traveled south from Salt Lake City to establish a stop on the Los Angeles-Salt Lake pioneer trail. The fort was used as a ranch through the early part of this century, then as an experimental station by the Bureau of Reclamation before being purchased by the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, who request a donation. Combine the Old Mormon Fort with a visit to the Kyle Ranch (circa 1880s) on Losee Road in North Las Vegas.

(Continued on page 63)



This pair of Smith and Wesson single-action revolvers, on display at Harolds gun collection in Reno, were made in 1891. Today the gold-plated, pearl-gripped weapons are worth about \$8,000.

HAROLDS

5 1/4

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This is a book for all those who are drawn to primitive and unspoiled mountain settings—camper, backpacker, fisherman, ecologist.

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Sierra Summer is an intimate but unsentimental book based upon twenty-five years of one man's exposure to a purposely unnamed mountain lake and meadow. His isolated pocket is a microcosm of the untouched natural life still to be found throughout the Sierra.

This book is a treasure trove of revealing facts for the lover of nature. One cannot escape the serenity and timelessness that pervade these pages.

225 pages

Illustrated

\$10.50

by Mel Marshall

SIERRA SUMMER

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Ask Nevada

Readers present their questions on any Nevada subject and get the answers from David W. Toll, with a little help from his friends.

Last issue's bleat for help on the matter of Nevadans who have played big league baseball has drawn response, and the complete roster is presented herewith.

The list does not include the names of big leaguers who have passed through Nevada on their way to glory by playing for the Reno Silver Sox of the California League. Nor does it include the names of major leaguers who have taken off-season jobs here, or retired here.

Winnowing out these "technical" Nevada ball players, we are left with only three names.

John Gamble, Jr. of Carson City was an infielder with the Detroit Tigers in 1972 and '73.

Mike Morgan of Las Vegas made his pitching debut with the Oakland A's last June.

Tom Hausman is a starting pitcher for the New York Mets.

Hausman, now 26, went into the Milwaukee Brewers' farm system from Valley High where he had been a basketball star, playing baseball only in his senior year. He was brought up to Milwaukee for the first time in 1975, spending the entire season on the roster and appearing in 29 games, winning three and losing six.

In 1976 he pitched in three more games and was then sent back down to the minors. His contract was dealt off to the New York Mets, and Hausman returned to the big leagues in 1978, winning three and losing three in 10 games. So far this season he is 1-3, having defeated San Francisco in his last appearance, his first full-game pitching victory since his first Brewer season in 1975.

Mike Morgan is another Valley High pitcher (he started high school at Rancho) who was signed at age 18 last

year and sent immediately to the Oakland Coliseum where his first professional assignment was to pitch to the Baltimore Orioles. He lost, 3-0, giving up 10 hits including a home run to Lee May. But he pitched the complete game and made a good showing despite the loss. Morgan was nevertheless sent down to Ogden after his third straight loss and only returned to the parent club last July. By mid-month his 1979 record was 0-3 (the A's were struggling below .380) and his ERA a ghastly 10.83.

Both Hausman and Morgan played their schoolboy baseball here, and that is the criterion for the list, but neither of them is actually Nevada-born. (Morgan drew his first breath in Tulare, California, Hausman in Mow-bridge, South Dakota.)

In fact only one native son of the sagebrush state has ever played the national game at its most exalted level: John Gamble, Jr., whose winning ways with the bat, quickness of hand and fleetness of foot carried him from Carson High to the Detroit Tigers where he played in 1972 and '73.

But Gamble's big league career was one of frustration. The Tigers were in a tight pennant race when he joined the team as a reserve infielder, and Gamble was called on infrequently, most often as a pinch-runner. Game after game he sat on the bench while the Tigers fought for the pennant, and in his second year he was sent back to the minors. Gamble spent 10 years playing professional baseball, most of it in the AA and AAA leagues. He came to bat only four times in the majors.

"I wonder what was the fiercest dinosaur ever to walk down Virginia Street?" muses writer Leon Mandel from his Reno escritoire.

It is difficult to say whether a dinosaur ever set foot on Reno's hallowed soil because during the age of the dinosaurs Virginia Street and its environs were submerged beneath the Lahontan Sea.

Had Mr. Mandel been scuba-diving at the spot in those times, however, he would still have had his heart scared

right out of his snorkel tube because the Lahontan Sea was teeming with aquatic carnivores. Best known, and certainly the biggest and fiercest was the 60-foot Ichthyosaurus, whose fossilized remains are displayed where they were found imbedded in the rock in the mountains near Gabbs in Nye County.

Despite its name, however, the Ichthyosaurus was technically a swimming lizard rather than a true dinosaur and to quibble it down to a fine point Nevada's most fearsome true dinosaur was probably the mososaur, a swimming hunger pang with great scaly jaws that would have found a scuba-diving observer a tasty and delightfully crunchy hors d'ouvres. The 25-35 foot mososaurs thrived for about 50 million years.

Climatic changes about half way through the 100 million year Age of Dinosaurs (which was in the Mesozoic Era from 230 to 65 million years ago) conspired to diminish and finally dry up the Lahontan Sea. Although no fossil evidence has been found to confirm the hypothesis, it is plausible to suppose that both Allosaurus and Tyrannosaurus Rex might have prowled the Nevada jungle. In terms of sheer ferocity these two monsters were pretty evenly matched, and if some prehistoric Tex Rickard could stage a showdown between these hideous brutes, he'd find some paleontologists betting on one side of the question, some on the other.

Our report on Nevada buildings last issue prompts Reno Hursh of Silver City to inquire, "What was Nevada's first skyscraper?"

Although there were many sizable structures built in Virginia City, Tonopah and other early communities, the first true skyscraper in Nevada was the Mapes Hotel, erected on the site of the original Reno post office in 1946-47. The brick hotel looms 12 stories above Virginia Street and the Truckee River and was the wonder of its time. One of the first of many celebrities to register at the famous hotel was Johnny Weismuller, who took a daily swim at the Moana Hot Springs pool while waiting out his divorce. Irreverent youngsters of the town cheered the Olympic swimmer turned movie actor as he churned from one end of the pool to the other through the water as "The One, The Only: Tarzan of the Mapes!"

With thanks to Chris Schaller, Steve Sneddon, and Joe Lintz.

David W. Toll, author of "The Compleat Nevada Traveler," is former editor-publisher of the Gold Hill News. Send your inquiries to Ask Nevada, Nevada Magazine, Capitol Complex, Carson City, NV. 89710. Remember, no question is too large or too small.

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A Nevada Day Tale Of Two Saloons

STEEL DRIVING MEN Text & Photos by Richard Menzies

It could be called a tale of two cities, or perhaps more precisely, the story of two saloons. In one corner of the state, the historic Bucket of Blood Saloon, opulent allegory of the born-again boom town of Virginia City; in the opposite corner Louie's Bar, one of five taverns competing for the three hundred or so remaining inhabitants of the moribund mining camp of Eureka.

The fortunes of both towns are firmly rooted in the past—Virginia City busily reliving bygone days while Eureka struggles still to outlive them. Both towns and both saloons also share another thing in common: each lays claim to the greatest hard rock driller in Nevada history.

The problem is, there are two great drillers in Nevada, each a unique specimen of his era, so that attempting to compare the two can be as futile as trying to pit Muhammad Ali against Jack Dempsey. Nevertheless, the dispute has raged for a decade, ever since an upstart named Fred Andreassen from Virginia City unseated Eureka's Louis Gibellini, a name synonymous with hard rock drilling almost since the beginning of the sport. (see box)

On October 31, the perennial combatants will meet again at Carson City's Nevada Day to decide the single-jack championship of the world. At the starting gun, each contestant, armed with a four pound hammer and an arsenal of steel bits, will go to work on a solid block of Sierra white granite,

delivering as many as 90 blows per minute for 10 minutes. Each driller will also have a second armed with a water bucket to cool the churning steel and a stopwatch to pace the driller's blows. At the end of 10 minutes the deepest hole wins, and with a \$2,500 purse on the line, the pace should be nothing short of furious.

It's midday at Louie's Bar in Eureka and Louis Gibellini is pouring himself a drink and generally ignoring his sole

patron, a yellowish dog who sits at one end of the counter wagging his tail expectantly. Above the bar, framed in whiskey bottles, is a golden plaque engraved with the proprietor's name and the numbers 11-9/32. That's how many inches Louis drilled in Gabbs in 1970 to win his last state title and a state record that still stands. But what is most remarkable about the feat is that Gibellini accomplished it at the ripe age of 63. Now 72, he looks much younger and swears he feels better than ever.

"Right now I'm just as good as when I was 20," he explains without a hint of



Louis Gibellini, 72, was state single jack champ until 1972. "I'm ready," he says.



Fred Andreassen, state champ since 1972 and last year's world titlist.

modesty. "My wind is as good as it used to be. I've got the endurance—I don't know where in the hell it comes from. See my muscles? Christ, Andreassen's got no muscles."

Gibellini does indeed have muscles, and an overdeveloped right bicep that could pass for a baking soda trademark. Louis earned it the hard way, over half a century of competition drilling and before that, working in the mines of Eureka County. Born the son of a hard rock driller in Prospect, Nevada, Louis was apprenticed to the trade at the tender age of 12.

"We drilled all day before the machines come in," he recalls. "You hammered all day, all different angles, to put your holes in to break the ground. You done it day in, day out, eight hours a day. Jeez, I worked with guys, they made four of me, but I always held up my end."

Louis remembers he entered his first competition at the age of 15 but didn't do very well because the crowds made him nervous. But once he'd conquered stage fright, he went on to dominate the field for decades—that is, until Fred Andreassen came along. Gibellini is inclined to blame himself for recent failures; he's been slowed down by broken bits, stuck bits, prostate trouble, bad steel and just plain bad luck. Meanwhile, he says, Andreassen has forged ahead by using "scientific" methods.

Others have also wondered at the phenomenal success of Andreassen, who in 1978 was included in this magazine's list of suspected "bionic" Nevadans. Andreassen is flattered, but quick to point out that he is mere flesh and blood, a fact that became painfully evident last year when during practice he

misjudged a hammer blow, severed a tendon in his hand and broke his left thumb. On Nevada Day, 10 days after the accident, the injured Andreassen still managed to edge out a very tough Tom Williams of Arizona for the world championship. It was his second world title in four years, enough to solidly enthrone him as king of the hard rock drillers.

Like Gibellini, Andreassen is descended from a long line of hard rock miners—both his father and grandfather worked as drillers in his hometown of Virginia City. Fred, however, grew up to become a highway engineer and might never have known he was a chip off the old block had not Don McBride, owner of the Bucket of Blood, offered to pay his expenses if he'd enter the Gabbs Day competition in 1970. His first time out, he finished third, and in 1971 Andreassen finished second, a mere 1/32nd of an inch behind Gibellini. In the seven state single-jack championships since, Andreassen hasn't lost, and in tandem with Jerry Nevin has also dominated the double-jack event.

If Andreassen's ascent to the top was due to natural ability, his staying there has been the result of hard work. Though he claims he was able to "coast" to victory last May at Jim Butler Days in Tonopah, preparation for the Nevada Day drill begins at least a month in advance. Andreassen's rigorous training schedule includes plenty of running to build his wind and at least 300 push-ups a day. He also works out in his "gym," a Virginia City blacksmith shop where he sharpens his own steel and sculpts solid granite blocks into swiss cheese.

Now 40, the soft-spoken champ declares the fun has more or less gone out of it and "it's more of a chore now." And while he admires Gibellini's fortitude, his main worries are out-of-state rivals Tom Williams of Arizona and Colorado's Mike Smith.

Meanwhile, back at Louie's Bar, the former champion is plotting his own strategy for a Nevada comeback. His plans include a change of steel, some practice, and as always, a lot of positive thinking.

"I used to go down to Reno a couple of weeks before and be out all night, and that's where I got my training. I never trained. I don't do any jogging, I don't have any secret diet or anything else. Guys that I've worked with, hell, they're done up. You know, they're

through—they're hardly able to walk. Christ, I can get on a dance floor and make these young guys look ashamed of themselves.

"I'll just hammer every day and get my arm in shape. Really, I'm almost positive I can beat 'em. This year I wanna surprise 'em."

Hard Rock Drilling

As with rodeo, hard rock drilling is a game that evolved from work. When surface picking and placering began to give way to deep mining in the late 19th century, great numbers of professional miners emigrated west from England, Ireland, Italy, Germany and Yugoslavia. They brought with them tools and skills dating back to the dark ages, and nationalistic rivalries even older.

Before the advent of the pneumatic drill, holes to hold the blasting powder were drilled into the lode face by hand—normally seven holes per shot, averaging 24 to 36 inches in depth. The single-jack driller wielded a four pound hammer in one hand and a steel drill in the other, being careful to turn the drill between blows so that it did not stick, or "fitcher."

Double-jacking required two men, one to hold and turn the drill while the second member of the team delivered blows with an eight pound sledge hammer.

"Holding the drill is something not too easily acquired to do it properly," wrote contract miner George Whitwell Parsons in his journal of 1881. "The terribly cramped and strained positions at times and strength required to manage a hole in soft ground enforces a great physical strain and much nerve when the swinger of the heavy sledge hammer has to aim over and draw in to prevent hitting you and sometimes will graze the edge of your moustache in striking a hundred pound blow upon a piece of steel 3/4 of an inch in diameter."

Like the legendary John Henry, hard rock "stiffs" were a proud lot, resistant to change and ever ready to prove their mettle against modern machinery or their fellow drillers. By the turn of the century, hard rock drilling competitions had become a regular feature at Independence Day celebrations in gold and silver camps throughout the West. Categories included the single-jack, the double-jack, and even the triple-jack, a division that has since died out, presumably for want of willing holders.

THE RICHEST AIR SHOW IN HISTORY

FIGHTERS AND MIDGETS BATTLE OVER THE SKIES

This fall's three-day Reno National Championship Air Races will present a star-studded spectacular aerobatic show, more Unlimited racing than ever before, and the largest purse in air racing history.

In its 16th year, the nation's No. 1 air classic takes place September 14-16 at the Stead Air Facility six miles north of Reno just off U.S. 395.

"The races will feature more Unlimiteds in action than in their heyday when they were the scourge of the skies in World War II," says John Lapham, chairman of the Air Races board of trustees. Depending on the field, five or six top qualifiers automatically go into the final Unlimited Classic. Each day every one of the non-qualifiers will be flying for a spot in the finals.

"That means," says Lapham, "that there will be three races each day with the last race being for the Gold." Unlimited pilots will be flying for a purse of \$150,000. Pilots in the IFM Midget class (formerly the IXL Midgets) will be going for \$25,000 in prize money.

The Unlimiteds are propellor driven planes of World War II vintage such as F-51s and F-8 Bearcats, modified and souped up to whatever horsepower the pilot desires. Many are capable of 450 mph on the straightaways on the nine-mile pylon course. The Midgets are smaller, home-built crafts classed by horsepower. Their course is a three-mile lap inside the Unlimiteds'.

Adding to the excitement of the roaring Unlimiteds and the buzzing IFM Midgets will be an aerial show headlined by the Canadian Snowbirds. Flying nine Tutor jets, the Canadian Armed Forces' demonstration team puts on a close-formation, precision flying show.

And for the first time in air show history, the Canadian Reds and the Eagles Aerobatic Flight Team (formerly the Red Devils) will share the same sky. The Eagles will be making their first appearance in the Reno Air Races flying their newly purchased Eagle One aircraft. Former world aerobatic team champions Charlie Hilliard, Gene Soucy and Tom Poberenzy have replaced their bright red Pitts Specials with the 260-horsepower version of the Eagle Two.

Canadian Reds' Rod Ellis and Bill Cowan, themselves famed in two-

plane team precision flight, will fly their own Pitts Special biplanes.

Other acts on the air show bill are Art Scholl in his Super "Chipmunk," Bob Hoover flying his Rockwell International Shrike Commander, and the all-girl sky-diving team, the Stardusters.

This year's air racing program does not feature AT-6/SNJ action. Citing safety of the pilots as the prime reason for discontinuance, Lapham says, "The Air Races Board of Trustees took a long hard look at the class and decided that it was best to call it off." In recent years, more pilots have been killed flying the WWII advance trainers in close pylon racing than any of the other

classes combined.

Each day the aerial competition begins promptly at 11 a.m., usually finishing about 4 p.m.

Spectators can choose from among 7,500 reserved seats and 13,000-15,000 bleacher spots. Three-day tickets are \$30 for reserved, and general admission is \$20 adults and \$7 ages 7-15. Daily tickets for reserved are \$10 Friday, \$12 Saturday and \$17 Sunday. Daily prices for adult general admission are \$6, \$8 and \$10; kids under 15 are free Friday, with \$3 Saturday and \$4 Sunday for ages 7-15.

Also, persons who would like to inspect pilots and planes close up can obtain a special pit pass, which is \$15 each day. Tickets are available through the Air Races Office, P.O. Box 1429, Reno, Nevada 89605. —Gene Evans



A roaring B-17 in reenactment of the Pearl harbor air battle at the Reno Air Races.

BEERBELLIES & BRATWURST in LAS VEGAS

Brewing beer is more than just a business to the people of Germany. Every October, the Bavarians celebrate the brewing of new beer in a popular festival called Oktoberfest.

Las Vegas will have a chance to experience the great beer-and-bromo feeling of a Munich beer hall when the University of Nevada, Las Vegas presents its own eating, drinking and merrymaking Oktoberfest October 25-27.

The fifth annual event will celebrate the theme "Ein Prosit," a traditional German toast to goodwill and happiness. Oktoberfest, Las Vegas-style, will feature beer chugging, polka dances, a live German band and bunches of bratwursts at the Moyer Student Union Mall, which will be transformed into a miniature Bavarian beer garden.

The first German festival began with

the wedding of Prince Ludwig and Princess Therese of Bavaria in October, 1810. Forty thousand people attended the celebration. Because they had such a good time, the holiday was adopted as an annual event.

Each day's events at UNLV begin at noon in front of the student union. Food and spirits will be served the first two days with music and special activities planned. Evening celebrations featuring live bands, contests and sing-alongs are at 9 p.m. October 26 and 27 in the union ballroom.

"In the past, people thought Oktoberfest was just for students," says David Gist, student entertainment chairman, "but this year we're making a point of inviting tourists and locals as well."

—Sally Swiess

Calendar



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

SOUTH

ONGOING EVENTS & EXHIBITS

Original LAS VEGAS Mormon Fort tours, Tues.-Sun.
Historic and Cultural Focus Tours, LAS VEGAS, 702-382-7198
Historic artifacts on display, Southern Nevada Museum, HENDERSON, and UNLV Museum of Natural History, LAS VEGAS

SEPTEMBER

8/31-3—LINCOLN COUNTY Labor Day Homecoming Celebration: 8/31, street dance; 1, motorcycle races, fashion show, fireman's dance; 1-2, bottle show, horseshoe tournament, arm wrestling; 2, pancake breakfast, fireman's BBQ, fireworks; 3, pancake breakfast, mining events, parade, sports and swimming events, PIOCHE, ball park
1—Del Webb's Fall Trapshooting Tournament, Mint Gun Club, LAS VEGAS
1-30—Indian Sculptures by John Prazen, LAS VEGAS Art Museum
2—European Style Flea Market, Convention Ctr., LAS VEGAS
2-3—Jerry Lewis M.D. Telethon, Sahara Hotel, LAS VEGAS
4-14—Sculptures by David Maxim, UNLV Art Gallery, LAS VEGAS
8-9—50 and 75 mile water ski marathon, Las Vegas Boat &

Ski Club, BOULDER BEACH, Lake Mead
8-29—Showmobile Specialties, musical entertainment at city parks, LAS VEGAS
9—Opera Highlights, Reed Whipple Cultural Ctr., LAS VEGAS
9—Nevada String Quartet Concert, Flamingo Library, LAS VEGAS
9-11—Pan Tournament, card game, Union Plaza Hotel, LAS VEGAS
14-15—World's Fast Draw Championship, card game, Hacienda Hotel, LAS VEGAS
14-10/13—Women Artists of the American West, exhibition, Burk Gal'ry, BOULDER CITY
15-16—William Windon plays "Thurber," Judy Bayley Theatre, UNLV, LAS VEGAS
16-17—Cinema '79, "Day For Night," Flamingo Library, 2pm Sun., 7pm Mon., LAS VEGAS Library
17-28—Hugh Hope ceramics, UNLV Art Gallery, LAS VEGAS
18-21—Summer Invitational Golf Tournament, LAS VEGAS Country Club
18-10/13—"Cabaret," musical, Meadows Playhouse, LAS VEGAS
19-23—Norman Rockwell Exhibit, Meadows Mall, LAS VEGAS
21-23—Metaphysical Workshop, lectures by Vernon Howard, for info., call Joan Philips, 702-293-3989, BOULDER CITY
26-30—Historic Indian Portraits, Meadows Mall, LAS VEGAS
26-30—European Style Flea Market, Convention Ctr., LAS VEGAS
27-30—Old World Art Fair, Convention Ctr., LAS VEGAS
30—European Style Flea Market, Convention Ctr., LAS VEGAS

OCTOBER

1-19—The Dome Show, UNLV Art Gallery, LAS VEGAS
1-31—Watercolors by Dou Ben-nion, pottery by Greg Kennedy, LAS VEGAS Art Museum
1-31—Watercolors by Jeff Craven, Burk Gal'ry, BOULDER CITY
4-7—Great North American Indian Pow Wow, arts and crafts, Convention Ctr., LAS VEGAS

5-7—Sekulich Productions, antique show, Convention Ctr., LAS VEGAS
5-7—Nelson & Nelson Auction, antique show, Convention Ctr., LAS VEGAS
6—LAS VEGAS Doll Show, Convention Ctr.
6-7—BOULDER CITY Art Festival, 10-5pm, Government Park
6-7—World Wide Flea Market, Convention Ctr., LAS VEGAS
8-19—Fall Military Golf Classic, LAS VEGAS Country Club
11-21—"Bus Stop," comedy, Judy Bayley Theatre, UNLV LAS VEGAS
12-14—Tri-State Music Festival, bluegrass and old time music, call JayMac Productions, 408-633-2827 or 602-272-0081, LAS VEGAS
13—Nellis Air Force Base Open House & Air Show, LAS VEGAS
14—Nevada String Quartet Concert, Flamingo Library, LAS VEGAS
17-21—World Wide Artists Show, Meadows Mall, LAS VEGAS
18-27—"Equus," drama, Clark County Community College, LAS VEGAS
19-21—Elks Frontier Bowling Classic, Showboat Hotel, LAS VEGAS
20—UNLV Band Day, LAS VEGAS Stadium

22-11/9—Mickey Pallas's Collection of 19th & 20th Century Photographs, UNLV Art Gallery, LAS VEGAS
26-28—Pioneer Festival, Meadows Mall, LAS VEGAS
27-28—NORTH LAS VEGAS Fair & Air Show, hot air balloons, 8am-10pm, air terminal
28-30—Pan Tournament, card game, Union Plaza Hotel, LAS VEGAS
30-11/24—"The Owl and the Pussycat," Meadows Playhouse, LAS VEGAS

WEST

ONGOING EVENTS

Flea Market, DAYTON, wkends
Nevada Artists Assoc. Gallery features work of Nevada artists, 10-4 Mon.-Sat., 12-4 Sun., 449 W. King St., CARSON CITY
Art exhibition, 2-6 Wed.-Mon., 699 D St., St. Phillip's Center Gallery, HAWTHORNE

SEPTEMBER

1—SILVER SPRINGS Volunteer Fireman's BBQ, open to public at noon, with games, water fights, dance; \$3.50 adults, \$1.50 ages 6-12, firehouse
1-3—FALLON Jr. Rodeo Association, continuous rodeo performances, Fairgrounds, call 702-423-4674 for info



They're off again. Virginia City hosts its annual Camel Races, September 7-9.

- 3—Lions Club Labor Day Celebration, parade, rodeo finals, Fairgrounds, FALLON
- 1-15—Nevada 79 Photography Show, Walker Wassuk Arts Alliance, HAWTHORNE, Dates TBA for GABBS, LUNING, MINA, SCHURZ
- 2-3—Annual Hydroplane Races, Paradise Park, SPARKS
- 5—Reno Gem and Mineral Society, program "Animal Life in the Desert," 8pm, SPARKS
- 5-9—Nevada State Fair, Fairgrounds, RENO
- 7—Paiute Elders present a slide-sound show and displays, Walker Wassuk Arts Alliance, HAWTHORNE
- 7-9—RENO/NORTH TAHOE Music Festival, featuring Henri Temianka conducting the California Symphony, for info call Barbara Keith, 702-329-1324
- 7-9—VIRGINIA CITY Camel Races
- 8—Friends of the Library Book-sale, 10am-4pm, Ormsby Public Library, CARSON CITY
- 8-10/6—California Landscape Painting exhibition, Sierra Nevada Museum of Art, 10-4 Tues.-Sat., 12-4 Sun., RENO
- 9—Horse Show, Fuji Park, 8:30am, CARSON CITY
- 14-16—RENO National Championship Air Races, Stead air base, 11am-4pm
- 15—Centro de Informacion Latino Americano Dance, Fairgrounds, RENO
- 15-16—SCHURZ Indian rodeo, traditional events, rodeo grounds
- 15-16—100-Mile Horse Endurance Race, VIRGINIA CITY
- 16—Gymkhana, Fuji Park, 8:30am, CARSON CITY
- 21-23—Forsythe Antique Show & Sale, CARSON CITY Community Center, call 702-826-7435
- 22-30—California Reined Cow Horse Snafflebit Futurity, Coliseum, RENO
- 24—Walker Photographers, Walker Wassuk Arts Alliance, 7:30pm, HAWTHORNE
- 28-30—Rock Show, LOVELOCK KOA
- 28-30—Comstock Arabian Horse Show, Fairgrounds, RENO
- 29-30—Ferrari Races, VIRGINIA CITY

- 29-30—World's 2nd International Whistle-Off, all day, Legislative Mall, CARSON CITY
- 30—Horse Show, Fuji Park, 8:30am, CARSON CITY

OCTOBER

- 3—Miss CARSON CITY Pageant, Community Center, 8pm
- 4—"Vermeer Quartet," Church Fine Arts Theatre, 8pm, UNR, RENO
- 5-7—Pine Nut Festival of the Walker River Paiutes, Indian games, dancing, blessing of the harvest Sat. eve., SCHURZ
- 6-7—Sierra Bicycle Club races, on 6 at Franktown Road, WASHOE VALLEY, on 7 club races at Idlewild Park, RENO
- 6-11/4—Nevada Paintings by Jeff Nicholson, Sierra Nevada Museum of Art, RENO
- 14—Gymkhana, Fuji Park, 8:30am, CARSON CITY
- 13—Centro de Informacion Latino Americano Dance, Fairgrounds, RENO
- 19-20—Nevada Opera Guild, "Lucia Di Lammermoor," Pioneer Theatre, 8:15pm, RENO, call 786-4046
- 19-20—Public housewarming at Morrill Hall, UNR's oldest campus building, between homecoming events, RENO
- 19-21—Crystal Hill Antique Show, 1-10 Fri.-Sat., 1-6 Sun., Coliseum, RENO
- 20—"Tour the Skies Tonight," with Art Johnson, director of Reno's Atmospherium Planetarium, 7pm, Walker Wassuk Arts Alliance, HAWTHORNE
- 20-21—Doll & Miniature Show, V&T Room, noon-6, Coliseum, RENO
- 21—Moog Synthesizer Concert, St. Phillip's Center, 2pm, HAWTHORNE
- 24—"South Pacific," Washoe Co. Concert Assoc., 8:15pm, Pioneer Theatre, RENO
- 27—World Wide Flea Market, V&T Room, 9-6, Coliseum, RENO
- 28—Harvest Farm Sale & Auction; country music, local residents' arts, crafts and hobbies, home baked goods, boutique sales; auction starts noon, Smith Valley Community Hall, WEL-LINGTON
- 28—Championship Gymkhana,



JOHN BARDWELL

Rodeo action continues this fall. Winnemucca holds its PRCA rodeo Labor Day weekend. There's team roping in Elko, Sept. 24-27 and all Indian rodeos Sept. 15 & 16 in Shurz and Oct. 25-28 at Nixon.

- Fuji Park, 8:30am, CARSON CITY
- 30—Nevada Day Eve Boxing Festival, 8pm, Community Center, CARSON CITY
- 31—Nevada Day Celebration, parade at 10am followed by rock drilling contest, water-fights, music, exhibits and dance, CARSON CITY
- 31—Great Pumpkin Festival, decorating contest, Walker Wassuk Arts Alliance, 411 E St., HAWTHORNE

CENTRAL

SEPTEMBER

- 3—Labor Day Celebration, parade and games at City Park, ELY
- 8-9—White Pine County Pro-Am Golf Tournament, ELY Golf Club
- 15—Silver King Mines Convention, Bristlecone Convention Ctr., ELY
- 18-21—University of Nevada Desert Research Institute, Convention Ctr., ELY

OCTOBER

- 1—National Highway 50 Federation, Bristlecone Convention Ctr., ELY
- 9-10—Rocky Mountain Geological Assn., Bristlecone Convention Ctr., ELY

NORTH

SEPTEMBER

- 8/31-9/2—WINNEMUCCA'S PRCA Rodeo: 8/31, boxing matches; 1, 4-H livestock show, parade, rodeo (7:30pm) and street dance; 2, 4-H livestock sale, rodeo (7:30pm)
- 8/31-9/3—ELKO County Fair: 8/31, parade; 1-3, fair, livestock show, horse races
- 8—Gold Rush Air Rally of 99's, women pilots from Van Nuys, CA, to JACKPOT, Cactus Pete's
- 13-16—Cactus Pete's Annual \$20,000 Open Golf Tournament, JACKPOT golf course
- 16-17—Highway Ramblers Motorcycle Club, Poker Run, WINNEMUCCA
- 22—Cactus Pete's air race from Portland, OR, to JACKPOT
- 24-27—International Feedlot Team Roping, Spring Creek Horse Palace, ELKO
- 29—Diamondfield Jack Cross Country Horse Race, JACKPOT

OCTOBER

- 1-2—ELKO County Range Bull Sale, Fairgrounds
- 5-7—Annual Idaho Airstream Rally at Cactus Pete's, JACKPOT
- 6—Cactus Pete's air race from Great Falls, MT, to JACKPOT
- 14—Man-Mule Race, 20 miles, ELKO to LAMOILLE
- 20-21—Snaffle Bit Futurity Horse Show, Spring Creek Horse Palace, ELKO

Whistling Wizards in Carson City for Whistle-Off of the World

Two years ago Carson City hosted the world's first International Whistle-off. More than a thousand spectators gathered daily to hear 42 pro and skilled amateur whistlers trill overtures to the Sierra. The event's sponsor was a California computer firm. Its own participant, a computer named Adam, had the most curious twitter of all. The Grand Champion was an unprogrammed contestant, barrister Harvey Pollock of Winnipeg, who captured both solo and foreign language whistling awards.

Last year, however, it was decided that Nevada's capital lacked the population, freeways and smog necessary for such a gathering, and the Whistle-off was moved to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. But the meet never got off the ground in steel mill country. For lovers of the art, it was like whistling in the dark.

At last the delay is over. On the weekend of September 29 and 30 the Carson City Chamber of Commerce is sponsoring the (delayed) World's 2nd International Whistle-off.

Once again birdcall, classical and country swing whistlers will serenade the world from two stages in the legislative mall next to the State Capitol. Admission is free for both spectators and whistlers.

The rules declare the competition is "open to any individual group or family who can whistle a tune with some degree of skill without aid of a musical do-hickey in the jowls or sneaked under the tongue. It's OK if you use hands, fingers or suffer gap-tooth."

There will be male and female winners in each of four categories: classical, contemporary music, country western and novelty. In novelty, the whistler can bring his or her own accompaniment—piano, bagpipes, howling monkeys or church bells. There's also a dual or multiple contest for two or more persons whistling their own selections. Nine experts will be judges.

The first judge named was Muzzy Marcellino of California. A musician and singer, Marcellino has dubbed many whistling scores for movies. He also performs the melodic birdcalls heard in the Tiki Room at Disneyland and the background whistling for Levi's commercials.

More than 100 contestants are

MIKE & POLLY PHOTO



Harvey Pollock of Winnipeg whistled to the top in Carson City.

expected at the 1979 Whistle-off, says Carson Chamber manager Leona Wood. Among them will be Harvey Pollock, back to defend his championship; female titlist Nancy Foran of Yakima, Washington; and Hawaii's Nelson Christensen, who in '77 swept both the country western award and, with other Christensens, the family whistling championship of the world.

Entry forms for the World's 2nd International Whistle-off can be obtained by writing the Carson City Chamber of Commerce at 1191 South Carson Street, Carson City, NV 89701, or by calling 702-882-1565.

—David E. Moore

The Great Man-Mule Race From Elko To Lamoille

The annual Ruby Mountain Man-Mule Race began as a wager. Over soup at a businessmen's lunch, Lamoille rancher Fred Harris had bragged his mule Dear Old Girl was "The Most Beautiful Mule in the World"—a title she earned at the 1978 Bishop, California Mule Days. His friend, distance jogger and Elko businessman Tony LaMorte, 38, tired of the boasts and countered that the bay mule had grown fat resting on her laurels. Pulling out a \$100 bill, LaMorte suggested Harris put his money where his mouth was and wagered, "I can outrun your beauty queen given enough distance." Harris, 63, bridled at the insult. He took up the bet and began trimming Dear Old Girl and himself with diet and exercise—5-15 miles per day for the mule and rope-jumping on the livingroom rug for Fred.

As word of the challenge spread, the Man-Mule Race outgrew its britches. So the two men decided the contest should be a fundraiser for the Ruby Mountain Riding for the Handicapped



Fred Harris on Dear Old Girl and Tony LaMorte in his Adidas.

SUE MOLLISON

Association. The expanded benefit race could include any amateur riders and runners who wished to enter. Area residents created ground rules, got permission to use the well-traveled Lamoille Highway, and arranged to cope with thirst, fatigue and loose shoes.

Raceday 1978 dawned bright and crisp, par for Elko County's mile-high October weather. Ruby Mountain aspen flickered gold between deep green pinon and mahogany. By 9 a.m. the racing multitude packed into Lamoille, swelling the town's normal population of 87. A vet began checking animals for soundness of body and hoof. Handicapped young people served coffee and donuts from a nearby cafe porch as riders saddled and runners warmed up.

For the first time LaMorte met his adversary, Dear Old Girl. While cameras clicked, LaMorte kissed the six-year-old mule and shook Fred Harris' hand.

"May the best mammal win," he said.

At 10 a.m. the 51 entrants launched themselves toward Elko. Most were wearing bright orange "Lamoille to Elko" T-shirts donated by LaMorte. The youngest entrant, 10-year-old Colleen Dingman on her Shetland pony rode along with Lamoille's Pine Lodge owner, Ron Drick, aboard the oldest equine—a 20-year-old Arabian mare. Also entered were a sea-level racing mule from San Rafael, California (who tired of high-altitude work) and Northern Nevada Community College's entire jogging class. Seven aid stations offered runners "glucanade" along the route. There were two water stops for animals.

At 10-Mile Corrals, race mid-point, Dear Old Girl easily passed her medical check with respirations under 50 per minute and heartbeats under 72. The vet held only one horse back.

Participants next climbed the grueling Lamoille Summit ascent before dropping into Elko and the 5th Street finish on the Lamoille side of the railroad tracks. (Thanks to railroad track relocation and overpass construction, next year's race may end midtown unimpeded by rolling freight.)

The crowd in front of the Stockmen's Hotel cheered as Fred Harris and Dear Old Girl came to a stop with a 20-mile time of 2 hours and 11 minutes. The mule's rewards were a garland of flowers placed about her sleek bay neck, a trophy, and a future haircut at Elko's Commercial Style Shop. It didn't matter that Tony LaMorte puffed in an hour behind Dear Old Girl or that the last riders were even an hour after him.

Not the least outcome of the race is that millions of people, worldwide, smiled. Hadn't Jimmy "the Greek" Snyder added pre-race fodder giving the race even odds? Both Associated Press and United Press International spread the event around the world. Even the English-printed Middle East *Kuwait Times* printed the AP story of the "32-kilometre grudge match" between the "sleek 411-kilogram mule" and Tony LaMorte.

The 2nd Annual Man-Mule Race will be held Sunday, October 14. The race route is reversed with runners and riders starting in Elko and finishing in Lamoille. Again, any amateur rider or runner may enter. A barbecue in the historic tree-shaded Lamoille Grove will cap the event's festivities, with proceeds assisting the Ruby Mountain Riding for the Handicapped Association.

—Sue Mollison



Music, shows and carnival rides whirl for five days at the State Fair.

THE BIGGEST FAIR IN NEVADA

In 1886 when Reno was a young agricultural and railroad port, the first statewide Nevada fair was held in a cow pasture northeast of town. Exhibitions drawn from local businesses and ranches were the main attractions, spiced with games, music and dancing.

The yearly celebration continued till 1914 when the fair put down new stakes in Fallon. Forty years later Washoe business people caught fair fever and started their own event, luring sponsors, acts and Clarence J. Thornton, the respected manager of the Fallon fair, to Reno.

Renamed the Nevada State Fair, the annual event has grown into a lively exhibition of livestock, machinery and merchandise as well as carnivals, music and fun at the old cow pasture. More than 70,000 people attend each year. For many Nevadans, fair time is time to show off.

The 1979 Nevada State Fair takes place Wednesday through Sunday, September 5-9, at the fairgrounds between Wells and Sutro just north of Interstate 80.

The centers of attention are the exhibition halls where businesses and government agencies display their wares and services. Ranchers and 4-H'ers show their prize cattle, hogs and other stock. There are several 4-H and "home arts" shows, and the Nevada State Dairy Goat Association exhibits daily.

The traditional fair flavor is enhanced by the tough-fought baking competition for both adults and kids. The adult State Pie Bake-off at 6 p.m.

Saturday carries a \$100 first prize, and various mouth-watering baking tests are held each day.

This year's entertainment headliner is country western star Tammy Wynette, who performs at 8 and 10 Friday night. Throughout the fair the Paul Jones Dixieland Band swings for fairgoers, and step stylists can dance to disco at the fairgrounds mall. A carnival, pro wrestling, a demolition derby, pony rides and a celebrity appearance by Ronald McDonald are among other happenings.

A spectacular fireworks display will explode over the Truckee Meadows on opening night following the coronation of Miss Nevada State Fair.

Admission each day is \$2 for ages 16 and over, \$1 ages 6-15, and free for children five and under.

—David E. Moore



Nevada State Fair star Tammy Wynette.

Club Swingers Rave About Jackpot Open

Club swingers in Cactus Pete's annual \$20,000 Open golf tournament September 13-16 on the Jackpot course will be raving at ravens.

That's good.

By releasing emotion into the atmosphere players relax. Tighter scores result. Some psychologists, themselves golfers, contend you can't genuinely relax in a tense situation without getting mad first.

Ravens do innocent things to cause this release.

What they seek is sustenance—eggs with rich, yellow yolks. Golf balls look like eggs so the ravens swoop down and beak them up.

Exactly like a fisherman who always loses the biggest one, a Jackpot course golfer will invariably report his ball was gently rolling to a hole-in-one when a shiny raven snatched it up.

After having waved his clenched fists at the straight-billed sailers all of one season, Jackpot golf pro Bill Downs, a quiet, calm man, devised an answer

Yellow balls.

Worked until the dear ravens had finished their research. Now they snatch up the yellows with the same enthusiasm they had for the whites.

You can't shoot the thieves. They're protected by law. Several years ago one golfer put a shotgun, stock protruding, in his golf bag. Three ravens flew in, circled over head, cawed "Never more" and left.

Back-time was not too distant when ravens were no menace in Jackpot. The reason was coyotes like them for breakfast.

Every dawn the prairie wolves would range across the links, devouring mice, gophers, squirrels and, when available, winged meats.

Then came the high price for coyote pelts and not wanting to become fur collars on women's coats, the predators regressed to less populated areas.

Not, however, until after they had assembled at dusk on the town's west benchland to yowl a why-are-you-doing-this-to-us serenade.

A ball batter in Cactus Pete's Open needs that his wits not be distracted.

Competition is rampant, and it comes from surf to surging surf.

Five years back a man from Los Angeles was tied after the first 18 holes with an efficient clubber from New York City. And they come from even further afar for the prize moolah.

Dr. Lyle Callow, a dentist, flew, boated and ground-traveled last year from Pago Pago in the deep depths of the South Pacific to compete at Jackpot. A couple of years ago an amateur division entry came from the Pacific's Marshall Islands, 5000 watery miles out.

Ask Jack Ross, veteran of the stage, and Dick Kerr, a leading entertainer from Los Angeles. They are amateurs and compete in this Open every year. Or Tom Storey of Las Vegas. He's won the professional side three times.

Players have been known to lose their cool on the Jackpot course when their long-hit ball is held from dropping into the hole by a single, stub-cut blade of grass.

On the Jackpot course, bordered on three sides by wide open cattle lands, wildlife, not unlike the golfers, fumes and fumes.

—Carl Hayden

Autumn Art Fare In Southern Nevada

The autumn months bring a flurry of art activity in and around Las Vegas. The annual Boulder City Arts Festival, now in its 17th year, is fall's Big Event. Sponsored by the Boulder City Hospital Auxiliary, the festival attracted more than 10,000 visitors each of the past two years. Exhibitors will number 300 this year in both fine arts and crafts divisions. Artists from Arizona, California, Idaho, Oregon and New Mexico participate, along with many Nevadans.

The largest outdoor art festival in the state, the Boulder City show happens Saturday and Sunday, October 6 and 7, at Government Park in the heart of town. The non-juried show is open to all artists, craftsmen and media. Hours are 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. both days. The blithe atmosphere, delightful tree-studded setting and the recent additions of food (for sale) and entertainment (free) make the Boulder City Arts Festival a grand outing for the whole family.

Also in Boulder City, the Burk Gal'ry hosts the annual juried show of Women Artists of the American West September 21-October 13. Twenty member-artists will participate, com-

ing from Washington, Texas, California, Idaho, New Mexico, Colorado, and Arizona to attend the opening ceremonies September 21 and 22. In October Burk Gal'ry shows the work of Idaho watercolorist Jeff Craven, who will visit the gallery October 6 and 7.

The Boulevard Mall on Maryland Parkway hosts its semiannual Palmer World Art Show September 23-30, with 70 artists in all media from around the globe. Nevada artists expected in the juried show include Laura Mann and sculptor Elvadeen Anderson.

Greenapple Gallery near UNLV will host a photography show by Nevadans David O'Bannon and Ron Tomlin September 1-14.

Events in the campus gallery at UNLV include a sculpture exhibit September 4-14 featuring the work of San Franciscan David Maxim; recent ceramics by northern Californian Hugh Hope September 17-28; the Dome Show, a group mixed media exhibit by 12 Oakland, California, artists October 1-19; and a show featuring Chicago photographer Ruth Thorn-Thomsen opening October 22.

The Meadows Mall plans a Norman

Rockwell exhibit September 19-23; a showing of historic Indian portraits September 26-30; the Worldwide Artists Show October 17-21 and a Pioneer Festival October 26-28.

The fine arts division of the Las Vegas Recreation Department offers a variety of art classes in eight-week sessions beginning September 15. Registration opens September 3 for the day and evening classes for youths and adults to be held at Reed Whipple Cultural Center (phone 386-6211 for schedules and fees). The arts division, ably supervised by Virginia Mulloy, has also arranged a show by contemporary Reno artists for various Las Vegas locations September 2-October 8.

The Las Vegas Art Museum in Lorenzi Park, recently remodeled to accommodate several simultaneous events, will exhibit welded metal sculptures of American Indians by Utahans John Prazen in September. Watercolorist Doug Binion, potter Greg Kennedy, oil painter Vicki Richardson and fiber artist Charlotte Backlanoff, Las Vegas all, will show at Lorenzi Park in October.

A Las Vegas arts calendar is available from the Allied Arts Council, 384-1208.

—Judee Quillin



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WILD IN THE CITY

Roadrunners, quail, lizards and an occasional coyote not only survive in Las Vegas — they like it.

By William J. Plummer

Looking out across the sweeping Vegas valley these days, the vista is one of concrete castles, endless rooftops, a streaming freeway Progress, but at what price? Where, for example, are all the desert creatures that thrived here only a few decades ago? In this time of endangered species and vanishing wildlife, the answer may surprise you: Many of them are still here, alive and well and living in Las Vegas—no more threatened, perhaps, than the rest of us.

The smaller animals can be found in that undeveloped section behind the shopping center, or in the overgrown lot next door, where the kids like to play. Almost any sizable patch of sage and juniper is a little desert milieu with a cadre of reptiles, rodents, birds, and insects.

Some creatures are venomous, but contrary to popular impression, southern Nevada has relatively few. Furthermore, most are timid and retiring, preferring to remain out of sight. It's just as well, for the desert centipede and the hairy tarantula do attain rather frightening size—up to six inches or

more—and can at least inflict a bit of pain if sufficiently provoked.

The same goes for the scorpions, the medium sized striped-tail and his larger, hairy cousin. But probably our chief concern should be the black widow spider, for she is truly dangerous (though seldom deadly) and quite common. Although she too attempts to avoid contact, she dearly loves to hide in a garage or woodpile, or among the rocks and rubble in a backyard.

The sidewinder, fortunately, shuns civilization altogether, typically moving out when we move in. The larger predators do the same, although occasionally one still shows up in town, just long enough to rekindle the fiction of the untamed frontier.

Last summer a young coyote established herself behind the Sands Hotel, becoming something of a mascot to the staff and thriving on their bountiful handouts. Tourists around the pool were delighted by her antics. One attendant even could get her to "roll over," after a fashion, in exchange for a piece of leftover New York steak.

When the coyote reached full maturity, prudence prevailed and she was removed from the Strip to a managed preserve, where she presumably learned other techniques for survival.

Less remarkable but still diverting is the occasional sudden appearance of a roadrunner at a backyard patio party or a noisy schoolground. Intensely curious and without fear, this "desert cuckoo" likes to sprint after golf balls at the country club or pace along with early morning joggers, or just chase a scrap of paper down a busy street.

His quaintness and clowning aside, however, the roadrunner has an aggressively predatory nature and an enormous appetite. His powerful, two-inch bill can stab and kill a rattlesnake, or crush a lizard or gopher. Like a snake, he swallows his food whole, pounding the bonier specimens to a pulp first on some convenient rock. With his speed and agility, he can virtually decimate a local lizard population in just a few days.

Fortunately the many lizards found in Las Vegas and the surrounding desert reproduce and mature rapidly. Larger species include the desert iguana and the chuckwalla, vegetarians attaining lengths of a foot or more. The colored lizard and leopard lizard are fierce carnivores, relishing other lizards especially. The desert spiny lizards, common along block walls protected by pyracantha or juniper, are highly aggressive and territorial. They look like miniature crocodiles, and a large one will obligingly lacerate any carelessly offered digit. Obviously more attractive as fare are the delicate banded geckos, the velvet-skinned night lizards, and the numerous sand-swifts.

Other interesting varieties include the graceful, snake-like whiptail and of course that perennial favorite, the horned "toad". This flat-bodied little reptile has a blunt snout with a fringe of dagger-like spines at his neck, and scale armor down his back. He likes to set up near an anthill and spend his afternoon quietly "zapping" dinner with his long, sticky tongue—his unusual digestive system accepts the formic acid of the red ant.

Despite his pugnacious appearance, the horned lizard is completely harmless, and if you come upon one in your back yard, he'll flatten himself to the ground, hoping to escape notice. He can vary the shading of his mottled markings, too, to blend better with the sand and rocks. Once discovered,



RENE GERMANIER

The kangaroo rat is a Vegas night person, sleeping in the day and bounding around after dark in search of seeds and nuts.

however, he inflates himself to look as formidable as possible. Then he will hiss like a snake, and may even jab and butt a few times, but it's all bluff. His final resort is to spurt a few droplets of blood from his eye, hoping to distract while he slips away. Unfortunately he is easy to catch, and his fascinating bag of tricks makes him attractive, so that he is in immediate need of protection by law.

The snakes of the Vegas valley are harmless, too, except for the rattlers. Smaller types include the little beige night snake and several shy, nocturnal species colorfully marked and named for some characteristic of their snouts: long-nosed, short-nosed, leaf-nosed, and shovel-nosed. The handsome, black-banded kingsnake grows to six feet and preys upon rattlers. Late at night, the red racer, dark-banded over basic pink, likes to lounge on the warm asphalt of a quiet side road, but if you stop to see him he'll quickly disappear. Maybe instead you'll catch a glimpse of a kit fox or a jackrabbit, or that animated tennis ball, the kangaroo rat.

Neither rat nor marsupial, this remarkable little rodent has soft, silky fur of sandy brown, and large brown eyes that twinkle with mischief. With powerful hind legs and tiny front feet held close in to his chest, he does indeed resemble a toy kangaroo. His favorite posture is back on his haunches, and when something startles him, he bounds off in graceful three-foot leaps, using his long, tufted tail as a rudder.

The kangaroo rat sleeps most of the day in his private warren under the shelter of a mesquite tree. He remodels this constantly, relocating his treasured hoard of seeds, nuts, and trivia every few days. Basically ungregarious, individuals live alone in loosely-associated colonies, barely tolerating one another long enough to allow for mating, otherwise limiting social activities to pilfering another's stores or occasional jousts of sand-kicking.

The kangaroo rat adapts to the dry, desert heat by avoiding it. In addition, his system, designed to conserve moisture (he neither pants nor perspires), actually manufactures it. After breaking down compounds into their elements, he resynthesizes hydrogen and oxygen into metabolic water. The amount is small, but he can survive on an entirely dry diet if necessary.

Another creature surprisingly adapted to the dry heat is the desert
(Continued on page 61)



GARY THOMPSON

Slow and personable, the chuckwalla relies on a unique method of defense: he crawls into a crevice and inflates himself.



The Gila monster, resident of Southwestern deserts, is a rare poisonous lizard that injects its venom by chewing.



A. D. HOPKINS

Despite its movie reputation, the tarantula is not an attacker and is fascinating to watch up close. In the fall groups of mate-seeking males can be seen as they troop across roads.



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The coyote is one of the West's most adaptable and wide-ranging animals and at times makes a surprise visit to town.

Sam Clemens of Virginia City was a dedicated prankster and creator of some of Nevada's wildest newspaper hoaxes. But when the laugh was on him, it wasn't at all funny.

By David W. Toll

Mark Twain Couldn't Take a Joke

"There were many practical jokers in the new territory. I don't take pleasure in exposing this fact, for I liked those people; but what I am saying is true. I wish I could say that they were burglars or hat-rack thieves, or something like that, that would be utterly complimentary."

—Mark Twain in "Roughing It," 1872

When Mark Twain was a reporter named Sam Clemens for the *Territorial Enterprise*, he was 27 years old, rumpled, unwashed and uncouth. More than uncouth, he was rank, with a wildness that was never completely tamed, and which eventually made him one of the great figures in American literature and one of the funniest men we have ever had among us.

But he couldn't take a joke.

In those early Virginia City days, before his humor became legendary, he was considered crude and insensitive. Where Dan De Quille's newspaper hoaxes were so graceful and credible that they were swallowed with ease, Twain's were violent and rough. His tale of the 300-year-old petrified man found thumbing his nose in a Humboldt County creek bed was intended to insult the local Justice of the Peace as much as to amuse the *Enterprise's* readers. The famous Empire City Massacre hoax was a gory fantasy of multiple ax-murders. It was believable (and believed, at first) despite the obvious confusion of geography and numerous other details because of the enormity of the story and the intensity of its telling.

Twain's prankish attitude toward the news columns of the *Enterprise* ultimately led to a duel and his abrupt departure from Nevada Territory. In the meantime he had helped to establish the newspaper hoax as a part of Nevada's unique journalistic tradition.

Yet Mark Twain never thought it was funny when the laugh was on him. Maybe that's why his friends found it irresistible to make him the butt of a joke.

In the autumn and winter of 1863

Twain shared a room with his colleague Dan De Quille in a B Street boarding house. The same house also provided lodging for Rollin Daggett of the *Enterprise* and for editor Tom Fitch of the rival *Union* and his wife Anna. Clemens thought it was a great joke to feed his stove from the Fitch woodbox, and when the Fitch's cat disappeared he thought it was even funnier to say that he and Dan had hanged it.

When the wandering pet returned unharmed a few days later the Fitches were relieved but not amused, and when the opportunity presented itself for revenge, they grabbed it. Fitch told the story in a series of reminiscences he wrote for the *San Francisco Call* after the turn of the century (and recently published in book form by the University of Nevada Press, edited by Eric Moody):

"One Christmas Eve all of us except Mark were seated in the smoking room awaiting the announcement of dinner," Fitch wrote, "when there arrived a lad with a package for Mr. Clemens, which he was directed to take into the smoking room. After his departure we examined the bundle, for we were communists in spirit, and found that it contained a pretty knitted woolen scarf and a card bearing the inscription, 'Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, from his friend Etta.'"

"I can improve on that message," suggested Daggett, who was the wag and philosophical disputant and cribbage player of the club, and obtaining a sheet of note-paper he wrote in a fine female hand the following note:

"Mr Clemens: The accompanying scarf having been prepared as a Christmas gift for you, it has been determined not to divert it from its intended destination, although a knowledge of your late conduct has come to the ears of the writer. Your own conscience will tell you that this must close all communication between us, in which decision my mother and father concur. Your former friend, ETTA."

"The scarf was rewrapped and with this note tied to it was placed in Sam's room. Shortly afterward he made his

appearance and proceeded to his room to prepare for dinner. Soon we heard the crockery going. 'What is the matter, Sam?' said Daggett.

"Thereupon entered Mark Twain, with coat and collar off, and, throwing the package on the table he burst forth: 'Read that!' said he, flourishing the note from Etta, 'Read that! That's just my infernal luck. You hounds can run the town night after night and nobody ever says a word, and I am found out at once.'"

Fitch's pleasure in the revenge is still obvious nearly 40 years later. Joe Farnsworth, the former State Printer who worked for the *Enterprise* in his youth, said that Twain was despised in Virginia City and that the jokes played on him were meant to hurt. Certainly Twain rubbed plenty of people the wrong way, but it is clear that most of his close associates were quite fond of him. Especially Dan De Quille, who partnered with him and who was at the center of perhaps the cruelest joke of all, and the only one that seems to deserve Farnsworth's description. The story is told best by Alf Doten, himself a Comstock newspaperman for more than 20 years, first as local reporter for the *Union* and the *Enterprise*, and eventually as proprietor of The Gold Hill News.

"When Mark Twain was working on the *Enterprise* with Dan De Quille, in the local department, those wicked printers played a . . . joke on their friend, the humorous joker. They bought a clay imitation meerschaum pipe, big as a man's fist, for four bits, got a tinsmith to mount it with tin in silver regulation style, finishing up with a long cherry-wood stem and mouthpiece, the whole rig costing about two dollars, yet looking to be worth about sixty. Then they got Dan to quietly post Mark, who as quietly proceeded to smuggle a few bottles of champagne and some cigars into the office, ready for the surprise party."

That evening the printers joined Dan and Mark in the local room, and the magnificent pipe was presented. Mark, feigning surprise, gave a humorous



A dapper group of Comstock delegates and newsmen gathered in Carson City during the last territorial legislature in 1864. Mark Twain, second from left, was chosen governor of the Third House, a band of journalists who lampooned legislators and affairs of state. In inset are Twain and Billy Claggett, frequent comrades in foolery.

little speech in response, which he got off in good style, thanking his admiring friends for their rich, emblematic appreciation of his humble efforts, assuring them that this noble journalistic pipe of peace should be fondly smoked through all future generations of the Twain family, in cherished memory of this auspicious event.

"'Say, Dan,' said he, 'isn't there a bottle or two of that wedding notice wine kicking around under the table somewhere?' Dan found it, and there was much typographical and reportorial hilarity for a short time, while the wine and cigars lasted. Then Dan carefully wrapped and tied up the pipe and Mark took it proudly home.

When Twain arrived at work the next night, he was silent and brooding. Finally he confronted DeQuille, charging him with complicity in the charade. "The wine and cigars cost me sixty

times what that cussed smoke-stack is worth to say nothing of my chuckle-headed speech," he ranted.

"Jokes are jokes, but I don't recognise this as one. I'll be cussed if I do."

"What he did with that remarkable pipe nobody ever knew," Doten said, "but it was never heard of afterward, and any allusion to it brought an ominous scowl to his countenance, as sufficient warning to desist."

Mark Twain left Nevada in 1864. He worked for a while as a reporter in San Francisco and then spent several months in the Mother Lode country of California before sailing for Hawaii, then still called the Sandwich Islands. Upon returning to San Francisco he launched himself as a lecturer on the subject of this island paradise. Twice he returned to lecture on the Comstock, enthraling audiences in Virginia and Gold Hill. His old friends took the

occasion of his second visit in 1868 to make one final joke at Twain's expense.

According to Steve Gillis, who was one of Twain's greatest pals out west, an *Enterprise* typographer and the main instigator of the joke, the plan was hatched after Twain's hugely successful lecture at Piper's Opera House. Dozens had been turned away from the sold-out theater, and Twain's exuberant friends urged him to schedule a second performance in Virginia City. But he refused, saying he would talk once more at Gold Hill and then head back to the coast.

It was then that Gillis was illuminated by the brilliance of his plan. He went at once to Denis McCarthy, an owner of the *Enterprise* when Twain was a reporter there, and now his road manager.

(Continued)

"The idea was to 'hold-up' Mark on the Divide when he should be returning and rob him of every cent," Gillis recalled. "The robbery would create a tremendous sensation, and if we could keep the secret from Mark, and persuade him to give his version of the outrage, we could pack Piper's Opera House at \$2 a head. McCarthy jumped at the plan like a hungry trout at a fly. 'And just think what an advertisement it will be for Mark,' he said."

Dan De Quille and Joe Goodman were kept in the dark about the affair, Goodman because he would certainly refuse to permit it, and De Quille because the conspirators thought he would write it up better for the paper if he thought it was true.

Twain's temper was rising. "How can I give you my money when my hands are up?"

As Gillis tells the story, "A little before it was thought Mark would have finished his lecture, the robbers marched out onto the Divide, all wearing black masks. But we had started too early, and as it was a very cold night some fear was felt that if Mark didn't show up pretty soon the band would freeze. After waiting about an hour I was sent on ahead to Gold Hill armed with a policeman's whistle, with instructions to sound it when our victim should get within 100 yards of the ambush."

The eager Gillis tip-toed through the frosty darkness, reaching Gold Hill's brightly lighted main street just as Twain and McCarthy stepped out the front door of the Miners Union Hall. He hared back up the hill and burrowed into the sagebrush where he had a good view of the foot path.

"When the proper distance was reached," he wrote, "I loudly blew the whistle, which caused Mark to observe to his agent, 'Well, I am glad they have a policeman on the Divide, they never had one in my time.'"

As Twain and McCarthy reached the crest of the Divide, the bandits rushed out from behind a little cabin where they had taken shelter from the freezing wind, and their leader gave

Mark a look down the barrel of his six-shooter while ordering hands up.

"Mark's hands went up," Gillis wrote. "'Now give me your watch and money—quick,' demanded Bill Eddington."

"Mark lowered his hands to comply, when Eddington fiercely exclaimed: 'What! Going for your gun are you? Do you want your head blown off? Throw up your hands!'

"Mark's hands again pointed skywards, and Eddington repeated: 'Now give me your money.'

"But it was plain Mark's temper was rising for he angrily replied: 'How in hell can I give you my money when my hands are up?'

After compromising by rifling Twain's pockets himself, and relieving him of his money and his engraved watch, the bandit chief sent two of his men back into the shadows of the cabin with orders to shoot the two men dead if they attempted to leave the place before 15 minutes had passed.

Twain and McCarthy waited twice the required time, and then they hurried into town. Gillis had meanwhile collected the loot, sent the bogus badmen home, and planted himself on a barstool in "the first big saloon on C Street that Mark and his agent would have to pass, knowing that their half-frozen condition would drive them into it to get warm. Sure enough, in they came."

Twain described the affair as if it had been a minor annoyance, but Gillis insisted the three of them make straight for the *Enterprise* office. Dan De Quille was just finishing up the local news for the morning paper, and at Gillis' urging he wrote a spirited account of the robbery for the morning paper. Twain meanwhile, wrote out an ad offering a reward for the return of his valued gold watch, no questions asked.

Having dealt with the formalities Twain suggested that they go out and run with the boys. But in order to stand his share of the drinks Mark was compelled to borrow \$80 from his old friend Gillis, who magnanimously supplied it.

In order to cover his losses Twain then agreed to another performance at Piper's. But on the evening before the performance he paid a visit to Judge Baldwin, who had presented him with the gold watch that had been taken. The disappointment he expressed over the loss of the watch was so obviously sincere that Baldwin felt compelled to tell him that the stick-up had been a

joke and that the watch would be returned.

Twain returned to Joe Goodman's house in a fury. The more he thought of his humiliation at gunpoint in the freezing darkness the more he burned with anger. Goodman sat up half the night, talking him out of filing a criminal complaint. Twain relented, but he canceled the second performance at Piper's and bought tickets on the next stagecoach out of town.

"The dejected robbers were all at the stage station to see Mark off, and, if possible, to placate him," Gillis remembered. "But all attempts in that direction were received by Mark with cold disdain. Instead he denounced that sorrowful gang in withering words of hostility. He told them that he knew now who had committed the numerous robberies in and around Virginia City; that they might claim this robbery was a joke but from the professional manner in which they performed it, he was certain that they were guilty of many others which were not jokes, and predicted that all of them would finally land in the penitentiary." He refused to shake hands with any of them, or even to bid them goodbye.

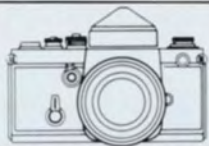
Later on Alf Doten heard the rest of the story from Denis McCarthy. "McCarthy told afterward," he wrote, "that for the first ten miles Mark was too deeply occupied with bitter reflections to say a word, but finally he said, 'Denis McCarthy, was you a party to this thing? Did you know anything about it?'

"Denis mildly acknowledged that the boys had hinted to him a few points in the matter, but he had no idea they would carry the joke so far. It took a whole lot of soothing talk, explanation and reasoning, but Mark never seemed to be entirely reconciled."

Indeed, as Twain tells the story in *Roughing It*, he insists that the jokers got the worst of it on account of waiting for him in ambush for two hours in the dark and freezing cold.

But then resentment awakes within him and he peevishly complains that the sudden sweat in the frigid night gave him a cold "which developed itself into a troublesome disease and kept my hands idle some three months besides costing me quite a sum in doctor's bills.

"Since then," he added—and these are the final words of *Roughing It*—"I play no practical jokes on people and generally lose my temper when one is played on me." □



THE LENS

Nevada, the ever-surprising place. The golds and yellows of autumn usually reserved for New England pastorals can be enjoyed in the desert state. The season changes bring fall color ablaze with aspens in mountain canyons and big cottonwoods that shade riverbanks and country lanes.

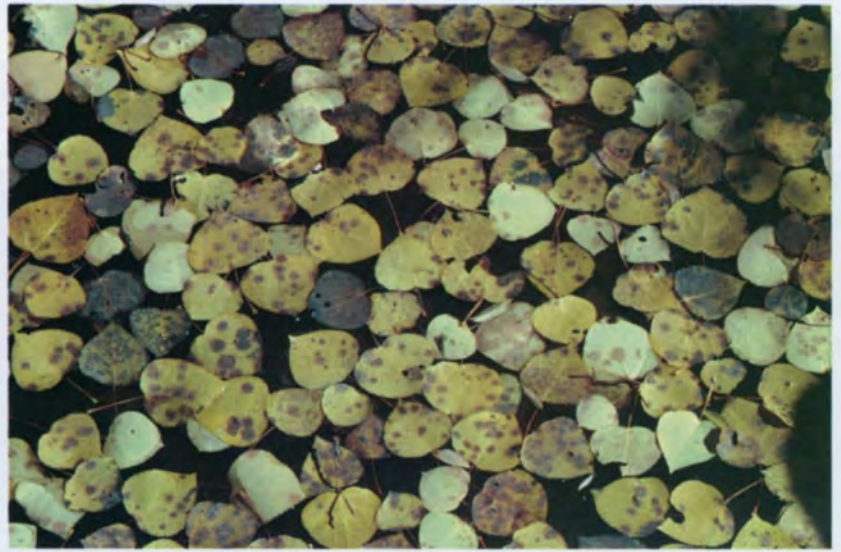


Ruby Mountains by Joe Royer, Lamoille



Truckee River by Harry Tenney, Tahoe City

THE LENS



Fallen Leaves by Joy Royer, Lamoille

Almost Thanksgiving by Harry Upson, Reno



The Call of the Chukar



DUANE ERICKSON

The chukar partridge has found life in the rugged hills and canyons of the Great Basin much like that of the Himalayas. Here a hen chukar and brood survey the scene near Battle Mountain.

Since their arrival in the 1930s, these Asian partridges have become far and away the Nevada hunter's favorite upland game bird. By David E. Moore

The most hunted, cursed and loved game bird in Nevada is the chukar partridge.

Chukar hunting is not easy. Some sportsmen, frustrated in fall outings, call it chukar hiking.

The birds' covering and sneaky habits make them difficult to spot in the sagebrush and rocks, but once sighted you can recognize them easily. The mature chukar has a narrow black band that circles up from the neck, around the cheeks and across the eyes to the bill. With striped wings, the bird resembles a big quail in pinstripes and Foster Grants.

Chukars have been beguiling Nevada hunters since 1947. That year the state conducted a two-day season, the first legal season on the bird in the United States. A growing chukar population and a corresponding increase in the wiliness of Nevada hunters made 1951 the first big harvest year. By the 1960s the chukar had become the superstar of Nevada upland game birds, easily the most abundant and popular of feathered targets.

A native of the other side of the world, the chukar is hunted as a game bird in northern India, Pakistan, Afghanistan and Tibet, and other parts of Asia and Europe. Its first glimpse of North America was in 1893 when W. O. Blaisdel of Illinois brought five pairs from Karachi, India. The first releases in Nevada took place in 1935 after two Fallon residents, Minnie Blair and Ira Kent, contracted with Nevada Fish and Game to raise chukar. The agency released 289 of the birds in nine of Nevada's 17 counties.

One of the most prominent friends of chukar hunting in Nevada has been Glen Christensen, game chief for the State Department of Wildlife (the new name of Fish and Game). In his 1970 report on the state of chukar in Nevada, Christensen notes that the bird was established largely by the success of many small releases between '35 and '54.

Three years ago Bill Molini of the wildlife agency estimated that 31 years after the first releases, Nevada had a population base of about 750,000 chukar that may vary from 2 million to 200,000 in population booms and busts.

The chukar has taken to Nevada perfectly. Many of the state's human residents come from moist, forested climates where "desert" means "inhospitable." But to the chukar, Nevada was just like home. Back in

Pakistan and Tibet, the chukar thrives in rugged, arid country, ranging between valleys and canyons at 4,000 feet to the 16,000-foot peaks of the Himalayas.

The bird's need for short brush cover and grassy food is neatly provided by sagebrush and cheatgrass in the Great Basin. The terrain is rugged.

"You'll find them in rocky, cliffy areas," says hunter Hank Dorian of Battle Mountain. "They like the protection of craggy rocks and steep precipices. They don't loiter around in open flat areas."

Dorian is a former chairman of the State Fish and Game Commission, owner of Battle Mountain's Nevada Hotel and an avid chukar hunter since the early 1950s. "I hunt through the whole season," he says, "usually three or four hours a day. I love the sport, and it's fun to hunt with a good dog. You get almost as much pleasure watching the dog work as you do in

getting the birds."

The birds Nevadans hunt today are smart, he points out. "Over the years they've changed habits—at least I've noticed it around here. When they first became abundant, you could go to a stream and they'd be running around like a bunch of chickens.

"Later they developed a different habit, running down to get their water in the morning and getting back up the hill. Also, they used to get up on a hill and squawk and raise a racket, but they don't do that anymore."

Chukars are secretive and difficult to spot in their rocky sagebrush habit, and that's part of the lure for hunter Mike Meizel of Reno, chief of State Buildings and Grounds. Meizel, who houses a small covey in his backyard, prepares well in advance for each season's mid-October opening. He hunts sage grouse, trains his pointer, and often scouts for coveys.

"The chukar is a tough, challenging

bird. You never get bored with it," says Meizel. "Some people will look at a mountain and say, 'Where are they?' The challenge is to know how to find them, get a feel for their habitat, to operate on the right instinct."

One of the keys, says Meizel, is anticipating the bird's feeding habits, which usually follow three stages during the hunting season of October through January. In the early season when it's still warm and there are broods to care for, the birds are close to springs and streams. Later the perennial grasses "green up" and the birds can wander further from water to feed. During that period, usually November to mid-December, the chukars are scattered and harder to hunt.

The birds are most vulnerable after a heavy snow, when they must move below snowline to find open patches of grass.

During those periods, Hank Dorian says, "You can forget about the north slopes. It's on the south where the birds will feed." Dorian says he likes late season hunting best. "When there's more snow, there's more moisture and the dogs work better. With moisture in the air a dog can smell a bird a long way off."

Glen Christensen describes how chukars in the Reno area coped with the heavy snows—as much as two feet—that fell in western Nevada in the second week of January 1952. In the Pyramid Lake area, the birds were able to retreat into valleys below snowline. But Peavine Mountain birds were forced to descend to the outskirts of Reno, where plows had opened patches of grass along the highways. Some residents fed the birds in their yards.

The chukar's winter stamina is indicated by its cold weather territory. Today the bird lives in every one of Nevada's 17 counties. Lincoln and Clark counties are the most sparsely populated, but Las Vegas chukar hunters will stomp the higher elevations or travel north to Washoe, Pershing, Humboldt, Lander and Elko counties—the big five in chukar harvest in the 1970s.

Prior to 1962, nonresidents were allowed to hunt chukar only in Douglas County. Since 1971, however, nonresidents can hunt statewide.

Chukars are established and hunted in nine other states—California, Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Oregon, Washington, Utah, and Wyoming—and in British Columbia. The bird is also established in Hawaii and

COWBOY CHUKAR

How to cook the best of the game birds underground.

The first thing about cooking chukar underground is that you've got to have a heavy cast-iron Dutch oven and you have to dig a hole, the hole needs to be about 2½ feet deep and wide enough to allow at least six inches' clearance around the pot.

Gather a bunch of wood, throw it in the hole and start a fire. While it's burning get more wood because you're going to have to keep that fire burning for one to two hours.

Once you throw on the last wood, get out your Dutch oven and butter the insides and bottom. While your hands are greasy you can do the same with the chukar.

Next, cut an apple in quarters and tuck a section in the chest cavity of each of the birds. Place them on the bottom of the pot and ever so lightly throw on some salt and pepper. *It's positively criminal to season chukar beyond salt and pepper.*

At this point you can throw in potatoes, carrots, rutabaga or any other tuber vegetable you like. If your pot is small then ½ cup water is all the moisture you'll need. In large pots ¾ of a cup will do.

Now get a shovel and lift out several good loads of ash and coals. Put these in a neat pile to the side and

scoop more ashes as far up the sides of the hole as you can. Place your pot in this cavity and then throw the pile of coals over the pot. You can set corn in their husks on top of the coals, where they'll cook slowly. Be sure you have a strong piece of wire tied to the bail of the pot because it saves a lot of time when you want to pull it up.

Just cover the whole mess with dirt and forget it for about six hours. You can dig it up anytime after six hours, but I've left them in the ground for as long as 18 hours and they're done just the same.

Serve with a green vegetable, a little white wine to drink and you'll have a meal envied by the Sheiks of Arabia.

AN ALTERNATIVE: If there is no possible way you can cook these fine birds underground, try frying.

Lightly flour plucked birds or heavily flour skinned birds. Use ¼ inch of oil in a fairly hot skillet. Cover and cook only until browned on each side. Occasional turning is necessary but do not overcook! You must avoid at all costs masking or "cooking out" the delicate flavor of these birds.

Cook the chukar either whole or cut up as you would a chicken. Fried birds, of course, should be served with mashed potatoes, gravy and fresh peas.

—Baird Davies

New Zealand.

Both Christensen and Molini (who's a good friend and hunting partner of Meizel) point out the many ways the chukar is suited to Nevada. The birds not only like the natural terrain, but also live on abused rangelands and burned areas where cheatgrass, their favorite food, thrives. Also, since about 85 percent of Nevada land is federal land, there are few problems about hunting on private property.

And, Meizel says, there's enough country that hunters are uncrowded and don't have to step over each other.

Thus, for many wildlifers, chukar hunting is their favorite pastime.

"Upland game bird hunting is different from other types," Meizel says. "With big game you're going after large animals and often have to work to get them out. With ducks you have to work with decoys and there's a lot of mud.

"With chukar hunting, everything you need you can carry in your jacket, like your sandwich and shells, and you carry your gun, which is part of you anyway. You're really unencumbered, and that's one of the best things about hunting this bird." □

FALL HUNTING SEASON AND LIMITS

All hunters and those planning to submit trophy hunt applications next year can obtain complete information and pamphlets on 1979 seasons and regulations by writing the Nevada Department of Wildlife, Box 10678, Reno NV 89520, or checking Nevada sporting goods stores where licenses are sold. Resident licenses are \$10 (a junior license for ages 12-16 is \$2) and nonresident licenses are \$50. Big game hunts require tags, which are purchased through advance drawings.

Tags for antelope, elk, bighorn sheep and mountain lion were issued to trophy hunters last summer. The first deer tag application deadline was late July, but a second drawing for unfilled quotas is scheduled for applications submitted with a postmark no later than September 5. Afterwards, deer tags for unreachd quotas will be issued first come, first served. Following are Nevada's big game seasons:

MULE DEER: archery Aug.18-Sept.16, muzzleloader Sept.22-30, and general hunt Oct. 13-Nov.11 or Nov.18, or Oct.27-Nov.25 depending on tag area.

PRONGHORN ANTELOPE: general hunt Aug. 25-Sept.3 with late hunt Sept.1-10 in Charles Sheldon Antelope Range. Hunting in north, eastern and south-central Nevada.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN ELK: Sept.22-30 south of Ely and northeast to Schell Creek Range.

BIGHORN SHEEP: Nov.17-Dec.16, with



Dec.15-31 east of the Desert Range. Areas include Esmeralda and Clark Counties.

MOUNTAIN LION: Oct.1-April 30 statewide with controlled hunt in eastern Nevada.

The following is a general guideline for upland game and waterfowl seasons. For exact information on seasons and daily and possession limits, contact the Department of Wildlife or sporting goods stores where hunting licenses are sold.

CHUKAR: Oct.13-January

SAGE GROUSE: Sept.15, 2 days to a week depending on area.

BLUE GROUSE: Sept.15-mid November

QUAIL: Oct.13-January

RABBITS: Oct.13-February

PHEASANT: Nov.7, 2-3 days

DUCKS: Oct.13-January, in Clark Oct.20-January

GEESE: Oct.13-January in Elko County and Ruby Refuge; starts Oct.20 everywhere else except Clark, Dec.1 in Clark.

MORNING DOVE: Sept.1-Oct.20



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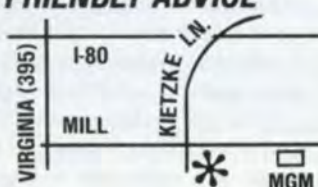
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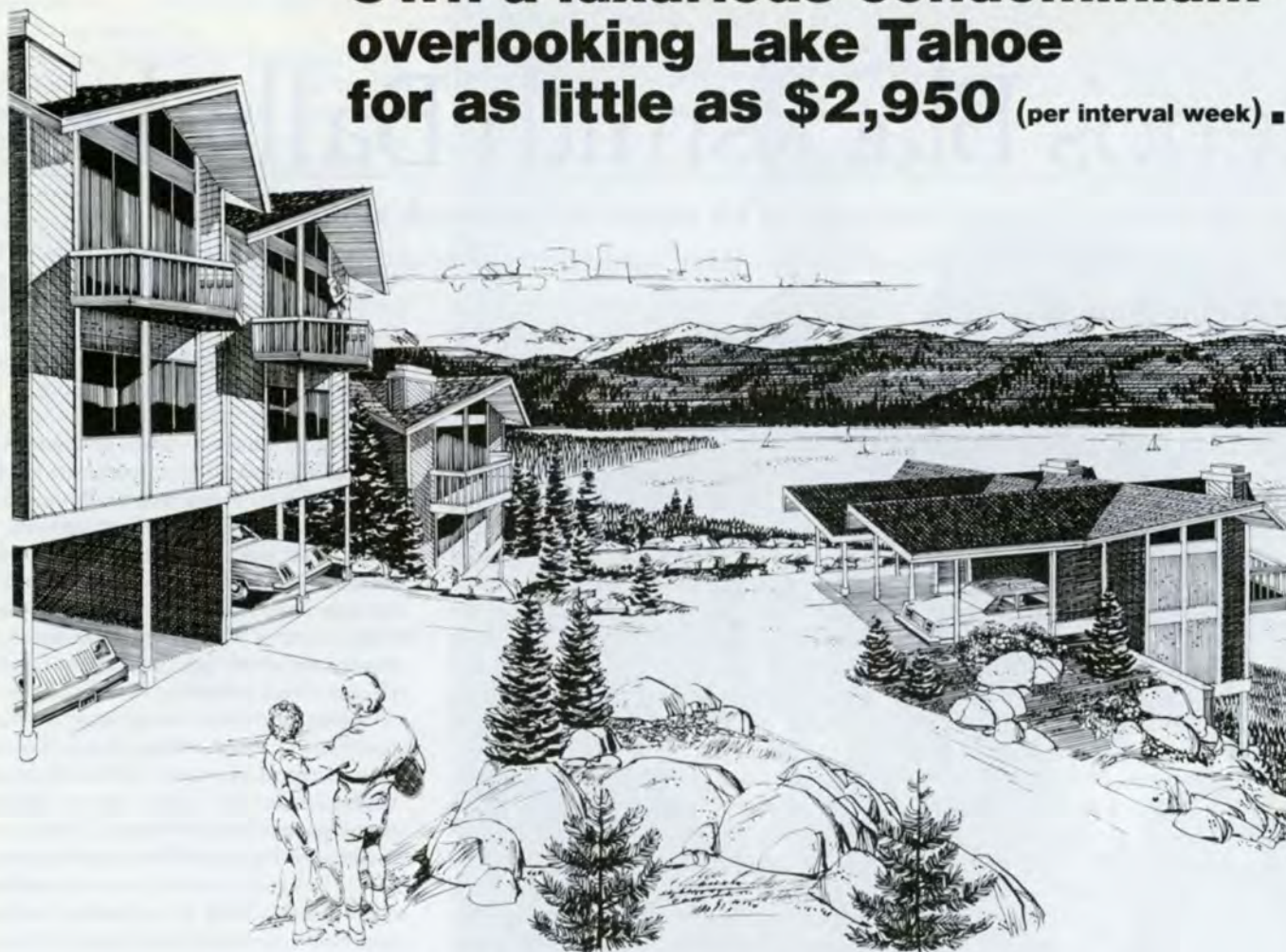
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Reno's Blacksmith Balladeer

At the age of nine Richard Jose sang for his supper in Comstock saloons, moving Cousin Jacks with the voice that later made him the toast of Carnegie Hall.

By Anthony Amaral

Richard Jose Caruso proclaimed him "the greatest living ballad singer." General William Tecumseh Sherman wept to hear him sing "The Lonely Grave." He was the rage of three continents, with a following even in South Africa. The songs he made famous are still famous today—"Silver Threads Among the Gold," "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," "My Gal Sal," and "On the Banks of the Wabash."

If Richard Jose was from anywhere, he was from western Nevada. He was known as Reno's Blacksmith Balladeer, the Singing Kid of Virginia City, and the Carson City Wonder. He married a Carson City girl, Theresa Shreives, whose father was a conductor on the Virginia and Truckee Railroad. Even at the height of his fame, he always returned to visit old friends and to sing at Piper's Opera House in Virginia City and the opera house in Carson.

Born on the rocky Cornish coast of England, Richard Jose was the oldest of five children whose miner father died when they were young, leaving the family destitute. In 1872, his mother sent him to an uncle who worked as a miner in Virginia City, but by the time Dickie arrived, the uncle—whose reputation was unsavory—had fled to Montana. Dickie was nine years old, still wearing the shipping tag his mother had tied to his lapel, and absolutely alone in a strange land.

Aboard ship the first day out, Dickie had cheered himself by singing hymns and Cornish ballads to the other immigrants in steerage. His sweet soprano had echoed up from the lower deck to the first-class passengers who demanded he entertain them. Encores won him a seat at the captain's table and free access to the upper deck for the rest of the voyage.

From the beginning, Dickie must have known he was special. Another child might have settled for picking the

leavings of Virginia City's garbage, but Dickie walked down the C Street boardwalk into each saloon to ask if he could sing for the customers. There were many Cousin Jacks (Cornishmen) crowded together at the bars on C Street. They lifted him up and after the first song applauded wildly, throwing money at his feet. He sang on, and many wept to hear the songs of home from the pudgy nine-year-old standing on the bar.

Making the rounds of the saloons, Dickie became an institution in Virginia City. He rented a room and at nine years old was independent with a comfortable income. But then he came to the attention of the Women's Temperance League. These well-intentioned women saw no harm in child labor, but they were horrified by a child making a living in saloons. They arranged for Dickie to go to school and to drive a bakery wagon. When the regular driver returned from vacation, Dickie went back to the saloon circuit, singing for tips and free lunches.

But this time it wasn't so easy. Pressure from the Women's Temperance League forced many saloonkeepers to thumb Dickie out. His income diminished to where he could hardly keep himself, so he walked 14 miles down the mountain to Carson City.

Again he went to the saloons. He soon had a regular route—the Ormsby House, Herb Blackie's Place, the "Osark" Dew, Capp's Hole in the Wall, and the St. Charles Hotel—but it was at John Sweeney's Place (between Musser and Proctor streets) that Dickie found the most congenial audience, the Cousin Jacks.

Nellie Miguels Davis, who with her husband Sam owned the *Carson Daily Appeal* in the late 1800s, remembered turning the corner of Proctor Street and hearing "notes so sweet on Carson Street, I was compelled to stop and lis-

ten." Burd Lindsay, a 94-year-old resident of Carson City, remembers Dickie wandering around town, living with different families for short periods of time. He recalls that after Dickie became famous, Carson kids tried to imitate him. "Of course we were flops," says Lindsay. "Some kids finally believed you had to be fat like Dickie to sing like he did."

Sweet as Dickie's voice was, the Carson City Ladies Temperance Society saw nothing but evil in his situation. With money put away from Dickie's earnings by Mrs. Sweeney, they sent the boy to Bishop Whitaker's Episcopal School in Reno where he remained for eight years. Even at puberty, his high soprano voice hardly changed. He was a muscular 230 pounds when he was



Dickie Jose spent his teens in Reno where folks would stop by Bill Luke's blacksmith shop to hear the young apprentice sing at his forge.

apprenticed to blacksmith Bill Luke at a dollar a week.

Renoites frequently arranged their schedules to spend an hour or two at Luke's shop just to hear the boy sing as he pounded at the forge, shaping horseshoes for Theodore Winter's thoroughbreds in the Washoe Valley. When Dickie was 18, the Charley Reed Minstrels passed through Reno on a tour west. Reed mingled with the crowd at Luke's to hear the young blacksmith sing and offered Dickie a job with the company.

A clothier named Jacobs gave the boy a suit of clothes, and there were celebrations and presentations from all his supporters in Reno and Carson City. Richard Jose was on his way.

His first appearances in Sacramento and San Francisco electrified the crowds. Reaching E above high C with a steady, sonorous pitch, his voice was a rarity on the concert stage. "His tones," said San Francisco music critic Ashton Stevens, "sound full from the chest. There is no epicene falsetto in nature's own contra-tenor, who holds top notes while you might count all the people on the stage surrounding him."

Such could only come from the hairy chest of Reno's former blacksmith.

The news of his performances reached Lew Dockstader in New York who wired Jose an offer of \$75 a week to join his famous minstrel company.

Jose's career was meteoric on the minstrel circuit. His first year on Broadway he won a gold medal at Carnegie Hall. He was lead singer for four years with The Old Homestead Company and often gave solo performances in concert halls and opera houses. At the turn of the century, he was signed by the fledgling Victor Talking Machine Company. Jose recorded about 50 songs during his career and along with Caruso helped catapult Victor to success as a major recording company.

The song that became Jose's signature was "Silver Threads Among the Gold," a flop when it was first issued as sheet music in 1873. Jose insisted on recording it although the executives at Victor were not enthusiastic. It was one of the biggest hits of all time, its success prompting a silent film to be made in 1911 starring Jose. The film opened to a packed house at New York's old Madison Square Garden, with Jose standing in the wings singing the title song while his image on the screen mouthed the words. Of this



Whenever Jose performed in New York, General William Tecumseh Sherman attended the shows. As a special favor Richard would sing the Civil War ballad "The Lonely Grave" for the old general. In 1890 Sherman presented to Jose a gold watch fob with the song's first line inscribed: "The Father won't judge whether Blue or Gray"

piquant blend of live and canned performances, the Edison Company promo said, "He *really* sings before your eyes."

After the film's success, Jose searched for H. R. Danks, the composer of "Silver Threads," and found him alone and sick in a Philadelphia rooming house. Jose demanded that royalties be paid to the composer. Danks, who died rich shortly thereafter, gave Jose the melody on which he had written "Silver Threads."

With the coming of the Jazz Age, Jose's career faded. He retired to Cali-

fornia after his performance at the 1915 Panama Pacific Exposition in San Francisco. Until his death in 1941, he was Deputy Commissioner of California's Real Estate Commission, a job created for him by the Governor and fully acclaimed by the public. And at the commission's annual convention, Richard Jose always sang the songs of a bygone era: "Darling, I am growing old,/Silver threads among the gold/Shine upon my brow today,/Life is fading fast away./Oh my darling you will be/Always young and fair to me. . ." □

ENTER NOW! The 3rd Annual Pro-Am Great Nevada Picture Hunt

It's time again to show off your photographic impressions of an entire state, or a very small part of it, and vie for more than \$1,000 in prizes.

With this third go-round, we can now safely call our picture hunt an annual affair.

We feel that last year's crop of winning shots were truly representative of our often unusual state. However, there were some readers and a few entrants who didn't see eye to lens with the judges, and they let us know it. Thinking back, perhaps we didn't state the criteria clear enough. So we'll try again.

The subject is a big one. Over 100,000 square miles of desert and mountain, ghost towns, wildlife, people. What will the judges look for? It will be wise to keep in mind our aphorism, "The magazine of the *real* West." Naturally we expect that photos will have been taken within the state borders, but this does not ensure that the picture will capture the essence of Nevada, no matter how lovely or well composed. The judges will consider typical subjects seen in a new or personal way and subjects unique to Nevada and the West.

There will be a new slate of judges this year, qualified professionals from three corners of the state. Don Dondero, a long established Reno photographer; Howard Hickson, director of the Northeastern Nevada Museum in Elko, who is also a photographer and artist; Cliff Segerblom, well known Southern Nevada artist and photographer.

Finally, we're pleading for all entrants to observe the simple rules to the letter. Please, please be sure that all entries bear your name and address, on the cardboard frame of slides and on the back of prints. And you must adhere to the size requirements and submit only *unmounted* prints. Transparencies must be 35mm or larger.

Now sharpen your eye and fire at will. We're expecting some great results.



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Fourth Place, pro & am:
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Fifth Place, pro & am:
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Sixth Place, amateur only:
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RULES:

1. Completed entry blanks must be included with photos and must indicate "amateur" or "professional" status.
 2. Up to five black & white, and five color photos allowed per entrant. No minimum entry, but no more than 10 total entries.
 3. Color transparencies must be 35mm or larger. Color prints must be 8x8" to 11x14", glossy or matte (no silk finish) and must be unmounted.
 4. Black & white prints must be 8x8" to 11x14", glossy or matte (no silk finish) and unmounted.
 5. Each individual photo must bear entrant's name and full address and a brief description, or location where taken. All photos submitted must be previously unpublished.
 6. Entrants must enclose stamped self-addressed envelope and proper packing material to assure safe return of photos.
 7. Entries should be sent in envelopes or cardboard packages no larger than 12x16".
- DEADLINE:**
Entries must be postmarked no later than October 31, 1979.
- RULES MUST BE FOLLOWED OR ENTRIES WILL BE DISQUALIFIED.**

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If you prefer not to mail your photographs, the following camera stores will accept your entry packages.

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311 N. Curry, Carson City, 882-2572

ADDITIONAL SPONSORS
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CARROLL'S CAMERAS
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CARSON CAMERA SHOP
419 East Carson Ave., Las Vegas, 382-2177

HARVEST PHOTO
2015 Carroll, North Las Vegas, 642-9088

Mail to: NEVADA MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST
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FORTUNATE EAGLE (Continued from page 9)

go up to Montana and get a beautiful cradleboard. I went back to my reservation at Red Lake and acquired tusks, an apron, a beaded vest. I bring things to the Round House so other people can enjoy it and maybe learn something by it."

The museum includes a Hopi ceremonial basket that is so old the woven image of a warrior is difficult to see. There are Paiute, Apache and Pima baskets, a Flathead cradleboard, pipe-stone carvings from Minnesota, Navajo sand paintings and pottery, a ceremonial corn mask used in the false face societies, some dolls and arrowheads from all over the country. Fancy and traditional dance costumes hang on the walls, also the spear he used to discover the country called Italy.

Many items are for sale at the Round House. There is Navajo, Hopi and Zuni jewelry including silver, turquoise, and coral rings, bracelets, necklaces. There is Shoshone and Paiute beadwork and mocassins, Navajo pottery, plus silver cigarette lighters and money clips. Some of the work is local Nevada but much comes from Minnesota, Arizona, California, Washington and Canada. Much of the contemporary art is by Fortunate Eagle, including paintings, slate carvings, sculpture, pipes, silver bracelets and rings and fetish necklaces made of birds, fish and animals delicately carved from pieces of turquoise, coral, stone, bone and ivory.

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"We don't see so many Dat So La Lee's do we? She was indeed a giant among basket makers. A Picasso. A Michelangelo. Neither one of those guys could make a basket like Dat So La Lee; they would go bonkers trying. When she died there were very few Washo women left who could even approach her artistry.

"When traditional skills are lost, such as beadwork, buckskin, tanning, basketry, rabbit skin blanket and cradleboard making when those skills are lost, it will be very, very difficult to revive them." —C. J. Hadley

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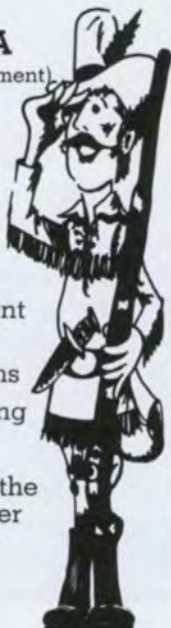
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(Continued from page 43)

tortoise. Like all turtles, he'd really prefer cool, damp days and succulent fare. His tough skin and hard shell retain moisture, however, and he spends most of the hot summer holed up.

Although still seen now and then in a park or playground, the desert tortoise is no longer common in the city and, like the horned lizard, needs protection. In fact, under Nevada law the tortoise is a "rare" species, and it is illegal for any person to possess one. Many adopted as pets have fallen victim to automobiles, dogs, or neglect. Furthermore, once "domesticated" a specimen is virtually eliminated as breeding stock, even though a female can produce fertile eggs for several seasons after mating.

But if the tortoise and the "toad" are in trouble in Nevada, we can take heart at the amazing accommodation of the Gambel's quail. This highly regarded game bird, normally shy and secretive, has adapted so well to the clamor of city life that he is probably more numerous in the valley now than he was 50 years ago. Indeed, he may become as common around town as squirrels in a Midwest park.

Perhaps coping with his numerous natural enemies has equipped this resourceful bird to withstand urban encroachment. His survival instincts are remarkable. Both parents are totally dedicated to rearing the litter, and will readily adopt orphans. Broken families are often merged for mutual protection (sometimes resulting in an Odd Couple), and unmated aunts and uncles frequently help out. Within a covey, individuals intuitively shift roles as priorities change.

Indeed, quail-watching in the city can be a delightful pastime, and especially rewarding is the sight of proud new parents shepherding their swarm of tiny chicks through the weeds alongside a busy expressway. It seems to suggest that somehow, even if the rest of us eventually succumb to the traffic and pollution, the indomitable desert creatures will still be here—alive and well and living in Las Vegas. □

Readers are reminded that much of our wildlife today is protected by law, and those who might be considering the adoption of any wild orphan or invalid are urged first to contact the State Department of Wildlife or their local Humane Society, for advice or assistance.

(Continued from page 21)

dozen hands and soon being pushed, led and dragged to the little jail up on the hill. He was known to be a cyclone when drunk but during the two seasons he and Bruffey had elected themselves a committee of two in watching over Miss Watson's welfare he hadn't been known to take a drink. Now it was evident the sight of Miss Watson administering to Bert had been the final straw.

Pope Lucey felt the circumstance far too serious a matter for him to handle legally, so Judge Edgar Eather was brought down from Eureka, the County Seat, for a consultation. There was no doubt in Judge Eather's mind as to the seriousness of the incident. Even in Nevada shooting at someone was a crime to be dealt with severely.

Testimony and the Judge's on-the-spot investigation showed all windows shot out, door ruined, while every dress and unmentionable in a closet looked like all the moths in Nevada had concentrated on Miss Watson's finery. Also her dishes, porcelain ware and skillets "wouldn't even hold hay, now," as old John Craig observed.

Then there were curtains and little irreplaceable whatnots and jewelry to be considered as well as Margaret's mental anguish, to say nothing of attempted murder. A whopper of charges faced Gilman. Yet, there was the unquestionable friendship that not only the three principals had enjoyed, but the entire town as well.

"This is a case," Eather allowed, in his summation, "that would have made old Solomon scratch his head twice before handing down a verdict." Everyone excepting Miss Watson was in agreement.

"What about my house?" she wanted to know. "And my dresses—everything?"

"That," the Judge ruled, "would be a civil case. And it would be foolish to sue someone for damages when that *someone* has nothing." The Judge was reluctant to send Gilman to the Carson Prison, yet he needed to be punished for his night's foray, so he sentenced Gilman to the Eureka jail for 11 months for "disturbing the peace."

Bruffey and a few young and old admirers of Palisade's pretty teacher repaired her cabin the best that was possible but when that school term ended Miss Watson sold her three buildings for \$70 and vowed never to return.

Evidently she had absorbed all the "Western Lore" she cared for. □

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(Continued from page 28)

SCENIC FLIGHTS—This is strictly nostalgia. Scenic Airlines has two Ford Tri-Motor aircraft, both over 50 years old, that helped pioneer air passenger travel. You can ride them for tours over the Las Vegas Valley. The Scenic terminal is located at the north end of McCarran International Airport. For \$11 you can ride in the passenger compartment. A thrill for children of all ages is to ride in the co-pilot's seat, which costs \$12.50. Scenic offers hotel guests transportation to its terminal.

HELICOPTER TO THE DAM, VALLEY OF FIRE & GRAND CANYON—You can also ride high and hover for views and photos over the Las Vegas Strip, Hoover Dam and the Grand Canyon with two local helicopter services. Bauer Helicopter, located at the Gold Strike Inn midway between Boulder City and Hoover Dam, has charters and four standard (but spectacular) tours. A three-minute ride is \$5 per person, and for \$10 you can take a tour over Hoover Dam and lower Lake Mead. Two more ambitious outings are available with one day's notice. An hour whirlybird tour to Valley of Fire is \$70. Bauer's three-hour airconditioned tour of the Grand Canyon is \$125 per person, with four persons needed for a flight. Call 293-4022.

Based at the Hacienda on the Strip, Silver State Helicopters has a \$12.50, four-minute trip over the Strip and a \$20 swing over the Strip and downtown's Casino Center. Half-hour tours to Hoover Dam are \$150 total price for up to four persons. A day's notice is needed to schedule the two-hour Grand Canyon tour; it's \$600 for up to four people. Charters are \$300 an hour. Call 739-7078 for information and free van pickup service on the Strip and downtown.

MORE GRAND CANYON FLIGHTS—Scenic Airlines, Las Vegas Airlines, Silver State Airlines, and Nevada Airlines all have air tours of nature's greatest handiwork ranging from only an air tour, to excursions which include a ground tour and lunch; an overnight stay; and a mule ride to the bottom of the canyon. Most of the air tours start at \$50. The deluxe versions range from \$96 to nearly \$200. Group rates are available, so shop around. Charter airlines also offer package deals, but advance reservations are required. It is a short trip by car to one of three terminals at McCarran International Airport, or to the North Las Vegas Airport.

WESTWORLD—This new theme park is located 15 miles south of Las Vegas on the Boulder Highway on the outskirts of Henderson. It's a good place for the family to enjoy half a day, and entrance into the Old Fort portion is free. Here there is a restaurant, cocktail lounge, and theater. In the theater there is a slide show about the history of Las Vegas and a puppet show. The county fair costs \$4.95 for adults and \$3.95 for children for all rides and exhibits all day. The statue out front is of Spaniard Rafael Rivera, the first white man to enter

Las Vegas Valley, in 1826.

VEGAS BY HORSEBACK—Horses can be rented in Southern Nevada (from \$3-5 an hour) at Floyd R. Lamb State Park, the Daydream Ranch, and Bonnie Springs Ranch. Floyd R. Lamb State Park is 12 miles north of Las Vegas via U.S. 95 and Ann Road. The Daydream is in Paradise Valley at the corner of Warm Springs Road and Eastern Avenue. Bonnie Springs is next to the grounds of Old Nevada in Red Rock Canyon, 22 miles west of Las Vegas via Nevada 159-160.

50-125 MILES ROUND TRIP

NORTH SHORE DRIVE—Here is an outdoor drive of a day or half a day. Take the North Shore Road to the Bowl of Fire 27 miles from Henderson via Nevada 41 and 41A. There are plenty of red sandstone formations to climb—be king of your own mountain. It is 26 miles farther to Rogers Springs, a warm springs with a picnic area where swimming is permitted. It is 12 miles farther to Nevada 40-169 and Valley of Fire State Park with its spectacular rock formations and Indian petroglyphs. The road that goes past the Visitor's Center into Petroglyph Canyon and Mouse's Tank is a rewarding one. Return to Las Vegas via Nevada 40-159 and I-15.

THE ANCIENTS SPEAK—For hundreds of years before the white man appeared, several Indian cultures thrived in Southern Nevada. The most visible evidence of their passing is the pictographs and petroglyphs they left behind. The best examples are in Petroglyph Canyon in Valley of Fire State Park. Travel 34 miles north on I-15 to Nevada 40-169, then east 18 miles to the park. Write down the symbols and what you think they mean. It is 14 miles from the park to the Lost City Museum in Overton, where there is a chart with all of the symbols interpreted in addition to other artifacts from the Casa Grande de Nevada, an ancient Pueblo culture. Gray Line has tours to this area on some days for \$16 per person.

HOUSEBOATING MEAD & MOHAVE—Forget about the bills, traffic, even the kids, and rent a houseboat at Cottonwood Cove or Echo Bay in Nevada or Katherine Landing in Arizona. At Echo and Katherine it is \$390 per weekend for 10 people, and \$300 for six from April through October. From November to March it's \$260 for 10, and \$200 for six. Rates start at \$170 per day at Cottonwood. All three marinas have rental boats for fishing and water skiing; prices and availability vary. Echo Bay is 43 miles from Las Vegas via the Boulder Highway, Nevada 41 and Nevada 41A. Cottonwood Cove is 50 miles south of Las Vegas via the Boulder Highway, U.S. 95, and Nevada 68-164. Katherine Landing is 80 miles south of Las Vegas via U.S. 95, and Nevada 77-163 on the Arizona side of Lake Mohave. Other marinas are planning to offer houseboats.

(Continued on page 66)

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Show Guide



TOM JONES

LAS VEGAS

ALADDIN

736-0111
Loretta Lynn, thru 9/3
Gabriel Kaplan, 9/4-17
Frankie Valli, 9/18-10/1
Lola Falana-Paul Williams, 10/2-15
Lola Falana-Rodney Dangerfield, 10/16-29
Frankie Valli, 10/30-11/5

CAESARS PALACE

731-7431
Sammy Davis, Jr., thru 9/5

CIRCUS CIRCUS

734-0410
Round the World Circus Acts

DESERT INN

733-4444
Tony Bennett-Count Basie, thru 9/10

DUNES

737-4110
Casino de Paris '79

FLAMINGO HILTON

733-3111
Razzle Dazzle

FOUR QUEENS

385-4011
Jimmy Carter & Friends, thru 9/2
Helen Long & The Long Shots, 9/3-29
The Gathering, 10/1-27

FRONTIER

734-0110
Lola Falana-Foster Brooks, thru 9/5
Steve Lawrence & Eydie Gorme, 9/6-19
Roy Clark, 9/20-29
Juliet Prowse-Foster Brooks, 10/4-31

HACIENDA

739-8911
Ice Fantasy

HOLIDAY CASINO

732-2411
Wild World of Burlesque

LAS VEGAS HILTON

734-7777
Paul Anka, thru 9/3
John Davidson, 9/4-9/24
Osmonds, 9/25-10/15
Lou Rawls, 10/16-10/29
Liberace, 10/30-11/19

MARINA

739-1500
Bare Touch of Vegas

MAXIM

731-4300
Olde Tyme Burlesque

MGM GRAND HOTEL, LAS VEGAS

739-4567
Ziegfeld Room:
Halleluja Hollywood
Celebrity Room:
Donna Summer, thru 9/5
Dean Martin, 9/6-19
Engelbert, 9/20-10/3
Mac Davis, 10/4-24

RIVIERA

734-5301
Glen Campbell-Bernadette Peters, thru 9/5
Steve Martin, 9/6-12
Neil Sedaka-Milton Berle, 9/13-26
Disco Festival with Wolf Man Jack, 9/27-10/3

SAHARA

735-4242
Dom Deluise, 9/6-12
Tennessee Ernie Ford-Skiles & Henderson, dinner, 9/13-20
Buddy Hackett-Peter Marshall, midnight, 9/13-20
Johnny Carson, 9/21-22
Flip Wilson-Joeey Heatherton, 9/23-10/3
Don Rickles, 10/4-17
Charo, 10/18-11/1

SANDS

735-2916
Dionne Warwick-Charlie Callas, thru 9/11
Shecky Greene-Bernadette Peters, 9/12-25
Dionne Warwick, 9/26-10/9
Alan King, 10/10-30
Wayne Newton, 10/31-12/15

SILVER SLIPPER

734-1212
Boylesque & Morris as Elvis

STARDUST

732-6325
Lido de Paris '79

TROPICANA

739-2411
Folies Bergere '79

UNION PLAZA

386-2444
"Too Many for the Bed," Virginia Mayo, comedy, indf.
Mickey Finn Show, indf.



THE FOLIES BERGERE

LAKE TAHOE

CAL-NEVA LODGE

831-1511
"C'est Magnifique" French Review, thru 9/30
Jesse Davis, 9/-30
Jerry Sun, 10/2-28

CRYSTAL BAY CLUB

831-0512
Country Cross Roads, 9/4-30

HARRAH'S LAKE TAHOE

329-4422
Judy Collins-Jim Stafford, thru 9/3
Johnny Mathis, 9/4-10
Paul Anka, 9/11-20
Merle Haggard, 9/21-27
Steve Martin, 9/28-10/1
Wayne Newton, 10/2-11
Neil Sedaka-Sammy Shore, 10/12-25
Bill Cosby-Jack Jones, 10/26-11/8

HARVEY'S
588-2411

Continuous Entertainment 2:15 pm
thru 5 am with:
Chaser Four, thru 9/4
Jerry Sun, thru 9/16
Ron Rose, thru 10/15
Lenny Herman, Big Tiny Little, 9/3-23
Towers, 9/10-23
Elegant IV, 9/17-10/7
Jessie Lopez, 10/1-14
Ernie Menchune, 10/1-21
Terry Allen, 10/9-22
Bill Page & Co., 10/16-28
Frankie Fanelli, Sun Spots, Kenny
Laursen, 10/22-11/11

PARK TAHOE
588-3515

The Train alias Ricky and the
Redstreaks, 9/1-16
The Jack Ross Musicians, 9/18-30
Expression, 10/8-27
Edwards & Wilde, 10/16-31

SAHARA TAHOE
588-6211

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Engelbert, thru 9/4
Rich Little, 9/5-11
Tom Jones, 9/12-18

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CARSON CITY**

CARSON CITY NUGGET
882-1626

Jaguars, thru 9/16
Jerry Sun Show, 9/18-30
Zella Lehr, 10/2-21
Four Tunes Plus One, 10/23-11/18

CIRCUS CIRCUS
329-0711

Variety Entertainment
Circus acts

ELDORADO
786-5700

The Wonderful World of Burlesque,
indf.

FITZGERALD'S
786-3663

Clyde Amsler, thru 9/2
Castro Sisters, thru 9/17
Links, 9/14-23
Kenny Laursen, 9/19-10/8
Christi & Coats, 9/25-10/14
Big Tiny Little, 9/25-10/14

HAROLDS CLUB
329-0881

Bordello Revue, indf.

HARRAH'S CLUB
329-4422

Tony Orlando, thru 9/16
Bobby Vinton, 9/17-26
Anne Murray-Frank Gorshin,
9/27-10/5
Andy Kaufman, 10/6-10
John Davidson, 10/11-24
Ben Vereen, 10/25-11/8

MAPES

323-1611
Variety Entertainment

MAPES MONEY TREE
323-2023

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Variety Entertainment



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Lion's Den:
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Anthony & The Ryan Express,
thru 9/25
Ritchie Walton Review, The
Muglestons & Smash, 9/26-10/23
Liz Damon's Orient Express & Aureus,
10/24-11/20

**JOHN ASCUAGA'S NUGGET,
SPARKS**
358-2233

Shirley MacLaine, thru 9/6
Juliet Prowse-Lonnie Shorr, 9/7-21
Conway Twitty-Lennon Sisters,
9/22-10/5
Liberace, 10/6-22

ON SLOW
786-7310

Ultra Brite, thru 9/15
Miles Sherman, 9/17-10/13
The Good life, 10/15-11/10

ORMSBY HOUSE, CARSON CITY
882-1890

Tony Castro, thru 9/9
Two of Clubs, thru 9/16
Hot Silk, 9/10-30
Maty's Brothers, 9/17-10/7

RIVERSIDE

896-4400
Dancing to the Fabulous 40's, indf.



CONNIE STEVENS

SAHARA RENO
322-1111

Opera House Theatre:
"My Fair Lady" with Douglas
Fairbanks Jr., thru 9/30
Jeff Kutash's Dancin' Machine, indf.
Jan Murray, thru 9/9
Rip Taylor, 9/10-16
Wayland & Madame, 9/17-30
Rusty Warren, 10/8-21
Rip Taylor, 10/22-11/4

SHY CLOWN

358-6632
Country Western Music

RURAL NEVADA

Commercial Hotel, Elko
738-3181

Stockmen's Hotel, Elko
738-5141

Hotel Nevada, Ely
289-4414

Sharkey's, Gardnerville
782-3133

Cactus Pete's, Jackpot
755-2321

Horseshu Casino, Jackpot
755-2331

Stateline Casino, Wendover
668-2221

Winners Inn, Winnemucca
623-2511

Dates and performers
subject to change.

(Continued from page 63)

HISTORY FOR CAMPERS—Searchlight was the largest town in Nevada at the turn of the century. Now it is a quiet town of a few hundred, but the past is easily visible. Nearby is the Lake Mohave resort of Cottonwood Cove. There is plenty to explore in this area, but be careful since many old mine shafts and excavations are not marked. Drive 56 miles to Searchlight via the Boulder Highway and U.S. 95. Cottonwood Cove is 14 miles east via Nevada 68-164. Here is a good trip for people with campers.

LIVING HISTORY—Here is a rare treat. In Nelson, river man Murl Emery remembers the old mining boom days in Eldorado Canyon, and has a mining museum full of priceless equipment from that era. Take the Boulder Highway to U.S. 95 to Nevada 60-165 and 12 miles to Nelson (48 miles in all). Let Emery tell his story, operate a 1905 stamping mill and look at some of his other treasures, which include a bell from a locomotive of the long-forgotten Searchlight-Cottonwood Cove shortline railroad. After visiting Nelson, head toward Lake Mohave. See old mining ruins and stand on a viewpoint over the water.

WARM SPRING SWIMMING—Warm Springs Resort was named the No. 1 American swimming resort by *Esquire Magazine* last year. The spa will soon be bought by a

conservation group to preserve a rare type of pupfish living in the area's ponds, so take advantage of the place while you still can. Drive 49 miles north of I-15, then three miles on Nevada 7-168. Swimming is \$3 for anybody over five, and \$2 for kids under 5. Tables are \$2 apiece, and a lighted barbecue is \$2. Groups are also welcome, and bus companies can arrange a package deal if desired. Campers are welcome; those with sleeping bags can sleep on the lawn. The resort probably will go out of business sometime in 1980.

INDIAN HANDICRAFTS—You don't have to go to Arizona or New Mexico for original Indian handicrafts. The Moapa Band of Paiute Indians have a unique style to their leathercraft and jewelry. They will make it to your order as well. Head north 49 miles on I-15, then 10 miles to the reservation's community center on Nevada 7-168. Tribal members also are willing to show other aspects of their growing economic base, including what will eventually be a huge tomato plantation.

MOUNTAIN PINES & PICNICS—Kyle Canyon in the Toiyabe National Forest is a popular hideaway for Las Vegas. Drive on U.S. 95 north 15 miles to Nevada 39-157 and then 20 miles to Cathedral Rock, reached by a short trail. It is one mile farther to Mt. Charleston Lodge for refreshments or a meal or both. Hardwood trees in

Kyle Canyon begin to turn color about late September. There are three scenic picnic areas in Kyle Canyon.

DEER CREEK TRAILS & VIEWS—Forest Highway 22 is a fine 10-mile scenic drive between Kyle and Lee canyons with several viewpoints and short, enjoyable forest trails. From Las Vegas, it is 15 miles north on U.S. 95 and 17 west on Nevada 39-157 to the Deer Creek Cutoff (Highway 22). Four miles north on 22 is the trail to Robber's Roost, an easy quarter-mile walk to a remarkable cleft in Mummy Mountain. Five miles ahead on 22 is the Desert View Trail, a .2 mile stroll with a spectacular vista of the desert below and the Sheep Range more than 20 miles eastward. The trail is set up for wheelchair visitors. Some days you can see the mighty Monitor Range 200 miles to the north in Central Nevada. Continue to the Lee Canyon Road and down to U.S. 95 for your return to Vegas.

SKI FUN—Lee Canyon Ski Area offers a chairlift, T-bar, and advanced and beginners hills for winter skiing. There is usually bus transportation from several points in Las Vegas and from the beginning of Lee Canyon Road for \$2-4. Lift tickets cost \$6 for the T-bar, and \$8 for all lifts, \$5 for half day (after noon). It is 47 miles from Las Vegas via U.S. 95 and Nevada 52-156. The ski season usually begins in December and lasts until late March.

THE ROAD TO PAHRUMP—This trip takes motorists to a favorite stop on the Old Spanish Trail and one of Nevada's newest communities (bring your golf clubs along). Take I-15 west to Nevada 160 and travel 42 miles to the Tecopa turnoff. It is 6.5 miles to Stump Springs, where there are many places to explore or picnic. Backtrack 13 miles to Pahrump, now the largest community in Nye County. Excellent golf and dining at the country club, but there are other places to stop as well. Wildflowers are spectacular in spring.

NEVADA'S OLDEST MINE—To most people Virginia City is Nevada's mother lode, with the oldest mines in the state. Actually the first was at the base of Mt. Potosi near Las Vegas in 1855. The Mormons mined lead there but complained that bullets made from the ore were too brittle. They found out why when assays revealed a high silver content. To reach the mine travel 10 miles on I-15 south to Nevada 160, then 20 miles west to the Mt. Potosi cutoff. The mine is 4.4 miles farther by dirt road. Afterwards backtrack to Nevada 160, and travel two miles west to Mountain Springs Lodge for refreshments.

GHOST TOWN & ROCKHOUND ROUTE—Drive 30 miles south on I-15, then 7 miles west on Nevada 53-161 to Goodsprings. The town was the center of a thriving mining area even into the 1930s, but the ore finally played out. What is left of the once thriving community is there to see, including one of Nevada's most colorful graveyards. The saloon on Main Street

(Continued on page 70)



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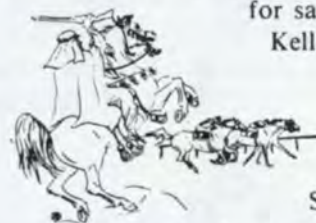
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50 TOWN & COUNTRY TRIPS

(Continued from page 66)

exists as it was the day it was built. After visiting, travel 14 miles west by gravel road to the gold mining area of Sandy, where it is said gold could still be mined. A good area for rock hunters, too.

125 MILES & UP ROUND TRIP

HISTORIC LINCOLN COUNTY—Here is a test for the EPA mileage estimates for your car—a drive to scenic and historic Lincoln County, a one-way trip of nearly 180 miles. Via I-15 and U.S. 93, it is 93 miles to Alamo and lush Pahrnagat Valley. Caliente is 42 miles farther, and Kershaw-Ryan State Park is two miles away. Ten miles north is spectacular Cathedral Gorge. After another 10 miles you'll arrive in the town of Pioche, known for its corruption, gunfights and mining boom of the late 1800s. Other state parks and historic sites are nearby.

RIVER RESORTS & CLUBS—One of the fastest-growing resort areas in Nevada centers around Davis Dam in the Nevada community of Laughlin and the Arizona town of Bullhead City. All kinds of water sports are available on Lake Mohave and the Colorado River. Bullhead City has a golf course, restaurants and Katherine Landing marina. On the Nevada side there are two hotel-casinos, the Southpoint Nevada Club and the Riverside Resort. Many Las Vegas are finding this area a good way to spend a weekend. Rooms are from \$14-28 per night on either side of the river. Drive 75 miles on U.S. 95 to Nevada 77-163 and it is 20 miles farther to Laughlin and Davis Dam.

ARIZONA GHOST TOWNS—This trip takes visitors to a ghost town which still lives in the past and two that have died. Take the Boulder Highway and U.S. 93 across Hoover Dam to the Chloride turnoff 76 miles southwest of Las Vegas. It is 4 miles farther to Chloride, scene of a mining boom more than 70 years ago; there is plenty to explore. Go back to U.S. 93, and travel south through Kingman to the Oatman turnoff, about 30 miles. It is 20 miles to Oatman, scene of colorful saloons and shops, bank holdups, shootouts, and mock hangings in "The Town That Refuses to Die." There are many old mining ruins at both Oatman and nearby Goldroad, another boom town which died.

THE GHOSTS OF RHYOLITE—Nevada had many famous booms at the beginning of this century, and Rhyolite expresses them all. Take U.S. 95 north 115 miles to the tiny town of Beatty. It is four miles west to Rhyolite. After the boom of 1902-11, most wooden buildings were dismantled, but much remains, including the Bottle House and the old railroad station. Remains of the bank and stock exchange rear three stories above the desert. Here more than 10,000 people lived in 1907, but by 1920 only a few hundred remained. At times there are permanent residents. This is also a good area for rock hunters, but most souvenirs have long since disappeared. □

OUR LANES ARE GROWING

Today the Showboat Hotel is unique among all the resort hotels in the world because of its giant 106 championship bowling lanes. The site of nationwide TV tournament play, this new bowling complex hosts top competition: \$125,000 Showboat PBA, World Wide Military Bowling Classic, Western Regional PBA, Professional Coast Bowlers, American Bowling Association, Western Women Professional Bowlers, Elks Bowling Tournament, National Greyhound Tournament, and more. You'll agree with many top bowlers that the championship facility is without parallel anywhere. Strike out for entertainment. Strike out for the place where the champions gain their fame.

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Sept. 11 thru 20
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Sept. 21 thru 27
Steve Martin
Sept. 28 thru Oct. 1
Wayne Newton
Oct. 2 thru 11
Neil Sedaka
Oct. 12 thru 25
Bill Cosby
Jack Jones
Oct. 26 thru Nov. 8

In Reno

Tony Orlando
Thru Sept. 16
Bobby Vinton
Sept. 17 thru 26
Anne Murray
Frank Gorshin
Sept. 27 thru Oct. 5
Andy Kaufman
Oct. 6 thru 10
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Oct. 11 thru 24
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