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Table Mountain Wrangler
Great Nevada Picture Hunt

NEVADA

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Country music stars Willie Nelson, Merle Haggard and Judy Lynn. (Photos courtesy Harrah's, Harrah's, and John Ascuaga's Nugget.)

Editorial

Bud Hage is Old Nevada and most of his life has been spent in the state. His grandfather was a teamster in Elko County in the late 1800s; his mother a one-room school-house teacher; his father a mining man who traveled all over the state. Bud's own work has always been wrangling and ranching and he wouldn't change that, but his love is writing:

"I spent a lot of years sitting at roundup camps where the only form of entertainment was storytelling," he says. "After you have heard so many interesting tales and you enjoy them so much yourself, you just want to write them down so that others can enjoy them too."

Bud lives with his wife Jean and their five children on a large ranch in Central Nevada. He likes to read Brett Hart, Mark Twain and Charles M. Russell. "Any time you read, you learn," he says. And any time Hage is involved in an issue of Nevada Magazine, we learn.

See Hage's, "Hat Crazy in Winnemucca" on page 34, and his history of hats and boots in the "Cowboy Chic" section starting on page 22.

* * *

Leon Mandel is New Nevada and most of his life has been spent out of state. He has tested cars for Volvo in Gutenberg and for Mercedes in Stuttgart. He has covered the Grand Prix from the palace steps at Monaco and also

from the backstreets of Long Beach. He has his own Car Commentary on Reno's Channel 2 TV

At times caustic, at times frivolous but always descriptive, Mandel is worth listening to. He has paused for a moment from the midst of writing "The Official Biography of William F. Harrah" (which will be offered by Doubleday late next year) to write a special piece for Nevada.

Mandel has absolute belief in geographic differences, and he's lived enough places to recognize them.

"So far as I am concerned," he says, "we are all Americans but we are different Americans because values and goals and achievements are dependent upon where you grow up and where you live now. The view from the West, and particularly Nevada, is clear and focuses more sharply on things of worth than views from the smoggy airbasin of Southern California or the soot-filled skies of Manhattan."

Mandel's story, "The Unique Nevadan," page 12.

* * *

What is Nevada's tallest building? When did the first wagon train cross the state? How many Nevada ball players have reached the major leagues?

These questions were asked of David W. Toll, who has traveled the state more than Hage or Mandel and who has enough connections to get the right answers. "Ask Nevada" starts on page 42.

—C. J. Hadley



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Letters

JUDGES OFF

My neighbor and I have been wondering just who has been judging your photo contests. My two-year-old sister could find a better subject. Or maybe you are looking for the most unusual?

Isn't this supposed to be a Nevada Magazine or is this supposed to be a symbol of prostitution (referring to picture on page 18 in Spring 1979)?

Tim Yeager
Reno, NV

Judges' names were mentioned with the photographs. I was one of them.—Ed.

On page 16 of the Spring 1979 issue there is a photograph called, "Sign of the Times." Please tell me what is pictured. I have asked 10 people and not one could figure what it was.

L. W. Blumstrom
Reno, NV

The picture was of bullet holes in a sign, much to the chagrin of the State.—Ed.

SPREADING SUNSHINE

Your Spring 1979 issue is great! Especially the Nevada 79 coverage and your comments about this museum dictator. My hat size is larger and my ego has grown to mammoth proportions. After a lousy Monday, you have brought sunshine into my life on Tuesday.

Howard Hickson
Museum Director,
Northeastern Nevada Museum
Elko, NV

I would like to congratulate you on a beautiful looking edition of Nevada Magazine. I thoroughly enjoyed your Spring issue.

Richard P. Graetz
Publisher, Montana Magazine
Montana looks pretty good to us too.—Ed.

We had never been to Reno until two years ago. Now we go three times a year. Only wish Nevada Magazine would be published monthly instead of every three.

Ann Lang
Corbett, OR.

No renewal this time. At \$1.50 per copy, it's a stretch to get data that will interest people to put up more money for a magazine that they seldom see! You should print at least six times a year.

Homer N. Just
Glendale, CA.

As of this issue, we do. And cost to subscribers is \$6.95 per year—only \$1.16 per copy!—Ed.

THANKS

You people are terrific. Your Western Hospitality has improved upon the fabled Southern brand. I had requested the address of one of your competitors in the southwest and only half hoped that you would respond. You went much

better than an address—you sent me a sample copy! Your magazine is much better.

Arthur J. Chorazy
Lancaster, PA.

SLIPS

The central Nevada mountains are beautiful in their own right. It is a shame that your article writer in Winter 1979 chose to use photos from the Sierra Nevada inferring they were the Toiyabes.

Tom Robinson
Fallon, NV

You're right, Robinson, no fault of the authors', however. The caption printed belonged to the Toiyabe shots (page 32 and top of 33). The caption for the Tahoe shots (another good cross country ski area) was missing.—Ed.

TOLL TAKEN

There once was a writer named Toll
Who lived on top of a hole
In the town of Gold Hill
Where he wrote of DeQuille
'Till the wind from the east took its Toll.

Sue Skibbins
Corvallis, OR.

Being a frequent visitor to Virginia City and having always enjoyed the great Mark Twain, it was a real pleasure reading David Toll's "Princes of the Fourth Estate," in the Fall 1978 edition. Toll was as descriptive as the old master himself.

Paul Verlasky
Chula Vista, CA.

HARRY WEBB FOLLOWING

Please advise me if there is a book of all the writings of Harry E. Webb.

Kenneth Eib
Bellflower, CA.

Unfortunately, there isn't, but there is a collection of magazines that include Webb's great stories at the University of Wyoming in Laramie and another at the Fremont County Library in Lander. We are pleased to say that Harry Webb will be a frequent contributor to this magazine in the future.—Ed.

A Texas editor published the following a few years back:

NOTT GOT SHOTT SHOTT WAS NOT!


Harry E. Webb, 1973 Spur winner in the Short Subjects category for his article, "Call of the Cow Country," published in Westerner Magazine, contributes the following gleaned from *The Cleburn (Texas) Chronicle* of Dec. 12, 1868:

"A pistol duel was fought recently by Alexander Shott and John C. Nott. Nott was shot but Shott was not, and in this case it appears it was better to be Shott than Nott.

"There is a rumor that Nott was not shot by Shott but Shott swears he shot Nott, so such conflicting versions either prove that the shot Shott says he shot at Nott missed Nott or that Nott was shot by Shott, all rumors notwithstanding."

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Las Vegas Art & Artists

Under the icing of neon, an active arts community is thriving in Las Vegas. Thirty-odd art sellers dot the Southern Nevada desert, marketing quality to schlock. They are scattered from Boulder City to Pahrump, though the concentration of galleries is on the Strip and its closer suburbs. Las Vegas boasts an original Albert Bierstadt, a Grandma Moses and a smattering of good European art. Predictably, prints abound in the hotel art shops, and the unwary may find factory art in too-rich frames at too-high prices.

But even the budget-bound collector can find good value, which is the reward for shopping with a critical eye. The predominant bargains are in native western art by local artists. Because of its current popularity, western work overbalances other styles in area galleries, so the choice is good and often underpriced.

The Las Vegas Art League, headquartered in a quaint former motel in Lorenzi Park northwest of the city, includes a membership of 250 practicing artists and patrons. Members' work is seen regularly in the rotating exhibits in the Las Vegas Art Museum, and forms the backbone of exhibitors in the primary community shows: the Elks Helldorado western art competition held in May, the Jaycees State Fair art show in August, and the Boulder City Art Festival in October. The League hosted the prestigious annual show of the Women Artists of the American West last summer, a significant event in a community where culture is just passing out of its adolescence.

The artistic alternatives are enormous in Southern Nevada. Two daily newspapers provide substantial coverage of the visual arts. The offices and branches of Valley Bank of Nevada display pieces from a fine collection of paintings and sculpture by such artists as Frederic Remington, Charles Russell, Cyrus Dallin and Harry Jackson.

Opportunities abound in art education at University of Nevada Las Vegas, at Clark County Community

College and through the teaching programs of the various galleries and private instructors. The new Cultural Focus Tours under the direction of Jeanne Clark provide selective excursions that hit the "high spots" of Las Vegas' art scene.

—Judee Quillin

LUCILLE SPIRE BRUNER

Lucille Spire Bruner moved to Las Vegas in 1947. "I thought it was just no place," she says. "It took me a long time before I could see the desert. I had come down from the mid-west where it was brilliant greens and brilliant reds and it took me two years to begin to see the beauty of it. Bare mountains. Old bones sticking out. I felt real uncomfortable at first and just couldn't see it at all."

But her love for the desert finally grew and she began to see the soft delicate qualities and colors as she lived with it. "Then I could see what a tremendous range of color you got: not because of the vegetation on the hills but because of the light. Painting the desert is a tremendous challenge because the light changes from second to second."

Bruner says that for the first two years she didn't meet anyone who could even lift a paintbrush but she realized the need for an art association in the south. In 1950 she and a handful of cohorts founded the Las Vegas Art League to promote local adult artists in Southern Nevada. The league eventually moved into its present headquarters in northwest Las Vegas at 3333 West Washington, which she calls a fine example of 1930s architecture. Local members hang and sell their work at the museum, an important outlet for young Las Vegas artists.

Today Lucille Bruner is still spreading the gospel, but now her interest is focused hundreds of miles from the Vegas art scene. At least twice a year she loads her art supplies and camp gear into her blue van and heads into the cow counties to visit Tonopah, Fish

Lake Valley, Gabbs and Pioche. There, she and other artists conduct workshops for adults and elementary and high school students.

"We encourage as many artists as we can, from kindergarten to senior citizens," she says. "I think that only when you have a great many people working with art that you'll be able to develop an art to explain the people, their particular time."

"Nevada is such a unique state and we have such a wealth of very rare material here. And I think those who live in Tonopah can interpret Tonopah better than a visitor. Locals know the heart, the spirit of it."

Bruner began her new career as a roving artist four years ago when she hitched a ride with the Clark County Bookmobile. "I said if you let me ride along with you, then I will give a demonstration in places we stop." In time she was conducting full scale classes and local programs. When local library services came to Tonopah and Caliente, and Bookmobile trips ceased, Bruner enlisted the help of the Nevada Council on the Arts, whose grant helped establish the present Artmobile and got Bruner back on the road.

Her travels are documented in the work hanging in her Las Vegas home—the road to Gabbs, the blacksmith shop at Spring Mountain Ranch, a railroad car at Caliente, and desert landscapes. She also enjoys painting still life, which she uses in teaching, and murals. One mural is in a Las Vegas hearing clinic for children. "They put them in a room that looked like a big ice box," she recalls, "and it scared the kids to death." Her solution was to redo the room like a cockpit in space, with windows, stars, a lunar landscape—and the kids loved it.

Taking art to the people is Lucille Bruner's favorite mission. "We try to help the people in different areas gain enough skill so they can record their own heritage, because art is history. It isn't just a picture to hang on the wall."

—David E. Moore



Lucile Spire Bruner, ready to go to the cow counties to teach art (above). Still life by Bruner (top left), black and white ink wash landscape (below).



ROY PURCELL

All of Roy Purcell's subjects seem to be going somewhere. A road disappearing in an old mining town; an Indian on the trail; creaking wagons slowly climbing Donner Pass; the solitary figure in the desert.

If you said Purcell's works are a trip, he'd probably agree—in a deeply personal way "I'm always on a journey,

searching to find out what I am, who I am, and always the artwork reflects what's going on inside."

Henderson's noted artist has taken the creative path a long way from the day he was shoved out of his college's art department to the measure of fame and respect he has found in the Nevada art world. His etchings have appeared in and on the covers of many western books and magazines. Limited edition prints of his striking desert scenes are featured in several Southern Nevada galleries.

Roy, his wife Florence, and their six children, ranging from one to 17 years of age, live in a peaceful and shaded residential street in Henderson. The front of the house is a friendly Roy Purcell jungle with trees, rocks and vegetation careening about the stucco. In the back, his studio is warm and orderly reflecting a new harmony as he remembers old confrontations.

"I used to think that the artist was a unique individual. My ego demanded that when I first started, which was essential at the time because I was a very insecure person."

Purcell says his confidence was sparked by his work on rock murals he painted at Chloride, Arizona in the mid-1960s. "When I started, it frightened me. How does one paint a mountain? You take one step at a time. You paint one rock and then another and then another. Then you paint the whole goddamn mountain."

"When I finished I realized I could do anything I wanted."

At the same time, his conscience told him to try another direction. In Kingman, Arizona, Purcell offered to do a mural at the local museum. He, in turn, was offered the museum's directorship. In 1970 he brought his lively style to Southern Nevada Museum in Henderson. There Purcell became a local celebrity with a weekly TV show and a busy schedule of activities.



Roy Purcell's etchings, drawings and watercolors are sold in many Las Vegas Galleries, including Nevada Arts Inc. at McCarran Airport.

mastime, more than 30 people showed up for his staging of the Last Supper. The mural has been commissioned by Las Vegas' First Presbyterian Church. And other commissions are in the works with themes still to be developed.

"The journey never quits," says Roy Purcell. "The journey is the goal."

—David E. Moore

BUSTER WILSON

Buster Wilson was a Las Vegan and a Paiute, a talented painter who made his living as a stonemason and handyman. He received little recognition for his fine landscapes and portraits, which today are treasured by friends and collectors.

Russell "Buster" Wilson spent his life in the desert and forested trails near his family's Spring Mountain Ranch. There, generations ago, rancher James Wilson found a Paiute woman and her two small sons lying in the shade of a mesquite tree, more dead than alive. He took them into his home, and after their mother died, Wilson adopted the two boys whom he called Tweed and Jim. Tweed later married, and his first son was Buster.

From an early age Buster sketched cactus and desert flowers with charcoal and pencil. He colored mountains and clouds in pastels and watercolors and finally turned to oils. He carved in wood and stone. Often he was called by Hollywood studios to paint western backdrops, scenery at which he excelled.

A dedicated storyteller, Buster enjoyed sharing his vast knowledge of the desert and mountains, plants and animals, and his people, the Paiutes. He knew the springs where his earliest

But after four years of what he calls his "seven year apprenticeship with humanity," Purcell was getting bogged down. "I needed to jump into the next line of life." What followed was Purcell's period as a freelance artist supporting his family.

Now his attention has turned to murals. "I was doing etchings and started adding water colors, doing little studies off to the side. I kept getting bigger ideas so I wanted to do a mural. Nobody had ever done a mural in watercolor before."

About that time, officials at Southwest Gas contacted Purcell about doing a mural for their new office building in Las Vegas. The result was his "search for Eldorado" depicting the development of the West and the use of energy. Then realtor Charles Ruthe

asked him to do a mural and gave him a free hand.

Purcell and a woman model he had been working with visited Red Rock Canyon, Mt. Charleston, Valley of Fire, Lakeshore Road, Lake Mohave and Spirit Mountain. "We did the whole surrounding area, always with the robed woman floating on the landscape, very powerful images and very symbolic, so here I was bouncing from the Southwest Gas and outward reality, the old west, to this new inward expression."

In developing those new personal themes, Purcell embarked on yet another project last winter, a series of scenes of the life of Christ. The models he used were people he'd met around town and invited to enactments and photo sessions at Nelson. At Christ-

ancestors had camped and where to find arrowheads and rare incised stones hidden for centuries in the sand.

He had many wild friends like his adopted badger and the birds that flew to him unafraid. Once he explained in good humor how a painting of Wilson Peak had to be postponed because his pet pack rat had stolen his camel hair brush. "I went to the truck to go buy another brush in town," he said, "and danged if Mrs. Pack Rat hadn't built a nest in the engine and furnished it with five babies." Buster shut the hood carefully, leaving the family in privacy and his painting unfinished.

Southern Nevada was the only home he wanted. In one of his last poems Buster wrote, "I will always feel the whisper of the desert wind, smell the sage, and see the stars above the mountaintops."

Buster Wilson died at the age of 63, and was buried at the Spring Mountain Ranch next to his father and Uncle Jim.

Today several of Buster's oils are displayed at Special Collections in the University of Nevada Las Vegas Library, donated by Las Vegas such as Sherwin "Scoop" Garside and Celesta Lowe. Other works adorn the homes of friends who share Buster's love of Southern Nevada's natural beauty
—Florine Lawlor

MONTYNE

Most civilizations number among their heroes a few artists who personify, not only in their works but in their lives, the ideas upon which those civilizations are based. The unique world of the Nevada casino is no exception. This culture's central theme is the realization of adult fantasy, and its favorite artist is one whose work brings life to fantasies we normally meet only in our dreams.

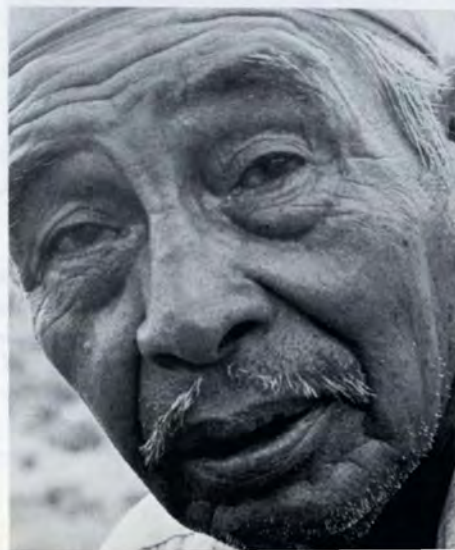
True to the rule, the artist, Montyne, has lived the sort of life his art depicts—full of straining muscles and adventures, swords and struggle, beautiful women and exotic lands.

Nothing better illustrates this spirit than one of his statues, which stands in front of Circus Circus on the Las Vegas Strip. The work depicts a muscular acrobat, upside down, balancing his weight on a single finger

It is a self-portrait. Even while engaged in a lucrative career as a painter and sculptor, Montyne also has performed such flamboyant acrobatics professionally before audiences throughout the world. The name he



Lost Eagle, by Buster Wilson, 1968.



JACKIE BUCK

"Buster" in 1969.



Montyne with his "Acrobat" outside Circus Circus in Las Vegas (above); Montyne putting finishing touches to MGM's ceiling, Las Vegas (below).

signs to his most important works—Montyne—was originally a stage name, and now he uses no other for any purpose.

With artistic talents discovered early, Montyne was hailed as a child prodigy and offered unusually early

access to serious art training. But he studied so hard that he became the stereotype of intellectual excess—a sickly little scholar. And at the age of 12 the inevitable happened: somebody kicked sand in his face.

"I immediately developed a consum-

ing interest in physical strength," he says. A mail-order body-building course was only the first step in a lifelong pursuit of physical culture—and the first step toward an extraordinary feel for depicting the human body involved in mighty efforts.

Montyne came to Las Vegas in 1968 to sculpt five of the circus-theme statues in front of Circus Circus. The first, the acrobatic self-portrait, is now one of the most-photographed sculptures in the world.

Later Montyne transformed the flat walls of the Las Vegas Hilton's convention hall into the formal gardens of Versailles, and filled those gardens with scenes of courtly life. He hung thundering thoroughbreds along the wall of a race-betting parlor, and on the opposite wall, behind a sports book, painted Roman gladiators battling with *cesti*—the studded, man-killing ancestors of today's boxing gloves. His smaller statues of nymphs and running horses have commanded four and five-figure prices in the prestigious Jamari art galleries located in hotels.

But his most challenging commission came with the building of the MGM Grand Hotel. The MGM casino would be the largest ever built, longer than a football field, and each of the 12 arches supporting the casino's vaulted roof was to be adorned with two original paintings. But due to delays in awarding the commission, Montyne could start painting only two months before the opening date.

"I completed the first painting in 24 hours," remembers Montyne. "I had selected the Greco-Roman legends as my theme, and the first one I did was of myself, as Bacchus. In the same series I rendered my wife, China, as Diana the Huntress, as Athena, and as some lesser-known goddesses as well. And I did myself again, as another Bacchus, this one quite drunken. By that time it was pretty easy to look dissolute, because I had been working for weeks with very little rest."

Too large for the studio, the paintings were begun on Montyne's patio. As each one neared completion, workmen trucked it to the hotel and attached it to the ceiling, while Montyne started a new painting. They had to be completed while in place, and Montyne did that from a scaffold.

"Sometimes I actually went to sleep on that scaffold," Montyne says. "I would keep on painting in my sleep, and would not know I had been asleep

(Continued on page 14)

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A Nevadan's values might be disadvantageous in much of the world but they serve very well in this state. By Leon Mandel

The Unique Nevadan

Massachusetts has tradition, Louisiana has languor and New Yorkers brag about their hustle; but for the virtues of the frontier, you have to look to the Silver State.

If it's true that we're a nation in the throes of adolescence, that would explain our lunatic fondness for geographic stereotypes. Polish and Canadian jokes, for example. Or social pejoratives based on region, as in "redneck." And income status slurs predicated on rural occupations, e.g. "goat roper."

The point is Nevadans are particularly prone to slander by the rest of the nation. (Tell some New Yorker you're from Panther Siding, for example, and in his eyes you've immediately become: (1) a redneck goat roper, (2) a Mafia card mechanic, or (3) Hoss Cartwright.)

There is absolutely no way to convince a Manhattanite that anyone who lives west of the Spuyten Dyvil Bridge can read. Tell a Texan you can get a hard-broiled steak in Las Vegas with the crust crisp and the animal still alive inside, and he'll call you a liar. Suggest to a Californian that high desert people can tell a fork from a branding iron—they just *prefer* to eat peas with a branding iron—and you'll be laughed out of town; no bad thing if the town happens to be in California.

So be it. If you can't join 'em, lick 'em.

Likely the best way to do that is to recognize that the Nevadan is in fact a different animal from his continental neighbors—and to brag on those differences. A Nevadan in a strange land is as easily identified as a giraffe in the desert (see sidebar). This is not to derogate him, not in the least, to accept that the Nevadan is somehow different is more of an exercise in identifying virtue than in singling out fault.

For, facetiousness aside, it is arguable that a citizen of the Silver

State still exhibits those character traits our turn-of-the-century historians identified as necessary for the conquering of the American frontier. Elsewhere in our nation, this cluster of survival characteristics has been bred out of our people. A contemporary easterner, for example, needs far more to understand the ways of deception than he needs to be honest. It isn't his fault; it's just that he is living in different cultural surroundings and they place a premium on values Nevadans have no need to accept.

Although a Nevadan's values and virtues might be disadvantageous in much of the world, in much of our country in the last quarter of this century in fact, they serve him very well in his state. They are simple values and they are simple virtues: creativity, friendliness, independence, optimism—and they are characterized by an almost random sample of Nevadans in the four short profiles that follow.

Russ Goebel The Optimistic Entrepreneur

"In Nevada, the businessman is not confronted by reams of permits and pyramids of problems. Sure, they exist. But they're handled with a minimum of hassle."

That would be Russ Goebel, a young (43) entrepreneur who came to Northern Nevada from his home in California seven years ago and found that there are still bonanzas in the Silver State.

Now, granted Goebel started his cottage publishing business when he was still a student at the University of San Francisco and that he built it toward respectability in the Bay Area. But it wasn't until he moved to Nevada that his company became large enough to house in something more ambitious than a cottage. Goebel made a long-distance deal with the late Bill Lear and

"with a minimum of hassle" found himself presiding over a few dozen thousand square feet of editorial, production and printing space at Stead Industrial Park. Real Resources Group (Russell R. Goebel—RRG) had been transformed from a miniscule special interest house into a respectable tiny-glomerate.

It didn't take long for Goebel to discover that his own brand of fierce capitalism fit right into the Nevada mold. A paternalistic employer, he wanted to know every moment of every day what the problems of each division of his company were and furthermore, what problems, personal or otherwise, faced his employees. In another state, Goebel might have been constrained by top-heavy union contracts or teetering state agencies in his dealings not only with his employees, but with his customers. Instead, his own sense of fairness and his own willingness to compete head to head with publishers and printers across the nation were given free rein in Nevada, and the result was an annual growth rate for RRG that would have made ITT drool with envy.

Autoweek became the largest automotive weekly in the world, *American Collector* established itself as the voice of the everyday collector and *Western Aviation* was brought into the group and thrived. Goebel found not only encouragement in Nevada, but a labor pool of talented, hard working young people who were delighted to have an opportunity to make their ways in publishing. Thus, in the few years since RRG was established in the



DON DONDERO

state, junior editors from *Autoweek* for example, went on to become top editorial managers in New York and Los Angeles.

Perhaps the casual life in Nevada was irresistibly seductive, perhaps the astonishing growth of his company engendered an offer too good to refuse; whatever, Russ Goebel sold RRG to an old line midwestern publishing company and retired: Nevada Style.

These days, Goebel runs the Nevada CB Center where he sells not only CB radios but everything else electronic save only space shuttle solar cells—and when they are announced, look for them at Goebel's small store. He's bought a boat and a trailer, he spends time with wife Marlene, and children Therese, 13; Rick, 12; Michelle, 8; and nine-year-old John.

Russ Goebel made a hell of a lot of money and he hasn't forgotten how he did, by working a little harder than his competitor. So today Goebel waits on customers, installs and repairs equipment, makes deliveries and generally acts as though he were clawing for success in someone else's employ. But that's Nevadan too—in this state you



DON DONDERO

can't tell the hands from the bosses.

"If you're an honest businessman and you're willing to work hard, this is the greatest state in the country to start a new business." He could have added, "and to sell it, and to lead the good life."

SPOTTER'S GUIDE How to identify homoniveus (Nevadaman) in strange surroundings.

POSTURE

The average Nevadan stands as tall as a Texan yet manages at the same time to slouch (preferably against a wall) as casually as a South Bronx teenager—no easy feat. Whether you come across him in front of Harrod's department store in London, in the lobby of the Georges Cinq in Paris or in the jungles of Guadalcanal, identify a person who carries himself as though he were the emperor of all he surveys and the likelihood is that he's a Nevadan, even if he's on temporary stable-cleaning duty.

DRESS

The Nevada male wears jeans.

The Nevada female wears jeans.

Your basic cosmopolitan Nevadan visiting the Court of St. James is probably better dressed than the Ambassador until he gets back to his hotel where he changes to jeans.

SPEECH

A proud-standing, jean-wearing male/female who uses "anymore"

after a negative, as in "I don't go downtown anymore" is a counterfeit. The genuine article uses "anymore" after a declarative as in, "I keep my children bound, gagged and locked in the closet anymore." By the way, most people who keep young children bound, gagged and locked in a closet are *prima facie* Nevadans.

PALATE

Listen to your restaurant neighbor order: if he asks for "escargots," he's a Californian; if it's fried steak, heavy on the Shake 'n Bake, he's from Mississippi; if he wants unborn rice, wheat essence and molasses drippings, he's an Oregonian; and if he recommends to his neighbor that he try the Mountain Oysters, he's a Nevadan.

TOOLS AND ARTIFACTS

Anyone who drives a pickup truck is at least a closet Nevadan. Anyone who drives a dualie is not only a real Nevadan, but probably lives in Pioche.

Ethel McNeely The Independent Volunteer

Ethel McNeely's great grandfather arrived in Stillwater, 15 miles east of Fallon, in 1870. Her grandfather on the other side arrived in the same little town five years later. Happily for Ethel, her grandmother eloped with her grandfather to Virginia City in horse and buggy in 1879, and there has been a member of the family in Stillwater just about ever since.

Although Ethel and her late husband, Jim, met at UNR, most of their married life was spent out of the state. Jim McNeely retired as a colonel in the air force, and life in the military is never exactly geographically static. Perhaps it was all that travel, perhaps it was a strong sense of place—but inevitably there was a return to Nevada for good in June of 1951.

"We liked the spaces and the barren hills, the freedom of it all," says Ethel McNeely. Clearly, too, the McNeelys liked the idea of bringing up a family to understand that freedom and to enjoy those open spaces. That they did, and it worked, so today Richard McNeely, 36, is a mining engineer in Carlin; Diane McNeely Johnson, 33, teaches at the Hunter Lake school in Reno, and Major James T. McNeely, Jr., 39, may be stationed at Egland air force base in Florida, but he is straining at the harness to come back to Nevada.

All her life, Ethel McNeely devoted her time and energies to volunteer work: community relations boards in the military, the Girl Scouts, the Inter-

(Continued on page 40)

ARTISTS

(Continued from page 10)

until a few minutes later when I would see the paint was smeared."

He completed the last painting on opening night, praying he would drop no oil paint on the thousand-dollar furs below

But Montyne was, of course, used to being careful in aerial operations. His stage act involves a variety of strenuous balancing feats, all performed above a picket fence of sharp, upturned swords. The danger is quite real, and Montyne has the scars to prove it.

"I paint gods and goddesses, heroes and dragons, because these figures, in their struggle and triumphs, convey quite clearly the emotions of human experience," Montyne explains. You will notice a lot of swords, because it is far more exciting to portray a man going into the fray carrying a sword than doing battle with an attache case.

"I believe the purpose of art is to communicate experience. If the viewer has to say 'What is it?' you don't have communication. And you therefore don't have art, either"

—A.D. Hopkins

LAS VEGAS ART GALLERIES

AARON BROTHERS ART MART, 967 East Sahara Ave. In Commercial Center. 732-7781. The print-shoppers supermarket. Art supplies and hundreds of Mexican frames.

ADOBE GALLERIES, 3110 Las Vegas Blvd. South, between the Frontier and Silver Slipper. 733-2941. A stunning selection of gold, silver and turquoise jewelry. Several fine bronzes. Some western art and Roy Purcell etchings.

BASCH MORRIS GALLERY, No. 1 Main Street in the Union Plaza downtown. 385-1306. "Name" lithographs, celebrity oils, a popular selection of originals.

BURK GAL'RY, 400 Nevada Highway in Boulder City, on the way to Hoover Dam. 293-2958. A gem of a gallery stocked with stellar western art by Nevadans Mike Miller, Pete Golden and others. Don't miss it. Open Tuesday through Saturday, 11-5.

COLLECTORS GALLERY, 5025 South Eastern Ave., south of Tropicana Ave. 736-7353. Limited edition prints and lithographs by many name artists. A fine offering of the genre.

GRAND GALLERY, 3645 Las Vegas Blvd. South in the MGM Grand Hotel. 739-6709. A variety of paintings and lithographs. Artist-in-residence Cyrus Afsary puts on a colorful show.

GREENAPPLE GALLERY, 4800 South Maryland Parkway in College Town Center across from UNLV 736-6604. Co-owners Esther Cohen and Jim Murphy acquired the gallery early this year from Peg Bolen, and they're giving it a new direction: original oils, graphics, posters and photography. Something for every budget. Notice works by Nevadans Bolen and John Moyer.

GRIFFITH-CALLAWAY FINE PAINTINGS, 1455 East Tropicana Ave., Suite 310, in the Executive Center West. 733-1029. Mostly antique lithographs, but offering watercolors and oils.

HOUSE OF FINE ART, 812 Las Vegas Blvd. South, north of Charleston. 384-1795. An intriguing collection of European oils, bronze and marble statuary. Specializing in appraisal and restoration.

JAMARI GALLERIES, in the MGM Grand Hotel at Las Vegas Blvd. South and Flamingo. 736-4325. A dazzling sculpture gallery. Bronzes, ceramics, crystal, all first quality. Also gift-priced sculpture and jewelry. See it.

LAS VEGAS ARTISTS COOPERATIVE, 3333 West Washington Ave. in Lorenzi Park. 648-5157. Presently housed within the Las Vegas Art Museum. A rotating exhibit of work in all media by Las Vegas Art League members. A storehouse of respectable local art at bargain prices.

LESNICK ART STUDIO, 5441 Paradise Rd. in the Airport Center. 736-6519. Steve Lesnick displays his students' work for sale on the premises.

NEVADA ARTS, INC., McCarran International Airport, ground floor. 736-1974. Director Lillian Nall is the daughter of the late internationally-known sculptor Joseph Nicolose and is known as Las Vegas' First Lady of Art. Her taste is impeccable; the small gallery holds a Bierstadt grisaille and an original Moses. Fine sculpture, decorator pieces and oils, and a massive collection of Roy Purcells.

NEVADA FRAMES AND GALLERY, INC., 3061 Sheridan in the industrial section off Valley View. 876-6734. Primarily a frame shop, but shows the work of highly accomplished local artist Lou Maestas.

NEWSOM'S ART GALLERY, 1411 South Maryland Parkway just south of Charleston in the old Bryan family home. 384-9865. Hanging fine western work by Austin Deuel, Jim Rozzi and others. See John Kittelson's woodcarvings and Wayne Hunt's bronzes. Consigns to Adobe Galleries. Open Tuesday through Saturday, 10-5. Does the area's most unique framing.

STUDIO WORKSHOP AND GALLERY, 606½ East Sahara, two blocks east of the Strip behind Marie Callendar's. 734-8962. Shows and sells student work.

SOUTHERN NEVADA ART DEALERS ASSOCIATION, 458-6007. Good source of more information on special interests and events.

—Judee Quillin



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Glen Campbell Lonnie Shorr Aug. 3 thru 16	Gladys Knight & The Pips Aug. 2 thru 15
Neil Sedaka Aug. 17 thru 23	Bill Cosby Aug. 16 thru 29
Judy Collins Jim Stafford Aug. 24 thru Sept. 3	Tony Orlando Aug. 30 thru Sept. 16

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Walker Lake Liars and Long Distance Racers

By Dean Owen

The start of the Walker 100.



The zaniest boat race in the state of Nevada takes place Sunday July 1 on the western shore of Walker Lake, 12 miles north of Hawthorne on U.S. 95.

It's the Steve Owen Memorial Liar's Boat Race, sponsored by the Walker Lake Volunteer Fire Department as a fund raising event. The race is named in the memory of a former member and collaborator in the race concept who lost his life in a tragic fire only a mile from Cliff House Marina, where the contest has been held annually since 1976.

The Liar's Race is open to crews of any size in anything—except a recognized racing boat—that floats. Absolutely no protests are allowed before or after the race; the WLVPD race officials' decisions are final.

Previous entries have included a log dugout, a car with an outboard motor, an authentic bicycle built for two with crew dressed in Gay Nineties garb, and even an honest-to-John septic tank with a helmsman directing the one-manpower powerplant inside.

Entries will be accepted at \$5 each

before 9:00 a.m. Following morning trial heats to judge individual handicaps (that's where the Liar's Race got its name), the contestants will hit the water at noon for the first race. Trophies will be awarded to the winners of three classes: manual-powered, mechanical-powered and novelty

Liar's Race day includes a full afternoon of horseshoe pitching, free boat rides for the kids and hose cart races, concluding with a beach barbecue.

Admission is a \$2 donation for adults and \$1 for children 6-12, with children under six admitted free. Or, you can bring a carload of five people for a five dollar donation.

The following weekend, on Sunday July 8, boat racing fans will see the real thing, as the American Power Boat Association's top marathon drivers attempt to win the prestigious Walker Lake 100 Mile Marathon Boat Race.

The 1978 national APBA points champion, Jack Roark, who is also a member of the sponsoring Walker Lake Boat and Ski Club, will be defending his Walker 100 title in the endurance

tunnel (ET) division. Roark drives a D-stroke 396 Chevy engine in a Marathon hull named "The Walker Lake Special," in which he established a 118 mph record at Modesto, California, earlier this year

Former champions in the outboard (OPC), endurance jet (EJ) and flat-bottom (GN) divisions will also compete for a \$1,000 guaranteed purse and a share in entry fees. The public is invited to watch the drivers test their boats all day Saturday and the crowning of the Walker 100 Queen at 7 p.m.

Races begin at 11 a.m. Sunday with the OPC boats, followed by the ET, EJ and GN races. Admission is \$2.50 for adults and \$1 for children 6-13, with children under six admitted free. Fast food and beverages will be available at the Cliff House Marina both days. A western style barbecue dinner will follow the award presentations Sunday evening.

For more information on both events, write to Walker Lake Races, Box 1874, Hawthorne, NV 89415, or call 702-945-5253. □



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Camping by casino, trailer, tent, and under the stars. Plus a complete list of options in the state. By Eric Miles

1979 Nevada Camping Guide

Nevada has mountains for climbing, cities for gaming and entertainment, deserts for exploring and lakes and rivers for fishing and boating. And, while these endeavors seem varied, they all have one thing in common, campgrounds and camping.

The Silver State's campgrounds are operated by State or Federal agencies or by numerous private companies like KOA and United. The formal campgrounds offer a wide range of services. They have water and electrical hookups, grocery stores, laundromats, phones and restrooms, often with showers. Then there are areas that offer just water and perhaps a barbecue pit and picnic table. Other places have only a cleared spot where a tent may be set up or a trailer or motorhome parked.

The various campgrounds attract a wide range of campers, of course. Some of the busiest areas are the roadside rests where travelers are able to pull off the highway for the night. These stops have everybody from truck drivers to families on vacation.

Most agencies responsible for maintaining the campgrounds do a fine job. They are kept clean, trash cans emptied and the specific services each offers are kept in working order. The fees charged for use of the areas vary, ranging from free, such as the roadside rests, to \$10 to \$12 per night.

There is also another type of camping that's not at a roadside rest or at a recreation area. This is casino camping. No, that's not where a person parks on a stool in front of a slot machine, but in special areas set up around some of the clubs in the Reno and Las Vegas areas.

Largest of the casino campgrounds is the 480 space giant at the MGM Grand in Reno. The campers there, mostly in motorhomes and trailers, get the services of the hotel but no other special incentives such as "lucky bucks" or slot coupons. The MGM spared nothing in



preparation of its campground. There are water and electrical hookups, a micro-supermarket, laundromat, restrooms, plenty of trash cans and a pumpout station. On one side of the campground the massive hotel rises into the blue Reno sky while on the other is the Truckee River. Las Vegas casinos catering to campers include Circus Circus, Hacienda, Stardust and Silver Nugget.

How people go camping also covers a wide range. Some like to really get out in nature and rough it, while others wouldn't consider going anywhere where they couldn't take a hot shower, or sleep in a soft bed. The range extends from luxurious motor homes or trailers to pickups with campers on the back and vans. Those who prefer tents may have one for eight people or just for one. At the base of the scale (or perhaps the top of the scale) is the person who needs only a sleeping bag, using the universe as his tent.

Just what's the best way to go camping depends on the individual, what he's doing—vacation or travel—and what he can afford.

Given a choice, Kurt Anderson of Fallon figures there is only one way to

go. Lounging in a deck chair looking out over Lake Mead he explained: "This is the only way I'd go," he drawled as he pointed behind him to his 40 foot Winnebago motorhome. "I have all the comforts of home right there. Why should I rough it if I don't have to. I can crawl into bed with clean sheets at night. I can also take a hot shower and when it gets too hot out here I can go inside, turn on the air conditioner and get a cold beer out of the refrigerator."

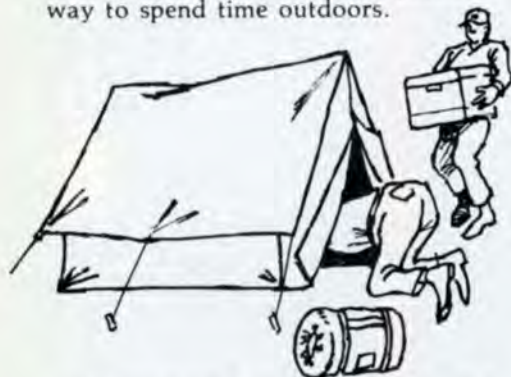
"Of course," he continued, "it's really all of these things, I have to admit, that really make it possible for me to be out here like this anyway. I don't like to go anywhere without my wife and she would never put up with anything less. She's always told me I'd never get her out in a sleeping bag in a tent fighting the dirt and insects for survival."

The big trailers, towed behind cars or trucks offer the same things basically that the motorhome does in the way of comfort. But they have one big advantage. When the owner wants to go someplace once camp has been set up, he doesn't have to bring his home with him.



"That's really why I chose a trailer," said Charley Jackson of Las Vegas. "I thought of a motorhome, they have some advantages over a trailer too, like you can't ride in a trailer when you're traveling, but I'd rather get someplace and then just park the trailer and go off in the car. It's better for gas mileage too, and that's really important today."

Not all campers like or can afford to camp in the lap of luxury. The tent, most people find, is the most practical way to spend time outdoors.



"Hell some of those motorhomes and trailers are fancier than my own home," declared Richard Prout of Elko. That's not my idea of camping. What I prefer to do is just take the family and head out to Wildhorse Reservoir or the Ruby Marshes for the weekend. I just pack up our sleeping bags, tent, stove, lantern and folding picnic table and we are off in the car.

"All I need," he added "is a flat spot of land and I can have the tent up and camp set in less than an hour."

Karl Schwengan of Reno has a different answer. He figures his is the best way to go camping.

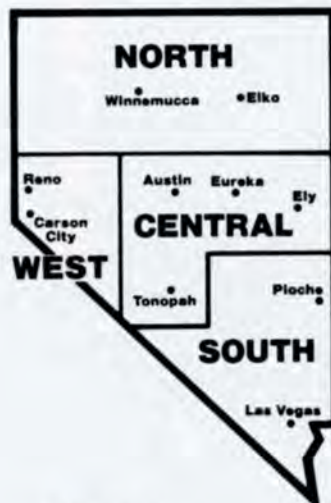
"I only need transportation to get me close to where I figure to head off into the mountains," he said. "I take everything I need along in my backpack and carry water in a canteen. I hike until I find a spot to camp then merely put down a dropcloth then my sleeping bag. The sky is my tent. I cook, eat and sleep all out in the open."

"If you have never hiked in the mountains to a lake to fish or explore and then lay in your sleeping bag and scanned the stars in the incredible night sky you haven't lived. I mean it," he said emphatically. "It gives you such a feeling of relaxation and peace that once you have tried it you would go back and back and back."

Well, whatever your preference is, there's a spot for all types of campers in Nevada. This 1979 Nevada Camping Guide will give you all the information you need to know about specific campgrounds and what they offer. Whether you feel more at home in an air conditioned trailer or lying out under the stars, go camping.

1979 NEVADA CAMPING GUIDE

Compiled by Betty Govorchin



CENTRAL

AUSTIN

BIG CREEK—2 mi. W of Austin, U.S. 50, 11 mi. S on improved Forest Road. May 1-Oct. 15. Toilets, no drinking water, 5 sites and group areas, fishing and hunting. Max. length 22 ft., limit 14 days. Elev. 7500 ft. No fee. TNF
BOB SCOTT SUMMIT—6 mi. E of Austin. U.S. 50. May 1-Oct. 15. Hunting, drinking water, 9 sites, and group unit. Toilets. Max. length 22 ft., limit 14 days. Elev. 7200 ft. Min. fee \$2. TNF
HICKISON PETROGLYPH—24 mi. E of Austin on U.S. 50. April 1-Nov. 1. Hunting, Indian writings. 16 sites, no water, pit toilets. No fee. BLM
KINGSTON—12 mi. E of Austin on U.S. 50, 14 mi. S on St. Rte. 8A, 5 mi. W on improved gravel road. May 15-Oct. 15. Toilets, drinking water, 10 sites, small group unit. Fishing, hunting. Max. length 22 ft., limit 16 days. Min. fee \$1. TNF

ELY

BAKER CREEK—8 mi. W of Baker, Rte. 74, improved gravel road. June 1-Oct. 31. 17 sites, toilets, drinking water. Max. length 16 ft., limit 14 days. Fishing and hunting. Min. fee \$2. HNF
CAVE LAKE—Off U.S. 93, about 8 mi. S of Ely, E about 6 mi. via the Success Summit Road. Area is undeveloped, but primitive camping is allowed. Access may be restricted during winter months. NSP
CHERRY CREEK—110 mi. S of Ely on U.S. 6, St. Rte. 38, improved gravel road. June 1-Oct. 31. Toilets, 10 day limit, 4 sites. Fishing and hunting. Elev. 6700 ft. No fee. HNF
CLEVE CREEK—40 mi. SE of Ely, U.S. 6-50-93, 10 mi. N on paved road, 7 mi. NW on improved

KEY

BLM—Bureau of Land Management
 Room 3008, Federal Building, 300 Booth Street, Reno, NV 89502
CITY—City campground
HNF—Humboldt National Forest
 976 Mountain City Highway, Elko, NV 89801
LM—Lake Mead Recreation Area
 601 Nevada Highway, Boulder City, NV 89005
NRA—National Recreation Area
NSP—Nevada State Parks
 Rm. 221, Nye Bldg., Carson City, NV 89710
PRIV—Private campground
TNF—Toiyabe National Forest
 111 N. Virginia St., Rm. 601, Reno, NV 89501
WCP—Washoe County Parks
 1205 Mill Street, Reno, NV 89502

gravel road. June 1-Oct. 31. 11 units. Fishing and hunting. No fee. HNF

CURRENT CREEK—50 mi. SW of Ely, U.S. 6. June 1-Oct. 31. 8 units, drinking water and toilets, no trailers, 10 day limit. Fishing and hunting. No fee. HNF

KOA OF ELY—3 mi. S of town on U.S. 93. 140 sites, toilets, showers, ice, LP gas, piped water, groc., phone, laundry, playground, rec. hall, volleyball, badminton. Min. fee \$5. PRIV

LEHMAN CREEK—6 mi. W of Baker, St. Rte. 74. June 1-Oct. 31. 23 sites, 11 special trailer units, toilets. Max. length 22 ft., limit 14 days. Min. fee \$2. HNF

LEHMAN CREEK TRAILER—5 mi. W of Baker, St. Rte. 74, 2 mi. W on forest Rd. May 15-Oct. 15. Toilets, max. length 32 ft., limit 14 days. Min. fee \$2. HNF

SNAKE CREEK—16 mi. SE of Baker on St. Rte. 73, improved gravel road. June 1-Oct. 31. 8 sites, toilets, piped water. Max. length 22 ft., limit 14 days. Fishing. HNF

WARD CHARCOAL OVENS—Off U.S. 50-93, 5 mi. S of Ely, via dirt road 10 mi. 6 undeveloped sites, no water. NSP

WARD MOUNTAIN—6 mi. SW of Ely on U.S. 6. May 1-Oct. 1. Water and toilets. Max. length 16 ft., limit 10 days. Min. fee \$2. HNF

WHEELER PEAK—17 mi. W of Baker on St. Rte. 74, and surfaced Forest Service road. June 20-Oct. 1. Water, 37 sites. Max. length 16 ft., limit 14 days. Min. fee \$2. HNF

WHITE RIVER—41 mi. SW of Ely on U.S. 6, 20 mi. N on improved gravel road. June 1-Oct. 31. 4 units. Water and toilets. Max. length 16 ft. Hunting and fishing. HNF

EUREKA

SCOTTY'S RV TRAILER COURT—East of town. 30 sites, drinking water, toilets. Max.

stay, overnight. PRIV

MCGILL

BERRY CREEK—5 mi. N of McGill on U.S. 93, 8 mi. on improved gravel road, 4 mi. S on dirt road. June 1-Oct. 31. Max. length 15 ft., limit 14 days. Fishing. Elev. 8200 ft. Min. fee \$2. HNF
BIRD CREEK—6 mi. N of McGill on U.S. 93, 6 mi. improved gravel road, 8 mi. dirt road. May 1-Oct. 31. Fishing and hunting. HNF
EAST CREEK—5 mi. N of McGill on U.S. 93, 8 mi. improved gravel road, 9 mi. dirt road. May 1-Oct. 31. 5 units, group areas, toilets, drinking water. Max. length 16 ft., limit 14 days. Fishing and hunting. HNF
TIMBER CREEK—5 mi. N of McGill on U.S. 93, 8 mi. E on improved gravel road, 4 mi. S on dirt road. June 1-Oct. 31. 6 sites, toilets, drinking water. Max. length 16 ft., limit 14 days. Min. fee \$2. HNF

TONOPAH

LARSON TRAILER PARK—3 blks N on U.S. 6 & 95, across from Gulf stn. Water, elec., sewer, 9 sites, drinking water, groc., phone, laundry. PRIV
LAMBERTUCCI ROMA—1 mi. N of U.S. 6 & 95. Sites, no limit. LP gas, drinking water, phone, laundry, TV hookups, swimming pool and tennis. Min. fee \$5. PRIV
PEAVINE CREEK—6 mi. E of Tonopah on U.S. 6, 38 mi. N on St. Rte. 8A, 10 mi. W on County Hwy. May 1-Oct. 30. 7 sites, no drinking water. 14 day limit. No fee. TNF
PINE CREEK—6 mi. E of Tonopah on U.S. 6, 38 mi. N on St. Rte. 8A, 56 mi. NE on County Hwy. 82, 2½ mi. on Forest Road 9. 22 units, group areas. May 1-Oct. 15. 14 day limit. No drinking water. No fee. TNF
SAULSBURY WASH—29 mi. E on U.S. 6, 6 mi. on Forest Road 10. 10 sites, toilets, drinking water. Max. length 32 ft. TNF

NORTH

CARLIN

BRYCE'S OVERNIGHTER—U.S. 40 and 14th St. E of town. 27 sites. Drinking water, toilets, showers, laundry. Min. fee \$2.50. PRIV

ELKO

BIG BEND—79 mi. N of Elko, St. Rte. 51, 1½ mi. NE of Gold Creek Ranger Station. 15 sites. June 1-Oct. 31. Drinking water, camping, fishing and hunting. HNF
CARSON TRAILER COURT—SE of town, 5 blks. 10 sites. Water, elec., sewer, toilets, showers, ice, LP gas, drinking water, groc., laundry, phone, TV hookup, swimming, fishing and hunting, water skiing. Min. fee \$3. PRIV
JACK CREEK—63 mi. NW of Elko, St. Rte. 61 and 11, or 36 mi. SW of Mountain City, St. Rte. 11A. 9 sites. June 1-Oct. 31. Hunting and fishing. HNF
RUBY MARSH—65 mi. S of Elko via St. Rte. 46 and Harrison Pass adjacent to Ruby Lake National Wildlife Refuge. 35 sites. April 1-Dec. 1. Drinking water, fishing and hunting. BLM

JARBIDGE

JARBIDGE—102 mi. NE of Elko, St. Rte. 61, 2 mi. S of Mahoney Ranger Station. 5 units, max. length 16 ft. June 1-Oct. 31. Drinking water, toilets. Hunting and fishing. No fee. HNF
PINE CREEK—100 mi. NE of Elko, St. Rte. 51, 7 units, max. length 16 ft. Drinking water, toilets. Fishing and hunting. No fee. HNF

LAMOILLE

POWERHOUSE—2 mi. SE of Lamoille. May 1-Oct. 31. Picnicking, fishing and hunting. HNF

TERRACES—11 miles SE of Lamoille on paved road. Drinking water, toilets. Picnic only. Fishing. Min. fee \$2. HNF
THOMAS CANYON—9 mi. SE of Lamoille, paved road. 47 sites. Drinking water, toilets. Hunting and fishing. Min. fee \$2. HNF

LOVELOCK

BROOKWOOD MOTEL—U.S. 40 W end of town. 21 sites. Water, elec., sewer, toilets, showers, drinking water, phone, laundry. Boating, fishing and water skiing at Rye Patch Dam, swimming pool nearby. Min. fee \$5. PRIV
LOVELOCK KOA—U.S. 40 E end of town. 45 sites. Water, toilets, showers, and laundry. Fishing and boating. Min. fee \$5. PRIV
RYE PATCH—22 mi. N of Lovelock, 1 mi. W of I-80 Hwy. 40 and 95. 40 sites. Drinking water, toilets. Fishing and boating. Min. fee \$2. NSP

MILL CITY

STAR POINT CAMPARK—Unionville off ramp, I-80 & 50, next to Stucky's. Motorhome/trailer and tents. Drinking water, toilets, showers, laundry, groceries, gas and phone. Fishing and hunting. Min. fee \$5. PRIV

MOUNTAIN CITY

BIG BEND—79 mi. N of Elko, NV Rt. 51, 1½ mi. NE of Gold Creek Ranger Station. 15 units, max. length 22 ft. Drinking water. Fishing and hunting. Min. fee \$2. HNF

PARADISE VALLEY

LYE CREEK—55 mi. NE of Winnemucca, U.S. 95 & St. Rte. 88, improved gravel road, 16 mi. N of Paradise Valley Ranger Station. 6 sites. June 1-Sept. 30. Drinking water, toilets. Hunting and fishing. HNF

WELLS

ANGEL CREEK—8 mi. SW of Wells, paved road, or 58 mi. NE of Elko. 18 units, length 22 ft. June 1-Oct. 31. Drinking water, toilets. Fishing and hunting. Min. fee \$2. HNF
ANGEL LAKE—12 mi. SW of Wells, 63 mi. NE of Elko. 26 units. Drinking water, toilets. Fishing. Min. fee \$2. HNF
TROUT CREEK CAMPGROUND—I-80 8 mi. W of town, exit Welcome Star Valley, N side of Hwy. 33. 33 sites. Water, elec., sewer, toilets, showers, ice, gas, drinking water, groc., laundry, phone. Min. fee \$4. PRIV

WILDHORSE

NORTH WILDHORSE—65 mi. N of Elko on St. Rte. 51. 13 units, limit 14 days. April 15-Nov. 30. Max. length 20 ft. Boat launching, fishing. BLM
WILDHORSE CROSSING—74 mi. N of Elko St. Rte. 51, or 10 mi. S of Mountain City, St. Rte. 51. 35 sites. June 1-Oct. 31. Drinking water, toilets. Hunting and fishing. Min. fee \$2. HNF
WILDHORSE RANCH & RESORT—65 mi. N of Elko. RV Park. 34 sites, full hookups. Drinking water, toilets, showers, laundry, gas, ice, and phone. Fishing and hunting. Min. fee \$6.50. PRIV

SOUTH

BOULDER CITY

LAKESHORE—5 mi. E of city on U.S. 93. 1.5 mi. N on St. Hwy. 41. 50 sites, full hookups. Toilets, showers, phone and laundry. Boat ramp nearby. Picnicking, fishing, water skiing, swimming. Min. fee \$3.50. PRIV

CALIENTE

BEAVER DAM—Pinon-juniper country. 38 mi. from Caliente. Take U.S. 93 N 6 mi., E on improved gravel road 19 mi., dirt road 13 mi.,

(no trailers). 52 units. April 15-Oct. 15. Hunting and fishing. NSP

KERSHAW-RYAN—Scenic cliff and canyons. U.S. 93 at Caliente, S on improved gravel road for 3 mi. 12 sites, group areas. April 15-Oct. 31. Drinking water and picnicking. Min. fee \$2. NSP

LAKE MEAD

NATIONAL RECREATION AREA

BONELLI LANDING (Arizona)—49 mi. E of Boulder City, 15 sites. Drinking water, toilets. Limit 30 days. NRA
BOULDER BEACH—St. Rte. 41 via U.S. 93-466. 80 units, campground 338 units. Boat launching, fishing, water skiing, restaurant, swimming. Drinking water, group area, marina. Toilets, showers. 30 day limit. LM
CALLVILLE BAY—Located on North Shore Drive. 30 units. 30 day limit. Drinking water, toilets, showers, laundry, groceries, gas, ice, phone. Full hookups. Min. fee \$4. LM
COTTONWOOD COVE—E of Searchlight off U.S. 95. 149 units. Drinking water, toilets, ice, LP gas, groceries, phone. Fishing and hunting. Min. fee \$2. LM NRA
ECHO BAY—St. Rte. 12 and North Shore Drive via U.S. 91-93-466. 166 units, boat launching, fishing, store, drinking water, marina, laundry and toilets. Limit 30 days. LM
GREGGS HIDEOUT (Arizona)—80 mi. E of Boulder City. 10 sites. Limit 30 days. Drinking water, toilets. NRA
HEMENWAY (Arizona)—4 mi. E of town on U.S. 93, 1 mi. N on Lakeshore Road. Near Boulder Dam and Las Vegas. 184 sites, 30 day stay in 3-month period. Drinking water, toilets. Boat launching, waterskiing, fishing and swimming. NRA
LAKE MOHAVE RESORT—Katherine landing on Lake Mohave, above Davis Dam on the Arizona side. Motorhome/trailers, tent, primitive. Drinking water, toilets, showers, laundry, groceries, gas, ice and phone. Max. stay 180 days. Fishing. Min. fee \$2. PRIV
LAS VEGAS BAY—St. Rte. 41 via U.S. 93-466. 89 units. No hookups. Boat launching, fishing, marina nearby. 30 day limit. LM
OVERTON BEACH—St. Rte. 12 and North Shore Drive via U.S. 91-93-466. Undesignated sites. Drinking water, groceries, laundry, toilets, showers. 30 day limit. Boat launching and fishing. LM
WILLOW BEACH (Arizona)—27 mi. SE of Boulder City via U.S. 93-466. 186 sites, limit 30 days. Drinking water, toilets, showers, groceries and laundry. Boat ramp, dock, rents and fishing. NRA
LAS VEGAS
CHEYENNE—3227 Civic Center Dr. at I-15, Cheyenne Exit, E side. 77 sites, water, elec., 47 sewer hookups. Toilets, showers, laundry, ice, LP gas, gas, groc., phone, tables, restaurant, babysitting, AC rents. Swimming pool. Fee \$3.50. PRIV
DOLOMITE—On St. Rte. 52, 40 mi. NW of Las Vegas off U.S. 95. Charleston Mountain. May 1-Oct. 15. Picnicking, drinking water, 31 family units. Toilets, fire pits, firewood. Rocks. Elev. 8400 ft. Fee \$2, limit 5 days.
FLETCHER VIEW—15 mi. NW of Las Vegas on U.S. 95, 81 mi. W on St. Rte. 39. May 1-Oct. 15. Picnicking, drinking water. 12 units. Toilets. Max. length 22 ft., 5 day limit. Fire pits, tables, firewood. Fee \$2. TNF
GOLDEN—252 Tropicana Ave. 40 sites, 20 with hookups. Toilets, showers, phones, laundry. Swimming pool. Min. fee \$4. PRIV

(Continued on page 66)

COWBOY CHIC

Western style clothing isn't new to Nevada, but it's the hottest fashion craze in Paris, New York and San Francisco. As the song goes, "... get yourself an outfit and you can be a cowboy too."

"Some people wonder at the clothes and riggin's of the cowboy, why the silver on spurs and bit, or anything a little fancy. It seems to them that some things are useless and only for show. But the range riding cowboy has nobody around him to show off to and everything he wears is altogether for use. At the same time he can have a little style too, and an outfit to be proud of, specially when he makes his living in it and uses it three hundred and sixty days in the year. . . . There's nothing the cowboy wears that could be near as useless as an imported necktie or a stiff collar." *From "Lone Cowboy: My Life Story" by Will James, published by Scribner, 1930.*



NICK ROZSA

PHOTO COURTESY OF MACY'S CALIFORNIA AND HUGHES AIRWEST

The cowboy is a product of the American west. Cowboy clothes, or westernwear, come from what it took to make a living on the range.

Buying western clothes in a western store is much like the decisions you make when visiting your favorite department store or neighborhood haberdasher. Fit, color and style are personal decisions, whether you like tweed, denim, leisure suits, or sequins on your Willie Nelson T-Shirt.

But western fashion does have some rules and must go back to the original western styles, which had a purpose. The hats, boots, vests and pants were for working people, men and women who lived and worked on the range, whose clothes were adapted to riding long trails, roping mean steers, and enduring blistering summer heat and the coldest of winters.

Today the working cowboy and the drugstore buckaroo look for the same authenticity and different uses (and, hence, different styles). Harry Parker (of Parker's Western Store in Reno) and Conrad Campos (founder of Conrad's Western Store in Las Vegas and presently operating the A-Bar-L Western Store in Tonopah) were asked individually about styles, fit and quality. What follows are expert opinions on how to buy western *right*:

HATS

Harry Parker points out the huge selection of styles and colors available, and the popularity of western hats on unlikely places like ski slopes. "Hats and boots are the biggest thing around the country right now. Hats more or less in the last two years, boots in the last five years."

What's the difference between plain felt and beaver hats? "It's like choosing between steak and hamburger," he says.

Conrad Campos explains that beaver hair's superiority is in that it "crawls" one way only, making a tight shedding and sealing protection. "The more beaver hair the felt hat has, the more water resistant it is because it's tighter." The percentage of beaver in the hat is measured from 1x on up; a 10x beaver hat may be a fine quality, \$100 hat.

This summer the western "look" for city slickers (left) harkens back to Tom Mix, Hoot Gibson and Saturday matinee horse operas. Fifth Avenue cowboys and cowgirls will be careful not to get cow dung on their \$200 boots or sweat on their silk scarves.



In 1935, Harper's Bazaar advised stylish ladies on their "... uniform for a dude ranch or a ranch near Reno..." This included Levis worn low on the hips, a studded leather belt, high-heeled Western boots and a Stetson hat. All worn with "a great free air of bravado."

From years of experience, Campos says he can look at a person's features and know the best style for him or her. "For most of us, one style looks the best." A person with a round face probably will look best in a tall crown hat like the "Hoss Hat" popularized by Dan Blocker on "Bonanza." Someone with features like Little Joe, however, would look better in a lower crown. "Style is most important, then color," he says. Usually personal preference is the best guide for color.

BOOTS

Boots have to fit. And the styles are various, from a pointed alligator model (\$600 and up) to a round toe working boot. The primary difference in models is the riding (with sloped heel) and the walking boot. "Except for the old time cowboys," says Parker, "most people wear a boot that you can go to your business, appear before a

judge, be a U.S. Senator. The governor wears boots. But they don't wear the kind you go out on the range with."

Campos notes that some soles are manmade composition, and may not be the best for riding, for which leather is still the best. "Leather has the ability to breathe, stretch and even shrink, and usually after a month or so the boot conforms to the shape of the foot." For that reason, he advises a snug fit, not tight, at purchase. And plenty of room for your toes.

SHIRTS & SUITS

Shirts these days come in loud rodeo wear or conservative cowboy style.

With the decline of cotton shirts and the saturation of polyester on the clothing market, the latter is a good way to go, according to Harry Parker. "These shirts are drip-dry, need very little ironing or pressing," he says. It's the same way in western pants. "In the

better shirts I look at the snaps, at the workmanship, that the yoke is well made." And in western clothes, the same rules apply for men, women and children.

"As a rule," says Campos, "when you buy a regular suit, with say a 42 coat, you get 36 or 38 pants. But most cowboy or western people are actually slimmer, so you have to get a suit with smaller pants, perhaps a 34. Generally you'll find cowboys are slimmer and more broad shouldered because of their activities. The western shirt is more form-fitting."—David E. Moore

HISTORY OF HATS AND BOOTS by Bud Hage

Today's cowboy hat usually reflects the style ideas of the hat manufacturers that built it, but at one time a man's hat pretty well told folks what part of the country its owner hailed from.

Old time hat styles were usually a reflection of the weather and working conditions in different parts of the country. For example, cowboys in the northern plains and Rocky Mountain states were partial to the high crowned, wide brimmed, "ten gallon" hat. There were some good reasons behind it. The extra high crown served as an extra insulating factor (dead air space on the man's head) in the severe cold of that region. The extra wide brim with a slight roll to it not only provided protection from sun and wind, but also prevented the heavy rain and snow from exerting their full impact on the cowboy's upper body. The slight roll to the brim enabled the wearer to "funnel" water from his hat brim away from his clothes by tilting his hat or his head.

The Nevada vaquero found a low, telescoped crown sufficient protection from the cold and a medium wide flat brim adequate protection from the sun.

Fellows from the southern plains states liked the insulation of the high crown for protection from the heat and a wide flat brim for protection from the rain, wind, and sun.

The "brush popper" cowboy from the southwest usually wore the low telescope crown with hat brim rolled up on both sides so he wasn't so likely to get it knocked off while chasing some old wild cow through the mesquite.

These days you see some horsemen around the rodeos and stockyards who wear caps rather than hats. A cap sure

is light and does shade the eyes and if a guy is spending most of his time in a pickup truck or where he can run in out of the weather when a storm comes, I guess a cap is O.K. But if a man is making a living horseback, where he has to tough out the weather in the open, you can bet he is wearing a hat. These days, you might not be able to tell where he hailed from by its style, but you can bet he uses it for the same

reasons his early day counterpart did.

The cowboy boot as we know it today is a far cry from the boot used by early Nevada vaqueros. This doesn't mean today's boot isn't well made or comfortable, it just means the use is considerably different, and the design and style reflect that.

The old time cowboy boot was designed and constructed with the needs of the full time horseman in



Early Levi poster.

mind. Every part of the boot had a definite purpose. Western romance and a special kind of comfort led to the development of the "cowboy boot" worn by today's Nevadans, many of whom never go near a horse.

If we take a look at the old time boot, we can appreciate its unique characteristics:

The toe was narrow and round to allow easy entrance to the stirrups on a

saddle. Being able to grab the stirrups quickly and easily often made the difference in riding or being bucked off. The wide toe, as seen on a modern shoe or boot could get a cowboy in real trouble.

The sole was always leather. Leather will tend to "slicken up" when most of a man's walking is on dirt or grass between the roundup wagon and the

(Continued)



Western—maybe, sort of. The Oak Ridge Boys, popular country-western-rock group, display the Texas cum Hollywood look recommended for wranglin' a herd of Cadillac Eldorados.



Kenny Rogers: "I'm not sure what Western clothes are."

COUNTRY STARS AND STYLES

Kenny Rogers: "I don't wear specific Western clothes. It's probably a matter of semantics, I'm not sure what Western clothes are. I do wear blue jeans and shirts cut in a Western fashion, but I wouldn't really call that Western clothing. I have worn them in the past, and will again I'm sure, but it's a question of mood and right now I don't have any Western clothes."

Dottie West: "I do wear jeans a lot. I practically live in jeans. And I have about 15 pairs of cowboy boots and five cowboy hats. Guess you could call it sophisticated Westernwear, although I think of it more as country clothing . . . comfortable country clothing, that I really enjoy wearing. . . ."

Merle Haggard dresses for comfort whether he's fishing at Lake Shasta or singing on stage. No sequins or satin for Hag—he's at home in functional duds—jeans, vest, cowboy hat and snakeskin boots. (See cover.)

Haggard found the snakeskin boots in Texas and was so taken with them he outfitted his entire band.

Willie Nelson: In his early Nashville days, Willie Nelson sported clip-on ties and closely shorn locks that you might expect from an ex-bible salesman. But in 1972 he moved to Texas and was labeled an "Outlaw" by the traditional country music establishment. (See cover.)

Nelson epitomized the evolution in country music at the 1976 country music awards (CMA) when he picked up three CMA awards (Album of the Year; Country Duo of the Year with Waylon Jennings; and Song of the Year) in his customary attire—tennis shoes, blue jeans, T-shirt, sweatband and shoulder length hair.

The outfit is always the same—with Jimmy Carter in the White House or at Harrah's Tahoe, July 20-26.

Judy Lynn's dream was to become another Doris Day or Rosemary Clooney but she became a country singer instead. She's got the fanciest western clothes in the country, having scores of suits covered in sequins, studs and beads, and cowboy hats and boots to match her exotic outfits. (See cover.)

The Truth About Levis

By John J. Harrison

In early fall of 1870 a distraught woman came to Jacob W. Davis' tailor shop in the raw young town of Reno, and begged him to make her husband a pair of pants. She begged because it was not just an ordinary pair of pants that her husband needed, but an extraordinary pair of enormous dimensions not carried by the general store further up the street.

For the woman, getting those pants could be a matter of life or death. Winter was coming on, and her husband had been sick with dropsy. He had no job; there was very little food in the house and not a stick of wood stored up against the coming cold.

But a ray of sunshine had broken through her gloom that day. Her husband had been promised a wood-cutting job in the nearby hills that could solve their problems but for one major dilemma; to wit: he had no pants to wear. His old ones were threadbare and no "ready mades" in town came close to fitting him—he was that big.

Jacob Davis was her last and only hope. Perforce she had to come alone

so she brought her husband's measurements with her, scribbled on a piece of paper which tailor Davis studied with disbelieving eyes. He had never before seen such measurements: 56 inches around the middle, 29 inches around the thigh, and 21 inches around the calf. He mentally calculated them against his regular material on hand and realized immediately that he did not have enough.

However, Davis was a kind and understanding man, and an inventive one. As he studied the piece of paper an inspiration came, and he agreed to make the pants. He even agreed to accept payment for them in wood and to have them ready within three days. The good woman went home, happy that her troubles were over.

For her, they were, but for Davis the test had just begun. Making those pants was like making a tent of a shape he had never attempted before. Fortunately he had made many tents and had a sizable stock of material on hand—a white cotton canvas called No. 7 Duck, a cloth that had come to

mind as he had studied the measurements.

So he made the pants and when the job was done he was not unhappy with the results, except for a minor detail; a professional judgment that the pocket corners needed reinforcement. The solution came to him as he walked past the bench allotted to another segment of his business, that of making horse blankets. On it lay a scattering of the copper rivets and burrs he used in fastening leather straps to the blankets. Surely these rivets would hold the pocket corners of a fat man's pants.

So he added the rivets and thereupon gave to the world one of its greatest inventions and one almost as popular as the wheel—Levi's!

But why "Levi's"? Why not "Davis"?

The answer is revealed in Davis' testimony in a case heard in San Francisco's U.S. Circuit Court, *Levi Strauss et al v. A. H. Elfelt et al*, dated June 17, 1874. During the trial Jacob Davis explained how two years before he had turned to Levi Strauss, his material supplier in San Francisco, for help. Davis was desperate; he had created a monster—a new kind of pantaloons that was so popular with Nevada working men he couldn't keep up with demand. Strauss knew how to turn that popularity into maximum profit.

Indeed, Davis' first pair was an enormous hit almost as soon as the big woodchopper lumbered into the hills with his riveted pants.

Within a week orders began to trickle in for pairs exactly like the woodcutter's pants. Soon the trickle became a torrent, with each order specifying the white canvas material and especially the copper rivets at the pocket corners and at the bottom of the fly.

Jacob W. Davis was no fool. He couldn't keep up with the inflow of orders, and even though he was making a handsome profit at \$3 per pair, he realized that his one-man operation was a poor way to cash in on his bonanza.

About that time Davis' enterprise came to the attention of another astute businessman—a San Francisco supplier named Levi Strauss from whom Davis had been buying tent canvas and horse-blanket materials, including the copper rivets. Strauss had noticed the surge in Davis' canvas and rivet orders but couldn't fathom the reason. There were no new camps springing up around Reno needing tents and cer-

(Continued on page 55)



COURTESY LEVI STRAUSS COMPANY

CLOTHES

(Continued from page 25)

rope corral. A slick sole is not likely to hang up in a stirrup or "grab." To a man making a living horseback, it's just as important to get his foot out of a stirrup when he wants it out as it is to get it in when he wants it in. Rubber or synthetic soles are never used on a genuine riding boot.

The high heel, underslung and tapered to a small heel cap, puzzles some people. Anyone who's worn a pair, sure knows they weren't made for walking. The first purpose of the high heel is to keep the foot from slipping through the stirrup, leaving the rider in a position to be drug to death.

The reason for the taper and small heel cap was to give "breaking power" on the ground. A fellow oftentimes had to stop and hang onto his horse before he could get on. A normal sized heel on



Levi tuxedos were presented to Bing Crosby and Elko mayor Dave Dotta on "Blue-Serge Day," June 30, 1951. They are the only Levi tuxedos ever made.

HOW TO STYLE A HAT by Jim Crandall

Cowboy hat styling is an art in its own right. It is also an art that should be studied by anyone who forks out fifty or sixty bucks for a fine quality beaver felt hat.

The hat you choose, from a high crowned wide brimmed "Butterfield Express" to a flat crowned "Comstock," will eventually become a part of your personality. Its style will reflect your style. Therefore you may want to change its style a bit to suit your own.

Maybe you don't feel quite right about the swoop of the brim or the way it curls down around your left eyeball. Or it's a little too tight around the temples. Or you'd rather have a couple more dents up there on top. Well, there's a cure.

You go see Cowgirl Cathy.

If there's two things Cowgirl Cathy (Cathy O'Neill) knows, it's horses and hats. She is currently unemployed and living in a small trailer in Johtown, which is on the Comstock between Silver City and Dayton. Her horses, one with a young colt, are kept in a make-shift corral. On a fine old couch shaded by tall creekwillows and cottonwoods and overlooking Gold Creek, Cathy took time out from some leatherwork to explain the subtle art of cowboy hat styling.

"Before you do anything to a hat you want to make sure it's a good quality hat," says Cathy. "It's best to have a 5x to a 10x beaver felt hat. The higher the number the better the quality."

She says the best way to prepare a hat for styling is to use a good hot steam. "I use one of those whistling tea kettles. Put about an inch-and-a-half of water in the bottom and prop the lid open with a toothpick then steam the part of the hat you want to shape. Work the felt with your hands until you get the shape you want and when you're done with the shaping, set the hat somewhere out of the way to dry. You can stretch and mold good quality beaver felt any way you want to."

If you want to change the shape of the crown Cathy says you have to be careful. Crowns that have really been stretched and bent in the factory will leave a lump if you try to take the bend out and the hats really have to be worked carefully to get them to look right.

"If you want to reshape an old hat that's kind of worn out and floppy you can use hair spray or a spray starch on it before you set it out to dry. If your hat's a little too big, you can stick some paper in the leather band inside the hat. If it's too small, get the leather

band real wet and then put it on and wear it till it dries. You might get a headache, but it works."

She says straw hats can be shaped and bent, but they'll need plenty of steam. "They come with a plastic coating and you have to make sure the steam penetrates the straw. If it doesn't the straw will tear when you bend it.

"When I shape a hat I shape it to be practical, and also to look good. I pull the brim down in the front and back so that it sheds water good. I like a wide brim because it helps hold in your body heat. It also gives more protection in the sun and wind. You just got to watch them when a Washoe Zephyr starts blowing around here."

Shaping hats apparently isn't for everybody; "Some people have watched me do it, and they get a real feel for it. But others never can get it quite right, and they turn out lopsided and kinda funny lookin'."

She has a sure-fire way for the conscientious cowboy to come out on top of the whole thing though. "Buy an unshaped high-quality hat, bring it to me, give me five bucks and I'll shape it for ya."

If you want to get in touch with Cowgirl Cathy just ask anybody in Johtown (population: 8).



Levi Strauss, the immigrant merchant. Over a century later, his blue jeans are the most popular fashion worldwide. Genuine Levis sell for \$100 a pair on the Moscow black market while French made versions go for \$50 in his own San Francisco.

a pair of boots acts almost like a pair of skis when a man's trying to stop some bronc on the end of his rope but with a sharp heel it's possible to get some traction. Given the difference in size between a man and horse it goes without saying that the man needs all the help he can get.

You would notice on the old time boot, the heel (where it met the vamp of the boot) protruded to the rear about one eighth of an inch. To some folks, it would appear the bootmaker did a rough job, but to the vaquero that extra leather formed a spur counter that prevented his spur from slipping down over the back of his heel and off his boot. Between the heel and the sole was a rounded, iron or steel reinforced shank. It was round so the boot would comfortably fit a round, oxbow type stirrup, and made of iron or steel so a man could carry his weight on his instep without hurting his feet.

The vaquero wanted a boot that fit snug enough to be comfortable, but loose enough to get his foot out easily in the event he got "hung up." He needed a high top to protect his shins and lower leg from tree branches, heavy brush, and other obstructions.

A laced or buckled, high, heavy leather top certainly gave protection and fit snug, but a man was in trouble if he needed to get the boot off in a hurry. The traditional "stovepipe" top, loose enough to come off easy, would also be crumpled up around a man's ankles after a few days' use. A special concept that would combine both advantages was developed for the cowboy boot.

Bootmakers found they could use

light, soft leather for the tops of their boots and by running a zigzag design of stitching from top to bottom, the soft leather was stiffened so it would stand without buckles or laces. Different bootmakers stitched boot tops with different designs and from this arose the fancy tops on many boots today.

The scalloped top made the boot a little easier to put on while providing maximum height protection. Long leather straps, called mule ears, stitched to keep them from wadding up, hung from the top of the boot on each side so a fellow had something to get a grip on when he pulled his boots on in the morning.

As boots became more a symbol of western romanticism rather than a vital part of a cowboy's working gear, many changes took place. The narrow round toe became a very sharp toe with a square point. It looks nice, but a sharp square toe would be torn apart in the brush in one day's riding. As buyers wanted boots more for walking than riding, the leather sole was replaced by something tougher. Rubber and synthetics are common on modern boots. The high underslung heel was replaced by a wide, flat "walking heel." The round shank was replaced by a flat shank. The spur counter was eliminated.

Stitching in boot tops gave way to fancy designs and inlays. A man sitting at a desk or running a crap game doesn't need fourteen inch tops to protect his legs, so many modern boots don't do a whole lot more than cover the ankles. Scalloped tops are still common, but mule ears are seldom seen.

The old time boot is still worn by some Nevadans, but you're not likely to see them very often because the owner's line of work usually keeps him in the sagebrush in the remote part of the state.

Regardless of what's happened to boots, style wise, they have damn sure become a symbol of the west.

I was in Winnemucca the other day where a salesman from back east was making a pitch before a group of cattlemen. This guy was dressed in a white three-piece suit, white patent leather shoes, white socks, white shirt with lace on the front, a silk tie, razor cut hair, and manicured fingernails. He apologized to the group of Levi clad cowmen for his dress, explaining if he had had time when he hit town that morning to buy a pair of boots to replace those white shoes, he could have looked western too. □

NEVADA WESTERN STORE GUIDE

Compiled by Betty Govorchin

CARSON CITY

D-BAR-M HITCHIN POST—3080 Highway 50 East. 883-3633. 9-5:30, Mon.-Sat. SHIRTS: Panhandle, Dee Cee, Karman; HATS: Resistol, American; BOOTS: Tony Lama, Nocona, Justin, Acme; PANTS: Lee, Wrangler; SUITS: Lasso, Panhandle Slim; SPECIAL SERVICES: Hat shaping, boot repair, special orders, mail orders, custom belt buckles. Coffee pot's always on. "We sell stuff to the cowboys," says Jack Bassett. "The real thing in the heart of the West." MAC'S WESTERN BOOT REPAIR & CUSTOM LEATHER—1976 Hwy. 50 E. 883-3054. 10-5:00, Mon.-Sat. SHIRTS: Dee Cee and Stockman; PANTS: Wrangler; HATS: American, Bailey and Eddy Bros. BOOTS: Wrangler, Tony Lama and Sierra; RIDING EQUIPMENT: Full line of saddles and tack; PLUS: Hat shaping and boot repairs; Saddle and harness repairs and custom leather work. Owner Dick McEwen.

THE OUTDOORMAN: 3733 N Carson St. Carson City, 883-2755. 7 days a wk. 10:00-5:00. SHIRTS: Levi, Wrangler, Lee, Larry Mahan; PANTS: Levi, Wrangler and Lee; HATS: Resistol, Bailey, Larry Mahan; BOOTS: Acme; Buckles, RIDING EQUIPMENT: Saddles.

ROGERS WESTERN STORE—1821 N Carson St. 882-5633. 9-5:30, Mon.-Sat. SHIRTS: H-Bar-C, Miller, Wrangler and Goat Ropers; PANTS: Lee, Levi and Wrangler; HATS: Resistol; BOOTS: Tony Lama, Justin and Acme; RIDING EQUIPMENT: "We equip everything but the horse," says Bill Rogers.

ELKO

J. M. CAPRIOLA CO.—500 Commercial, Elko. 738-5815. 7:30-6:00 Mon.-Sat. SHIRTS: Panhandle Slim, Texan and Wrangler; PANTS: Panhandle Slim, Lee, Wrangler and Levi Plus Men's and Ladies' Western dress suits; HATS: Resistol, Bailey and Stetson; BOOTS: Tony Lama, Nocona, Acme, Justin and Larry Mahan; Jewelry; RIDING EQUIPMENT: Full line of saddles and tack; PLUS: Garcia bits and spurs. Custom made saddles and leather goods including chaps, belts and wallets. Owners Bill Bear and Paula Wright.

ELKO GENERAL MERCHANDISE—416 Idaho, Elko. 738-3295. 9-5:00, Mon.-Fri. SHIRTS: Texas, Wrangler, Miller and Levi; PANTS: Levi, Lee and Wrangler. HATS: Resistol, Stagecoach and Dobbs; BOOTS: Tony Lama, Acme, Wrangler and Falcon; Belts and Buckles; Hat Shaping; PLUS: Minnetonka Moccasins, and backpacking equipment plus Western overshoes. Owner: Margaret Anacabe.

ELY

WHITE PINE FEED—1234 High St., Ely. 289-4521 9-5:00, Mon.-Sat. SHIRTS: Lee and Wrangler; work shirts, dress shirts and ladies blouses; PANTS: Tem Tex, Lee and Wrangler; HATS:

(Continued on page 58)

The World's Most Famous Ranch of TV's Bonanza Fame



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Yessir... the Old West comes alive at the world's most famous ranch... the Ponderosa. It's the home of the Cartwrights of TV's BONANZA fame. Just one visit and you become a part of a living legend. There's the authentically restored Western Town that takes you back 100 years in time... the shops, the stores, the western lore museum, the antiques, the Church of the Ponderosa, the shootin' gallery, Hossburgers and rib stickin' grub, the Silver Dollar Saloon, gravity defyin' mystery mine, the pettin' farm, games of skill, the arcade, trails for horseback riding, and picture takin'... why there's so much to do and see you better plan on makin' a day of it!



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ARCADE PRIZES

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Featuring food and drink in the sagebrush state.

The Relentless Gourmand

ITALIAN VILLAGE

By Judee Quillin

The Italian Village is a neighborhood haven that has been serving fine fettuccini to famished Las Vegans for 24 years. In its present location at 4000 Boulder Highway since 1955, The Village reopened in February after a kitchen fire last summer closed the restaurant for six grim months. The crew awaited the reconstruction with an impatience shared by scores of faithful patrons.

Hostess and co-owner Connie Stuckey will greet you with the grace of a signora; dine with her twice and she'll know your name. Her charm is peerless: pure Pennsylvania Italian seasoned with the sincerity of old Las Vegas.

Try the scampi. Chef Van Morrell says his secret is a dash of Tabasco in the sherry-lemon-butter sauce. However it's done, it's the perfect appetizer. A bottle of room temperature Almaden Cabernet won't overpower its subtleties and will pique the palette for the delicacies to come.

Connie's partner, Joe Van Eckron, is seldom on hand except around cocktail hour, when you'll find him keeping books, checking inventory and greeting at the bar. The Village enjoys an active bar trade, providing early-hours entertainment surpassing most Strip floor shows in wit, and a brisk take-out business that attests to the quality of the pizzas. Shakey's and Pizza Hut are in the neighborhood, but the cognescenti opt for The Village. Phone ahead and come in 20 minutes. You'll have time for a beer.

After your scampi appetizer, the main course is a matter of taste. Recommended are the veal piccante, the chicken francaise and the spaghetti caruso (your choice of pasta, of course) with savory chicken livers and mushroom sauce. The linguini and red clams are superb. Whatever your entree selection, you should sample the zucchini florentine as a side dish. And you can count on The Italian Village for a fine steak, charred medium. To repeat, a "regular" reports no disappointments in five years' weekly visits.

While the fare is uncommon, the decor isn't elegant; it's comfortable. Gone are the styrofoam baseballs that hung from the ceiling of the old bar; they were consumed by last year's inferno. But you can still get a rise from Connie when you offer a friendly wager against her home team, the Pirates. Notice Jim Sims behind the bar. He's proficient, an able mixologist with a touch of wry. And be sure to comment on the murals in the dining room: they're Connie's favorite.

For exemplary service, ask for Andy's station. He does fine needlepoint and paints for his friends. For satire, choose Larry, a waiter with an ironical wit. It is a tribute to management and the home-like atmosphere of The Italian Village that the best of the

crew waited half a year to come back to work in the Skyway Plaza.

You won't find The Italian Village unless you aim to. It's some six miles from Las Vegas Boulevard (take Desert Inn Road east to Boulder Highway and turn left) and seven miles from Downtown (head east on Fremont and turn right on Boulder Highway at Five Points). The nearest landmark now is the new Sam's Town at Boulder Highway and Nellis Boulevard (The Village is five long blocks due north), or, if you're local, KORK-TV at Boulder Highway and Desert Inn Road. (The TV-3 newscrew eats there regularly.)

Look for The Italian Village behind a nondescript exterior and a macho electric Schlitz Beer sign. Closed on Mondays. You'll love it!

END OF THE TRAIL SALOON By Burge Hulett

In a world of MacDonald's, Taco Bells and microwave portion control it's getting impossible to find a restaurant run by people who care more about their customers than their profit and loss statement. The End of the Trail Saloon and Restaurant in Dayton, Nevada, is such a place, and it's as rare a find as a silver strike.

The End of the Trail is located in the heart of downtown Dayton, Nevada's second oldest town, situated 12 miles east of Carson City on U.S. 50. Hungry motorists can reach Dayton in an hour to an hour and a half from Reno, Fallon, Yerington, Minden, Gardnerville and South Lake Tahoe. Turn west at the town's main intersection next to the Dayton Flea Market ("Open Weekends") and the End of the Trail is one block ahead on the right.

As you walk into the End of the Trail barroom you will be sure you have come to the wrong place. City people call the barroom funky, country folk call it a drinking and fighting bar. It's a little bit of both but Vita Hinman, the short, dark-eyed proprietor with a strobe-like smile doesn't allow fighting.

The atmosphere in drinking and eating establishments comes from the people who work in them, and the End of the Trail overflows with the care and attention of Vita and her staff of

irregulars. Vita cares. She cares about the food cooked with her own hands, she cares about the young hippie types working off a bar tab, she cares about the tourists looking for a good meal, she cares about the day laborer having his first scampi and she cares about her work force that seems to expand and contract depending more on their needs than hers.

The menu is born out of Vita's Italian background and the recipes come from her family kitchen. First timers at the End of the Trail usually aren't prepared for dinners of scampi, frog legs, stuffed rainbow trout and steamed clams in addition to a raft of spaghetti dishes with various sauces. On the a la carte column you can find mushrooms escargots, clams and ravioli. For the less adventuresome, there are steaks and Cornish game hens. All dinners are served with a side of spaghetti, homemade soup, salad, fresh home baked bread and a free glass of wine. Dinner prices range from \$6.50 for spaghetti with clam sauce to \$10.50 for a Porterhouse steak. The stuffed trout is \$8 and better than you will find in San Francisco or New York. For the thirsty, wine flows at popular prices, house red or white for \$2.50 a litre and \$1.60 for a half.

The establishment was built around 1886 and has always been a bar but the present restaurant wasn't added until 1976. The decor of the restaurant is

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Mechanized Freightlines

The new steam driven tractors were a dream,
but keeping them running took a miracle.

By E. Gorton Covington

When mining camps began to dot the Nevada landscape in the late 1800s, they were supplied with the necessities of life and progress by freight wagons drawn by teams of oxen, mules and horses.

Even after the Central Pacific had extended its twin lines of steel rail across the northern part of the state, the towns along the tracks remained important freight junctions. From Elko, Winnemucca and Reno the wagons made their trips to inland camps and stations, pulled by as many as 10 teams controlled by a single driver with a jerkline.

The teamsters and their wagons presented a colorful spectacle whenever they rolled into town. The drivers usually fitted their teams with bells, and the resonant jingling could be heard from afar to herald the wagons' approach. Small boys and girls would run to meet them and romp alongside the sweating animals until the wagons were maneuvered into the loading area.

But colorful or not, this mode of transport was slow. The care and outfitting of so many animals was costly, and the dust and flies inescapable. Fretful freighters looked for a modern method of transportation between the railroads and mining camps. Suddenly, in 1880, it seemed their prayers had been answered. Their dream machine had arrived.

It was the road locomotive, a monstrous steam-driven tractor that plowed through sand and sagebrush at will—when it ran. The contraption had been first developed by Thomas Fortune of Mt. Pleasant, Kansas, who

attempted to mechanize the freight wagon as early as 1861. Fortune built a 60-horsepower rig with rear wheels eight feet high, a machine so ponderous that it could not negotiate a right angle turn off Mt. Pleasant's main street. Instead, it had to back out of town and, as fortune would have it, finally bogged down in a mudhole, where it remained for several years.

The first steam freighter in Nevada operated in the southwestern part of the state in 1880. The idea was to haul freight wagons behind a steam tractor over the hills and desert between San Antonio and Belmont, Columbus and Candelaria.

"Aveling and Porter's road locomotive, the first ever used on this Coast,

was tested last week in San Antonio, in this county," reported the *Belmont Courier* on May 29th. "The trial was witnessed by skeptics from Belmont and elsewhere who had their doubts as to its practicability." The outfit consisted of a six-horsepower engine and two freight cars. San Antonio had been selected as one of the worst places in the state to make the trial, being noted for its extensive sand flats.

The rig reportedly made its own road through the sand and sagebrush, averaging two to three miles an hour. "The conclusion arrived at by those who witnessed the trial is that it would work well on hard or moderately hard ground and even in deep sand if the

(Continued on page 40)



Mechanized freighters were enormous but turned out to be fairly useless.

Okie's weakness was booze, but he was cured by three hats when he thought he was losing his head. By Bud Hage

Hat Crazed in Winnemucca

It used to be you could tell which part of the country a man came from, just by the style of his hat. If you saw a man wearing a well creased, flat brimmed hat you could just about bet he also had a spade bit and centerfire saddle and came from California. If the man wore a hat with telescoped crown and curled up brim, it was a safe bet he hailed from Arizona or New Mexico, maybe Colorado. When you saw the extra wide brim, the high pointed crown, you knew this guy was from Wyoming or Montana and you knew he rode a two binder saddle and used a grazer bit. Here in Nevada, we mostly wore flat brimmed hats with low crowns.

Hats have been used for everything from fanning a fire to serving as a canteen. I even saw a hat used one time to break a man from drinking. The cure didn't last, but it kept this fellow dried out for better than a year.

It was back in 1934. There were three of us, Mill Iron Jack, Okie McGillicudy, and me, Hardrock. We'd been working for the P Bench outfit all fall and when the wagon pulled in that November, we bought a few old cranky horses from some of the nearby outfits and started mustanging north of Winnemucca.

There probably wasn't a man anywhere in the state as good natured and hard working as Okie McGillicudy. Big guy, with a real loud voice and like the rest of us, not much education. He wasn't a "pretty" rider, but was so damn big and stout, he could "strong arm" most of them. I'll tell you, when that man got ahold of a bronc's ears to ear him down, you knew that horse wasn't going anywhere until he let go. Weight wise, he had both Mill Iron and me by about 50 pounds.

Okie's one weakness was booze.

Like a lot of other fellows who spend most of their life in the open, he would try to absorb all the pleasures the bright lights offer in a few days. If you didn't get Okie up to his room on his feet by midnight, you'd probably end up carrying him an hour or so later.

Mill Iron remarked one night after half carrying, half dragging Okie up the stairs at the Humboldt Hotel, "This guy's heavier than a dead horse. If there was another flight of stairs, we'd have to cut hand holds in him."

Along in February that winter, the three of us drove 132 mustangs into the stockyards in Winnemucca. They brought four dollars a head without crossing the scales. That kind of money wouldn't buy much these days, but at that time it wasn't bad wages for a few months work. We all went up town, got rooms, bought some new clothes, a good meal, then set about investigating the town's nightlife.

As usual, shortly after midnight, Okie was down for the count and the hotel bouncer was looking for someone to get him out of the bar before he called the law.

Mill Iron and I got ahold of Okie and once more struggled and cussed up two flights of steps where we laid him face down on his bed. While we were getting our wind, Mill Iron remarked, "Damn this guy. If he wasn't such a good hand when he's sober, I'd never nursemaid him like this when he's drunk."

Mill Iron suddenly stopped talking. He was staring at Okie's new John B. Stetson hat, purchased just that afternoon.

"What are you thinking?" I asked.

"By George," Mill Iron says as he reached over and picked Okie's hat from the floor, "I've got an idea. Maybe," he mused as he fingered the

hat and looked closely at the size seven label, "Maybe, if we scare hell out of this guy, he'll slow up on the drinking."

We both went to our rooms and bedded down. Next morning Mill Iron was off to the dry goods store, first thing. When he returned, he had two brand new hats, exactly like Okie's. The only difference, one was size six and the other was size eight.

"Wait till tonight," he said. "I'm going to start that big booger on the cure."

That night was a repeat of the first. Okie got too limber to walk. The bouncer threatened to call the law. Mill Iron and I hauled 230 pounds of dead weight upstairs.

When we laid him down, Mill Iron quickly grabbed the size seven hat, went to his room and returned with the size six.

I was sitting downstairs next morning, at the breakfast counter, when Okie made his appearance. He was a little wobbly and red eyed, but seemed to be bothered most by a hat that set way high on his head and constantly threatened to fall off.

We chatted a little, while I drank a second cup of coffee. Mill Iron and I had already agreed that we wouldn't "notice anything unusual." Okie was acting very nonchalant, never letting on there was anything different, just reaching up now and then to balance the hat or to give it a sharp tug downward with both hands.

Next night, we carried Okie up to his bed and Mill Iron switched the size six hat for the size eight. We were both downstairs waiting when he wobbled in about nine in the morning. Things would have gone all right, but he had to use both hands to get through the batwing doors. The hat dropped down

to where it almost blinded him.

Okie shoved the hat up above his ears with a quick motion and sat down like nothing had happened. Every now and then when he thought no one was watching, he'd reach up and readjust the hat above his ears.

That night, the switch was made back to the size six. Mill Iron had even quit cussing about hauling Okie upstairs. Okie's attempts to disregard his hat problem were good entertainment.

The next day, when Okie walked in with the size six sitting way up on top his head again, you could tell it was starting to get to him. Walking over to where Mill Iron and I were standing he said, "Morning," ordered a drink and studied the bar mirror, deep in thought. Suddenly, he says to Mill Iron, "You see anything wrong with this hat?" Mill Iron studied him for a long moment. "Why no Okie, it sure looks okay to me."

"That's what I thought," he said, then hurriedly downed his drink and headed out the door for another day on the town.

The hats were switched at night several more times. Each day Okie gave us his usual "morning," but we could tell his normal good nature was getting frayed. Once, when a blackjack dealer mentioned his hat looked oversized, Okie snatched the guy right off the floor. It was only after the fellow admitted that it "sure was the best fitting hat he had ever seen" that Okie put him down.

On the fifth day Okie showed up with the size six perched precariously on his head. He didn't order a morning drink though . . . just sat at the bar fingering a glass of water, looking in the bar mirror and glancing from side to side with a worried look on his face.

While we're eating that noon, Okie sits down at our table and after looking both ways and behind him, whispers frantically, "I've got to talk to someone. I can't let these other guys hear because they'll laugh, but I've got a bad problem."

"What is it?" Mill Iron replied, chewing hard on a piece of steak to keep a straight face.

"You guys got to promise you won't laugh."

"We won't laugh," we assured him.

"Well," he looked both ways and behind him again, "my head keeps swelling up and shrinking."

"How do you know?" says Mill Iron, cutting off another bite of steak.



"It's the way my hat fits. Look! The damn thing is sitting way up on top my head today and yesterday I couldn't keep it above my ears."

"Sure enough," says Mill Iron, eyeing him casually without taking total attention off his meal. "I guess you've got alcoholaremia."

"Alcoholaremia," Okie repeated in a loud whisper, quickly looking around again to see if anyone else had heard. "What's that?"

"That's when you get a bad reaction to all kinds of booze," Mill Iron went on. "I've only seen a couple cases in my time. Wouldn't you say that's what it is, Hardrock?"

I had to agree.

"What do you do for it?" Okie pleaded.

"Only thing I know," says Mill Iron, "is swear off. Of the two cases I've seen, one fellow swore off and never had another problem. The other guy stayed with the booze till one day his head swole up and busted open, just like a watermelon. Awful sight."

Okie's eyes were as big around as saucers and he was gripping the table top so hard his knuckles were white.

"Well I'm telling you guys, I'm swearing off. You fellows know there's damn few things I'm afraid of, but this alco . . . , whatever you called it, sure has me worried. I'm done with the booze."

We split up after that. Mill Iron went up to the YP for the spring roundup. I took a job in a mine near McDermitt, and Okie headed south.

Several years later, I walked into the Mizpah Hotel in Tonopah. From over at the bar, where it was still too dark for me to see till my eyes adjusted from the outside sunlight, I heard a familiar voice boom out, "Hardrock, you son of a gun, come on over. Have a drink." It was Okie; no one had a voice like his.

"I thought you'd quit drinking," I remarked, stepping up to the bar.

"Funny thing," he replied, "I've never had any more problem with my head since leaving Winnemucca. Never touched a drop for better than a year, but I'm okay now. It must be the climate or elevation in that town."

I agreed, bought him a tall one, and started talking about old times on the P Bench. □

In 1906 Tom Watkins' black horse started one of Nevada's last great gold rushes. By George A. Thompson

Strike in the Snake Range

"Gold Strike in the Snake Range!" was the message bannered across the *Osceola Nugget* in March 1906 as word spread of a spectacularly rich strike 50 miles east of Ely. One of Nevada's last great gold rushes had begun.

It all started that spring when prospector Tom Watkins lost his horse. Watkins' sleek black horse was his special pride. When it strayed from his camp in the Snake Range, where the Sagebrush State butts up against the glaring white salt flats of Utah, he lost no time in following its trail.

Watkins found his steed about half-

way between Osceola and Mt. Moriah. And there, glistening in the morning sun, almost as if the black horse had led him to it, was a quartz ledge shot through with stringers of yellow gold. Watkins staked claim to the ledge on March 6th, 1906, telling only a friend and an assayer in nearby Osceola of his find.

After testing the samples, the assayer knew he had a secret too good to keep, and within hours everyone in Osceola knew about the new strike. Almost overnight Osceola was deserted in the rush to the new bonanza. Most of the

hopeful argonauts agreed that Watkins could not have given his claim a better name than Black Horse.

From all over the Great Basin the boomers came, the old-timers who remembered the days of Washoe and Treasure Mountain and the young men who feared this would be the last rush. A hundred claims were staked the first day and within a week there wasn't a foot of unclaimed ground within sight of the Black Horse. Tents sprung up in all directions. There was no time to waste.

Frank McIntyre staked the San Pedro claim next to Watkins'. Salt Lake City newspapers described the San Pedro ledge as being "7 feet wide and carrying values of \$400 per ton with ore less than \$100 value being piled on the waste dump!" In July Ely businessman Thomas O'Neill obtained an option to buy the Black Horse Mine for \$50,000 while a New York company gained control of the San Pedro for \$75,000. Other promising properties located early in the rush included the Grasshopper operated by Lon Heath, the California owned by the Mariott Brothers, the Red Chief located by the Hamilton Brothers, as well as the Lucky Boy, Buchanan, and Campbell claims.

The *Salt Lake Mining Review* reported, "Affairs at Black Horse are at a fever heat due to the many rich strikes being made at that prosperous camp and no doubt even richer finds will be made." Only a few days later miners at the Mabel Mine discovered, they said, "the richest gold ore found anywhere at any time." The Black



Railroad Day, Ely. First Train in Sept. 1906.



PHOTOS COURTESY NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Miners' lodgings, 1906.

Horse correspondent to the *Review* reported, "No part of the Mabel ledge can be found which doesn't show coarse or wire gold. One assay proves an unbelievable 5,013 ounces of gold with a value of \$100,275 per ton! Armed guards have been hired to prevent high-grading and to keep curiosity seekers from taking samples, the loss of which costs the company thousands of dollars each day!"

The summer of 1906 found most of Black Horse's businesses housed in tents. But in September the *White Pine News* reported, "C. E. Tilford has begun operation of a sawmill which promises a good supply of lumber for the new camp." Among the first wooden buildings erected were Don Clay's San Pedro Club, which advertised "Fine liquors & beer on draught," and Jim Mihigan's general store, boasting "A complete line of mining tools." A post office, officially granted to Black Horse on September 17, 1906, also was housed in a frame building.



Street Scene in Black Horse, Nevada.

Some of the business houses described by a Salt Lake reporter in 1907 included four stores, a restaurant and three boarding houses. Payne Brothers Wholesale Liquors supplied liquid refreshment to the camp's four saloons, which included Don Clay's San Pedro Club, Rush & O'Neills, Tom Connors & Peter Huntsman's, and a place known to the miners as "The Bucket Of Blood."

Winters were hard at the 7,000 foot elevation of Black Horse, but even when snow lay deep in the gulches and ore wagons bogged down in drifts, the mines kept working and new strikes were reported. The San Pedro Mine received \$11,000 for 100 tons of "mill rock" shipped to Osceola's Whitney Mill before winter snow blocked the roads; at the Black Horse Mine a pocket of ore worth \$1 a pound was uncovered. The Hamilton brothers claimed they had ore worth \$2 a pound sacked at their Red Chief Mine and hired armed guards to watch it. And while the wagon roads out of Black Horse were buried in snow, the mine owners were making even bigger plans.

In January 1908 the owners of the Mabel Mine announced they would build a mill at Black Horse to avoid the long hard haul to the mills at Osceola. The owners of the San Pedro Mine, not to be outdone, ordered a new 20 stamp mill at a cost of \$55,000. The new mills were built at Willow Patch, where unfailing springs insured a dependable water supply. Time proved the water supply was more dependable than the camp's ore supply.

Some of the old-timers were begin-

ning to take a close second look at Black Horse. When the mine workings were in ore, it was fabulously rich, but when the veins pinched together they were closer than a parson's purse. But promoters kept pushing stock prices higher and the camp kept going at its dizzy pace.

One night in the fall of 1908, however, the drinks flowed a little too free and easy. The boys from the Hole Card Mine were standing treats at the Bucket of Blood and not long after miner Scotty Bertie entered the saloon, he and proprietor Fred Loper were arguing heatedly. Some witnesses said Scotty reached for his back pocket. Loper grabbed a six-shooter from behind the bar and fired without waiting to see what Scotty was reaching for. As the stunned miners watched, Scotty was hurled backward by the bullet's impact and fell to the floor, a gaping hole in the center of his chest.

Before the miners could gather their wits Loper ran out a side door and raced away into the darkness on a fast horse. Notified in Ely, Sheriff Baird quickly gathered a posse and followed Loper's trail. The odds at Black Horse were 3 to 1 that Loper would be caught, but the tired posse trailed back into town empty-handed a week later. No one in Black Horse ever saw Loper again.

Soon after Scotty's killing the camp's own spirit began to die. When the oak and aspen leaves turned color that fall, the trail over Sacramento Pass was seldom without a miner leaving for another camp he had heard about, where the ore was more dependable and winters were easier. When the winter of 1909 piled snow deep in the mountains, only a few die-hards remained, and most of them agreed the diggings were "deep enough" when spring came again.

A few mines were still running in 1910, but to follow the pinched veins was neither promising nor profitable. At the San Pedro the tunnel was driven for over 900 feet in a continual curve and followed the vein right back to the surface, leaving no doubt at all where it ended.

Like a meteor Black Horse had soared and vanished. Today the site has a few tumbled-down buildings and several open, dangerous mine shafts. But the miners who made the rush wouldn't soon forget the camp or its record \$100,000 ore. And they wouldn't forget Tom Watkins and his black horse either. □

The publisher of the Territorial Enterprise tells of a trip to bring the Capital to Virginia City.

Heroes, Bad Men & Honest Miners

Heroes, Badmen and Honest Miners
Joe Goodman's Tales of the Comstock Lode

Introduction by Phillip I. Earl
Great Basin Press
Reno, Nevada

\$2.95

Joseph Thompson Goodman, when recognized at all today, is remembered as the editor and owner of the Virginia City *Territorial Enterprise*, that small frontier newspaper which became, under his aegis, one of national renown. He is remembered in Nevada histories for those men whose work he nurtured and who worked with him—the mark of a good editor—among them Rollin Daggett, Dan De Quille and Mark Twain, who remained a life-long friend. He is much less remembered for his plays, poems, and his prodigious newspaper writings.

In *Heroes, Badmen and Honest Miners*, Phillip I. Earl has unearthed from the pages of the *San Francisco Chronicle* and the *San Francisco Examiner* a lovely little collection of Joe Goodman's prose. Though his pen was not as facile as those of his better known contemporaries, these vignettes of life on the Comstock give us an intimate glimpse into the past. The following excerpt could have been titled "How to Combat the Winter Doldrums."

—Olivia Mandel



Joe Goodman

About 11 o'clock of a cheerless night in January, 1864, Rufe Arick, mayor of Virginia City, George Birdsall, city marshal, Lib Hastings, clerk of the district Court, and the writer happened to meet at the corner of C and Union streets in the blessed Virginia City aforesaid. There had been a heavy fall of snow and a cold spell a week or two before, but the thaw had come and the streets were a mass of slush and the sidewalks a line of dripping awnings. The unpropitious weather had stopped the life of the town, and the deaths also. There had not been killings enough for a fortnight to make it worth while keeping cases on them. It was stagnation, so far as an irrepressible town could stagnate. That was the consensus of opinion among the four who met at the corner of C and Union streets.

An empty hack came floundering along the muddy street. "Let's go to Carson City," suggested some one. Agreed. And we climbed into the hack and told the driver to deliver us at the State capital. It was twenty miles away, and in such a condition of roads almost as inaccessible as the north pole, but the legislature was in session there, and we steered to it as to an ultimate point of relief and life. The patient persistence of the driver and his

team landed us there just at daybreak.

It is easy enough to obey a gypsy impulse to go anywhere or everywhere, but when you have arrived at your destination without any purpose a feeling of stultification is liable to confront you and ask what it all means. And so, when we deployed ourselves in the blaze of the capital, and anxious denizens inquired what this sudden irruption of the dignitaries of Virginia City signified, we were confounded and unable to reply satisfactorily. But their insistence speedily begot a purpose. The capital could not be permanently fixed under the Territorial act; its location was at the will of the Legislature, and we determined to remove it to Virginia City.

A thorough canvass showed that we could rely upon a majority of the House, but the Senate was a tie. Weighing the chances of which one of the opposition we could most likely bring over, we agreed upon Uncle Abe Curry, a resident of Carson City itself, and I was selected to make the attempt. I met the lovable old man and strolled with him three miles out of the city. I showed him that the infallible logic of destiny pointed to Virginia City as the future metropolis, and that as a corollary it should be the capital. I promised him the contract for erecting the new State buildings. I held out to him honor, profit, glory, if he would only cast his vote our way. I triumphed; he acceded, and, clasping my hand, assured me that we could rely on him implicitly.

But a factor I had not reckoned upon was to enter unexpectedly into the affair. As we wheeled to return to the city the sun was hovering just above the line of the Sierra, and gave to the squalid settlement a beauty to which it had no rightful claim. O thankless Carsonites, you should all turn Parsees and worship that luminary every time it descends, for without its beams that day your burg would not now be the State capital!

As we journeyed toward old Abe

Curry's eyes rested upon the gilded structures and transfigured hovels until at last he burst into tears and exclaimed: "Release me from my promise; I cannot keep it! I'm the father of the town. There isn't a stone building in it but I erected; there isn't a dwelling I haven't watched over. I should as soon think of abandoning my own children as of forsaking Carson City." The jig was up, I honored the old man's sentiment, though it swept away our brilliant dream of empire.

Meantime we had paid our respects to Governor Nye, an orator and statesman of national fame, at his spacious stone mansion, and through pressing invitation kept on paying them about every hour. Apart from the wittiest and most genial host that ever welcomed a guest to his board, the mansion possessed an attraction in the shape of a barrel of forty-year-old whisky, which Moses Grinnell had just sent out from New York to his old friend the Governor. It has been said that some whisky is better than other but no whisky is bad. That whisky was an absolute superlative that admitted of no comparison. I have never tasted nectar and therefore cannot say positively what it is like, but if I thought the gods had anything better than that cask of old whisky it would give me an increased interest in the hereafter.

I am ordinarily only a beer drinker myself, notwithstanding this rhapsody over the diviner beverage. In the frequent resorts to George Lewis' saloon which our business, or lack of it, necessitated, it became monotonous and very wearying to have to wait for the bartender to fish out a fresh mug every time, so I captured one of the silver goblets and carried it in my overcoat pocket—a happy thought by which much time was economized, as I could present it promptly to be refilled whenever occasion required. I utilized the same measure for sampling Governor Nye's whisky cask. Quantity was not to be considered in connection with that liquid felicity, except to get enough of it. It was as innocuous as the late Mr. Cleveland's desuetude.

In one of our visits of respect an extraordinarily brilliant flow of eloquence from the Governor rendered me inattentive to business, and I stood the goblet on the mantel instead of replacing it in my pocket. I was not aware of my mistake until there was necessity for expediting affairs at George Lewis'. My goblet was missing! It was generally agreed that Governor

Nye had stolen it, as it was not likely he or any other Carson City man would let so much solid bullion escape him when there was a chance to get away with it. A complaint was immediately filed upon information and belief. Hal Clayton, the brilliant lawyer, drew up a warrant that would have brought a lost explorer back from the Arctic region and Marshal Birdsall was dispatched to bring the Governor before the court that had been extemporized to try him.

The prisoner recognized the jurisdiction of the court, but entered a plea of not guilty. His defense was one of the wittiest and ablest efforts in the annals of the bar, but in Hal Clayton he encountered an adversary every inch his equal in humor and ability. The proof was too overwhelming for the Governor. The *corpus delicti*, the incriminating goblet, had been found in his possession. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty, and the culprit was sentenced to pay a fine of five baskets of champagne, which he did upon the spot.

"Boys," said the merry old man, after the last of the five had been disposed of, "I don't propose you shall have all the fun to yourselves. I don't go much on legislatures and gubernatorial dignity, anyway. I want to go to Virginia City with you."

Our hack was called, and in ten minutes we had started back to the Comstock as abruptly as we had left it two days before.

We arranged for a grand public dinner the succeeding night in honor of

Governor Nye's visit to Virginia City and the presentation of a silver service to him. It can readily be imagined that the racket promised to be rather expensive, and with a view to contingencies we extended invitations to the entire Board of Aldermen.

The banquet at Chauvel's was a notable affair in the history of the city in more than one way, as will shortly be seen. Covers were laid for about a hundred guests, and the wisdom, wine and wit of the Comstock flowed as it never did before or since. The crowning feature was the presentation of the silver service by Mayor Arick and Governor Nye's magnificent response.

So great was the eclat of the occasion and so general the feeling that the community had honored itself by the welcome tendered its distinguished chief Magistrate, that it required but a bare suggestion to induce the Board of Aldermen to assume on behalf of the municipality the whole expense of the banquet and service of plate. The city treasury was depleted at that time, and for many years afterward, for that matter, and it was considered a brilliant financial stroke to cancel indebtedness by issuing to claimants scrip bearing 5 per cent interest a month until redeemed. The time for the redemption of this particular scrip did not come for years, but when it did my heart went out in generous sympathy to an impoverished and overburdened after generation that was forced to pay eleven thousand and odd dollars for an entertainment given to Governor Nye in 1864. □



PHOTOS COURTESY NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Ormsby House, Carson City, in the late 1800s.

MECHANIZED FREIGHT LINES

Continued

wheels had a greater diameter and width of tire; it is splendid as a roadmaker," said one observer.

"The only difficulty anticipated by those in charge is the water supply as two long desert stretches have to be crossed . . . and only one place where water can be obtained. The engine and cars are substantial affairs easily managed but for the purpose of freighting more powerful engines will be required to make it profitable."

Despite such a fine start, the steam rig never reached Candelaria. That town's newspaper, the *True Fissure*, reported on June 26, 1880 that the engine had reached Columbus and arrangements were being made for it to appear in a Fourth of July parade, but it failed to do so.

The engine was still at Columbus when Chris Zabriskie arrived in Candelaria in 1882. Formerly of Carson City, Zabriskie dabbled in anything that might prove profitable, including mines, borax operations, a bank and a mortuary in Candelaria. He and a business friend, W. R. Judson, entered the steam rig business briefly, but there is no record, other than a photograph of them posing with the engine, that they were any more successful than their predecessors.

A third attempt at mechanizing freighting took place in 1899. In that year, a mining man named B. F. Redman arrived in Elko from Denver, Colorado, and was soon manager of the Tuscarora Chief Mining Company in Tuscarora, northwest of Elko. He organized the Redman Transportation Company and announced he would haul freight between Elko and the Dinner House, a stage stop about 15 miles out of Elko on the road to Tuscarora, using a steam traction engine.

Redman first purchased an engine from the Holt Manufacturing Company in Stockton, California, guaranteed to haul 40 tons of freight at a rate of three and a half miles per hour, according to the *Elko Daily Independent* of April 15, 1899. The article said Redman, who expected to reduce the price of coal by \$3.50 per ton at Tuscarora, would construct his own road and bridges and would have an outrider moving half a mile ahead of the "freight train" to notify people with teams that it was coming. If they couldn't get out of the way, the engine's crew would jump off and help drivers get their teams past the engine.

Despite repeated attempts to make it work, the Redman rig never made it as far as the Dinner House because of breakdowns and lack of power across wet ground. On July 22, 1899, the *Nevada Appeal* reported that Redman had won a suit against the Holt Manufacturing Company. The engine and wagon were shipped back to Stockton.

This well-publicized death of a dream failed to dampen either the spirits of those determined to mechanize Nevada's animal-powered freight lines or the enterprise of the Holt firm. There surfaced in Tonopah in 1904 the Southern Nevada Forwarding Company, Inc., which advertised that it operated team freight lines regularly to Goldfield, Rhyolite, Beatty, Bullfrog and Lida. Between Tonopah and Goldfield, however, the pulling power was a Holt steam-powered engine with drive wheels seven feet in diameter and a single cab-controlled steering wheel in front. The engine was an improved version of the one in which Redman was mired in Elko.

The *Goldfield Daily Sun* of March 10, 1905 reported, "The traction engine is now making regular trips between Tonopah and Goldfield, hauling freight one way and ore the other. Last week it took some heavy shipments of ore from the Quartzite fraction and delivered them to the depot (in Tonopah). It is said to make about four miles per hour and is doing nicely . . . the broad tires of the engine have done wonderful work in leveling the highway."

During the summer of 1905 no more mention was made of the traction engine and no advertisements for the Southern Nevada Forwarding Company appeared. But there were stories about the consolidation of the Tonopah and Goldfield railroads and of plans for the Las Vegas & Tonopah to build a line into Bullfrog. This expansion of the railroads into the mining camps and the growing use of gasoline-powered trucks on Nevada's highways spelled the doom of the steam-powered rigs as freighters.

Even Holt abandoned steam and latched on to gasoline. During 1910 and 1911, the Nevada Wonder Mining Company used Holt engines equipped with gasoline powered motors and caterpillar treads to haul ore from Wonder to Fallon. People along the route referred to them as "snort wagons" because of the sound of their exhausts. If mechanized freight lines ever had a heyday, it was over. □

UNIQUE NEVADAN

(Continued from page 13)

national Organization of Women. She spends two days a week at St. Mary's Hospital in Reno, and one of her colleagues says she's ". . . indispensable in the working of the volunteer organization in the hospital."

Since Col. McNeely's death, his widow has had to look after herself, a lonely task but one that does not intimidate her.

"I believe in looking after myself. I learned independence growing up, I learned more about independence in the military." Ethel McNeely's independence goes beyond her own life, she is as suspicious of great federal agencies as any other native or adopted Nevadan. It is a sense of independence that is yet another legacy of a state fresh from its frontier period. Ethel McNeely can take care of herself; Ethel McNeely is a Nevadan; Nevadans can take care of themselves—it is the syllogism that confronts a busybody federal government that can't seem to understand the difference between states with their hands out and states, like Nevada, that prefer to take care of their own.

Ethel McNeely's independence is not to be confused with standoffishness. "We are very close in Nevada," she says, "we have a very clear sense of identity."

An admirable identity it is.

Bill Lang

The Friendly Civil Servant

When Bill Lang was in a Japanese prison camp he came to an important conclusion about survival. Smiling worked better than arguing. Marine Corps Gunnery Sgt. Lang had time enough to put his theory to the test. Captured at Corregidor, he was two years in a camp in the Philippines and another year or more in Japan.

Smiling didn't help him much when he took a grenade fragment in the upper right arm in Korea and if it didn't help then it certainly wasn't going to come to his aid minutes later when he took *another* chunk of shrapnel in his, er, hip.

But friendliness is a trait he learned early, in his migrations from Niagara Falls, N.Y., where he was born, to Chicago, where it was as necessary for survival in depression times as it was in the far east during the war. And friendliness bore its greatest reward when he was sent to Hawthorne, Nevada

(Continued on page 46)



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Ask Nevada

David W. Toll, author of "The Compleat Nevada Traveler" and Publisher-Editor of the late, great Gold Hill News, answers your questions on any Nevada subject — with a little help from his friends.

After almost 20 years traveling Nevada by plane, train, car and horseback, after prowling the state's libraries and archives, interviewing and talking to Nevadans of every stripe and degree, after writing about the history, society, economy and politics of the state in books, magazines and newspapers, I thought I knew a little something about Nevada.

As you will see there are still some

Special thanks to Jan Bedrosian, Bob Elston, Susan Harris and the others who helped.

— DWT.

gaps to be filled in. Onward. Alan Bitler of Reno writes:

"While photographing the petroglyphs in the Winnemucca Lake area I ran across what appeared to be half a dozen or so Indian Pictographs. Could you tell me if there are any known genuine Indian pictographs in that area?"

Yes indeed. Pictographs are relatively rare in Nevada, but occur at numerous sites in the West including the Winnemucca Lake area. Most Nevada pictographs are finger painted using mineral pigments mixed with ani-

mal fat. Red was obtained by crushing hematite or other reddish rock; black was derived from charcoal. Multi-colored pictographs are extremely rare in Nevada; there are none known in the western part of the state.

Petroglyphs, which are scribed or pecked onto the rock's surface, are more common in Nevada than pictographs, but are still quite rare. They tend to be associated with game ambush sites, and archeologists reckon they represent an aspect of hunting magic.

The best generally available reference work on the subject is *Prehistoric Rock Art of Nevada and Eastern California*, published by the University of California Press.

Next was this simple question from C. C. Arazosa of Boise, Idaho:

"What is the tallest building in Nevada?"

Nevada's tallest building is the Hilton Hotel in Las Vegas, 30 stories of elegance measuring 360 feet from its base to the top of the roof.

And while on the subject I thought it might be interesting to identify other of Nevada's superlative buildings. For example, the state's highest building is a small concrete block communications station at the summit of Jack's Peak in the Independence Mountains of Elko County, between Tuscarora and Wild Horse. The top of the 35-foot tower on the structure's roof reaches 10,473 feet above sea level.

Then I began asking around about the state's oldest building. Actually, the oldest structure known in the state is no longer standing. It was a pit house about 20 feet across and a foot and a half deep built about 3500 years ago. It is now submerged beneath a sea of subdivision tickey-tackey near the hot springs at Steamboat, 10 miles south of Reno on U.S. 395.

As for the oldest historic structure still standing in Nevada, no one knows. No one that I have asked so far, that is. One after another of the state's most eminent historians have looked blank and scratched their heads. "I don't believe anyone has ever asked that question before," one of the puzzled savants murmured in dismay.

There is a tentative and shaky consensus that centers on the Mormon Fort built at Las Vegas in 1855 and still standing, but suspicion still lingers that in Genoa or Dayton or other early settlement there may remain a barn or shed or chicken house erected earlier. Therefore I am throwing the question

(Continued on page 70)



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Show Guide

LAS VEGAS

Aladdin
736-0111
Gabriel Kaplan, thru 7/9
Frankie Valli, 7/10-23
Lola Falana-Paul Williams, 7/24-8/6
Lola Falana, 8/7-20
Loretta Lynn, 8/21-9/3

Caesars Palace
731-7431
Cher, thru 7/4
Willie Nelson, 7/5-11
Andy Williams, 7/12-25
Tom Jones, 7/26-8/8
Cher, 8/16-22
Sammy Davis, Jr., 8/30-9/5



Circus Circus
734-0410
Round the World Circus Acts

Desert Inn
733-4444
Dionne Warwick, 7/3-10
Steve & Eydie-Norm Crosby, 7/17-24
Tony Bennett-Count Basie, 8/28-9/4

Dunes
737-4110
Casino de Paris '79

Flamingo Hilton
733-3111
Razzle Dazzle

Four Queens
385-4011
The Gathering, thru 7/7
Helen Long & The Long Shots,
7/9-8/4
Jimmy Carter & Friends, 8/6-9/2

Frontier
734-0110
Wayne Newton, 7/12-26
Roy Clark, 8/16-23
Lola Falana, 8/30-9/5

Hacienda
739-8911
Ice Fantasy

Holiday Casino
732-2411
Wild World of Burlesque

Marina
739-1500
Bare Touch of Vegas

Maxim
731-4300
The Maxim Force

MGM Grand Hotel, Las Vegas
739-4567
Halleluja Hollywood
Captain & Tennille, thru 7/4
Donna Summer, 7/5-11
Mac Davis, 7/12-8/1
Engelbert 8/2-8/5
Seals & Croft, 8/6-8/29

Riviera
734-5301
Bobby Vinton-Milton Berle, thru 7/11
Ben Vereen-David Brenner, 7/12-25
Bob Newhart-Bernadette Peters,
7/26-8/8
Shirley MacLaine-Lettermen, 8/9-22
Glen Campbell-Bernadette Peters,
8/23-9/5

Shirley MacLaine

Sahara
735-4242
Helen Reddy, thru 7/4
Tennessee Ernie Ford-Glenn Ash,
dinner, 7/5-11
Buddy Hackett, midnight, 7/5-11
Charo-Sonny Bono, 7/12-25
Don De Luisie, 7/26-8/1
Helen Reddy, dinner, 8/2-8
Flip Wilson, midnight, 8/2-8
Don Rickles, 8/9-15
Jerry Lewis-Joey Heatherton, 8/16-22
Jerry Lewis, dinner, 8/23-29
Buddy Hackett, midnight, 8/23-29

Sands
735-2916
Tony Bennett, thru 7/18
Norm Crosby, 7/4-11
Shecky Greene, 7/8-31
Brenda Lee, 7/25-31
Tony Bennett, 8/1-14
David Brenner, 8/8-14
Anthony Newley, 8/15-29
Joan Rivers, 8/22-23

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, indef.

LAKE TAHOE

Cal-Neva Lodge
831-1511
Jesse Davis, 7/3-29
Jerry Sun, 7/31-8/26

Harrah's Lake Tahoe
329-4422
Lawrence Welk, thru 7/12
Frank Sinatra, 7/13-19
Willie Nelson, 7/20-26
Captain & Tennille, 7/27-8/2
Glen Campbell, 8/3-16
Neil Sedaka, 8/17-23

Harvey's
588-2411
Ron Rose, indef.
Bill Page, thru 7/8
Zip Meissner, 7/9-22
Bill Renner, 7/23-8/5
Conte Four, 8/6-8/19



Lola Falana

Park Tahoe
588-3515
Excitement '79, 7/3-8/12
Edwards & Wilde, thru 7/15
Bittersweet, 7/17-29
Expression, 7/30-8/18

Sahara Tahoe
588-6211
(800-648-4322 toll free from Ariz.,
Calif., Ore., Idaho, Utah)
Engelbert, 7/1-7
Helen Reddy, 7/8-17
Rich Little, 7/18-31
Charo-Eddie Rabbitt, 8/1-14
Doug Henning, 8/15-28
Engelbert, 8/29-9/4

RENO, SPARKS, CARSON CITY

Carson City Nugget
882-1626
Jerry Sun, thru 7/1
Four Tunes Plus One, 7/3-29
Cathy O'Shea, 7/31-8/19

Circus Circus
329-0711
Live Entertainment
Circus acts

Fitzgerald's
786-3663
Jets, thru 7/16
Cathy O'Shea, 7/3-22
Fun Factory, 7/24-8/12
Jackie Tomas, 8/8-27

Gold Dust West
329-9777
Lounge Entertainment

Harolds Club
329-0881
Bordello Revue, indef.

Harrah's Club
329-4422
Jim Nabors, thru 7/11
Loretta Lynn, 7/12-25
Don Rickles, 7/26-8/1
Gladys Knight & The Pips, 8/2-15
Bill Cosby, 8/16-29
Tony Orlando, 8/30-9/12

Mapes
323-1611
Lounge Entertainment

Mapes Money Tree
323-2023
Tree Top Showroom
The Best of Burlesque

MGM Grand Hotel, Reno
789-2000
Ziegfeld Theater:
Hello Hollywood Hello
Lion's Den:
Cody Marshall-Liz Damon's Orient
Express, 7/4-31
Gaylord & Holiday-Marlane & The
L.A. Express, 8/1-28

John Ascuaga's Nugget, Sparks
358-2233
Debbie Reynolds, thru 7/11
Red Skelton, 7/12-28
Mills Brothers, 7/29-8/11
Shields & Yarnell, 8/12-23
Shirley MacLaine, 8/24-9/6

Onslow
786-7310
Joanne Jordan, 7/2-28
Charlie Blackwell, 7/30-8/25
Ultra Brite, 8/27-9/15



Roy Clark

Ormsby House, Carson City
882-1890
P. J. & Cousins, thru 7/15
Miles Sherman, 7/9-29
Clyde Amsler, 7/16-29
David Proud-Lady Luck, 7/30-8/19

Riverside
896-4400
Continuous Entertainment

Sahara Reno
322-1111
Pinups 2001 Revue, indef.
Unknown Comic, 7/2-15
Peter Barbutti, 7/30-8/5
Shelley Berman, 8/13-19
Jan Murray, 8/27-9/9

Shy Clown
358-6632
Country Western Music

Dates and performers
subject to change.

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

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UNIQUE NEVADAN
(Continued from page 40)

between WW2 and Korea. In Hawthorne he met the schoolmarm, Barbara Byington, a native Nevadan whom he more or less promptly married.

These days, out of the marine corps since 1960, he takes his friendliness to jail every working morning. Bill "Pappy" Lang is Reno's jailer—not its ranking jailer, but its best known, and,



DON DONDORO

certainly its best liked. Lang sees his as a public relations job, "You can talk to prisoners about their problems, get them in a cooperative state of mind. That's your choice because if they don't talk, about the only other thing they have to do is fight."

Lang's elder son Brian, a Reno police officer, has some first hand knowledge about the wisdom of his father's approach. Not long ago Brian brought in a contentious prisoner who was giving him at least as much trouble as he could handle. Within seconds, Pappy had taken the prisoner aside and begun to calm him down. Young Brian watched all this for a while, went back to his prisoner, and promptly found himself back in the middle of a fight. A hard lesson for the son to learn, but now he knows what his father means when Pappy speaks to the virtue of a smile.

Barbara Lang's father traveled Nevada for 33 years in the grocery trade and she knows very well the uses of kindness. "Maybe the people here grew up with friendliness, maybe that's not true back east," she says diplomatically. At any rate, the Langs ran their house as though it were heated by friendliness and when Brian and his younger brother, Pat, a student at UNR, were at Swope Middle School

and later at Reno High, the door was literally open for their friends to follow them in for dinner. They followed them in then and they follow them in now.

In 1972, Pappy Lang suffered two heart attacks which laid him low in Washoe County Medical for some time. To the despair of his nurses, the room filled with cards from the moment of his arrival and the cards never stopped coming.

Many, many of them were from Pappy Lang's prisoners.

Torrey Sheen
The Uninhibited Broadcaster

"Six months ago he couldn't spell it and now he are one," is the way Torrey Sheen's former boss sums up the career of the man who runs station KWNA in Winnemucca.

If that's not exactly fair—Sheen put in a lot of time learning his trade—it nonetheless characterizes Torrey Sheen's willingness to try anything.



KIRK STUDEBAKER PHOTO

That's pure Nevadan; a young man or woman wakes up one morning deciding that what he wants more than anything on earth is to be a neurosurgeon and by 2 p.m. he's operating. If that's hyperbole, it's hyperbole based on fact, and Torrey Sheen is living proof.

Born in Reno 28 years ago, Sheen spent most of his life in Elko where his father owned and operated Reardon Plumbing and Heating. Sheen met wife Joyce in a speech class at Elko High, but how he found time to marry is a mystery. He seems to have spent those late-high-school and immediately-after years in a frenzy of activity: a member of the national guard (activated and sent eventually to Ft. Lee, Virginia), a

(Continued on page 63)

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WESTERN HISTORY.. as it was lived and recorded

Gold-Camp Drifter: 1906-1910, by Emmet L. Arnold

The author first wandered west at the age of fourteen, where he became a miner in such boomtowns as Tonopah, Goldfield, and Rawhide. His brushes with outlaws, rough miners, gamblers, and prostitutes present the reader with a revealing view of the underside of life in the isolated camps of turn-of-the-century Nevada. \$4.00

Hardscrabble: A Narrative of the California Hill Country, by Anita Kunkler

Told through the eyes of a growing girl, these personal reminiscences are the story of a family and an area which long continued to mirror many early frontier practices. It reflects the heroic geography of northern California and reveals the crude isolation and harsh physical conditions of life in a difficult time. \$5.00

Twenty Miles From a Match: Homesteading in Western Nevada, by Sarah E. Olds

This book chronicles an indomitable woman and her family's twenty years of adventures and misadventures in the desert wilderness north of Reno. Told simply and honestly and with delightful humor, this is a story for everyone who has thought or dreamed about homesteading in a setting far from the bruising city life, making one's home in a rude cabin, planting fruit trees and a vegetable garden, drilling for water, and in short, surviving the hardships of a harsh desert environment. \$5.50

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Reno, NV 89507

Western Carpetbagger: The Extraordinary Memoirs of "Senator" Thomas Fitch, by Eric N. Moody

By one of those quirks of history, the name of Thomas Fitch has been all but forgotten, yet in the last century he was one of the best-known personalities of the Far West. He tried his hand at everything from law to mining to acting, with modest success. His true fame was earned as the premier carpet-bagger of them all, and in this pursuit, he was referred to as "the most corrupt man that ever followed politics on the Coast." A unique and entertaining view of the frontier West. \$5.25

Martha and the Doctor: A Frontier Family in Central Nevada, by Marvin Lewis

Of the hundreds of accounts having to do with the gold and silver rushes, it is difficult to find a true portrayal of family life on the Nevada mining frontier. Drawing from two sources, the diaries and letters of Martha Galley and the journalistic writings of her husband, Dr. James W. Galley, this is the remarkable study in opposing views of frontier life. While Martha saw things exactly as they were, her husband lived in a dream world of unflagging optimism. \$5.00

Walking the Trails of Charleston

Just minutes out of Vegas, the cool forest trails in the Spring Mountains offer walks from rugged to easy, from desert to timberline.

By Samuel Livingstone



CHARLES DAVIS PHOTOS

Brushed by clouds and alpine breezes, Mt. Charleston is a majestic island of pines and firs surrounded by a fierce sea of desert. Charleston is the highest peak in Southern Nevada, and the views from its top—more than 11,000 feet above sea level—are awesome.

As part of the Toiyabe National Forest, this region offers skiing in winter, beautiful walks and camping in summer.

Hikers will discover three distinct kinds of forest on Mt. Charleston. At lower elevations, where the desert still vies with the craggy mountains for dominance, jackrabbits and cacti can be found among the pinon pines. Above 7,000 feet, the ponderosa takes over—a magnificent tree easily recognized by its long pine needles and the

thick red jigsaw bark that smells like a vanilla milkshake.

But the third type of forest is most unique. Known as the oldest living things on earth, the bristlecone pines found above 10,000 feet on Charleston may be up to 4,000 years old.

The U.S. Forest Service provides seven well-marked hiking trails. They range from a comfortable stroll to a vigorous two-day backpack.

There also are many unmarked trails that can take the adventurous to unexpected nooks and vistas. Deer, elk, hawks and eagles, waterfalls and wildflowers are there, as well as the peace and invigoration of a day in the mountains.

Overnight trips are suggested for some of the more difficult trails, so bring warm clothes, food and water

(springs are hard to find). Hiking boots are necessary and should be well broken in before your trip. Check with USFS headquarters in Kyle Canyon beforehand to get detailed trail maps and let rangers know your destination and schedule. Ask about current fire danger level. If fire danger is high, campfires are prohibited, so bring a small camp stove if you plan to cook out.

This summer promises to be one of the best seasons on record for wildflowers in the Spring Mountains. On trails below 7,000 feet, May and June are the times to catch the best blooms, while higher elevation flowers are in their glory in July and August.

What follows are the seven USFS marked trails:



Three different types of forest are found on Mt. Charleston: Pinon (and cactus, above); ponderosa (and Mary Jane Falls, right); and bristlecone pines which are found at 10,000 feet.

SEVEN MOUNTAIN TRAILS

1. NORTH LOOP

Distance: 9 miles. Rating: Difficult

The North Loop to 11,918 foot Charleston Peak begins at 7,800 feet at Cathedral Rock Picnic Grounds. A steep trail with many switchbacks within the first two miles, the North Loop is reminiscent of hiking single file up the Grand Canyon.

Some foot-sore individuals have walked this trail in one day, but it's not recommended unless you are used to high elevations, rigorous exercise, and forced marches. Keep in mind that if you do decide to walk North Loop in one day, you'll probably be coming back down the switchbacks in the dark.

The pleasures of the trail to the summit are many: intriguing songs from a variety of birds can be heard from high in the giant limbs of the ponderosa; fragrant pine needles crunch underfoot; the sound of rushing streams tantalize unseen; and all else is gentle silence as you move up the path. After you get past the switchbacks, the trail levels off on a ridge at 10,000 feet. From here the walk is easier, meandering through grassy meadows and wind sculptured bristlecone pines to a fascinating tiny alpine environment above the tree line.

Many of the flowers you will see on the ridge are endemic to the area (which means they are not found anywhere else in the world). Keck's penstemon, with its stalk of blue funnel-shaped flowers, is sometimes seen, as is the purple Clokey's thistle stirring in the high cool breeze. **WARNING:** Do not touch these beauties. They are only two of more than 25 rare plants endemic to Charleston and they cannot survive anywhere else. Also, if you ride a horse up the North Loop Trail, please pack in sweet feed so the animal won't munch the rare, irreplaceable plants. This



alpine ridge environment is very delicate and could easily be destroyed by a few large browsing animals.

There are numerous suitable campsites along the ridge and at Peak Spring you can fill your canteen. Back in the 1950s an airplane failed to make it over the top and the wreckage lies on a barren ridge just above the tree line.

Once you get to the peak, after traversing a mile of broken rock, you will find a register to sign. You will also find an astounding 360-degree view and on a clear day should be able to see for more than 200 miles. Telescope Peak in the Panamint Mountains of Death Valley is 85 miles to the northwest. Beyond that you can catch a glimpse of Mt. Whitney and the mighty Sierra Nevada. To the east is Lake Mead and a lot of Arizona. To the north Pahute Mesa and the Nevada Test Site. And to the south you may see a hazy cloud of smog coming out of Greater Los Angeles.

2. SOUTH LOOP

Distance: 13 miles. Rating: Difficult

Beginning at 9,000 feet, this trail to Charleston Peak doesn't have as many switchbacks as the

(Continued on page 70)



The Gund Collection

An exhibition of a unique collection of western art can be seen in Nevada this year. Consisting of 67 works by such noted artists as Charles M. Russell and Frederic S. Remington, the traveling exhibit was put together by the family of the late George Gund, a Cleveland, Ohio banker who was fascinated by the West.

Several years before his death in 1968, Gund expressed the wish to his six children that they should make his collection available to wide public viewing. They became the trustees of the Gund Collection of Western Art, and have sent it traveling across the country since 1971.

The artworks are originals, and are irreplaceable. They consist of 11 watercolors, 16 oil paintings, 10 lithographs, three etchings and 27 bronze statues. Among these are seven paintings and 14 bronzes by Charles Russell, nine paintings by Remington, three each by Alfred Jacob Miller, Edward Borein and Albert Bierstadt, two paintings each by Frank Tenny Johnson and Henry Farny.

Nevada is fortunate in having two shows. The first is being held at the Nevada State Museum in Carson City from May 24 through July 15; the second will be at the Meadows Shopping Center in Las Vegas from July 21 through August 27.

—Guy Shieler



THE BRONCO BUSTER, bronze, by Frederic Remington (1861-1909).

THE SNAKE INDIANS by Alfred Jacob Miller (1810-1874).



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Calendar

WEST

JULY

1-15—Gund Collection of Western Art, on display, Nevada State Museum, CARSON CITY

3—Youth Dance, Legislative Mall, CARSON CITY

4—Independence Day Celebration, fireworks, parade, Mills Park, CARSON CITY

4—Lahontan Auto Racing Assn. Stock Car Racing, fireworks display, Rattlesnake Mtn. Raceway, FALLON

6-7—"Starting Here, Starting Now", musical comedy, 8pm, The Chateau, INCLINE VILLAGE

7—United Teenager Pageant, Pioneer Theatre, RENO

8-11—\$125,000 Summer Blackjack Classic, Sahara RENO and Sahara TAHOE

12-14—"The Apple Tree", musical comedy, 8pm, The Chateau, INCLINE VILLAGE

13-15—Senior Nevadans Art Exhibition, Pioneer Theatre, RENO

14-15—Gem & Mineral Show, Coliseum, RENO

19-20—"Moroni," LDS musical production, Pioneer Theatre, RENO

20-22—All Indian Rodeo, Fairgrounds, FALLON

21-22—Reno-Sparks Antique Bottle Club Show and Sale, Coliseum, RENO

23—Walker Lake Photographers, 699 D St., HAWTHORNE

27-29—Conklin's NW Antique Show, Coliseum, RENO

AUGUST

3—Mineral County Archaeological Sites, show and discussion, St. Philip's Center, HAWTHORNE

5—World Wide Flea Market, Coliseum, RENO

9-12—Comstock Arabian Horse Show, Fairgrounds, RENO

10-12—Northern Nevada Ceramic Arts & Crafts, RENO Fairgrounds

11—RENO Basque Festival, fairgrounds dancing, games

11—Miss Teen USA, Pioneer Theatre, RENO

15—Continental Singers Gospel Concert, Pioneer Theatre, RENO

17-19—Churchill County Fair, entertainment, antique engines, beard contest, boxing, food, flowers and livestock, FALLON

17-19—Shrine Circus, Coliseum, RENO

18-19—National Antique Gun Show, Coliseum, RENO

23-26—Lyon County Fair, parade and rodeo, fairgrounds, YERINGTON

26—Barbecue, Ponderosa Ranch, sponsored by INCLINE VILLAGE C of C

JULY NORTH

4—Independence Day Celebration, Nevada Hollering Contest, Cactus Pete's, JACKPOT

4—Independence Day Celebration, Park, WINNEMUCCA LOVELOCK

7-8—16th National Basque Festival, Fairgrounds and City Park, ELKO

7-8—Spring Creek Golf Tournament, Spring Creek Golf Course, ELKO

12-15—NENQHA Horse Show, County Fairgrounds, ELKO

14—Idaho-Nevada Square Dance Festival, Cactus Pete's, JACKPOT

21—Square dance demonstration, Cactus Pete's, JACKPOT

21-22—NENQHA Horse Show, County Fairgrounds, ELKO

27—Idaho Purebred Sheepmen's Dinner, Cactus Pete's, JACKPOT

27-29—Nevada Open Horse Show, Fairgrounds, WINNEMUCCA

28-29—Arts & Crafts Show, Nixon Hall, WINNEMUCCA

30—Cactus Pete's Sailplane Safari, JACKPOT

AUGUST

3-5—Frontier Days, rodeo Fri. and Sat., jackpot roping. Sun., flea market, LOVELOCK

10-12—Art Show, Pershing County Library, LOVELOCK

14-15—Women's Invitational Golf Tournament, Ruby View Golf Course, ELKO

18-19—Spring Creek Open Golf Tournament, Spring Creek Golf Course, ELKO

24-26—Tri-County Fair, National Guard Armory, WINNEMUCCA

25-26—Gem & Mineral Show, Nixon Hall, WINNEMUCCA

27—4-H Horse Show, Fairgrounds, ELKO

31-9/3—ELKO County Fair, rodeo, horse racing, branding, parade

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31-9/2—WINNEMUCCA
PRCA Rodeo, street dance,
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CENTRAL JULY

- 1—Folklore Festival, ELY
- 3-4—Independence Day Celebration, TONOPAH
- 4—Parade and street events, EUREKA
- 6-8—Antique Car Show, Swap Meet & Flea Fair, ELY
- 21-22—Basque Festival, contests, dancing, BBQ, ELY
- 21-22—ELY Casino Amateur Golf Tournament
- 28-29—VFW Rodeo, EUREKA

AUGUST

- 3-5—White Pine Horse Show, ELY
- 10-11—Nevada State Women's Bowling Assn. Jamboree, ELY
- 11-12—TONOPAH Annual Slow-Pitch Tournament, Logan Memorial Field
- 18-19—TONOPAH Old Timers picnic, dance, Park & Convention Ctr.
- 18-19—Pony Express Days, White Pine Co. Fair, horse racing, contests, exhibits, ELY

SOUTH ONGOING EVENTS & EXHIBITS

Graphic artists exhibit, July, LAS VEGAS Art Museum
Old LAS VEGAS Fort tours, Tues.-Sun.

Tours of historic and cultural LAS VEGAS, Cultural Focus Tours, 702-382-7198

Historic artifacts on display, Southern Nevada Museum, HENDERSON, and UNLV Museum of Natural History, LAS VEGAS
JULY

1—World Wide Flea Market, Convention Ctr., LAS VEGAS

1—Zelzah Temple Carnival & Circus, Convention Ctr., LAS VEGAS

1—Baroque Music Duo, Charleston Heights Arts Ctr., LAS VEGAS

1-21—"Music Man," comedy, Reed Whipple Cultural Ctr., LAS VEGAS

1-27—Contemporary American Prints, Charleston Heights Arts Ctr., LAS VEGAS

2-29—Old Time Fiddling, photography exhibit, Reed Whipple Cultural Ctr., LAS VEGAS

5-15—"Wait Until Dark," Judy Bayley Theatre, UNLV, LAS VEGAS

6-8—Arabian Horse Show, Convention Ctr., LAS VEGAS

7—"The Gunni Wolf Is Coming," music and stories for kids, Reed Whipple Cultural Ctr., LAS VEGAS

8-11—\$125,000 Summer Blackjack Classic, Sahara Hotel, LAS VEGAS

12-14—Repertory Dance Theatre, classes and performance, Charleston Heights Arts Ctr., LAS VEGAS

14-15—Classic Car Auction, Convention Ctr., LAS VEGAS

14,21,28—Laurel & Hardy Film Festival, Reed Whipple Cultural Ctr., LAS VEGAS

15—Pablo Casals Trio, Charleston Heights Arts Center, LAS VEGAS

22—An Afternoon of Flamenco, Reed Whipple Cultural Ctr., LAS VEGAS

22—Ena Bronstein, pianist, Charleston Heights Arts Ctr., LAS VEGAS

24-8/22—Gund Collection of Western Art, LAS VEGAS (call State Museum 702-885-4810 for information)

29—Las Vegas Civic Symphony, Charleston Heights Arts Ctr., LAS VEGAS



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

29-8/24—Arizona Southwest Invitational exhibit, Charleston Heights Arts Ctr., LAS VEGAS

AUGUST

1-11—"Dracula," Tues.-Sat., The Meadows Playhouse, LAS VEGAS

4-5—Great American Craft Show, Convention Ctr., LAS VEGAS

22-26—Jaycees State Fair, Convention Ctr., LAS VEGAS

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Piper's Opera House

By Mark Crawford



During Virginia City's busy summer season, visitors can enjoy ragtime, jazz, or country-western music at the town's many festive saloons.

And each summer since 1973, the plink-plonk of banjos and honky-tonk pianos has been joined by classical music of international caliber from Piper's Opera House at B and Union.

More stately than the barrelhouse sounds and more con-

temporary with the Comstock boom, a Johannes Brahms piano quartet may cap a program featuring works by composer, violin virtuoso emeritus and Reno resident Efrem Zimbalist. And in so doing, Brahms, Zimbalist and a small group of world-class musicians share in the ongoing dream of opera house owner Louise Zimmer Driggs.

Driggs has a right to dream of Virginia City's cultural restoration. After all, she is a great-granddaughter of impresario John Piper, who opened the present hall in 1885 after two previous buildings were destroyed by fire, in 1876 and 1883.

Piper's became a major cause for Mrs. Driggs in 1969, after it had suffered for 50 years as a roller skating rink, prizefight palace and run-down museum. Working closely with Alice Byrne of the Comstock Historic District, with Reno architect Edw. Parsons, and with her "Western factotem," the late Alleta Gray, Driggs ordered the battered north wall of Piper's restored.

Not only the wall was restored, but also the foundation, the electrical wiring—including the original lighting console—and the uniquely Victorian "raked" stage, which tilts up from the footlights—so the performers' feet are visible from anywhere in the flat-floored house.

But more than a fine example of western exuberance in architecture, Piper's is the historical scene of great performing art. Theater has held a greater share of the stage than grand opera, but music has been represented by legendary guests such as tenor Enrico Caruso and pianist Ignaz Jan Paderewski.

According to Driggs, Piper's Opera House has "the most beautiful walls in the world for sound." She adds, "It is a usable building. I like it the way it is." For that reason she's concentrating less on the building and more on the artists, who provide the most-acclaimed series of classical music offerings in Northern Nevada.

Piper's traditional lineup boasts Paul Gershman, a former violin pupil of Zimbalist at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia who went on to fiddle for the late Arturo Toscanini in the NBC Symphony, and Zimbalist's former piano accompanist, Dr. Vladimir Sokoloff, now on the music faculty at Curtis. To the East Coast talent has been added the local genius of violoncellist John Lenz (who doubles on French horn) and oboist Andrea Lenz Maxey.

"The music will be absolutely beautiful," Driggs, who lives in Washington, D.C., says of this summer's program.

Gershman, Sokoloff, Lenz and Mrs. Maxey all are booked again at Piper's this summer. In the opening concert, July 8, the Reno Chamber Orchestra will make its Piper's debut under the direction of Vahe Khochayan. In a programming coup, the Piper's 1979 summer will be capped by the world premiere of four new songs by Zimbalist, now in his 90s.

Last year's summer festival marked a musical and financial turning point. "First, the series broke even at the gate, filling its 400 seats on four consecutive Sundays," Driggs said. "And emotionally, there was also something special. The audience was really great, the experience as exciting as it could be. For the first time I had the feeling that people wanted the concerts . . . that people would have missed them if they weren't there."

Tickets, at \$6, now may be reserved by telephoning the Opera House at 702-847-9433 or Mrs. Byrne at 702-847-0192. All tickets will be held at the door on performance days. Concerts begin at 2 p.m. Sunday on July 8, 15, 22, and 29. □



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LEVI'S

(Continued from page 26)

tainly there was no boom in horse blankets. Mystified and not one to procrastinate, Strauss telegraphed Davis to be his guest, all expenses paid, at Strauss' San Francisco office.

In the meantime Davis had recognized the danger he faced from possible imitators and applied for a patent. He knew he could not patent a pair of pants, but he believed he could patent the use of rivets in reinforcing them, and such was the claim stated in his application.

Strauss agreed to help Davis obtain the patent in return for one-half interest. Davis closed his shop in Reno on April 26, 1873, and with his wife and six children moved to San Francisco. A month later the patent was approved in Washington, D.C. and assigned to both Davis and Levi Strauss & Company.

Davis became the material cutter and supervisor of the San Francisco Seamstresses who made the company's special garments. Davis prospered with the growing firm, and shortly after the Earthquake of 1906, his son Simon took his place as Strauss' factory manager.

But there have been changes. Levi Strauss was quick to see that white duck was not the best material in the world for men's work pants. It got dirty too quickly and stiffened when wet. So he wrote to his merchandising brothers in New York to find him a more suitable cloth; in fact, to find him the best that the world market had to offer.

They found it in the south of France at the ancient textile town of Nimes, a closely woven cotton twill which the French called "serge de Nimes." It was almost as tough as the white duck and was far more flexible. The material was a favorite of British fabricators, and time and usage had shortened its name from "serge de Nimes" to "denim."

Among Britain's best customers were Genoese sailors who not only liked the material but also demanded the color blue. Eventually Genoese became "jeans", thus leaving two expressions for posterity—blue denims and blue jeans—words as generic today for Levi Strauss' "spring bottom" pants as "coke" is to Coca Cola.

Today Levi Strauss & Company is the blue jean giant of the garment industry, and still growing . . . all because a Reno woodcutter needed a pair of pants. □

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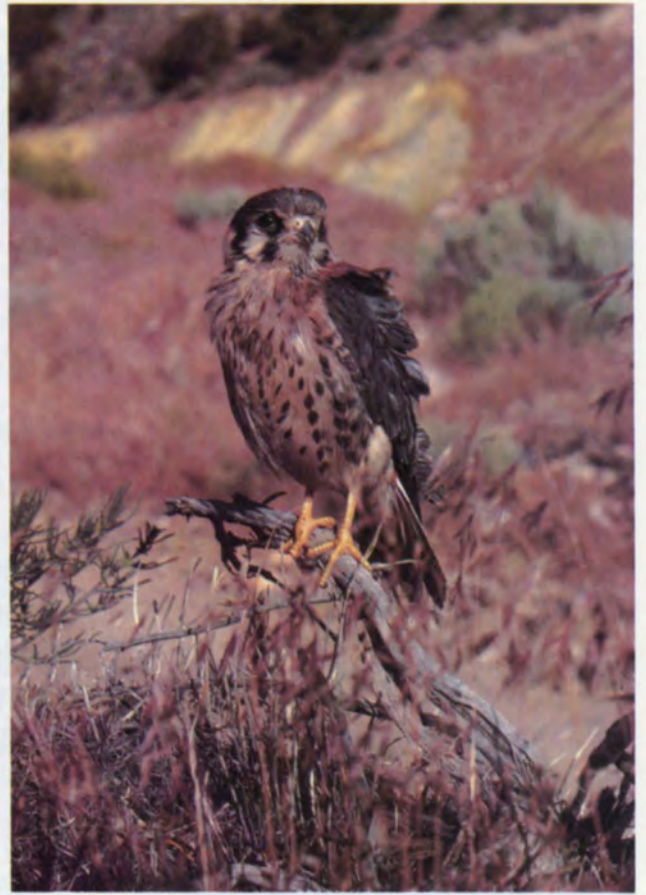
Contributions for this section should be sent to The Lens, Nevada Magazine, Capitol Complex, Carson City, NV 89710. A caption and stamped, self-addressed return envelope must be included. If your photo is good enough it will be used in a future issue and will be paid for on publication at our standard rates.



Pyramid Lake by Anita Nicholas



Snow Plant at Marlette Lake by Archie Crago



Young Hawk by Bruce Mills

Grasses at Sunset by Linda Dufurrena



CLOTHES

(Continued from page 28)

Resistol, felts or straws; BOOTS: Sanders; Hat shaping, name belts (max. 7 letters) and buckles. PLUS: A complete line of riding equipment and feed. Owner: K. Kirkely.

FALLON

LEE'S COUNTRY STORE—2030 Reno Hwy. 423-6571. 8:30-5:30, Mon.-Sat. SHIRTS: Panhandle Slim, Pendleton, H-Bar-C, Karman, Wrangler; PANTS: Lee, Levi and Wrangler (men's) Levi's for gals; DRESS/FASHION: Chemin de Fer, Love-n-Stuff; HATS: Resistol and Stetson; BOOTS: Tony Lama, Nocona, Acme, Justin and Sierra; Jewelry; RIDING EQUIPMENT: Saddles and Tack. PLUS: A complete line of ladies' fashions and uptodate Western apparel. Custom hat shaping and boot repairs. Owner: Lee McKenzie.

RANCHLAND—116 S Maine St., Fallon, 423-2496. 9-5:30, Mon.-Sat. SHIRTS: Tem Tex, Champion; PANTS: Lee and Lady Lee; HATS: Bailey and Resistol; BOOTS: Nocona, Texas and Sanders; Jewelry; RIDING EQUIPMENT: Full line of saddles and Tack; Hat Shaping: Name belts. Real Country Store. Owners: Ed and Margaret Allyn.

GARDNERVILLE

R-J STOCKMEN'S SUPPLY—Hwy. 56 (turn S off Hwy. 395 at Sharkey's Nugget), 782-3833. 9-5:30, Mon.-Sat. SHIRTS: Karman and Wrangler; PANTS: Wrangler; HATS: Resistol, straws and felts; Jewelry; BOOTS: Tony Lama, Justin and Wrangler; RIDING EQUIPMENT: Full line of saddles and tack. PLUS: Nursery, garden tools and bedding plants, also livestock feed. Owners: Rick and Janet Jorgenson.

LAS VEGAS

ADAMS WESTERN STORE—1415 Western Ave. 384-6077. SHIRTS: Tem Tex, Prior, Levi, Karman; PANTS: Lee, Wrangler and Levi; HATS: Bailey and Miller Bros; BOOTS: Nocona; RIDING EQUIPMENT: Western and English tack. PLUS: Horse remedies, feed, fertilizer and fencing, "Everything for Everyone." Owner: Ray.

THE CHAPARRAL WESTERN WEAR—1104 N Nellis Blvd. 452-4041. 9-6:00, Mon.-Sat. SHIRTS: Tem Tex, Prior, Lee and Handler Fenton; PANTS: Prior, Lee and Wrangler; Ladies' and Men's Western leisure and dress suits. HATS: Bailey, Resistol, Miller, Eddy Bros. BOOTS: Tony Lama, Acme and Laramie; RIDING EQUIPMENT: Accessories only; UNIQUE FEATURES: Western antique decor. Features good old home courtesy and service. Mgr: Lou Ann Baker.

CONRAD'S WESTERN STORE—1210 Hinson St. 870-5981. 9-6:00 Mon.-Sat. SHIRTS: Panhandle Slim, Rockmount, Dee Cee, and Larry Mahan; PANTS: Lee, Levi and Wrangler; DRESS/FASHION: Panhandle Slim, Lasso; BOOTS: Tony Lama, Texas and Wrangler; HATS: Stetson, Resistol and Bailey; RIDING EQUIPMENT: Saddles and tack. Mgr: Alexander Campos.

COWBOY SUPPLY INC.—1859 N Decatur. 648-0680. 9-6:00 Mon.-Sat. SHIRTS: Larry Mahan, Prior, H-Bar-C; PANTS: Lee and Wrangler; DRESS/FASHION: Lasso, Top Man

and Prior; HATS: Resistol; BOOTS: Justin, Acme, Laramie and Sanders; RIDING EQUIPMENT: Complete line of Western tack. PLUS: Selection of Horse Trailers, silver buckles and King ropes also available. Owners: Stan & Mike. CUSTOM LEATHER INC.—3216 W Charleston Blvd. 870-2500. SHIRTS: Prior; HATS: Bailey; BOOTS: Justin, Acme; RIDING EQUIPMENT: Western and English saddlery and apparel, everything for the horseman including a full line of Equestrian jewelry. Mgrs: Dorrothy Payne and Maxine Deacon.

HARKER'S LIVESTOCK SUPPLY INC.—2081 E Sunset Rd. 361-1414. HATS: Bailey and Resistol, "the hat of the Cowboy"; RIDING EQUIPMENT: Western, Utah and Invinceable English saddles. Discount prices on saddles and tack. Owner: Rita Harker.

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PIC WESTERN SUPPLIES—2390 W Spring Mountain Rd. 735-3746. New and used Western Supplies; Leather repair; Boots and Hats; Buy used tack, trades welcome. Mgr: Miss Tuscon. THE ROWEL—3049 Las Vegas Blvd. So. 735-2244. Sun.-Fri.: 9:30-6:00; Sat. 9:30-7:00. SHIRTS: Miller, Champion and Rockmount; HATS: Eddy Bros., and Bailey. PLUS: Western buckles. Mgr: Mr. Shelton.

SILVER DOLLAR WESTERN WEAR—2501 E Charleston Blvd. 386-0814. SHIRTS: H-Bar-C, Larry Mahan, Levi, Lee and Miller; PANTS: Lee, Levi, H-Bar-C and Lasso; DRESS/FASHION: Levi, H-Bar-C, Lasso; HATS: Bailey, Resistol, Stetson; BOOTS: Tony Lama, Acme and Larry Mahan. COMMENTS: Open 7 days a wk., 24 hrs. a day, located inside Silver Dollar Saloon, which has gambling, slots, poker and 2 bands nitely. Mgr: Marsha.

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RENO

ALBERS RANCH & GARDEN CENTER—755 Timber Way, Reno. 322-8625. 8-5:30, Mon.-Sat. SHIRTS: Wrangler and Levi; PANTS: Wrangler and Levi; HATS: Resistol; BOOTS: Tony Lama and Justin; RIDING EQUIPMENT: Complete line of saddles and tack; Hat Shaping. PLUS: Feed manufacturing plant striving to be Reno's agricultural shopping center. Owner: Dick Alber; GM: Dick Pierle.

BRIDLES 'N BRITCHES—630 Gentry Way. 835-7771. 9-6:00, Mon.-Sat. SHIRTS: Panhandle Slim, Wrangler; PANTS: Lee and Wrangler; BOOTS: Tony Lama, Justin and Acme; HATS: Resistol and American; RIDING EQUIPMENT: Saddles and Tack both English and Western; PLUS: Steam and clean, hand block and any kind of special orders. Owner: Bob Peterson.

D-BAR-M WESTERN STORE—1020 E 4th St. 329-9107. 9-5:30, Mon.-Sat. SHIRTS: Pan-

handle, Dee Cee, Karman; HATS: Resistol, American; BOOTS: Tony Lama, Nocona, Justin, Acme; PANTS: Lee, Wrangler; SUITS: Lasso, Panhandle Slim; PLUS: Hat shaping, boot repair, special orders, mail orders and custom belt buckles. Coffee pot's always on. Mgr: Jack Bassett.

EARL'S WESTERN STORE—645 S Wells Ave. 322-1474. 9:30-5:30, Mon.-Sat. SHIRTS: Tem Tex; PANTS: Levi and Lee; HATS: Resistol; BOOTS: Tony Lama, Justin and Acme; SUITS: Lasso and Pioneer; RIDING EQUIPMENT: Largest stock of saddles and tack in Nevada. PLUS: Specialists on riding equipment. Established 1944. Owner: Jerry Guyton.

LEE'S WESTERN WEAR—2130 Oddie Blvd. 358-0666. 10-7:00, Mon.-Sat.; 12-5:00, Sun. SHIRTS: Panhandle Slim, Pendleton; PANTS: Levi, Lee and Wrangler; SUITS: House of Morgan, Pendleton; BOOTS: Tony Lama, Justin, Lucchese, Nocona; HATS: Stetson and Resistol; PLUS: Hat shaping and boot repair service; RIDING EQUIPMENT: Rodeo spurs, bareback rigging, and chaps. A most unique and complete Western Store. Mgr: Vicki Walker.

PARKER'S WESTERN CLOTHING—151 N Sierra, 323-4481. 8:30-5:30, Mon.-Sat. SHIRTS: H-Bar-C, California; PANTS: Lee, Levi, H-Bar-C and Ep-Ro; DRESS/FASHION: H-Bar-C suits; HATS: Stetson and Bailey; BOOTS: Justin and Tony Lama; Buckles and Jewelry; Hat shaping. Personalized service in the heart of downtown Reno. Have been in business since 1919. Owners: Parker Bros.

RENO RANCH & SPRINKLER SUPPLY—11600 S Virginia St. 826-5022. 8:30-6:00 Mon.-Sat.; 10-3:00, Sun. SHIRTS: Wrangler, Handler Fenton and Lee. PANTS: Wrangler and Lee. HATS: Keystone straws; BOOTS: Wrangler; RIDING EQUIPMENT: Western. Pres: John T. Sulujan.

WILD WILD WEST WESTERN WEAR—Park Lane Center. 825-9453. Mon.-Fri.: 10-9:00; Sat.: 10-6:00; Sun.: 12-5:00; SHIRTS: Tem Tex; PANTS: Lee, Chemin De Fer; HATS: Resistol; BOOTS: Acme; PLUS: Hand shaping hats. Mgr: Bob Rigler.

TONOPAH

A-BAR-L WESTERN STORE—111 Main St., Tonopah. SHIRTS: Panhandle Slims, Dee Cee and Van Huesan; PANTS: Levi, Lee and Wranglers; DRESS/FASHION: Men's and Women's suits; HATS: Stetson, Resistol and American; BOOTS: Tony Lama and Acme. Owner: Conrad.

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STOCKMEN'S STORE—150 S Bridge. 623-2788. 9-5:30, Mon.-Sat. SHIRTS: Miller, Pendleton; PANTS: Lee and Levi; DRESS/FASHION: Western and Fashion; HATS: Resistol; BOOTS: Tony Lama, Acme, Nocona and Red Wing; Boot repairs. Jim Bidart, Mgr.

YERINGTON

FARM AND GARDEN WESTERN—63 Hwy. 3, Yerington. 463-3362. 8:30-5:30, Mon.-Sat. SHIRTS: Prior, Handler Fenton, Dee Cee; PANTS: Lee; HATS: Resistol and Eddy Bros.; BOOTS: Tony Lama, Acme, Wrangler and Nocona; RIDING EQUIPMENT: Complete line of saddles and tack. PLUS: Hat Shaping, Voyt silver jewelry and buckles, flower shop and nursery. Owner: Bob Smith. □

Travel Guide

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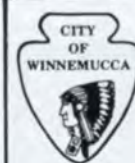
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RELENTLESS GOURMAND

(Continued from page 30)

also a product of people who care. Diners enter through a single door in the rear of the barroom, under a stained glass "Eats" sign. Inside there is not one piece of chrome or one scrap of vinyl to be seen. Instead, there are wooden interior walls built from an old chicken coop and covered with tapestries and drawings by local artists. Thirty-four people can sit at 11 tables and handmade booths arranged so everyone can have their own conversation without whispering or shouting.

The kitchen is partially open to the dining room and, if you are interested, you can watch Vita and her helpers prepare your dinner. It's not intrusive. The atmosphere in the restaurant is more reminiscent of someone's home than a commercial eating establishment.

The End of the Trail restaurant would only be an excellent family-run food emporium but the bar makes it unique. It is large, with a jukebox and a couple of slot machines on one wall and a pool table in back. The decor is as eclectic as the clientele. The artifacts decorating the room are remnants of people who have passed through the End of the Trail. What they left behind hangs on the walls, the ceiling and the back bar in a jumble of memories.

The secret of the End of the Trail has been discovered and the regulars at the bar have learned to accept friendly newcomers. Feeding the jukebox helps start a conversation and playing a good game of pool rates a drink or two.

On unspecified nights there is live entertainment at the End of the Trail. Depending on the quality and size of the band there may be an admission charge, but if you are there for dinner you don't have to pay.

The End of the Trail isn't for everyone. If your idea of a good time in a restaurant is a computer selected, microwave cooked dish amidst plastic palms and molded decor you won't like Vita's restaurant. But if you like food prepared with love, the End of the Trail will be your personal Comstock.

The bar is open daily from 8 a.m. until everyone goes home. The restaurant is open from 6 to 10 p.m. seven nights a week in summer. Dress is decidedly casual and no credit cards are honored. No reservations. Phone (702) 882-9890. Says Vita, "Everyone and anyone is welcome unless they are really drunk or foulmouth." □

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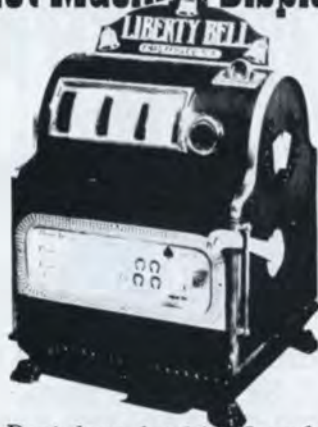
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UNIQUE NEVADAN

(Continued from page 46)

student in the first class at Elko Community College, in the harsh employ of his father and as a weekend broadcaster at station KELK—his real love.

That little bit of sweeping floors and transferring commercials did it: when Sheen came back from active duty he applied straight to Channel 2 in Reno for a job. The degree of his broadcasting sophistication is measurable by the following exchange, recounted these days with delight by Sheen himself. He went to the receptionist at KTVN asking for a job.

"In what department," she asked.

"What departments are there?" Sheen wanted to know.

"News, advertising, production

"Stop right there," said the young Sheen, "production sounds good."

That was in 1971 and by 1973 Sheen was the assistant production manager of Channel 2. Three years later the owner of KELK bought the Winnemucca radio station and asked Sheen to be its manager. He couldn't ask for more, nor could wife Joyce, who keeps the program logs, writes the commercials and tends their three children: Michael, 7, Amber, 3, and Amorie, seven months.

"People have a perception of Nevada as a cultural wasteland. That's a misconception," says Sheen. "Nevada is still small enough so you can experiment and not have people tell you all the time it can't be done."

"Take a budding artist, say. In other parts of the country, he's probably stifled, he can't get his work shown or he's looked down on. In Nevada he can show his work at a county fair and get not only an award but real community appreciation."

"In radio, we can be creative in our own way." Whereupon, Sheen talks about his "perfectly awful" imitation of President Carter, used to move a few dozen cases of Billy Beer that had been gathering time-in-grade hash marks on the shelves of a local retailer.

"It was a White House endorsement that was obviously a joke. Elsewhere it would maybe have caused an awful mess but here it was taken as meant. And it sold the beer."

Like many Nevadans, Torrey Sheen is a success at a young age because he went ahead and tried to do what he had dreamed of doing.

It wasn't easy, and Torrey Sheen had to work hard, but because he was a Nevadan, nobody told him not to try. □

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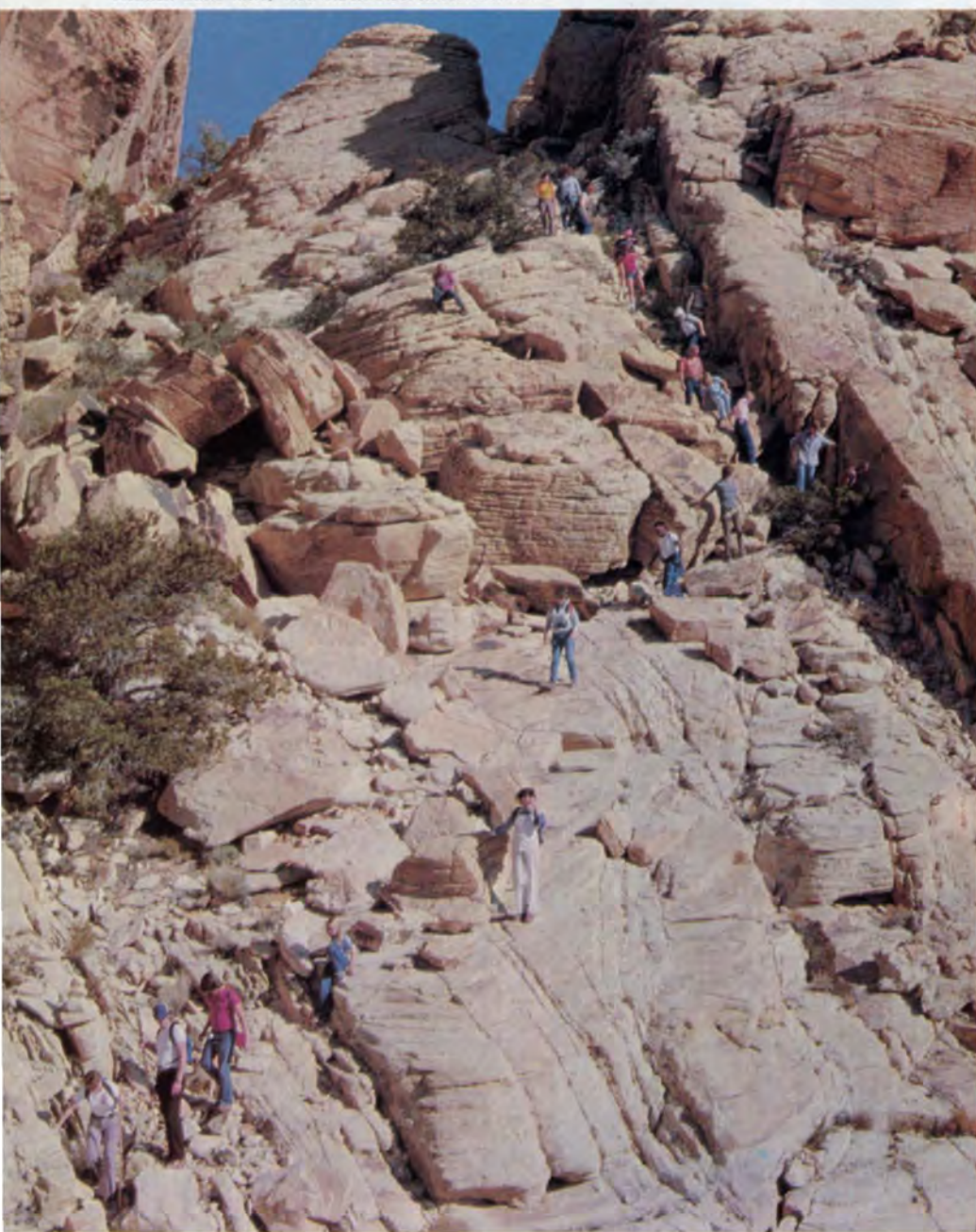
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PHOTOS COURTESY NEVADA STATE PARK SYSTEM

Each year visitors at Nevada's state parks bring thousands of questions. "Why are the rocks red?" is an obvious one at Valley of Fire. At remote Berlin-Ichthyosaur, campers wonder about the Indian customs of the area. At Lake Tahoe history buffs ask, "Did Mark Twain really burn down the forest here?"

Taking that natural curiosity and helping visitors enjoy Nevada's nature and history, the Nevada State Park System is conducting energetic public programs at eight park sites this summer.

The programs include hikes, walks, historic talks, children's plays and star gazing on the beach. The parks also have special programs for the handicapped, such as all-senses day at Sand Harbor on the west shore of Lake Tahoe and other events that are easily negotiable by wheelchair.

The handicapped are also involved in the parks-run Youth Conservation Corps. The YCC summer program provides conservation work in state parks such as clearing trails, building fences, repairing historic buildings. It also gives some lucky Nevada teenagers employment and a chance to learn about the environment. This summer young crews from Fallon, Yerington, Panaca, Caliente, Carson, Reno and Dayton will be on the job.

The public programs in the parks are on weekends, except when events like the full moon insist on happening mid-week, and geared to visitors of all ages, interests and physical shape. Following is the 1979 summer schedule:

WEST

July 7—All Senses Nature Discovery Day at Sand Harbor. A special tour of the Sand Harbor Nature Trail for the handicapped, accenting the senses of hearing, touch, taste and smell in the Lake Tahoe environment. Meet at 10 a.m., lasts 2 hours.

July 14—Bird Watching at Spooner Lake. Early morning sighting of birds in their summer residence in the Sierra. Less than 3 miles. Meet 7 a.m., lasts 3 hours.

July 21—Tour of Historic Glenbrook. A tour of Glenbrook's buildings and cemetery and discussion of the history of one of Tahoe's earliest lumbering centers. Then explore Slaughterhouse Canyon's meadows and wildflowers. Bring lunch, water and camera. 3 to 5 miles. Meet 10 a.m. at

Spooner Lake, lasts 3 to 4 hours.

July 27—Evening Stargazing at Sand Harbor. Learn about the major constellations and myths of the summer sky. Preceded by a bring-your-own barbecue. Warm clothing and blankets advised. Meet 8 p.m., lasts 3 hours.

August 4—Historic Tour of the Rock Point Mill, Dayton. Park rangers and interpreters will conduct a tour to the site of the old Rock Point Stamp Mill. The history of the Comstock era will be discussed in this short hike. Meet 10 a.m., lasts 2 hours.

August 8—Washoe Lake Moonlight Walk. Explore the legends of the Washoe Indians on this walk along the southeast shore of Washoe Lake. Less than 3 miles. Meet 8:20 p.m., lasts 2 hours.

August 18-19—Art Festival at Mormon Station. Local artists will exhibit their work relating to Nevada at the old fort in Genoa. The displays will be open 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

September 15—Kokanee Demonstration at Cave Rock. Park rangers will tell how to catch Lake Tahoe's Kokanee salmon and demonstrate equipment. Located between Glenbrook and Zephyr Cove on U.S. 50. Meet 2 p.m., lasts 1 hour.

Other programs: Talks on Lake Tahoe history and nature will be presented this summer every Friday at Sand Harbor and every Sunday at Spooner Lake at 1 p.m. For topic information call Lake Tahoe Nevada State Park at 702-831-0494.

SOUTH

July 20-21—Bluegrass Music Festival at Spring Mountain Ranch. Bluegrass pickers perform from 7 p.m. on the shaded lawn of the old ranch just west of Las Vegas. Admission is adults \$3, senior citizens and students under 18, \$1, and kids under 6 free.

July 22—Woodsy Owl Children's Festival at Spring Mountain Ranch. Children's day with puppet show, dance, the Las Vegas K-9 Corps, Summer Youth Band Concert, games and the play "Aladdin" performed by the children of the Rainbow Company of Las Vegas.

Fall Programs: Walks and hikes, including special photo hikes; photo and art exhibits; storytelling; star gazing; and desert survival. For information call the district office in Las Vegas, 702-385-0264.



Bluegrass concert and picnic on the lawn at Spring Mountain Ranch.



Summer activities conducted by the Nevada State Park System include hikes, talks, theater and music. This photo shows the culmination of a hike in the Sierra.

SOUTHEAST

July—Outdoor films at Spring Valley State Park, every Saturday night. Movies and discussion of Nevada outdoors at Horsethief Campground, 19 miles east of Pioche.

Other summer programs: impromptu hikes, evening slide shows, talks on the area's history, plants and wildlife. Contact district office in Lincoln County, 702-728-4467. □

CAMPING

(Continued from page 21)

HILLTOP—15 mi. NW of Las Vegas on U.S. 95, then St. Hwy. 39 for 17 mi. W. May 1-Oct. 15. 36 units, drinking water, toilets, fire pits, tables, firewood. Limit 5 days. Elev. 8200 ft. Min. fee \$2. TNF

HITCHIN POST PARK OF LAS VEGAS—2640 Las Vegas Blvd. N. 150 sites, group accomm. Toilets, showers, laundry, groc., phone and restaurant. Swimming pool, rec. hall. Caters to retired and adults. Min. fee \$4. PRIV

HOLIDAY INN TRAVEL PARK—6 mi. SE on Nellis Blvd. 165 sites, water, elec., 137 sewer. Toilets, showers. Pets OK on leash. Ice, LP-gas, disp. stn., drinking water, fire pits, groc., phone, laundry, tables, playground, rec. hall, swimming pool. Min. fee \$4.50. PRIV

KING'S ROW TRAILER PARK—3660 Boulder Hwy. 150 sites, water, elec., 130 sewer hookups. Toilets, showers, laundry, ice, disp. stn., phone, tables, babysitting, AC rentals. Swimming pool, rec. hall, kitchen, TV, card tables. Min. fee \$5.50.

KOA OF LAS VEGAS—4315 Boulder Hwy. 301 sites, elec., water, 84 sewer hookups. Toilets, showers, laundry, ice, LP gas, disp. stn., phone, tables, babysitting, AC rentals. Swimming pool, rec. hall, fire pits, groc. TV rentals, tetherball and volleyball. Fee \$7.50. PRIV

KYLE CANYON—On St. Rte. 39, 25 mi. NW of Las Vegas, off U.S. 95, Charleston Mountain. 22 units. Apr. 15-Nov. 30, limit 5 days. Drinking water, toilets. Min. fee \$2. TNF

LONE PALM MOTEL—3794 Las Vegas Blvd. S. 46 sites. Water, elec., sewer hookups, toilets, showers, ice, laundry, phone, LP gas. Swimming pool and playground. Min. fee \$6. PRIV

MACKIE'S—U.S. 93 & 95, Boulder Hwy. near Dodge Auto sales. 24 sites. Full hookups, toilets, showers, laundry, phone. Min. fee \$5.50. PRIV

McWILLIAMS (LEE CANYON)—St. Rte. 52, 40 mi. NW of Las Vegas off U.S. 95, Charleston Mountain. 35 units, group picnic facilities to accommodate 60 families. May 15-Sept. 15, limit 5 days. Drinking water, toilets. Min. fee \$2. TNF

RIVIERA TRAVEL TRAILER PARK—2200 Palm St., corner of Boulder Hwy. 93 & 95, Sahara Ave. 121 sites with full hookups. Toilets, showers, laundry, ice, LP gas, phone and swimming pool. Min. fee \$8. PRIV

SHADY ACRES TRAILER PARK—I-15 Washington exit, 3 blks E to Main St. 8 sites with full hookups. Toilets, showers, phone, groc., laundry, ice and restaurant. No pets. Max. length 28 ft. Min. fee \$3.50. PRIV

SILVER SANDS TRAVEL TRAILER PARK—4295 Boulder Hwy. Motorhome/trailer. Drinking water, toilets, showers, laundry, ice, phone. Full hookups. Min. fee \$8. PRIV

VIP TRAVEL TRAILER PARK—5325 Boulder Hwy. 204 sites. Water, elec., toilets, showers, ice, laundry, phone and swimming pool. Min. fee \$8.00. PRIV

WILLOW CREEK—50 mi. from Las Vegas on Hwy. 95 N. 7 sites, 3 for trailers up to 16 ft. and 4 for tents. Mar. 1-Nov. 30. No drinking water. Fishing. BLM

WILLOW SPRING (ROCKY GAP)—20 mi. W of Las Vegas in Red Rock Recreation Lands. 19 sites, four for trailers and 15 for tents. No drinking water. No fees. BLM

NORTH LAS VEGAS

AMERICAN CAMPGROUNDS—4 mi. N of Fremont St. on Hwy. 91. 59 sites with water, 19 with elec. and sewer hookups. Group accommodations. Toilets, showers, laundry and phone. Min. fee \$5. PRIV

VERTON

See Lake Mead listing for additional

ROBBINS NEST MOBILE VILLAGE—479 S Main St., Hwy. 12, S end of Overton. Water, elec., sewer, toilets, showers, drinking water, phone, laundry, rec. hall. Max. length 40 ft. Fishing, water skiing. Max. stay no limit. Min. fee \$6. PRIV

WARREN'S TRAILER PARK—Hwy. 12 NW end of town. 24 sites. Water, elec., sewer. Toilets, showers, drinking water, laundry. Close to Lake Mead watersports. Min. fee \$5. PRIV

PIOCHE

ECHO CANYON—4 mi. E of Pioche, S 10 mi. 34 units. Boat launching, fishing. Open all year round. Min. fee \$2. NSP

SPRING VALLEY—3 mi. E of Ursine, turn off Hwy. 93 at Pioche, 18 mi. to Ursine. Drinking water, ramadas, boat launching, fishing, water skiing, picnicking. 37 sites. NSP

SEARCHLIGHT

SPOTLIGHT TRAILER PARK—5 mi. on Cottonwood Cove Rd. 12 sites, water, elec., sewer. Toilets, self contained only. Piped water, laundry, rec. hall. Overnight. Min. fee \$2.50. PRIV

WARM SPRINGS

DESERT OASIS WARM SPRINGS RESORT—Take I-15 to Glendale, W on Hwy. 7, 9 mi. to Warm Springs rec. area. Motorhome/trailers, tents, primitive. Elec., water, sewer. Drinking water, toilets, showers, groceries, ice and phone. Max. stay no limit. Swimming pool, artesian warm springs, 90 degrees. Named No. 1 swimming resort in America. Min. fee \$14.40. PRIV (May close late 1979.)

WEST

CARSON CITY

CAMP-N-TOWN—2438 N Carson St. Open year round. 60 P.S.W. 24 P.W. hookups, motorhome/trailer and tents. Drinking water, toilets, showers, laundry, gas, ice, and phone. Min. fee \$6.50. PRIV

CARSON HOT SPRINGS RV PARK—1500 Hot Springs Rd. Motorhome/trailers. Drinking water, toilets, showers, phone. Hot baths, pool, massage, restaurant and lounge. No hookups at present, will be in future. Min. fee \$3.

FORT CHURCHILL—Historic military outpost, on Route 2B, 1 mi. off U.S. 95 Alt. 20 sites. Max. length 23 ft., limit 14 days. Drinking water. Fishing. Min. fee \$2. NSP

OASIS TRAILER HAVEN—2 m. S on U.S. 395 and 50. Nov. 1-June 1. 20 sites. Piped water, phone, laundry. Min. fee \$6. PRIV

SNEADAKERS' COMSTOCK COUNTRY RV PARK—3.2 mi. S of Capitol Bldg., S of the junction Hwys. 395 and 50. 30 sites. Max. length 32 ft. Drinking water, toilets, showers, groceries, ice, phone and Rec. Room. Min. fee \$7.50 day, \$45 week. PRIV

FALLON

HUB TOTEL RV PARK—3 mi. W of Fallon on U.S. 50. Water, toilets, elec., and sewer. 35 sites, group camping. Min. fee \$6. PRIV

LAHONTAN—15 mi. W of Fallon, on Hwy. 50. Boat launching ramps, at Lahontan Dam, Cove and Silver Springs. 50 units. Drinking water, swimming, and boating. Fishing. NSP

SHADYPARK—Hwy. 50 ¼ mi. S on Dolf, ¼ mi. S on Harrigan Rd. 6 sites. Water, elec., toilets, showers and laundry. Min. fee \$4. PRIV

SILVER SPUR—4 mi. W of town on Hwy. 50. 6 sites. Water, elec., laundry, sewer, toilets and showers. Min. fee \$2. PRIV

SOUTH MAIN—8 blks. S of Hwy. 50, 2 blks. N of Hwy. 95. 8 sites. Water, elec., sewer, toilets,

showers, laundry and phones. Min. fee \$5. PRIV

FERNLEY

TRAILS END MOBILE PARK—I-80 Fernley exit on Hwy. 40 to Park. 14 sites. Drinking water, toilets, showers, laundry, groceries, gas, and phone. Min. fee \$5. PRIV

GABBS

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GARDNERVILLE

WASHOE CAMP—4 mi. S. of Gardnerville on U.S. 395, on Carson River. 56 sites. Drinking water, toilets, showers, elec., laundry, phone. (Washoe Tribe of Nevada and California. P.O. Box 284, Stewart, NV 89437)

HAWTHORNE

ALUM CREEK—10 mi. S of town on St. Rte. 31, W 3 mi. on improved dirt road. May 1-Oct. 30. 8 units, group units, no drinking water. Toilets. Max. length 32 ft., limit 14 days. No fee. TNF

SPORTSMAN'S BEACH—15 mi. N of town on U.S. 95 and Walker Lake. 17 units. Drinking water, boating, water skiing, showers, pit toilets. BLM

TAMARACK POINT—Lakeside camp, 17 mi. N of Hawthorne on U.S. 95 and Walker Lake. 20 units. Max. length 22 ft., limit 14 days. Drinking water. Swimming, fishing and hunting. BLM

RENO

CEDAR LODGE MOTEL & RV PARK—8 mi. S of downtown on U.S. 395. 35 sites. Max. length 35 ft. Water, elec., toilets, showers, laundry, phone. Min. fee \$7. PRIV

CHISM—1300 W 2nd St. 48 sites. Toilets, showers, laundry, phone, water. Min. fee \$7. PRIV

DAVIS CREEK PARK—17 mi. S of Reno, 11 mi. N of Carson City, ½ mi. off Hwy. 395. 63 units, 19 designed for trailers. Max. stay 7 days. Toilets, showers, drinking water. Min. fee \$3. WCP

FOUR SEASONS—6 mi. S on U.S. 395. 31 sites. Max. length 35 ft. Drinking water, toilets, showers, water and elec. Min. fee \$7. PRIV

GREEN ACRES—3400 blk. of S Virginia St., U.S. 395. 30 sites. Water, elec., sewer, laundry, toilets, showers, phone. Min. fee \$4. PRIV

RENO KOA—Hwy. 395 N 4.5 mi. from center of city, Virginia St., Panther Valley exit. 220 sites. Water, elec., sewer, toilets, showers, ice, LP gas, drinking water, phone, laundry, rec. hall, swimming pool. Min. fee \$4. PRIV

R & R CAMPERLAND—I-80 one mi. S on Rock Blvd. exit. 165 sites. Water, sewer, elec., toilets, showers, ice, LP gas, rec. hall. Fishing, river, beach. Min. fee \$8.50. PRIV

TIKI VILLAGE—1 ½ mi. on U.S. 395 S. 22 sites. Water, elec., sewer, toilets, showers, LP gas, drinking water, phone, and laundry. Min. fee \$7. PRIV

UNITED CAMPGROUND OF RENO—1.5 mi. N of I-80 and U.S. 395 Intchg., exit McCarran Blvd. 110 sites. Water, elec., sewer, toilets, showers, ice, LP gas, phone, laundry and drinking water. Min. fee \$7. PRIV

WARRIOR POINT PARK—40 mi. N of Reno, 9 mi. N of Sutcliffe on Pyramid Lake Road. 40 sites, limit 14 days. Water, showers, toilets, boating, fishing, swimming, water skiing. WCP

VERDI

CRYSTAL PEAK—On Calif. border NW 8.4 mi. on Forest Road 003. 21 units and small group units. June 1-Oct. 15, 14 day limit. Drinking water. No fee. TNF

(Continued on page 69)

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CAMPING

(Continued from page 66)

DOG VALLEY—On Calif. border NW 6.3 mi. on Forest Road 003. 9 units, 14 day limit. No drinking water, toilets. No fee. TNF
RIVER BEND—First off ramp from I-80 on Hwy. 40 W. 60 sites, max. length 28 ft. Drinking water, toilets, showers, mini mkt., ice, phone, fishing and hunting. PRIV

WELLINGTON

DESERT CREEK—6 mi. W off St. Rte. 22, 10 mi. from Wellington. 12 units, small group units. May 1-Oct. 30, 14 day limit. No drinking water. No fee. TNF

WELLINGTON STATION RESORT—E on Hwy. 3. 18 sites. Toilets, showers, drinking water, groceries, gas, phone. TV hookup. Snowmobile, fishing and hunting. Min. fee \$6. PRIV

LAKE TAHOE

D. L. BLISS STATE PARK—3 mi. N of Emerald Bay. Tent camping and trailers up to 15 ft., piped water, flush toilets and showers. \$4 per day, \$1 per dog. 180 sites. Ticketron reservations. CA
CAMP RICHARDSON—At Camp Richardson, South Lake Tahoe. Tent camping and trailers up to 30 ft., piped water, flush toilets, showers. \$4.50 per day per 2 persons. 160 campsites and 80 trailer sites. PRIV. (916) 541-0801.

EMERALD BAY BOAT CAMPGROUND—In Emerald Bay, access by boating or hiking only. Piped water, vault toilets. \$2 per day. 20 campsites. CA

EMERALD BAY STATE PARK—4 mi. S of Visitor Center. Tent camping and trailers up to 24 ft., piped water, flush toilets, and showers. \$4 per day, \$1 per dog. 100 campsites, Ticketron reservations. CA

FALLEN LEAF CAMPGROUND—1 mi. off Hwy. 89 on Fallen Leaf Lake Rd. Tent camping and trailers up to 24 ft., piped water, flush toilets, 205 campsites. \$3 per day. Ticketron reservations. USFS

FALLEN LEAF LODGE CAMPGROUND—Behind Fallen Leaf Lodge. Tent camping and trailers up to 20 ft., piped water, flush toilets, showers. \$4.50 per day per 2 persons, \$1.50 per day each additional person. 37 campsites. PRIV. (916) 541-3366

GENERAL CREEK CAMPGROUND—1 mi. S of Tahoma. Tent camping and trailers up to 25 ft., piped water, flush toilets, showers in summer. \$4 per day, \$1 per dog. 175 campsites, open all year, Ticketron reservations. CA

KOA CAMPGROUND—On Highway 50 just south of Meyers. Tent camping and trailers up to 40 ft., hookups, piped water, flush toilets, showers, groc., laundry, swim pool. \$7.25 per day per 2 persons (tent), \$8.75 per hookup. 70 campsites, reservations suggested. PRIV. (916) 577-3693

LAKE FOREST CAMPGROUND—2 mi. E of Tahoe City on Hwy. 28. Tent camping and trailers up to 18 ft., piped water, flush toilets, and showers in summer. \$3 per day. 21 campsites. CITY

MEEKS BAY CAMPGROUND—10 mi. S of Tahoe City at Meeks Bay. Tent camping only, piped water, flush toilets, and showers. \$3 per day. 40 campsites, Ticketron reservations. USFS

MEEKS BAY RESORT—10 mi. S of Tahoe City at Meeks Bay. Trailer space only, piped water, flush toilets, showers. \$8.50 per day. 80 trailer sites. PRIV. (916) 525-7242.

MT. ROSE—20 mi. SW of Reno on St. Rte. 27, 7 mi. from Lake Tahoe. Elevation 8900 ft. June 25-Sept. 10. Drinking water, 24 family units. Max. length 16 ft., limit 14 days. Fire pits, firewood. Fee \$3. TNF

NEVADA BEACH—1 mi. N of Stateline. Tent

camping and trailers up to 24 ft., piped water, flush toilets. 54 family units, 37 picnic units, Apr. 15-Nov. 15. 7 day limit. \$3 camping fee, \$.50 picnicking fee. Ticketron reservations. USFS.

SOUTH TAHOE-EL DORADO CAMPGROUND—Rufus Allen Blvd. 1 mi. S of Stateline. Tent camping and trailers up to 20 ft., piped water, flush toilets, and showers. \$6 per 4 people per day. CITY

TAHOE RECREATION AREA CAMPGROUND—1 mi. N of Tahoe City. Tent camping and trailers up to 15 ft., piped water, flush toilets, and showers in summer. \$4 per day, \$1 per dog. 39 campsites, open all year, Ticketron reservations. CA

TAHOE VALLEY REC. CAMPGROUND—1/4 mi. W of the South Y Center off C Street, in South Lake Tahoe. Tent camping and trailers, hookups, piped water, flush toilets, and shower. \$7.50 per day tent camping, \$10 hookups. 300 units. PRIV. (916) 541-2222

WILLIAM KENT CAMPGROUND—4 mi. S of Tahoe City. Tent camping & trailers up to 24 ft., piped water and flush toilets, trailer dump station. \$3 per day. 95 campsites. USFS

ZEPHYR COVE RESORT—At Zephyr Cove. Tent camping and trailers up to 40 ft., hookups, piped water, flush toilets, showers. \$6 per day per 2 persons (tent), \$8 per day per full hookup, \$1 per each extra person. 260 sites, PRIV. (702) 588-6644.

CASINO CAMPING

LAS VEGAS

CALIFORNIA HOTEL & CASINO—1st & Ogden. Take I-15 to Downtown exit. RV spaces available. No hookups. Toll free 800-643-6505.
CIRCUS CIRCUS CAMPERLAND—2880 Las Vegas Blvd. S. All types of recreational vehicles allowed. Full hookups. 421 spaces. Drinking water, toilets, showers, laundry, groceries, ice and phone. Swimming pool, jacuzzi. Dog runs. Max. stay 4 days. Min. fee \$7.

HACIENDA CAMPERLAND—3950 Las Vegas Blvd. S. Full hookups. 451 spaces. Drinking water, toilets, showers, laundry, ice and phone. Picnic areas, swimming pool, tennis courts, rec. hall, refreshment and amusement arcade. All types of recreational vehicles allowed. Stay no minimum. Min. fee \$9. Toll free 800-634-6611 (western states) or 800-634-6713 (continental states).

SILVER NUGGET CASINO—2140 Las Vegas Blvd. N, 2 mi. from heart of downtown. Full hookups. Pool, laundry, jacuzzi. Phone 702-649-4133.

STARDUST CAMPERLAND—3000 Las Vegas Blvd. 6. Full hookups. Unlimited spaces. All types of recreational vehicles allowed. Drinking water, toilets, showers, laundry, groceries, gas, ice and phone. Swimming pool and tennis courts. Max. stay 45 days. Min. fee \$8. No reservations.

RENO

MGM GRAND HOTEL—2500 E Second St. Over 560 spaces. 30 amp elec. hookups, some with 50 amp. Utility hookups provided for each space, includes fresh water and elec. Sewer connections are provided for many spaces. 5 comfort stations fully equipped with men's & women's restrooms and showers. Laundry, ice, propane facilities. Gas station and sanitary waste station located on premises. \$10 with sewer hookup, \$9 without sewer. A full service RV park, located on the grounds of the MGM. □

open to our readers. Help, please.

Another baffler was this curve-ball thrown by Tom Barbour of Ely:

"How many Nevada baseball players have played in the Major Leagues?"

Sports writers and editors around the state have contributed a brief roster of names, but I want to make sure that none of the deserving sagebrush athletes are inadvertently left off the list. Anyone that can help with this one, please be in touch. Answer next issue.

Tim Wilson writes from Rock Springs, Wyoming:

"After reading 'Trails Across the 40-Mile' in your last issue a friend and I argued over the year of the first wagon train through Nevada. He says the Donner Party group was the first, but I say there were others in the early 1840s. Who's right?"

You are, by five years. The Donner party struggled to their doom in 1846, but a group that has come to be called the Bartleson-Bidwell party had completed the wilderness journey successfully in 1841.

Influenced by the stories of the French trapper Rubidoux, who had visited California, a party of nearly 70 persons including 15 women and children, set out for California from near Independence, Missouri in ox-drawn wagons on May 19.

Some of the party turned north-westward toward Oregon, and by the time the remainder trekked their weary way across the Rockies and the Utah desert to reach the south fork of the Humboldt River in eastern Nevada, they were exhausted and discouraged. For two weeks they followed the Humboldt west until they reached its sink, then veered south to strike the Walker. This they followed westward into the mountains, having abandoned their wagons, and eating the last of their oxen and mules as they went. For two weeks they fought their way across the great granite barrier of the Sierra in the vicinity of Ebbett's Pass before cresting the summit and following the Stanislaus River down the western slope into the great San Joaquin Valley. They emerged starved and ragged, their horses stolen by Indians, to present themselves at the hacienda of Dr. John Marsh on November 4th.

John Bidwell, a member of the group who later achieved great prominence as a pioneer settler and rancher at Chico, left a vivid account of the adventure. □

WALKING THE TRAILS

(Continued from page 49)

North Loop but ends up being longer and just as difficult. Start is on the Deer Creek Highway just past Hill Top Campground on the way to Lee Canyon. Mostly a single file trail; if your horse is steady on steep slopes you could take it along.

This trail passes Mummy Spring at the foot of Mummy Mountain and farther along, Cave Spring, where you can replenish your water supply. The plants are similar to those on the North Loop. Just remember that many are endemic and most are rare. None should be picked.

The South Loop follows the ridge which separates Kyle Canyon from its northern companion and popular winter ski area, Lee Canyon. Note that the view of the north face of Kyle Canyon, from this place only, resembles Paris' Notre Dame Cathedral, complete with flying buttresses.

The last mile of the South Loop is up some switchbacks on the east face of the peak. This is a thrilling part of the climb because it is a straight drop off the trail to the canyon bottom 4,000 feet below!

3. SOUTH/NORTH LOOP

Distance: 22 miles. **Rating:** Difficult

An interesting variation on the peak climb is to start at the South Loop trail on the Deer Creek Highway, continue to the peak, then return to the canyon floor via the North Loop trail.

Or start with the North Loop and circle the mountain ridges and go out through the south end.

On both loops you can observe many birds and chipmunks. You may sight a Golden eagle or perhaps a Sharp Shinned hawk. On the peak you can sometimes see hummingbirds standing on the ground to drink nectar from the tiny flowers, and along the trail you may sight elk or deer.

If you do decide on this extended trip, plan on overnight camping and make sure you have transportation waiting at your new return point.

4. CATHEDRAL ROCK

Distance: .8 miles. **Rating:** Moderate

At the end of Highway 39, this prominent rock formation has cliff faces on three sides and indeed looks like a medieval cathedral. Starting at Cathedral Rock Picnic Grounds, this trail goes up the southeast face of the rock and has some steep switchbacks. But it is only an hour's hike.

Cathedral Rock is composed of dolomite, a mixture of calcium and magnesium carbonate that resembles limestone. This material used to be at the bottom of an ancient sea. It is 600 million years old and you may come across fossils of coral and sea shells along the trail.

Mazie Canyon will be visible on the south side of Cathedral Rock. This canyon is an avalanche chute filled with quaking aspen, as are other shutes in Kyle Canyon. Aspen have the ability to grow where avalanches occur, because they resprout from the roots after being crushed in the path of moving snow. Pines and firs lack this regenerating ability so they are sparse in these shutes where aspen flourish. The hardy groves of aspen you can see from the trail are all one plant because they are connected by the same root system. In other words, they are a clone.

The Cathedral Rock trail is, again, single file. At one point you may see a plant found nowhere

else in the world, endemic to Cathedral Rock itself. Called the Nevada willow herb, it has small purple flowers. Please don't pick it or try to take it home; it won't grow anywhere but on this one rock formation where the dolomite soil, cool mountain air and melting snow provide for it perfectly.

At the top of the trail is a dramatic view of Kyle Canyon and the desert beyond. But be careful while you are enjoying the view from these heights. There are no guard rails and the gravelly edges slope inexorably to the sheer cliffs.

5. LITTLE FALLS

Distance: .5 miles. **Rating:** Easy

A charming walk, also found at the entrance to the Cathedral Rock Picnic Grounds. A short hike up a gentle slope, this trail is just right for the entire family. It only takes about half an hour and there are fallen logs and many rocks by the wayside for comfortable rests to sit and enjoy the surrounding woods and sweet-smelling breezes.

Little Falls is, just as its name implies, a small waterfall at the end of a narrow steep-walled canyon. There are mountain maples, wild roses, and elderberry bushes. The flowers on the Little Falls trail should be in full bloom by late June or early July.

6. ROBBER'S ROOST

Distance: .25 miles. **Rating:** Easy

A short but rewarding walk, the Robber's Roost trail is about four miles up on the Deer Creek Highway. The trail ends in a large dry rock grotto, and the rumor of the old-time robber lying in wait for unsuspecting travelers has to be a romantic image to fit the strangeness of the waterweathered caves and boulders. Very few people, on any side of the law, had occasion to pass through this area in the "old days."

Robber's Roost is located between the pinon pine and the ponderosa pine plant communities. The pinon, Nevada's state tree, has short blue-green needles and is sold as a Christmas tree in both Southern and Northern Nevada. It was a major food source for the Paiute Indians of the region. Each summer the Indians would migrate from the Las Vegas valley floor to the cool mountains, gathering enough of the high-protein pinon nuts to last the winter.

It is late August when the pinon cones drop their large sweet seeds around the tree. The Indians usually cooked pine nuts underground, but you can eat them raw or put them unshelled in the oven with a little water and salt. Cook for about 20 minutes at 350 degrees. Delicious!

7. CHARLESTON'S SPECIAL

Distance: .2 miles. **Rating:** Easy

About six miles north of Robber's Roost on the Deer Creek Highway is a scenic view turnout from which you can see a magnificent panorama of the desert to the north and east. Visible are three large dry lake beds. Due east is the Sheep Range where big horn sheep can be found. To the north is Pahute Mesa on the Nevada Test Site.

A trail for the handicapped has recently been constructed at this turnout. Wide enough for a wheelchair, it is fairly level and only a few minutes long. The path is placed among the pinon pines and there will be some beautiful wildflowers out in June and early July like the yellow daisy-like *Hymenoxys* and the bold red Indian paintbrush. □

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