THE 70's: EVERYTHING WENT UP BUT THE SPEED LIMIT. BY GUY SHIPLER

THE 80's: COMING ATTRACTIONS. BY LEON MANDEL

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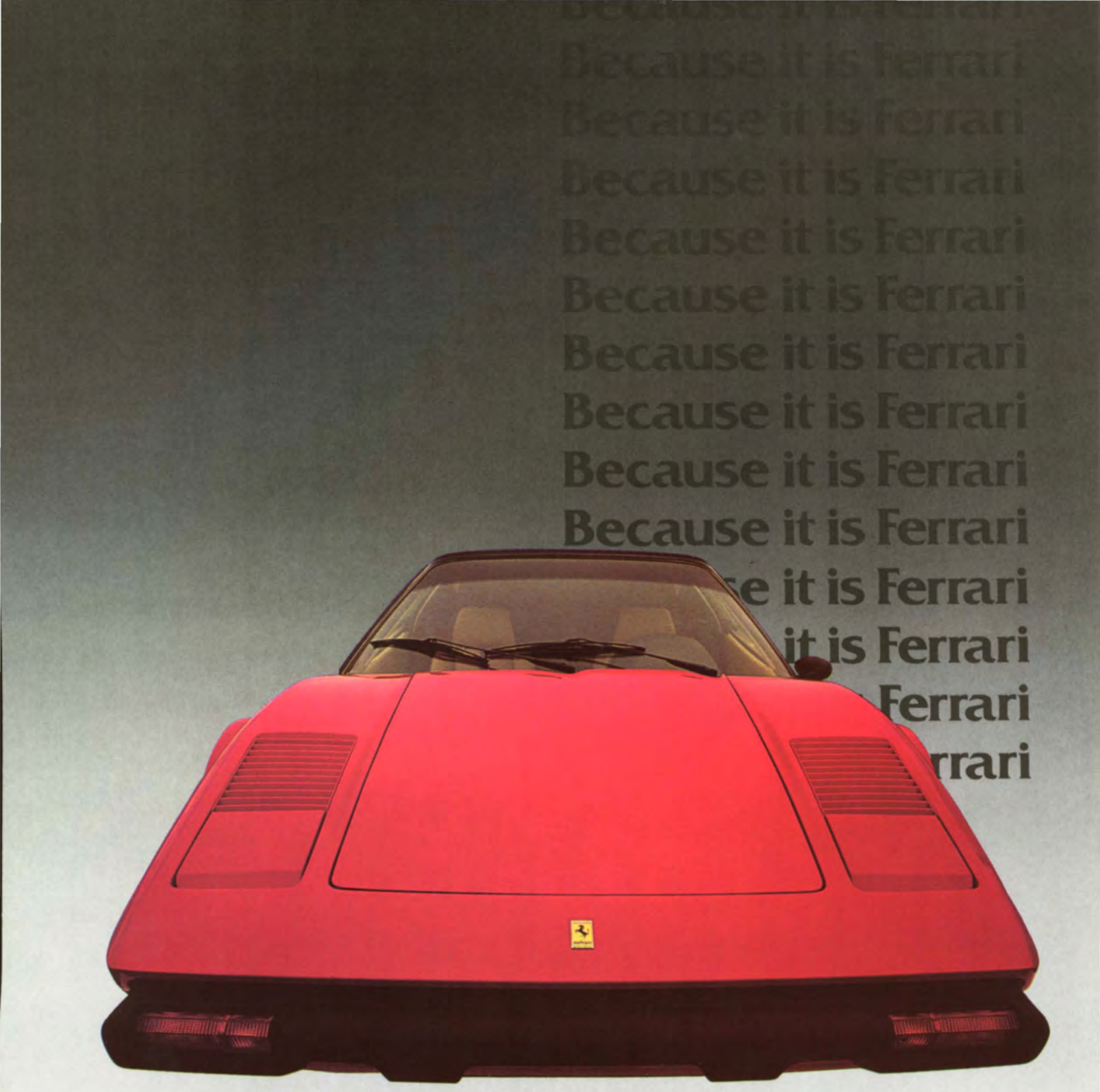


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March/April
1980

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Mohave Desert Sunrise,
Red Rock Canyon
by David Muench



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EDITORIAL

Our writers were persistent, but the photographers were hopeless. Which is why we began the Great Nevada Picture Hunt.

When I started working for this magazine in 1975, I found a backlog of manuscripts but no photographs.

Not even the standard slide of Lake Tahoe framed at the left with trees, or a promotional shot of Henderson Industrial Days. Not even a black and white photo of then-Governor Mike O'Callaghan.

Editors will admit—sometimes with a lump in their throat—that even if the words are close to perfect, pictures do add to a magazine. So we embarked upon a serious search for unique and beautiful photographs of Nevada.

The Great Nevada Picture Hunt was started in 1976 to lure sharp-eyed photographers out of their darkrooms, off the cliffs of Ruby Dome and onto the pages of this publication. Naturally photographers are extremely possessive and proud of their work. They would rather not let a solitary 8×10 glossy print out of their hands without a commitment that the photograph will be used uncropped, that the credit line will be large, that the check will be an enormous one for first-time rights, and that the photo will be returned in a matter of moments without the hint of a fingerprint.

Unfortunately it just doesn't happen that way

Nevada Magazine is published six times a year and sticks to seasonal activities for a large portion of each issue. We work six months ahead of the on-sale date, which means that in winter we are thinking summer, and vice versa, and that the photos you take this summer ought to be in our hands in late fall and could be published next July/August, or perhaps even the summer after that!

In past seasons, the Great Nevada Picture Hunt has unearthed some enormous talent (like Linda Dufurrena, Richard Jung, this year's winner Allan Mandell, and R. J. Bissett), and because of the response we started The LENS section just for photographers.

The Third Annual Great Nevada Picture Hunt attracted more than a thousand entries. That contest was judged last November by Cliff Segerblom, Don Dondero and Howard Hickson, who were so impressed with the consistent high quality of entries that they found picking the winners a mighty difficult chore. What they finally agreed upon is shown starting on page 6.

In our excitement about the latest contest, we forgot to include a "thank you" letter when returning the photos that did not win awards. We apologize for that and encourage non-winners to try again this year because many of you were not far from picking up a prize. As it happens each year a number of photos not in the final dozen will be published (and paid for) in 1980's upcoming issues.

Entry blanks for the Fourth Annual Great Nevada Picture Hunt will be in the July/August issue, so keep shooting. We promise, no fingerprints.

—C. J. Hadley

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LETTERS

TURKEY FOR OLD BETSY

Bud Hage's excellent article on Bruffy's Paradise Lost (Jan/Feb 80) was exceptionally interesting to me as I had often handled several of those old heavy Wright rifles of Roger Bruffy's. I would like to add a footnote to his story:

Bill Blackwell had leased the Raines Ranch in Pine Valley and as there were dozens of turkeys ready for market Bill decided to have a turkey shoot in Palisade and enlisted the help of town marshall Earl Cobb to help with the "Big Shoot" the day before Thanksgiving. The turkeys were rounded up and driven to Palisade seven miles by Cobb and Tony Siri. But a car had come along, spooking the herd and half of them were lost.

In Palisade, Cobb and Blackwell decided on new rules: a 50-yard target and "a bull's eye a man can see!" Shots 25 cents each and the first shooter to hit the bull's eye could continue to shoot at the fee per shot until he *missed.*

Two shooters spent 50 cents without getting a turkey when Roger Bruffy's turn came. Of course this amused the crowd as Roger had recently lost an eye and secondly chose "Old Betsy," a 12-pound 45-70 Sharps as his turkey getter. Everybody laughed as Roger toed the shooting line.

Cobb was bullet-hole inspector and Roger and his antique Sharps had placed 12 hunks of lead in the bull's eye when Blackwell yelled, "Get that one-eyed feller outa there! He's runnin' us out of turkeys an' we haven't taken in but six bits!" That ended the turkey shoot for the day until some less liberal rules could be established.

Harry Webb
Tujunga, CA.

DO IT FOR DUNNETT

You have an outstanding magazine. Neat, clean cut, very good editing and very good photography. A state all Nevadans can be proud of.

I really enjoy and look forward to future issues.

George D. Dunnett
Elk Grove, CA.

NEVADA ON CAMERA

My first hour-long documentary, "The Journey and a Soft Sabre," is completed. It is based on Roy Purcell and Montyne, Las Vegas artists both of whom I discovered in your pages. It has good reviews and we should both be proud of this effort.

John Slagle
KVVU-TV
Henderson, NV

I enjoy your magazine very much. Recently I was in Reno and used my Nevada Mag to find every good boot store in town.

Donovan Brown
Rancho Mirage, CA.

Just a note to commend David W Toll's "The Compleat Nevada Traveler." We have made use of its pages all over Nevada and have consistently benefited from its insights into the history of the country we are touring as well as from its suggestions for seeing the current sights.

Ed and Marolyn Hartman
Moraga, CA.

In the Spring 1979 edition, Joe Gilder wrote a letter concerning the Photo Contest and I quote him: "The judges in my opinion should really see a good optician. Their selection I found very poor quality. When my subscription expires so be it."

In my opinion Joe Gilder should see a good optician because C.J. Hadley would not allow "poor quality pictures" to be printed in the state magazine so that must mean that Joe Gilder's taste is of questionable quality.

Dean Harris (age 15)
Gardnerville, NV

Fabulous new winning photos are displayed starting on page 6. Gilder, judge again.—Ed.

BUFFALO BILL TRICK ROPERS

This photo is of a group of trick ropers who were with the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show when they were performing in London, England.

I hope you will show it to Harry Webb who is a survivor of the show. My Uncle Harry is in the picture left center row and I feel sure he will enjoy the photo.

Mrs. D. Robison
Elko, NV

Trick ropers with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show in London, England.



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GREAT NEVADA PICTURE HUNT

THE WINNERS

In Nevada Magazine's third annual photo contest 12 winners emerged from the hundreds of photographs inspected by the judges, who added a few comments of their own.



Linda Haas: "Branding Time"
2nd Place Am: $75 gift certificate, Luke's Nevada Photo, Reno

It was really gratifying to receive more than a thousand entries for our third photo contest. Of course, that made it even more difficult to choose just 12 winners from a large and outstanding field. In fact, the overall quality was so consistent that only a few points separated the winners from more than 60 honorable mentions.

Judging this kind of competition is never easy and it's often a thankless task. But our judges for this year* were surprised at their own enthusiasm.

Judge Segerblom: "I would say the photographers have a remarkable eye."

Judge Dondero: "The amateurs were outstanding. But I think more professionals should enter."

On the Sweepstakes winner:

Judge Hickson: "I like the contrast in moods the light and dark, this to me really does represent Nevada."

Judge Dondero: "It's a beautiful picture. I'd like to have a print of that picture for myself."

Judge Segerblom: "I would like to have come by when the light was like that and shot it myself. It's a place (Pyramid Lake) where photography does a better job than painting."

And some suggestions:

Judge Segerblom: " entries in 1979 were generally weak on human interest. Carry the camera with you all the time so you're there when that lucky shot happens."

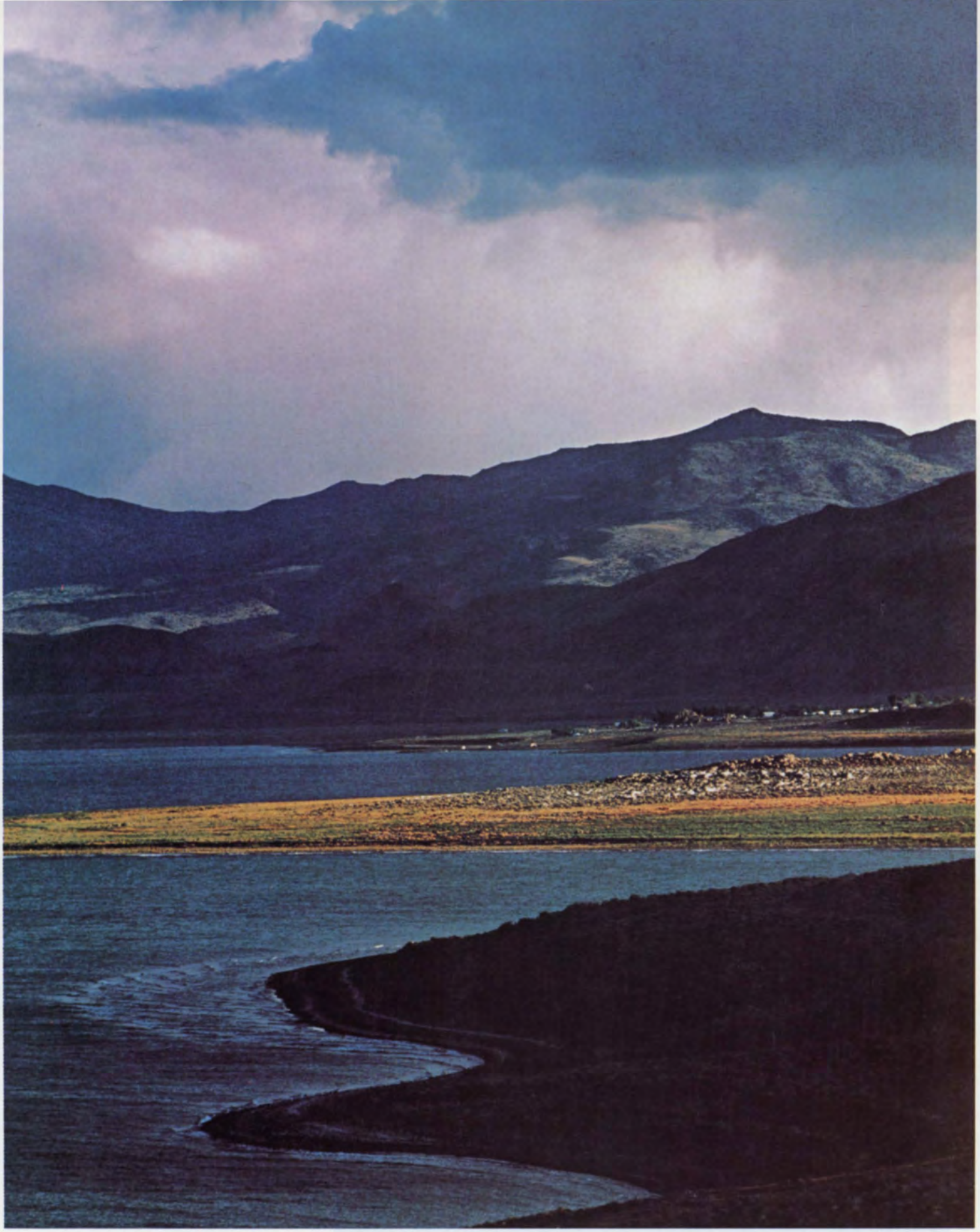
Judge Dondero: "Focus the camera. A lot of these photos were good but they were not considered because they wouldn't reproduce well."

Judge Segerblom: "To shoot black and white, you have to think black and white. This is something that takes a little training and it takes the ultimate in processing you have to master the darkroom. Think in terms of values (light and dark) rather than color."

Judge Hickson: "You could mention to the amateurs that they don't have to blow up the whole negative. A lot of people, if they'd cropped better could have gone away with prizes."

Finally thanks to all who entered and hopefully you'll be sending us even better shots next time.

*Judges were Cliff Segerblom, professional photographer and artist, Las Vegas; Howard Hickson, Director of Northeastern Nevada Museum and photographer, Elko; Don Dondero, professional photographer, Reno.



Allan Mandel: "Pyramid Lake"
Overall Sweepstakes Winner: Nikon FM



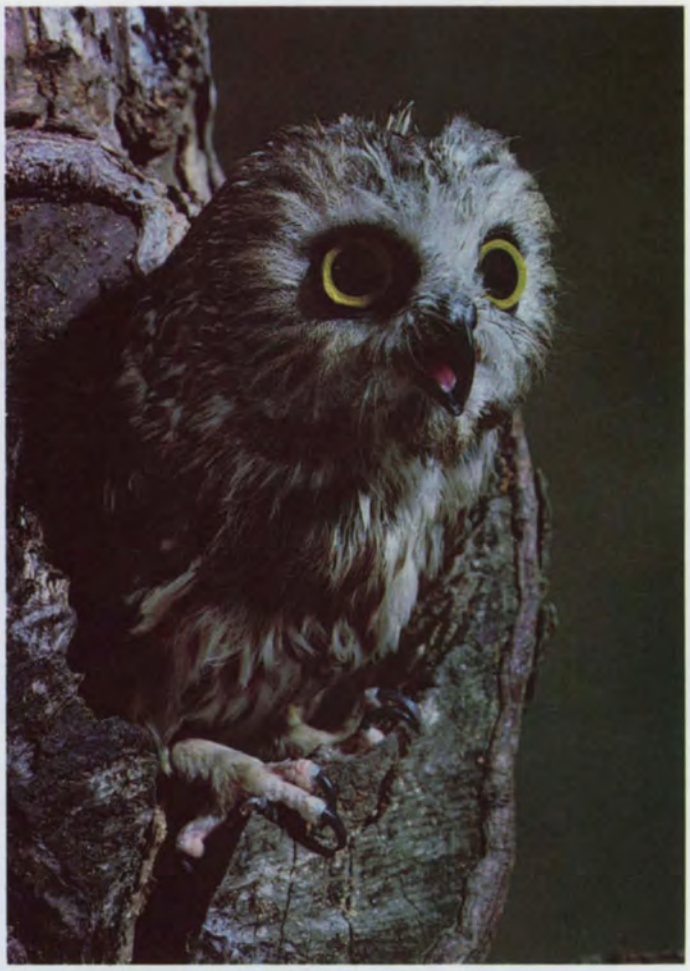
Linda Dufurrena: "The Herder"
1st Place Pro: $100 cash



Jim McHugh: "Trail Boss"
2nd Place Pro: $75 gift certificate, Luke's Nevada Photo, Reno



Zenie Maroski: "On the Trail"
6th Place Am: $25 gift certificate,
Boulevard Camera, Las Vegas



Stephen Johns: "Saw Whet Owl"
3rd Place Am: $50 gift certificate,
Photo Emporium, Carson City



Ronald C. Seipel: "Kingsbury Queue"
4th Place Am: 10 rolls Fuji film



Ron Evans: "Washoe Valley Ranch"
1st Place Am: $100 cash



Eileen Bailey: "Indian Relics"
3rd Place Pro: $50 gift certificate, Photo Emporium, Carson City

Linda Dufurrena: "Bathing Beauty"
5th Place Pro: 10 rolls Fuji film





Velda Britton: "Sierra Sunset"
5th Place Am: 10 rolls Fuji film



Harry Upson: "Ranch near Verdi"
4th Place Pro: 10 rolls Fuji film

HONORABLE MENTION

Kim Adie
Edward Anderson, Jr.
Gary Becker
Ray Berg
Diane Berry
John T Biale
William Bible
Alan L. Bittler
Daun Bohalf
Mark Bosch
V V Botts
Larry C. Brown
Philip R. Brown
Dena L. Carlson
Stuart E. Curtis
Jon A. Dick
Kim Dowell
Marianne Eckert
Gregory Erny
Bill Fant
Diane Ferris
Mary Fischer
Michael Ford
Walter E. Gist
David Hass
Richard Hockey
Mercedes Gaudier Jabaut
Robin Jahnke
J. Jakabosky
Jane T Johns
Richard Jung
Mark Kimbrough
Richard P Konczak
Douglas M. Koza
Judy Laxague
Brian G. Leopold
Richard R. MacDougall
John Tracy MacEwan
John F. Maloney
Arma L. McGusker
Timothy McKeegan
George H. Meyer
Bebe Ann Mills
Marti Montero
Susan Moore
Cathy Claire Newman
Robert G. Pate
Karen Peterson
Michael Plyler
Wesley Reid
Gabriele H. Schwarz
Tyler Sciotto
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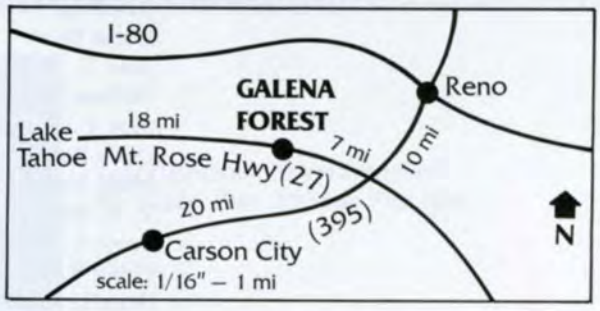
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THE LAST OF THE HOT-TYPE LOVERS

Publisher Jack McCloskey of Hawthorne tweaks the noses of minor malefactors and blasts the pants off the big ones. Hundreds of Nevada legislators and bureaucrats bear the scars inflicted by his weekly column. By David W. Toll

"This is the only weekly in the country that requires two presses to get out a ten page paper" Jack McCloskey used to say happily as he led visitors through the backshop of the Mineral County *Independent*.

It was one of Hawthorne's greatest attractions, and Jack never tired of standing in the midst of it as the monstrous black linotype machines were clittering and clacking, casting type out of molten lead while old Geronimo, the immense old press along the north wall was ratcheting and flailing away a magnificent kinetic sculpture attended to by the four Hughes brothers, master printers in the classic style. As Jack's daughter Joan explains, "Dad doesn't go for new things very easily; he really sticks it out to the bitter end."

Alas the bitter end has come. So far had the *Independent* lagged behind the technological parade that the last company still making the odd-sized sheets of newsprint for the obsolete presses announced it would stop producing them at the end of 1979

And so with the greatest reluctance, his heels still half dug in, Jack purchased an offset press—an innovation of 30 years standing—and the Hughes brothers (rather more eagerly) learned how to use it. Old Geronimo shuddered to a stop for the last time after printing the *Independent* for January 2, 1980. The last hot-type newspaper in Nevada was no more.

But if it seemed like the end of an era when Jack climbed up to sprinkle a little Coors over its oily shafts and gears in a newspaperman's traditional farewell, that notion was dispelled when the next week's paper came chucking off the end of the new press.

The paper was a degree whiter and crisper the photos were definitely clearer and the typestyles slightly different—but there was "Jasper," Jack's commentary on life and the times, right where it belongs on the left side of page one, and the rest of the paper had all its familiar quirks intact.

For it turns out that the machine central to the *Independent* was not the inky tonnage of old Geronimo, but the round shouldered gray Royal half-buried in copy perched on its little stand in Jack's office.

This is the trusty weapon on which he writes "Jasper" tweaking the noses of minor malefactors and blasting the pants off the big ones. Hundreds of Nevada legislators, office holders and functionaries of government bear scars inflicted with it.

"I get my kicks out of observing government," Jack said a few days before the great changeover "And it isn't that I'm just a nitpicker Once in a while I compliment someone on doing something good. But I see supposedly educated, professional people who haven't



JIM BEAZLEY

Jack McCloskey checks one of the last front pages printed on old Geronimo.

got the slightest conception of the constitution of the U.S. or of Nevada. I see professional journalists who butcher the English language in such a way that they couldn't have earned a passing grade out of eighth grade in Tonopah. I just kind of enjoy once in a while knocking them off their pedestal."

"He has given us all advice whether we wanted it or not," says former Governor Mike O'Callaghan ruefully

"I violate all the rules of professional journalism and the rest of the bullshit that goes with it," Jack says. "Years ago I stopped printing all the Sheriff's Office bookings—the police blotter you might call it—because all we were doing was embarrassing the people and their families."

There is a quotation from Lincoln beside Jack's office:

"I like to see a man proud of the place in which he lives. I like to see a man live so that his place will be proud of him."

On the other side of the door above the old Royal typewriter is the diploma Jack received upon graduation from Tonopah Grade School in 1925. "They had a great disciplinary factor there in Tonopah," says Jack, who was born in nearby Goldfield. "They allowed you two years in the eighth grade. And if you didn't make it, you went down the hole: to work in the mines."

"I've made 125 miles and 150 dollars in my lifetime," Jack told me as he packed his pipe and reminisced over the years. "I was a registered apprentice with the International Typographic Union in 1927 and I'd been selling newspapers in Tonopah since '22." At 14 Jack was junior member of the staff at the Tonopah *Bonanza*.

"When things got tight," he says, rummaging for a match, "there were weeks there where we made more rich discoveries in the editorial office, and moved a hell of a lot more ore, than the miners in the field did. Old Clyde Terrell'd come in you know and: "Rich Strike at Ellendale," big vein and all. Didn't matter whether it was a four-foot vein or four-inch vein, we had to make it sound good. And then they'd start selling stock.

"And of course from '26 on, every time a statewide campaign was on, I was working around the shop. I was the janitor, a flunky sweeping up, and hell, I got to meet all the politicians coming through, beginning with Tasker Oddie and Sam Arentz."

"And then Balzar (later Governor Fred Balzar) was running, and they'd all come into the office and 'Hello, kid. What's your name?' and all. And I sized them up and decided which of them I'd vote for, if I was old enough. And from that day forth I've kept an eye on all these guys."

When silver fell to 29 cents an ounce the mines shut down in Tonopah. The *Times* and the *Bonanza* merged, and Jack moved on to Hawthorne to open a new paper with former *Bonanza* publisher Will W Booth. "Then, three years later he fired Scoop Conners and myself On December 31st he told us that our services would no longer be needed, effective January 1st. 'Can't afford it, he said. 'Can't afford it.

"So we started the *Independent* two months later, both of us starving to death. That was February 1933. We each put up $200 and I had to go to three places to borrow my half of the money That was the roughest $200 I ever tried to scrape up in my life and it was a year before I got the first two fifties paid off."

Jack enlisted in the Army during the war "I was 35 years old and had flat feet," Jack says. "I couldn't keep up with the troops so they made a male WAC out of me. I didn't contribute one thing to winning the war I wasn't even considered qualified to work on the camp newspaper because I was in the infantry "

After the war he came home to Hawthorne and sat back down at his own typewriter

There are photographs of Nevada senators Pat McCarran, Key Pittman and Alan Bible ("Senator Bibble" Jack called him in "Jasper") on Jack's office wall. There is a photograph of Fred Balzar, in his conductor's uniform with the Carson and Colorado Railroad; Jack calls him the best governor Nevada ever had. Balzar's photo is stuck in the frame of a larger picture snapped on the last night of legal gambling at the Hermitage Club in Goldfield, 1910. There is a certificate of ownership in a Bit of the Olde Sod and a bumpersticker reading "Kill the Pupfish."

On the bookcase is a photograph of his daughters when they were younger The eldest, Joan, is now Governor List's secretary She remembers a parade of politicians passing through during the years she was growing up in Hawthorne. "Dad took us to ball games and things like that, and he was always very involved in our school projects. I took part in various speech contests and debates in high school and he coached me. I learned so much from him in that period.

(Continued on page 31)

McCLOSKEY'S QUOTATIONS

The MX Missile System: I tell everyone, and I shock them, that I am a thousand percent for it. Because as long as it's a government project it will never be completed. There will never be that heavy impact on central Nevada. It will help unemployment for a while, create a little boom like we had here in Hawthorne during the war But before they get it anywhere near finished it will be abandoned. So I say let's get 'em in here, let 'em spend their money and go.

Marijuana: My attitude about that damned pot has always been that if people want to go in a closet and get stoned—as long as they don't come out it's their own damned business.

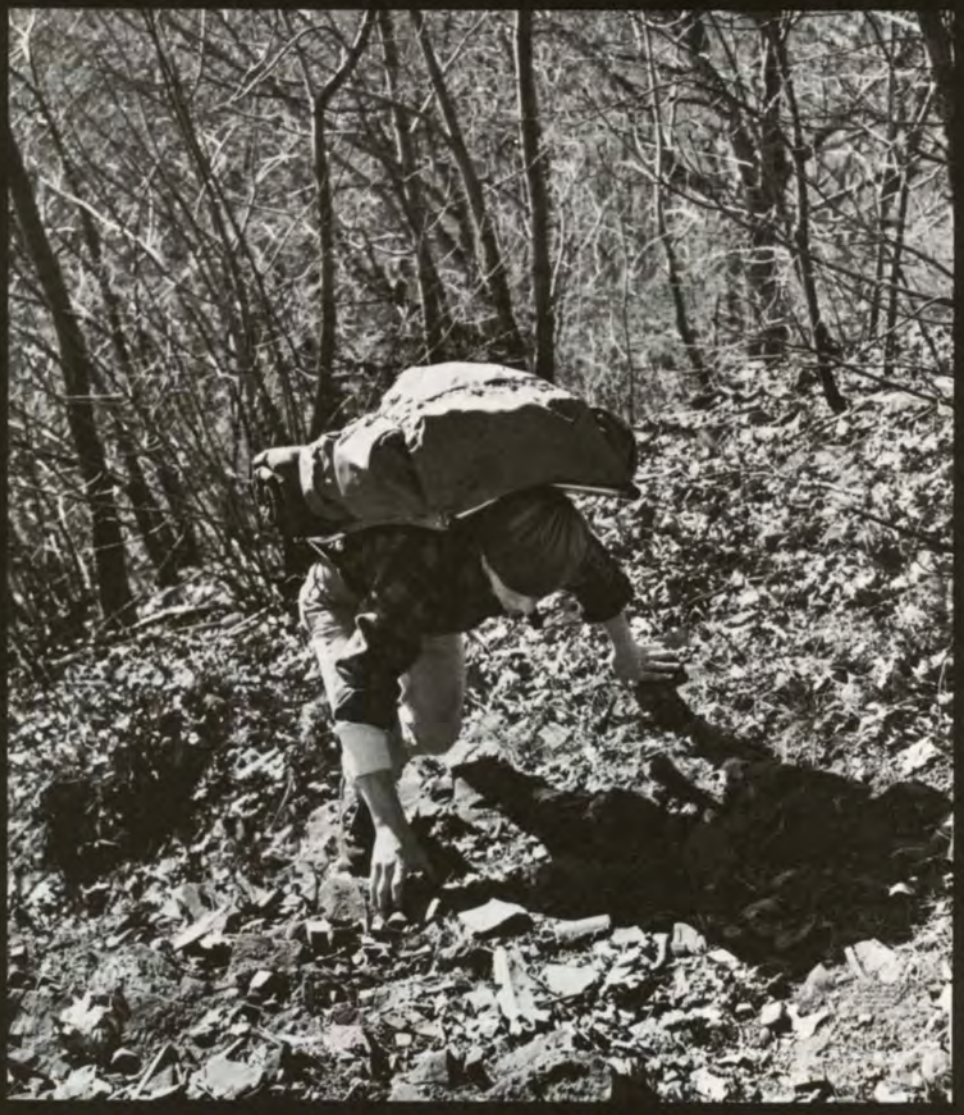
When we were kids down in Tonopah marijuana was not illegal. It grew right there. Some of it grew in the fields, and some of it the Mexicans grew in their pots, you know like planters. It didn't cost a dime and it wasn't against the law. But we didn't have the guts to smoke it. We watched some of those Chicanos—and that was a dirty word back then—get high on that stuff. They were really bombed.

And two burros got into a field where there was a lot of marijuana, and they ate it—filled themselves up with it. It ruined them. You couldn't ride 'em or hitch 'em to a cart—they'd scrape you off against a tree or a fence. And we all said, by God if it'll do that to a four-legged jackass, what'll it do to a two-legged one?

The Irish: The Lord didn't intend an Irishman to be wealthy or intelligent—just go through life having fun and treating people right.

Tradition: When I have car trouble, I want to see an old guy with a potbelly and greasy arms, not some young kid in a white smock."

Being interviewed: If you put down something I shouldn't have said, I'll say, "Damn it, I was misquoted."



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Show Guide

Las Vegas

ALADDIN
736-0111
Gladys Knight & The Pips, thru 3/17
Lola Falana, 3/18-4/7
Gladys Knight & The Pips, 4/15-28
Lola Falana, 4/29-5/19

CAESARS PALACE
731-7333
Willie Nelson, thru 3/5
Frank Sinatra, 3/6-12
Diana Ross, 3/13-26
Tom Jones, 3/27-4/9
Frank Sinatra, 4/10-16

CIRCUS CIRCUS
734-0410
Round the World Circus Acts
11am-midnight, free

DESERT INN
733-4444
Debbie Reynolds-Doc Severinsen, thru 3/3
Dionne Warwick-Foster Brooks, 3/4-17
Glen Campbell-Norm Crosby, 3/18-31

DUNES
737-4110
Casino de Paris
Dinner show 7:45pm, from $15; cocktail show 11:45pm, $14 includes 3 drinks

FLAMINGO HILTON
733-3111
Razzle Dazzle

FOUR QUEENS
385-4011
Nightly entertainment

FRONTIER
734-0110
Wayne Newton-Dave Barry, thru 3/5
Roy Clark, 3/6-19
Bobby Vinton-Joan Rivers, 3/20-4/2
Steve Lawrence & Eydie Gorme, 4/3-9
Glen Campbell-Norm Crosby, 4/10-30

HACIENDA
739-8911
Ice Fantasy

HOLIDAY CASINO
732-2411
Wild World of Burlesque
10pm and 12:30pm, Mon.-Fri.; also 8pm Sat.; dark Sun.; $6.95 includes 2 drinks

LANDMARK
733-1110
Continuous entertainment

LAS VEGAS HILTON
732-5111
Tony Orlando, thru 3/3
Donnie & Marie Osmond, 3/4-24
Bill Cosby-Doug Henning, 3/25-4/15
Liberace, 4/16-5/12
Dinner show 8pm, from $22.50; cocktail show midnight, Sun.-Thurs. $12.50, weekends from $19.50

MGM GRAND HOTEL, LAS VEGAS
739-4567
Ziegfeld Room:
Halleluja Hollywood
Celebrity Room:
Engelbert, thru 3/5

RIVIERA
734-5110
Steve Lawrence & Eydie Gorme, thru 3/5
Paul Anka, 3/6-19
Tony Orlando, 3/20-4/2
Kenny Rogers, 4/17-30

SAHARA
735-4242
Tennessee Ernie Ford, thru 3/5
Helen Reddy, 3/6-12
Buddy Hackett, 3/13-19
Charo, dinner, 3/20-26
Flip Wilson, midnight, 3/20-26



Willie Nelson, Caesars Palace, thru 3/5, and Harrah's Reno, 3/13-22.

MARINA
739-1500
Bare Touch of Vegas

MAXIM
731-4300
Olde Tyme Burlesque
8pm, 10pm, 12:30am, $9.50 includes 2 drinks

Lou Rawls-David Brenner, 4/3-9
Don Rickles, 4/10-23
Jerry Lewis-Joey Heatherton, dinner, 4/24-5/8
Buddy Hackett, midnight, 4/24-5/8

SANDS
735-2916
Alan King-Susan Anton, thru 3/4
Shecky Greene-Bernadette Peters, 3/5-11
Tony Bennett-David Brenner, 3/12-25
Wayne Newton, 3/26-4/22
Shecky Greene-Bernadette Peters, 4/23-5/6

SILVER BIRD
735-4111
Ipi-Tombi, indf.

SILVER SLIPPER
734-1212
Boylesque & Morris as Elvis

STARDUST
732-6325
Lido de Paris '80

TROPICANA
739-2411
Folies Bergere '80
Dinner show 8pm, from $17.50; cocktail show midnight, from $14

UNION PLAZA
386-2444
Broadway entertainment
Mickey Finn Show, indf.

Lake Tahoe

CAESARS TAHOE PALACE
588-3515
Nightly entertainment, dark Mon.

CAL-NEVA LODGE
831-1511
Willow Street, thru 3/2
Scott & Gillespie, 4/1-27

CRYSTAL BAY CLUB
831-0512
Nightly entertainment

HARRAH'S LAKE TAHOE
329-4422
Hotter'N Hotter, musical comedy, thru 3/25
Captain & Tennille, 3/27-4/3
Neil Sedaka, 4/4-17
Bill Cosby-Lisa Hartman, 4/18-5/1

HARVEY'S
588-2411
Ron Rose Sound, 3/1-4/20
Carmen D'Oro, thru 3/2
Matys Brothers, 3/3-16
Zella Lehr-Frankie Fanelli, 3/10-30
Little Hero, 3/24-4/6
Uptown, 3/31-4/13
JoAnn Jordan, 4/1-13
Esquires, 4/1-21
Stanley Morgan's Ink Spots, 4/10-4/23
Big Tiny Little, 4/14-5/4

HYATT LAKE TAHOE
831-1111
Charlie Dawson Band-Young Country, 3/1-17
Martha's Children, 3/18-4/6
Dotson Lee Middleton, 3/19-31
Judy Crawford Affair, 4/2-21
Motifs, 4/8-27
Steel Wheels, 4/23-5/5

SAHARA TAHOE
588-6211
(800-648-4322 toll free from CA., AZ., OR., ID., UT.)
IV Girls IV with Rosemary Clooney, Rose Marie, Helen O'Connell & Margaret Whiting, 3/25-30
George Benson, 4/1-6
Mac Davis, 4/29-5/12

TAHOE MARINER
831-3100
Nightly entertainment

Reno Area

CARSON CITY NUGGET
882-1626
Four Tunes Plus One, thru 3/2
Manilla Vanilla, 3/4-30
Jerry Sun, 4/1-5/4

CIRCUS CIRCUS
329-0711
Round the World Circus Acts
11am-midnight, free

ELDORADO
786-5700
Reycards, thru 3/9
Dae Han Sisters, 3/10-30
Checkmates, 4/22-5/11

FITZGERALD'S
786-3663
Esquires, thru 3/2

HAROLDS CLUB
329-0881
Bordello Revue, indf.

HARRAH'S RENO
329-4422
Jerry Lewis-Bert Convy, thru 3/12
Loretta Lynn, 3/23-4/9
John Davidson, 4/10-23
Tony Orlando, 4/24-5/7
Convention Center:
Willie Nelson, 3/13-22, cocktails only, 8 & 11:30pm

MAPES
323-1611
Nightly entertainment

MAPES MONEY TREE
323-2023
Nightly entertainment

MGM GRAND HOTEL, RENO
789-2000
Ziegfeld Theater:
Hello Hollywood Hello
Lion's Den:
Liz Damon's Orient Express-Muglestons, thru 3/4
Kathryn Chase-Atlantis, 3/5-25
Zaras-Spiral Starecase, 3/26-4/15

JOHN ASCUAGA'S NUGGET SPARKS
358-2233
Mission Mountain Wood Band, thru 3/4
The Shoppe, 3/5-18
Lelands, 3/19-4/1

ONSLOW
786-7310
Helen Long, 3/3-29
JoAnn Jordan, 3/31-4/26
Ultra Bright, 4/28-5/31

ORMSBY HOUSE, CARSON CITY
882-1890
Martha's Children, thru 3/2
The Esquires, 3/3-30
Two of Clubs, thru 3/9

RIVERSIDE
896-4400
Dancing to the Fabulous 40's, 3/1-4/30

SAHARA RENO
322-1111
"Annie," comedy, thru 3/31

SHY CLOWN
358-6632
Country Western Music

Rural Nevada

Elko:	Commercial Hotel, 738-3181 Stockmen's Hotel, 738-5141
Ely:	Hotel Nevada, 289-4414
Fallon:	Fallon Nugget, 423-3111
Gardnerville:	Sharkey's, 782-3133
Hawthorne:	El Capitan, 945-3322
Jackpot:	Cactus Pete's, 755-2321 Horseshu Casino, 755-2331
Wendover:	Stateline Casino, 668-2221
Winnemucca:	Winners Inn, 623-2511

Dates and performers subject to change.

70's AND 80's

Everything went up but the speed limit.

The Seventies were boom years for the state as Nevadans witnessed city growth, rural rebellion and the end of the open road. By Guy Shipler



Only 10 years ago you could drive into any old gas station, ask a cooperative attendant to "Fill 'er up," and pay as little as 26 cents a gallon for your gasoline. Then you could take off and drive your car 100 miles an hour or more through Nevada's wide-open spaces. As long as you drove with a reasonable amount of skill and stayed on the right-hand side of the road, no highway patrolman would give you a second glance.

It was a matter of fierce pride among Nevadans, a sign of their dedication to the lusty western spirit of independence, that they had no speed limit on their open highways. In 1970, not only were they determined to keep it that way they were sure they would.

It was not to be. By the end of the decade, the whole scene had changed so completely that even Nevada's ability to operate under its own speed laws had vanished.

So had a lot of other things once regarded as permanent fixtures. No longer was any old gas station open when you needed it. Most of those that were made you "fill 'er up" yourself, while the no-longer-cooperative attendants made you feel that it was a privilege for you even to be allowed on the premises, and you should be grateful to be allowed even to serve yourself For this dubious privilege you were now paying well over a dollar a gallon. And when you left with this tankful of precious fuel, you sure didn't take off into the wide-open Nevada spaces at 100 miles an hour If you did, your friendly highway patrolman would nail you so hard that you wouldn't be able to afford another tank of gas for a month because of the fine.

Being forced to drive half as fast at four or five times the cost symbolized more than a severe restraint which the Seventies put on Nevada's traditional pattern of doing things its own way It was also symbolic of drastic changes in all other areas of the state's lifestyle, economy and society—changes far more wrenching than any that had taken place in any other decade in the history of this land of sagebrush and silver The foundation of those changes was growth. The only thing that went down was the speed limit.

The growth started with the population. The 1970 census recorded 488,738 souls as permanent residents of Nevada. By the end of the decade, the population had soared to an estimated 766,600—an increase of more than 57 percent. Just about everything else went right on up with it. In the first year of the decade, for instance, there were 9,031 new housing units authorized in the state. By the end of 1979, the authorizations were running at around 25,000 a year—nearly a 300 percent increase. And those figures didn't include mobile homes, which had sprung up as fast as tumbleweed—so fast that nobody in state government seemed able to come up with an accurate count.

Then there was motor vehicle registration. If you have been around Nevada for any length of time, you could tell this was rising because of the thickening of air pollution, signal lights and traffic jams that have snarled easy negotiation in the cities. The figures bear it out: 385,000 motor vehicles registered in 1970, 733,000 by the end of 1979—more than a 110 percent

increase.

Even the wide-open spaces were not immune from overcrowding. Proliferating herds of wild horses were causing increasingly painful headaches for ranchers. Where there had been about 12,000 head roaming free across the high deserts in 1970, by decade's end 36,000 threatened to wipe out the range feed that ranchers believed rightly belonged to their domestic livestock. And nobody had yet come up with a workable solution.

Reno and Vegas on the Wing

Fastest-growing area in the state was Reno and environs. That in itself was remarkable. For years progress there had been staid, slow and drowsy when contrasted with the dazzle and glitter that blossomed so spectacularly in Las Vegas. So conservative was its tone and tenor that the Reno area was quaintly known as "the New England of Nevada."

Not so in the Seventies. The number of airlines serving the city jumped from the three which had held an unchallenged monopoly for years to 10 by the end of 1979. Most of the new carriers arrived during the last three or four years of the decade—and airport expansion couldn't keep up. Passengers who had for so long been able to stroll a few comfortable yards from the terminal to their planes now complained that it seemed as if they had to walk halfway to Denver through long, temporary (it was hoped) plywood corridors just to find their flight.

The need for that threefold increase in air service was illustrated best by the fact that just in 1976 and 1977 15,000 new jobs had been added to the Reno economy This came about largely because seven new hotel-casinos popped up like mushrooms (MGM Grand, Circus Circus, Sahara-Reno, Onslow Fitzgerald's, Comstock and Sundowner), while at the same time existing hotel-casinos were expanding. And so it came to pass that Washoe County's population rose from 121,000 in 1970 to more than 200,000 at the end of 1979. Of that number nearly 50,000 people came during the last four years.

But while all this was going on in the north, Las Vegas was not exactly standing idle. Clark County's population boomed from 273,000 in 1970 to just over 400,000 by the end of the decade. And the county continued to lead the state in tourism and in gaming revenues, thus providing the bulk of the foundation of the state's economy

Gaming and a New Bonanza

Gaming and tourism boomed as never before in the Seventies, even with the threat toward the end of the decade posed by the high cost and possible scarcity of gasoline. In fact, the gain was staggering: for the fiscal year of April 1, 1969 through April 30, 1970 (actually a 13-month period), the gross taxable revenue, statewide, from gaming was $543.7 million. By 1978, the system had been revised to a 12-month period.

Result: from July 1 of 1978 through June 30, 1979, the gross taxable gaming income was more than three times as great—just under $2 billion.

Obviously such success in the state's basic industry had a tremendous radiating effect through attendant businesses, ranging from motels to fast-food joints, from bars to restaurants. At the end of the decade, this prosperity was continuing, with the only fear being that too much competition might spread the market too thin. And there was also the ominous cloud of recession and energy problems hovering over the future of gaming and tourism. There was, therefore, a growing preoccupation with alternate economic possibilities.

One alternative is what Gov Robert List called "the third renaissance" of the mining industry While hardly anybody was looking—because it had been depressed for so long—a mining boom has grown so large that some true believers in the field say it will rival the great days of the Comstock Lode of 100 years ago, and will continue for years.

That optimism is based on a lot of surprising hard facts. Probably most surprising is that the boom was born in the face of an almost fatal decline in Nevada's copper production, brought on by a combination of falling prices, tough federal air quality control standards, and—in the case of Anaconda's Yerington operation—an exhaustion of the copper supply Ever since World War II copper had been the only truly substantial mining activity in the state, and its virtual demise seemed to signal the end of major mining operations.

Not so. Just as copper declined the worldwide price rise in gold brought a pickup in Nevada's precious metal mining activity By the end of 1979, Nevada was second only to South Dakota as the nation's top gold producer, and it will be No. 1 when Houston Oil and Minerals Corporation at Gold Hill and Silver City and Freeport Gold in Elko County get into full production. (Meanwhile, silver was making the same moves just as fast.)

But these developments are just a start. The mining boom now extends into a whole area of less glamorous but extremely important minerals—from barite to tungsten, mercury to molybdenum, gypsum to limestone, diatomite to pumice. Uranium production is up, and oil and geothermal energy are fast coming into their own in Nevada. Most observers see new mining developments as a most timely cushion against possible tourism problems.

MX: The Biggest of All

But a potential economic boom, even greater than anyone in Nevada had ever dreamed of, surfaced toward the end of the decade. This was a plan by the U.S. Air Force to deploy the MX Missile System in much of eastern Nevada and western Utah. The slated cost of this huge defense system is $33 billion. It has been advertised as ultimately the most expansive—and expensive—engineering project in history

But as the decade ended, MX was still a big question mark. Whether it would be built at all, nobody really knew; where it would go still had not been settled; how much space it would take—and how greatly it might change Nevada's lifestyles—were not yet known. So whether it would be a boon or a burden remained a mystery—and it was therefore not clear yet whether it was wanted or not. And if we didn't want it, could we really keep it out anyway?

Sagebrush Politics

That would present a familiar and key political problem, but that would not be unusual; there had been several

key political developments during the Seventies. The most significant took place at the last legislative session of the decade, in the spring of 1979. It was the passage of a bill establishing the so-called "Sagebrush Rebellion," which was a crystallization of the smoldering resentment against the federal government for what westerners—and particularly Nevadans—regard as far too much Washington-directed control over their land, lives and livelihood.

This move served notice on Washington that the state was claiming ownership to some 49 million acres of land that has always been under federal control or ownership. The idea caught on to an unprecedented degree—all the other western states joined in, giving Nevada at least moral, positive support to the claim.

So far the rebellion has not accomplished much. There are many pessimists who believe that it never will, and some claiming to be realists who say it never should. But it may well have some effect in at least calling greater attention to the West, and that is something that all in this part of the nation seem to agree is important simply to protect regional interests.

* * *

The most significant thing about the great activities of the Seventies was their effect on the whole aspect of Nevada. The increasing complexities of modern American society eroded much of the state's independence and flexibility during the decade. Growth had brought prosperity but it had also brought new extended problems. Finding ways to handle such items as sewer allocations, energy sources and distribution—and, especially the one vital commodity that didn't grow water—became more and more difficult. Even the law-making process had grown more complicated; the state legislators' biennial sessions set a new record for length almost every time they met, simply because it took so much longer to make enough sense out of issues to come up with laws that had the best chance of working.

It was, in short, a decade that, for better or worse, had permanently changed Nevada, and done so to a greater extent than the most visionary prophets would have imagined in 1970.

A desert futurist reports on the Eighties' coming attractions, not to mention the ERA and a strange new movement from Rhode Island.

By Leon Mandel

The Sagebrush Swami

Thus far you've been cheated. Here we all are, about to enter a hostile decade bereft of the answers about survival. And that despite the cascade of prognostications, predictions, forecasts, alternative scenarios and futurelooks by all those pundits, futurists, forecasters, seers, soothsayers, oracles and hawkers of gloom.

We're here to redress the wrong, and this article is by way of public service. *Nevada* Magazine, on your behalf, herewith goes where no man has gone before, goes boldly as Captain Kirk and Scotty went, to seek out new worlds, however strange.

We have virtually polled the state in order to assemble a set of questions *you* want answered. Here, then, are the questions and here too are some of the answers.

Over the next decade, will Nevada see the passage of the ERA?

Earned Regulatory Assessments will be the coming thing in the next few years. Men—the gender representing by far the larger percentage of taxpayers—will view Earned Regulatory Assessments in the same enlightened way they view everything with those dreaded first initials. Experts are predicting a taxpayers revolt by 1983.

Since the Sagebrush Rebellion is primarily a hard core western movement that proceeds out of western angst but requires eastern establishment concurrence to be successful, will the east come to understand what Sagebrush Rebellion really means?

What what means?

Will Nevada's population increase dramatically over the next decade?

Full rigged ships, holds stuffed with immigrants from Rhode Island, are already sailing through Kansas on their way to Pioche.

Will there be adequate water in the state to provide for such a burgeoning population?

Of course not. But the Everclear people are increasing production 1000% and you remember what Marie Antoinette said about cake.

Will gaming remain the principal industry in the state?

Yes and no. Gaming will remain but will no longer be the main source of Nevada revenue. With all 49 other states passing casino gaming by the end of the '80s, the exportation of gaming technology to a "third world" of lesser developed states will become a gold mine for Nevada. Well, silver anyway

How about attitudes toward growth?

Six foot, seven inches will represent the median height for high school males at the end of 10 years.

What about bringing the cow counties into the full process of government?

Processed cow counties are sure to become a staple in every supermarket in the midwest.

How will the mustang problem be resolved?

It's hard to resist the obvious here, but the answer is that most of them will be recalled, much to the chagrin of Henry Ford II.

Will the end of the decade see an MX missile system in place?

The end of the decade might but nothing else will.

Turning to athletics, what about the future of the university systems' intercollegiate programs?

Another fascinatingly complex problem. Reactionary views of ethical systems, strange new sports bureaucracies created by federal pressure and myriad



other superficial influences will result in a strange and hypocritical view of intercollegiate sports. We will have turned 180 degreees from our current, sane view of sports as business as usual and academics as necessary but bothersome window dressing for Saturday and Sunday football and basketball. Jerry Tarkanian, however will be unaffected since, as of 1985, he will have been commissioner of the NBA.

By the end of the decade, will Nevada finally be represented by a big league team?

Not just represented, championed. The Boulder City Crossroaders of the National Blackjack League will go undefeated and untied through 1993.

Will the north/south high school sports balance be redressed?

Only girls' teams will get new uniforms. Boys' sports participants will have to dress in the same drab, dreary old stuff.

Getting back to major issues, will Nevada's interstate highway system ever be completed?

Again, an enormously complex problem. Superhighways (as they are called) take a long time to build and lots and lots of a substance called concrete. Then you have to go around to the prisons and cajole the inmates into making signs, *then* you have to find an out-of-work English teacher to approve the spelling, *then* you have to find a retired memo writer from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare (better still the Internal Revenue Service) to translate what's written on the signs into gibberish. After *that*, you've got to scour the universe for somebody who can paint a straight line. So maybe 10 years after you start, you're almost ready to open up. Unfortunately a superhighway (as they are called) only lasts nine years, and we don't have any money to fix the ones we already have, so when Nevada's superhighways (ATAC) *are* finally finished, they will have big dropoffs at both ends of the state.

We've seen it happen in California; will earthquake fever strike here too?

Put your mind at ease, Californians have demonstrated time and time again they'll do anything for a laugh. We in Nevada know better: we'll earthquake all right, but with dignity and only in the better discos.

What about geothermal energy?

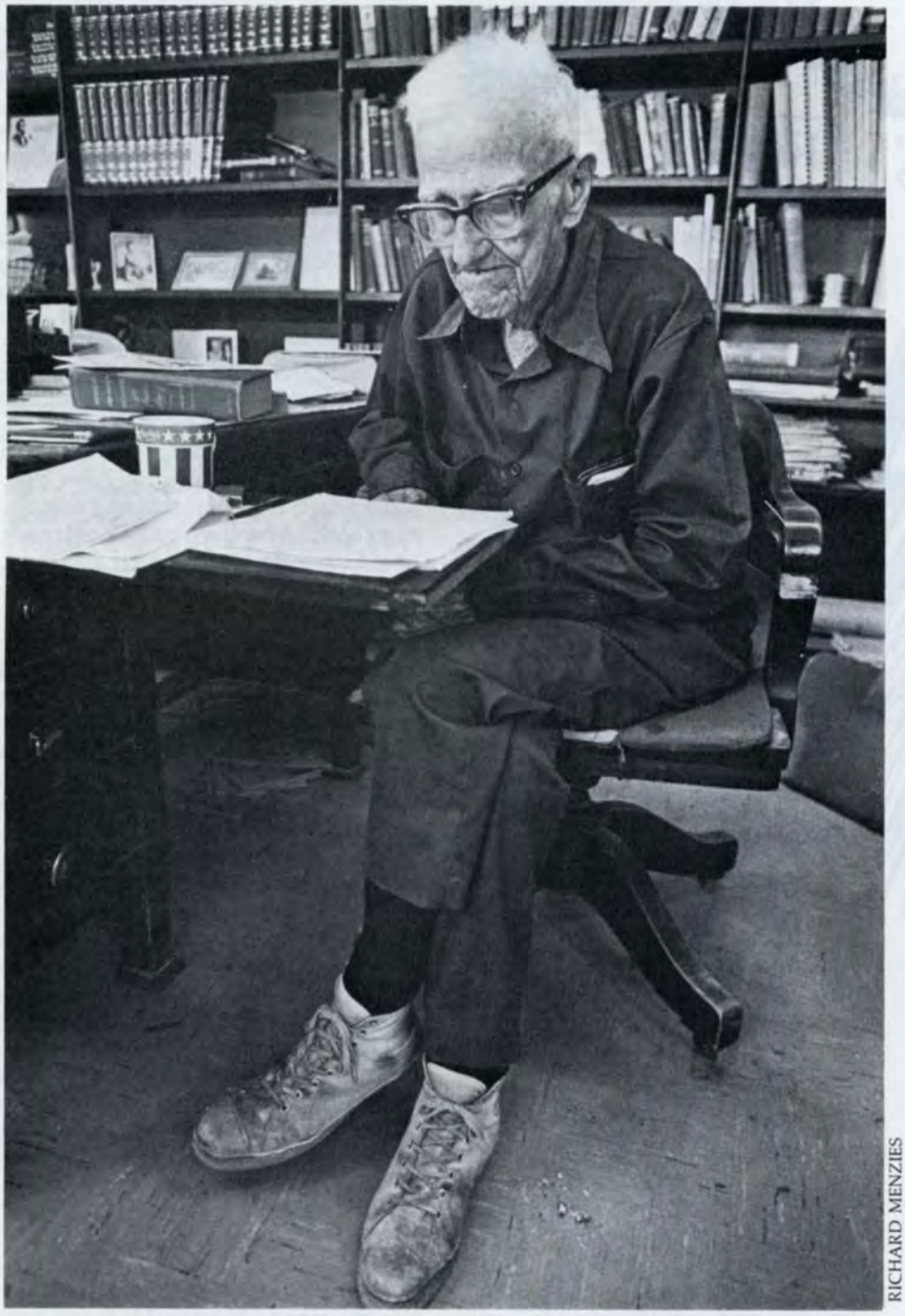
The few geotherms left at the end of the decade will have been penned on a reservation and will have totally exhausted their energy trying to keep up with the twists and turns of Nevada's intercollegiate athletics.

What might a piece run in Nevada Magazine 10 years from now say about the upcoming decade of the '90s?

Roughly 11 seconds after this issue hits the stand, *Nevada* Magazine will be barred from doing Upcoming Decade stories forever. □

Citizen Clay

While in his nineties publisher Tom Clay championed patriotism, religion and other unpopular causes from his "bully pulpit" in Lincoln County. By Richard Menzies



RICHARD MENZIES

"Well, my philosophy is just as simple as hell. If this is not a better world than it would have been had I not been here, then my life has been lived in vain."

—Thomas Lyman Clay
1882-1979

During his 97-year sojourn on the planet, Tom Clay tried his hand at a number of occupations, but in Nevada he'll no doubt be best remembered as publisher and outspoken editor-in-chief of the *Lincoln County Record.* Since 1972 Clay had been a fixture at his writing desk, surrounded by books and papers, his ever-present cigarette and star-spangled coffee mug close at hand. Borrowing a phrase from one of his heroes, Teddy Roosevelt, Tom liked to think of his office as "a bully pulpit," and from it he preached a relentless sermon championing patriotism, religion and a variety of other unpopular causes. But perhaps nothing had won him as much enmity as his one-man editorial war against the state's major industry—gambling.

"My big kick in Nevada," observed Clay with characteristic bluntness, "is that we're just a parasite. We don't produce; we just live off of people we can get to come here and take away their money Like a casino down there in Vegas's got a sign up: 'Come in and double your paycheck.' Well, if people

could do that, where in the hell would the casino be? P T Barnum said there's a fool born every minute, but he wasn't acquainted with Nevada, I don't think. I think there's two."

When he first took over the weekly newspaper the crusading nonagenarian contributed just one column a week, but his output rapidly increased until an average of two inside pages and half the front page were consumed by the rambling prose that one reader complained was impossible to read without the help of a Bible and dictionary Others complained that the newspaper billed as "the voice of citizens" had become largely the voice of citizen Clay

"People don't like to be preached at all the time," complained a disgruntled ex-employee, noting that under Clay's management the newspaper had lost over fifty thousand dollars while losing two-thirds of its paid subscribers.

"I don't think you can measure things by their popularity " countered Clay "Jesus wasn't very popular Lincoln had to sneak into Washington to keep from being assassinated. I don't think Truman was appreciated so much when he was president. And I say this—I like pats on the back. But the pats that really mean anything is when I can pat myself on the back, if you get what I mean."

Thomas Lyman Clay was born in Nebraska on October 2, 1882, "an exception to the heresay rule," as he explained it: "I was there, but I don't remember a goddamn thing." Later his family moved to southern California, where Tom earned a law degree at USC and practiced civil law for 30 years before retiring his shingle to become a gentleman farmer in the Imperial Valley In 1962 he moved to Nevada and bought up three thousand acres between Panaca and Caliente, where he ranched and raised prize winning Appaloosa horses until advancing age forced him to slow down.

But if Clay's body was slowing, his mind remained remarkably sharp, bearing the imprint of a lifetime of broad reading and deep thinking. He was fond of quoting Elbert Hubbard, Sir Edward Coke, William McGuffey and a lot of other thinkers no one ever thinks of anymore. In his more optimistic moments he envisioned a spiritual rebirth in store for the country a return to the days of Thomas Paine, Jefferson and Ben Franklin, when "great ideas were in the air "

Most of all, Tom Clay longed to see the return of the work ethic. Retirement was anathema to him, and he couldn't stand the thought of a leisure-oriented society of people just sitting around, doing nothing, living off the fat of the land.

If it's possible to raise hell in heaven, I'm sure that's what Tom is doing up there. □



SOME LIKE IT HOT

HOT SPRINGS

Playmates, buckaroos and a bather's dozen of Nevada's top desert springs.
By David Moore

More than 150 hot springs are scattered about the Nevada desert. While most are known best by coyotes, bobcats and birds, perhaps 50 springs are perfectly suited to the art of hot bathing, all with distinct personalities and settings that run the course from cow pastures to alkali flats to fancy resorts.

Swimmers at Warm Springs near Moapa can laze in relaxed luxury with several pools—one 200 feet long—shaded by native palms on Desert Oasis' manicured grounds. At night decorative lights dance in the trees, adding a touch of James Bond to the steaming scene. Last year *Playboy* visited the resort to photograph its Playmate of the Year and another centerfold was shot there recently

At backcountry springs you're likely to run into more skinnydipping prospectors than Playmates. Places like Spencer's and Kyle once were frequented by on-the-move Paiutes and Shoshones, and by dusty buckaroos who stopped to wash away the dirt of the trail and massage their saddle-weary bones.

The Ward Springs area in northwestern Nevada has a reported 75 acres of hot springs that demonstrate the variety of temperatures and forms that nature's spas take on the surface. Some spring water has never seen the surface before, having percolated upward from the earth's innards. Others are recycled groundwater, created when runoff meets hot underground formations and returns to the top *muy caliente*.

These great forces belie the fragile nature of springs cluttered with beer cans and discarded fenders, and those that have lost man-made features too. An example of the latter occurred at Spencer's a few years ago. Two buildings were nearly down, one suffering from a recent case of salvage. The old cabin had been torn down by some idiot and sold in Colorado—at least that's what his note said.

Since nature's own processes sometimes get out of hand, many springs are unsafe for swimming. Beware, because not all dangerously-hot springs are posted. Gerlach's pools are now posted closed, and the hot springs near Elko are off-limits. Also, the springs at the north end of Pyramid Lake have been closed to the public.

Following is a bather's dozen of hot and healthy Nevada hot springs.

ROGERS SPRING—Lake Mead National Recreation Area, 15 mi. south of Overton on the North Shore Road. Rogers is smooth-bottomed and shaded by one of the world's largest tamarisk trees. Camping was banned 10 years ago, but the spring remains a popular family swimming and picnic spot with no fee. Tends to be crowded on good-weather weekends.

WARM SPRINGS DESERT OASIS—near Moapa; from Las Vegas take I-15 49 mi. to Glendale, then 9 mi. west on Nevada 7-168. Phone 865-2780. Desert Oasis was named the No. 1 warm springs resort in America in 1978 by *Esquire* Magazine, and it surely is the most stylish in the Silver State. Large groves of palms surround the four hot pools, one of which is 200 feet long, and a giant waterslide has been installed. This year the resort became a private club; membership is $25 a year, and each visiting party must include a member. Hours are 9 a.m.-7 p.m. Swim fees are $4 ($2 for kids 5 and under), a table is $2 and barbecue with charcoal is $3. The campground has room for 50 trailers, and fees are figured by person per night—two people can stay the night for $14.30, while a week's stay is $35. Warm Springs also has a snack bar, groceries and a children's arcade. Drinking is allowed.

A colorful man-made geyser steams at Fly Ranch north of Gerlach.



PANDION

Kids take a warm dip at Rogers Spring.



ALVIN McLANE

says owner Bob Plummer, but drunks are not. The springs are the home of a rare pupfish, but a threat of closure has ended with the government's purchase of neighboring springs.

ASH SPRINGS—7 mi. north of Alamo on U.S. 93. A pleasant stream with pools, ranging from 92° to 86° Ash Springs' longtime status as a public swimming hole is in limbo since state health officials questioned its cleanliness last year. The spring was posted closed last winter, but locals still use it for swimming and bathing. Across the highway is the Oasis market and drive-in.

CALIENTE HOT SPRINGS MOTEL—Caliente. Phone 726-3777. The hot springs that gave the town of Caliente its name are part of this 12-unit motel on U.S. 93. You can either drop in for a swim ($1.50) or stay at the motel ($16 and up) as do a good number of California visitors each year. Three separate mineral baths of about 100° are in a building, and there's also a warm outdoor pool open in the spring and summer.

BAILEY'S HOT SPRINGS RANCH—6 mi. north of Beatty on U.S. 95. Phone 553-2395. Bailey's features two natural pools of 104° and 108° with a $1 bathing fee, and is open from early morning to 11 p.m. The ranch includes a bar, a dinner house, lawn, barbecue areas and a campground. The nightly fee for one of the six trailer spaces is $5.50 and other camping is $3 per vehicle, including swimming privileges. Owner Elmer Bailey has plans for a motel, jacuzzi and showers.

(Continued on next page)

Hot Tubs

The backyard spa, one of America's hottest status symbols, is getting a new image. It isn't just for parties anymore. By Brad Peterson

If you don't own your own hot spring, you can at least have an elegant equivalent in the back yard. Hot tubs, those pools in which hot water is circulated with air to create a gentle, soothing turbulence, are helping many Americans heal sore muscles and relax in style.

Between 2,000 and 3,000 persons own hot tubs in Las Vegas, says tub dealer Chris Koombs. Like the rest of the country Las Vegas is buying these acrylic, fiberglass and wood containers for two major reasons: one, they have proven to be good therapy for those suffering from a variety of ailments and, two, they are fun to use for intimate parties with friends.

Tub owner Russell Corbett bought his for medical reasons. It gives him temporary relief, says Corbett, a sufferer of spinal arthritis.

Another person sold on the therapeutic virtues of hot tubs is Mike Madigan, account executive at a Las Vegas radio station. Madigan was familiar with hot tubs long before he came to Las Vegas. During his college football days in Iowa, he says, "We had a horse trough which we'd fill with hot water, and you could get five very large people in there."

Novel, indeed, but Madigan has graduated since then to a tub of the conventional redwood variety Like most such tubs, Madigan's includes jets, or openings on the inner wall of the tub, which create the massaging turbulence. The jets are attached to plumbing connected to a water pump. In essence, the water pump mixes water with air and forces it through the jets.

Coupled with the heated water, which ranges from 103° to 106° the therapeutic effect is achieved, say doctors and patients.

There's a financial side benefit, too. If a hot tub is prescribed to someone by a doctor, that person can deduct part or all of the cost of the tub from his or her income taxes. Koombs suggests checking on these tax breaks with a doctor or tax man, since the Internal Revenue Service is "pretty touchy" about such deductions. If you're not careful you can get more of a soaking than your tub gives you already

Corbett and Madigan much prefer redwood tubs to those made of fiberglass, acrylic or plaster Corbett says, "I think there's a trend towards natural objects rather than man-made objects. Maybe redwood tubs are popular because Las Vegas is a town of plastic, glitter and lights. That's probably why people like the serenity of wood tubs rather than plastic or fiberglass tubs."

Two other popular woods are oak and cedar, although tub experts believe redwood is best because it resists rot and decay Reno Spa Master dealer Ray Smith says, "A redwood tub if properly cared for will last 80 or 90 years—at least that's what the industry tells us."

Smith, who estimates that up to 2,000 people have tubs in the Reno-Tahoe area, also favors redwood. "Some people like fiberglass because they see it as requiring less maintenance. But the aesthetic value of a wood tub is much better in my opinion." It will also hold heat longer because of its thickness, he says.

Koombs likes fiberglass more than wood. "Redwood tubs are not as com-



One way to avoid that long drive to a hot springs is to have a hot tub at home.



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fortable as a contoured or smooth fiberglass tub," he points out. "For older people, it's harder to get in and out of a redwood tub than one made of fiberglass." Smith has an easy way to compare the weights of fiberglass spas: pick each one up or move it around.

And another hot tip: wood tubs and fiberglass spas are not cheap. Koombs says the smallest bankroll a hot tub shopper should have is $2,000. That will get you a basic six-foot-diameter fiberglass spa. Installation is $1,500 extra.

Then there are extras such as electrical conduit, water heaters, jets and water lines. Tack on another $500.

Of course, you can get by without calling in a tub installer Invite some friends over including a few handyman types, to help put it together Then throw a party □

HOT SPRINGS *(Continued)*

DARROW'S—half mi. east of Nevada 8A-376 between Austin and Tonopah in the middle of Big Smoky Valley; watch for the mailbox. Darrow's is a former stage stop with a big old cement pool, a prominent geyser and changing rooms. Mr. Darrow charges $1 per swimmer. The swimming and valley view are excellent.

SPENCER'S—located in Big Smoky Valley about 25 mi. east of Austin. Take the prominent dirt road off Nevada 8A-376 just south of its junction with U.S. 50, driving east for several miles, then follow signs to Spencer's. It's one of Nevada's finest remote (and unattended) ranchland springs, with pool, old buildings and bathhouse. Plenty of room for camping and great scenery. However, the roads can be tough driving in wet weather; inquire locally first.

KYLE HOT SPRINGS—about 10 mi. southeast of Unionville, in all 61 mi. from Lovelock and 55 from Winnemucca via I-80 and Nevada 50-400. On the Spring Valley Rd. (50-400) follow signs beyond the Unionville turnoff and then east to Kyle, reached by a dirt road of about 8 miles. This hot spring is remote and peaceful, in a sagebrush valley at the western foot of the East Range. You can expect to see no one else there. The spring is known locally for the curative powers it had on Lovelock's heavier-drinking citizens in the Forties and Fifties. The local sheriff would round up all the town drunks in a flatbed truck and haul them out to Kyle, where they would be left with a few days' food to dry out. After several days of hot baths, food and no booze, the spa-goers were picked up and taken home, fully cured for at least another week.

GROVER HOT SPRINGS—30 miles south of Gardnerville in the Sierra forest; take California 89 to Markleeville, then west to Grover Hot Springs State Park. Phone 916-694-2248. You can swim in the hot pool (102°) and then jump in the cool pool (80°), though that usually propells the swimmer back in the hot one. Fee is $1. From October through April the springs are open 1-8

p.m. Monday-Thursday and 8 a.m.-9:45 p.m. Friday-Sunday. May through September the hours are 8 a.m.-9:45 p.m. daily. Grover's popularity has forced the park people to allow a limited number of swimmers in at one time. Nearby there are campgrounds and picnic areas, as well as beautiful Sierra trails and scenery. A favorite apres-ski rendezvous.

STEAMBOAT SPRINGS—Steamboat, 11 mi. south of downtown Reno on U.S. 395. Phone 825-6600. Passing motorists will notice the strong sulfur smell. This large group of springs was popular back in the 1860s, when Mark Twain wrote to a friend that "one can hear a constant rumbling and surging, somewhat resembling the noises peculiar to a steamboat in motion—hence the name." Today Steamboat is less a resort than a curative spa, and owner Dorothy Towne, a registered nurse, says that "there's no hanky panky here." A full treatment at the springs takes three hours. It includes trips to a mineral tub, steam room, cot to perspire, massage and hydrotherapy pool. Total cost is $33. The mineral tub only is $5.

CARSON HOT SPRINGS—Airport Road in Carson City. Phone 882-9863. Recently renovated, Carson Hot Springs is a relaxed public spa with open pool, 10 private baths, campground and bar-restaurant. The pool ($2) is normally 98°-103° and the baths ($5) run 106°-112° Frequent swimmers may want to buy a 10-swim card for $16 or a $32 ticket good for 10 baths. Open 8 a.m. to midnight daily. Camping is $15 a week. Next door is Hagel's Dinner House, an excellent local eatery. During warmer months the pool is a hangout for the Carson City jet set.

RIVER INN—4 mi. west of downtown Reno on old U.S. 40 near I-80. The inn and its popular springs on the Truckee River were closed two years ago but may reopen if plans are approved for a proposed hotel-casino on the site. □

WHEN HOT IS TOO HOT, WATCH OUT

As inviting and healthful as hot springs may be in most circumstances, they have proved harmful, even fatal in others. Hot springs vary in temperature; some are warm, others near boiling. With a few precautions, a visit to an unknown hot spring can be a rewarding experience.

Approach cautiously If the springs have formed a pool, the banks are probably very slippery Look for an easy access, or have someone with firm footing hold on to you as you test the waters. Some springs have marshy ground for some distance around the spring itself, and stepping into the soft ground can allow hot water into your shoes or boots.

If you are unsure of the water's temperature, start testing the water some distance from the source, where it has had a chance to cool in the surrounding air In winter the amount of rising steam can be an indication of temperature—the more steam, the hotter the water Summer is when you can be deceived, as steam is less likely to appear

Another sign to watch for is the presence of animal tracks near the water Animals seem to sense when it has cooled enough to drink. Rodents floating on the surface of a hot spring pond are usually there because they have been scalded to death.

In the case of hot springs, alcohol and water do not mix. Most commercial mineral bath operators do not allow drinking and bathing. If you are in an undeveloped spring, the same common sense should apply Not only can the use of alcohol combined with high water temperatures cause impaired circulation, but it can dull your sense of touch to the point that you can be scalded before you know it.

—Pandion



Reno's First Robber Baron



Founding father Myron Lake was a man of vision and avarice, whose toll bridge had Reno citizens both coming and going. Some said he had created a town in order to bleed it.
By Guy Louis Rocha

His death was not so deeply deplored by the community at large as it should have been," wrote Allen C. Bragg, editor of the Reno *Evening Gazette* and a rare friend of Myron Charles Lake. The founder of Reno had made many enemies while he lived. As far as most people who knew him were concerned, his passing in 1884 went unmourned.

It wasn't that Lake lacked wealth, fame and prominence in his community Through his early toll bridge and hostelry on the Truckee, he had guided commercial traffic between the northern Sierra and the Comstock. Later he enticed the Central Pacific to establish a station at his humble but busy crossing, and Reno was born.

He had been a shrewd man, with force and vision, and he did many things for Reno. His instincts, however, were not those of public service for which founding fathers are so well known. His actions frequently hurt and angered citizens of the town he established, and they eventually turned against him. Some said that Lake had created a town in order to bleed it.

The passage of time has obscured much of what we know about Lake. His controversial business practices, a lengthy and much-publicized divorce, and even the date when Lake's Crossing was established in the Truckee Meadows have been forgotten, overlooked, or inaccurately represented.

Let's set the record straight on Myron Lake.

The date of Lake's arrival on the Truckee has been disputed and misrepresented for many years. The year, in fact, was 1861, as attested by an advertisement Lake ran in the *Territorial Enterprise* announcing his purchase of Fuller's Crossing (see box). But there is much more to the Lake story than just the question of when he came to the Truckee Meadows.

Lake clearly demonstrated his business acumen when he acquired Fuller's Crossing and then obtained a toll road franchise from the Nevada Territorial Legislature in 1862. With the franchise, the wily entrepreneur acquired a monopoly on the use of the Sierra Valley Road (now Virginia Street) and its valuable Comstock traffic for the next 10 years.

In the late 1860s, the building of the nation's first transcontinental railroad, which would cross the Truckee Meadows, aroused the best and the worst interests of the man destined to become Reno's founder While the Central Pacific Railroad's track crew hastily advanced toward Lake's Crossing in early 1868, Myron Lake was negotiating with company officials for a townsite on his property The railroad interests found themselves considering an offer they could not refuse. Lake got his town, named after Civil War General Jesse L. Reno, and the Central Pacific received a right-of-way across Lake's property and, according to editor Bragg, every alternate block in the new town-site.

"When the railroad reached Reno," Bragg wrote, "it stopped nearly all the traffic that had been crossing the mountains via Donner Lake, and the vast number of teams engaged in hauling freight were immediately transferred to the road between Reno, Virginia City Carson City Empire and points further south, and Mr Lake began making money hand over fist."

Lake charged what must have been considered an exorbitant toll, $1 for each horse-drawn vehicle, and other fees for larger wagon teams, horseriders, pedestrians, and domestic animals. His account books, Bragg tells us, showed toll bridge receipts totaling as much as $2,500 per day A check of Lake's records shows his average daily take to be about $250 to $300—at a time when the Comstock's miners were among the highest paid in the world in their profession at $4 a day In all, Lake was earning more than $100,000 a year

Besides his lucrative toll road franchise, Lake had other ways to fill his growing coffers. In 1869, he built a new and larger hotel at a cost of $23,000 after a fire destroyed Fuller's original structure. The following year he constructed a brick kiln to meet the demand for building materials in Reno. Both businesses received a brisk and profitable trade.

In 1871 Lake established the South Addition directly across the Truckee River from Reno. Clever as always, Lake offered the Washoe County Commissioners a parcel of land in his new addition as a site for a proposed courthouse. The Nevada Legislature had recently moved the county seat from Washoe City to Reno, and Lake recognized that the courthouse would make a nice centerpiece to the South Addition. More importantly this avaricious businessman surely knew that the townspeople of Reno would have to cross his bridge to transact their official business at the county courthouse. Despite some loud and lengthy protests from Reno citizens, Lake got his courthouse.

From the community's inception, popular sentiment in Reno called for the purchase of Lake's toll bridge. Lake, for obvious reasons, would not hear of it. Their purchase efforts blocked, Renoites circulated a petition demanding a toll reduction in early 1869. Lake vehemently protested such action, arguing that "he and his bridge were both here before Reno was a town."

His protests resulted in a six-month delay of the petition's consideration. Finally in June 1869, the commissioners passed a general 25-cent rate reduction. Lake seemed to take the action in stride, but many of Reno's citizens were satisfied only temporarily

In 1870, there was some talk of

Washoe County building a "free bridge" to span the Truckee River below Lake's. Nothing came of it. The following year criticism of Lake's toll bridge monopoly escalated, especially after the county commissioners approved the location of the new courthouse across the river from Reno. At the same time, irate businessmen cut delivery service to the growing population on the south side of the river because their clerks had to pay each time they crossed Lake's bridge. Area residents, whether they lived on the north or south side of the Truckee, found that Lake had them both coming and going.

Events came to a head on the bridge question during 1872 and early 1873. A sign of things to come occurred when Lake lost a legal battle in the Nevada Supreme Court over the construction of the Virginia & Truckee Railroad bridge. Lake had noticed that hundreds of people were using the newly-built bridge just east of his crossing to avoid the toll. Claiming that the structure had been built within a one mile limit of his operation, Lake retaliated by running a fence across the railroad bridge. Reno's "first citizen" was compelled to back down as neither the V & T interests, nor the courts, sympathized with his argument or actions.

The Washoe County Commission also challenged Lake's stranglehold on the area's main commercial artery The toll road south from Lake's bridge, today's South Virginia Street, was declared a public thoroughfare. Shortly thereafter the commissioners, acting upon a grand jury report critical of county toll road operators, ordered Lake to repair his toll road from the Truckee River north to the California border When the commissioners threatened to void Lake's franchise for not paying the required percentage of his toll profits to the county the threats came to naught.

Finally on January 6, 1873, Washoe County Commissioners refused to grant Myron Lake an extension and declared the bridge and toll road a public highway

But Lake was not about to give up a good thing that easily Openly defying the commissioners, he locked the bridge's gate, and, according to Allen Bragg, "stood on the bridge with a six-shooter and still demanded his toll from everyone who crossed." Only those people who paid the toll could pass. Moreover, Lake refused to make good his deed for the courthouse land and the $1,500 he had promised the community toward the construction of the building.

A battle royal pitting Lake against Washoe County officials soon raged on the banks of the Truckee. Following a heated dispute with a teamster who refused to pay the toll, the sheriff arrested Lake for obstructing a public thoroughfare. Reno Justice of the Peace James J. Poor fined Lake $20 and ordered the intransigent toll keeper to leave the bridge gate unlocked.

Although Lake won his appeal in the district court and was found not guilty of obstructing a public highway he discovered, much to his dismay that he had won the battle of the bridge but not the war

The county commissioners also were ready to fight the "bridge war" in court. The board ordered the district attorney William M. Broadman, to take action against Lake to determine if he had the right to continue collecting

(Continued on page 62)



NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Myron Lake made nearly $1 million in ten years from his toll bridge. This 1868 photograph shows Lake's Bridge looking north in what is now Reno's downtown.

RENO HISTORY MYSTERY SOLVED

Following the lead of Myron Angel's trailblazing *History of Nevada* (1881), most historians, journalists, and just about anybody with an interest in Reno's history have agreed that 1863 was the year of the beginnings of Lake's Crossing. The argument has gone that in that year the enterprising Lake traded his Honey Lake property in Lassen County California, to C. W "Bill" Fuller for the land now occupied by downtown Reno. Fuller had arrived in the Truckee Meadows in 1859.



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AT FULLER'S CROSSING.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the traveling public that he has purchased the hotel and bridge at Fuller's Crossing, on the Truckee river, and is now prepared to offer excellent accommodations to all who may favor him with their patronage. The house is large and roomy, and the table and bedding will be of the best quality. The road from the Northern Mines to Virginia and Carson cities is much nearer by this than by any other route.

Good stables are attached to the establishment, and a good supply of *Hay* and Grain is kept constantly on hand.

je20 3m M. C. LAKE.

CLEAR CREEK

Other dates have been claimed for Lake's permanent move to Nevada and include every year from 1859 to 1863. Ironically this mystery could have been solved years ago.

On June 29 1861, Myron Lake placed an advertisement in Virginia City's *Territorial Enterprise* captioned "Bridge and Hotel at Fuller's Crossing." The ad ran for three months, noting Lake's purchase of the hotel that Fuller had built in early 1860. With many people traveling from California to the booming Comstock, Lake's most attractive selling point was his crossing's strategic location.

—Guy Louis Rocha

HORSE SENSE & NONSENSE

Johnnie Buckmaster was a little, dried up, rheumy-eyed 60-year-old prospector, but one day Packrat Bill found that what he lacked in size he made up for in meanness. By Harry Webb

Guess I never told you about the time Johnnie Buckmaster and "Packrat Bill" had their rock fight, did I? Anyway from the looks of the two, the rocks they heaved at each other weren't soft ones.

This Johnnie Buckmaster was a little, dried up, rheumy-eyed 60-year-old, but what he lacked in size his meanness made up for it. Johnnie wasn't *mean*, like the term implies, but if anybody tried running a whizzer on him they'd better of tackled a buzzsaw that had several turns head start!

The fracas took place at the north base of Bald Mountain just a mile from my Nevada ranch, and the evening Packrat tumbled off the seat of his buckboard at our gate he looked like he was a case for the undertaker Blood from his head to his toes! My first thought was that a tunnel had caved in on him. We knew he had been doing a bit of mining several miles west of us, but wondered why he had passed up help nearer his workings?

While we worked getting the dried blood mopped away (revealing a deep two-inch triangular gash in the center of his forehead) he was too all in to do more than breathe, but we finally got his story in panted jerks.

"I was prospecting those rock slides on Bald Mountain," he wheezed, "when a wild eyed, little old guy came along and said I was on his claim. Before I had a chance to explain, he hit me between the eyes with a chunk of slide rock."

To me that sounded plausible. I savvied these cantankerous old prospectors pretty well and knew they had some queer ideas regarding their domain, which usually encompassed everything within a day's walk. "Hell of a way to treat a stranger," I remarked, "just because he's prospecting!"

After helping Packrat on his way I got to wondering if old Johnnie Buckmaster could have been the ornery little coot who had chopped Packrat up. I knew Johnnie had a camp at the south base of Bald Mountain and was prospecting a worked-out old tunnel that had produced some gold. Yep, Johnnie was the culprit all right! When I visited him the next day I could see he hadn't fared much better than Packrat Bill, but his and Packrat's version of the set-to didn't jibe.

"I'd come back from visitin' Jack Churchfield in Bullion Gulch," Johnnie said through a mouthful of plug cut, "an' noticed my anvil was gone. Got lookin' around and t'hell'n gone up at the top of the mountain I spied a feller humpin' along an' See that anvil there on the block? Now a man don't pack a hundred pound anvil up a mountain very far so I knowed he had t' be tumblin' it horn over heel so " Johnnie paused to spit out the blood-impregnated cud.

"Guess I met the jasper who took your anvil," I cut in. "Packrat Bill stopped at my place yesterday evening in pretty bad shape and said a prospector had socked him with a rock for no reason at all except that "

"A rock?" Johnnie snapped. "I hit that (Johnnie described Packrat and his ancestors) with half the rocks on Bald Mountain! But I started to tell yuh how I ketched him. I knowed he must have a wagon t' other side o' the mountain so I heads down the canyon an' clumb out at the far slope over there. Shore enough, there was his team tied t' his buckboard an' him rollin' my anvil as he come along towards it.

"I hurried up t' him an' says, now you rotten (Johnnie again described him) yuh can start packin' my anvil right back where yuh got it!"

" 'Like hell I will, the big lummox says. 'If it's your anvil an' yuh want it back, you'll pack it back yourself!'

"One word led to another an' fore I knowed it he up with a rock and I had these busted teeth. All right, I says, you (Johnnie's description this time was a classic) if it's a rock fight yuh want, here goes! We lambasted one another with slabs o' rock 'till I got him a good one and he yells quits. Had to tromp him a few times later on, though."

"But," I asked. "What about your anvil? Who fetched it back?"

Johnnie shot me a twisted look. "Now what the hell do yuh reckon I gived him that trompin' for? Ever' time he played out, I stomped him a bit 'til he got goin' agin an' I stayed right on his tail 'til he rolled her and hoisted her right there where yuh see 'er! An' I'm, by God, bettin' the next time that (Johnnie redescribed Packrat) steals ary an object it'll be somethin' a damn sight lighter'n a anvil!" □

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LAST OF THE HOT TYPE LOVERS

(Continued from page 14)

"He's not a very demonstrative person. He doesn't show his feelings easily But he is a very loving person."

Former Governor Grant Sawyer recalls his campaign trail visits with Jack. "He's a fascinating man," Sawyer says. "I can remember going to his office, and he would open a secret drawer and show me the statistics he had gathered, and elaborate vote counts that showed how his man was going to win the election. He was nearly always wrong, as I remember, but he was always great fun. He's unique in the newspaper business in Nevada."

Despite his consuming interest in government, Jack never harbored any desire for political office himself. The closest he ever came to it was when he accepted appointment to an unexpired term between legislative sessions.

"When Lloyd Smith resigned as state senator to take a job with the NIC," he explained, "the commissioners rushed out—all three Democrats, but they had to appoint a Republican—to ask if I'd take it. They told me their dilemma and so I said, 'Well, I'll accept it but I won't run for the job. In fact I won't even go up there unless there is a special session.

There wasn't. "That was the closest I ever came to it," Jack said. "I never served a day never drew a day's pay never got to vote, never introduced a bill. To this day in Carson City they still call me the Virgin Senator

"I had no desire for office," he said, puffing smoke and waving out a match. "An old fellow I worked for in Tonopah on the old *Bonanza*, Matt Ferrell, a real sharp old Englishman—he later ended up as editorial writer on the Reno *Gazette* when Graham Sanford owned it—he told me: Always think twice, kid.

" 'If you go out on the field as a player you can be criticized for every play that you make. If you go out there as an umpire, you can have a pop bottle bounced off your head. If you're the manager or the coach you can be fired on four hours' notice. Because they're all hiring themselves out for pay As long as you're the spectator in the stands you can boo the umpire, you can demand the firing of the coach and you can insist that this player or that be traded.

"And I've never forgotten what he told me. As long as you pay your way to get into the game you can sit there and be a mean son of a bitch." □

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David Muench offers his view of a photographer's favorite, Elephant Rock, and adds yet another dimension to the valley itself—the turbulence of a desert storm. *—AH*







ONE NIGHT STANDS

A travelers' guide to old-time Nevada hotels where you can enjoy history and a good night's sleep.

Hollywood, the dime novel, television and the mass media in general have succeeded in creating a stereotyped image of the old West mining town and in particular that center of activity the local hotel and saloon.

Invariably this focal point of social involvement has been pictured as a hastily thrown together wood frame, false fronted building whose furnishings were destroyed at least once a week by barroom brawls, its rooms used as convenient boudoirs by ladies of the evening while the main clientele consisted of dirty and ragged miners whose aversion to bathwater was only surpassed by their affinity for whiskey

Now it's true that many of the early mining camps were not paragons of genteel activity It's true that lawlessness was sometimes the rule more than the exception. It's also true that the first buildings to line the new camp's streets were usually hastily thrown together to accommodate the rapid influx of people that accompanied a boom while people waited to see if the new mines had depth or were just a "flash in the pan."

Consider the context of the times, though. A Henry Comstock or Jim Butler was not out prospecting, fighting the elements, living a "greasy sack" existence off the back of a burro because he particularly liked that lifestyle. But it was a necessary means to an end. An end that promised something bigger and better a fulfillment of the great American dream of rags to riches.

In reality the old false fronted, board and batting hotel only continued to exist as the center of urban activity if the mining camp was less than prosperous. If the mines were good, one of the first reflections of that prosperity was in the quality of its structures. As a general rule, the richer the mines, the more opulent the quality of the camp's buildings. *—Bud Hage*



LAS VEGAS NEWS BUREAU

You can still play 25c blackjack and eat dinner at prices reminiscent of the days when the El Cortez Hotel was considered to be on the outskirts of downtown Las Vegas.

EL CORTEZ

Las Vegas

When the El Cortez Hotel was built at the corner of Fremont and Seventh in 1941, the sidewalks stopped at Third, four blocks west toward the railroad station. Constructed of brick and using the picturesque weeping mortar style, the downtown Las Vegas landmark is one of the city's last links with its early resort past. "And I don't intend to change it," says owner Jackie Gaughan.

Gaughan took over the hotel in 1963 after several previous regimes that included groups headed by the legendary J. Kell Houssells (Tropicana, Dunes and others) and Gus Greenbaum (Flamingo and others). Many top Las Vegas casino executives can say they worked at the El Cortez at one time or another says Gaughan.

He attributes his hotel's success to the fact that rooms, food and gambling have remained reasonable in price.

In 1941 the Deflation Special top sirloin steak sold for $1.95. Today the same cut sells for $5.95. The El Cortez has craps for 25 cents a throw—only one of four Las Vegas casinos with that policy—and blackjack at $1 minimum. Gaughan's rooms still rent for as little as $15 a night. *—Tom Martin*

MIZPAH HOTEL

Tonopah

The first buildings on what we now know as Main Street in Tonopah were the typical tent frame structures and board shacks that reflected unanswered questions about the mines. Within a year the answers were forthcoming. The mines were deep. The values were not only constant, but very high. The ore could be processed economically Tents and shacks were replaced by more substantial structures. Nevada's largest city of that era was emerging.

News of the developing strike was front page, not only nationally but worldwide. Investors and financiers converged on the area. The newly rich, those who had shared in the strike itself, were looking for better ways to invest their wealth than what their previous "jackass" existence had offered. Clearly Tonopah was ready for a fitting monument to its new found prominence among the West's mining towns. A hotel to reflect the grandeur of this new "Queen of the Sil-



Main Street and the Mizpah in early day Tonopah.

ver Camps" would be built.

The idea of a grand hotel was first conceived by Robert B. Govan, George S. Nixon, George Wingfield and H. C. and Cal Brougher ambitious businessmen who were sharing in the burgeoning production of Tonopah's silver lodes.

On the corner of Main and Brougher streets stood a frame building housing a bar and grill. This was the same spot where seven years earlier Jim Butler and his wife Belle had camped after Jim made the original discovery in 1900.

The bar and grill would come down and in its place, on this historic spot, would be the grandest, most modern hotel that the 1907 American West could produce.

The finest in carpets, draperies and furniture would adorn the interior of this five-story granite and brick structure. The finest in food and liquors, the most accommodating services would be provided. It would be named the Mizpah, a name given by Belle Butler to one of Jim's original claims, and the Mizpah would have no parallel.

Completed in 1908 the hotel became the hub of social and business activity not only for Tonopah itself but for much of Central and Southern Nevada. The list of its patrons include many of the great and the enterprising in business, financial and political affairs of that era: Bernard Baruch, Charles M. Schwaub, George Wingfield, Tex Rickard, Key Pittman, Tasker Oddie, Pat McCarren, Jack Dempsey Wyatt Earp, and of course Jim Butler himself whose name by now was synonymous with Tonopah. The Mizpah, by any standards of its day was spectacular

Whatever heights Tonopah had reached in wealth and activity all mining camps eventually face similar fates. Either the ore runs out or it becomes unprofitable to mine. Tonopah was no different. One by one, the huge engines shut down. Cages stood immobile in their shafts. Ore cars no longer moved their cargo to the loading chutes. Silence settled over the desert town.

The big money investors no longer parked their Stutz Bearcat automobiles in front of the Mizpah. Businessmen concentrated their efforts in more promising areas. Sportsmen and promotors moved to where the necessary crowds would be waiting. The Mizpah was rapidly fading into obscurity with the town it had come to symbolize.

Intervening years saw the Mizpah weather a national depression. It housed GIs in training at the World War II-era Tonopah Air Force Base, then lapsed back into the quiet slumber of a small town hotel.

Several attempts were made to rejuvenate the old structure and its business, but most "sound thinking" businessmen would not consider any major investment in an old, deteriorating hotel in a dead mining town when the opportunities of Las Vegas and Reno were so enticing.

That was, until Frank Scott became involved. Scott, president of the Union Plaza in Las Vegas, is a long-time Nevadan, and one who had come up the hard way to his present prominence in the gaming and resort world. He had been known to chide his Reno and Las Vegas associates for being unwilling to "take the business to some of Nevada's small towns" and do something for the rural economy of the state.

His vision was to purchase some historic Nevada hotel, restore it to its original condition and make it pay No small task to say the least. In the eastern and southern parts of the country Frank noticed, restored historical sites had proven to be a profitable venture with the right kind of promotion. Business groups, associations and small conventions from urban centers often find history and solitude combined with top-notch accommodations and service an alluring mix.



At the hotel's reopening ceremonies last January were Governor Robert List, Kathy List, and Frank E. Scott.

For two years now the Scott Corporation has been restoring the historic hotel in meticulous detail. More than four million dollars has been invested so far The exterior has been restored to its original appearance. Specially made 1907 quality glass fills the large downstairs windows. All the woodwork is solid hardwood. Furniture has been made from the same designs and material and in some cases by the same company that manufactured the original. The carpets are made by the same company that made the Mizpah's carpets in 1907 using a design of the year The original drapes were from France, and the same French company has supplied the new ones. Bathroom fixtures are either restored originals or new ones that fit the period decor

A plush gambling casino is on the first floor The hotel features several restaurants and bars. A museum containing early Tonopah memorabilia is on the second floor Personnel dress in period attire. While a very modern communications system is available, most paging and message transfers are by messenger boys. Room prices vary from $40 to $130.

Seventy years have passed since the old hotel began its role as the center of

attraction in Central Nevada, and much has occurred in the intervening years. But if Jim Butler were standing in the Mizpah today he'd feel right at home. —*Bud Hage*

ELY HOTEL

Ely

The Ely Hotel is a restaurant-bar-hotel where everyone stays in line. The friendly atmosphere derives in part from patrons' respect for proprietor Marianna Goyhenetche and partly because there just isn't much to complain about. The 60-year-old Basque hotel has good food, good drinks and cosy rooms for lodgers and travelers. Goyhenetche finds little reason to promote her establishment. "I get all the business I need," she says.

In the restaurant, meals are served family style at long tables with the traditional spread of meat, soup, wine, cheese and coffee. Lunch is $4 and dinner $7 with kids under 12 $3.50. The restaurant is closed Sunday

Meals are not included in the nightly room rates. A single ranges from $9 (no private bath) to $20 and a double from $20 to $27 Kids are fine, but no pets. The hotel is located at 765 Aultman on Ely's main street.

COLONNADE HOTEL

Eureka

The Colonnade is a Basque hotel with no food, a comfortable lodging house that dates back to Eureka's nineteenth century mining boom. The hotel is located a quarter block off Main, just west of the First National Bank. Ring the bell and ask for proprietor Grace Sallaberry Rooms rent for $9.50 single, $12.60 double per night. The hotel has hot and cold running water in each room and community baths. Eureka's restaurants and saloons can be reached by an easy walk from the Colonnade.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL

Austin

The International, located in downtown Austin, is one of the state's oldest buildings. Although the year of construction is a mystery the hotel was hauled piece by piece from Virginia City to Austin, where it was reassembled in 1863.

The saloon's historic back bar is also well traveled. Shipped around the Horn in 1850-52, it was used in San Francisco, Virginia City and Goldfield before arriving in Austin in 1905. It is a survivor of the 1958 fire that destroyed the hotel's rooms, ballroom and barroom. As flames raced through the building, the back bar was saved when citizens knocked down the front wall and dragged the bar into the street.

Today the International has a restaurant, saloon and 11 modest guest rooms completed last fall. For one or two persons, winter rates for rooms with bath are $15, and summer rates are $18.50. Each of the four without bath ("It's down the hall") are $13.50 winter $15 summer

—*Bert Zwonechek*

Bandleader Ted Lewis opened a Nevada entertainment era at the Commercial in 1941.



NORTHEASTERN NEVADA MUSEUM PHOTOS

COMMERCIAL HOTEL

Elko

A hush fell over the opening night audience of 200 as plush curtains parted. Then applause broke out when the tuxedo-clad band leader raised his battered silk top hat and asked, "Is everybody happy?"

Big name show business in Nevada started that night as Ted Lewis asked his famous question and gave his jazz band a down beat. The date was April 26, 1941. The room was named simply the Lounge no cover charge, no food.

Today Nevada is noted as the entertainment center of the world, but the idea was not conceived in Reno or Las Vegas. Young Newton Hunt Crumley son of longtime hotel owner Newt, started the whole business at their Commercial Hotel in Elko, a "cow county" community out in the sagebrush, about halfway between Reno and Salt Lake City

Crumley's Commercial Hotel had humble beginnings as the Humboldt Lodging House, a frame building housing a few bedrooms, a bar and dining room. As years passed, the owners and the building changed until 1925, when old man Crumley met with William Doyle in Reno to dicker over the now two-story brick hotel. Doyle held out for more than old Newt was willing to pay but the deal was made after both agreed to flip a coin for the $5,000 difference.

Sixteen years later young Newt and his dad began shelling out as much as $12,000 a week, a massive amount of money in those days, to Sophie Tucker the Dorsey brothers, Chico Marx, Spike Jones, Lawrence Welk, the Andrews Sisters, Carl Ravazza, the Ritz Brothers and Minsky's Follies, to name only a few who appeared in Elko during the next decade.

Included in every performer's con-



Elko's Commercial Hotel as it appeared in 1912.

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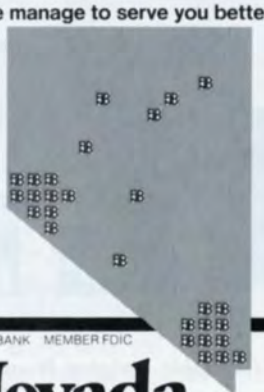
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GARY ELAM

The Gold Hill Hotel, built in 1859.

tract was a clause requiring him or her to give one free performance for the community's children. The shows were "clean" back then; in fact, if any off-color jokes were uttered, the entertainer was fired.

Elko's famed Commercial Hotel still holds forth at the corner of Idaho and Fourth streets. Its 75 rooms range in price from $9 to $23 and are far from palatial, but a guest has only to walk downstairs to rub elbows with authentic cowboys, herders and gamblers, guzzle a little brew drop a few coins in the slots, and take in a stage show to sample one of the few places left where honest-to-goodness western hospitality is still practiced. *—Howard Hickson*



NORTHEASTERN NEVADA MUSEUM

Elko's Humboldt Lodging House in 1880, now the site of the Commercial Hotel.

BARN HOTEL

Jarbidge

The Barn Hotel in Jarbidge is not the oldest hotel in Nevada, but it is just what it says—an old barn converted into a hotel. Situated near the north end of a remarkable and still living ghost town, the Barn Hotel is inexpensive ($6 per person in May 1979), warm, clean and the only hotel in town.

There is nothing fancy about this establishment, but it's comfortable. The rooms are neither cramped nor huge, and there is a community lounge for social gatherings complete with television and fluorescent Olympia Beer electric clock. The communal showers are wonderful; lots and lots of hot water pouring down in great streams, not the fine spray or meek trickle found in some hotels. Since both roads into town are dirt and long, those showers are likely to be welcomed by Barn Hotel guests.

Should the Jarbidge visitor find the hotel but no one there, the solution is to go up the street to the Tired Devil Cafe. There one can find Carl and Georgia who manage both the Tired Devil and the hotel. If they're not around, knock on somebody's door and ask. It's an informal town and somebody will know how to arrange for a night in the Barn, dollar for dollar one of the best buys in Nevada accommodations. *—Dick Dorworth*

GOLD HILL HOTEL

Gold Hill

The Gold Hill Hotel is the oldest hotel in the state, or as one of the historical markers on the front porch says, "the first edifice known to Nevada to be worthy of the name." The rustic stone and mortar building was built in 1859, the same year the neighboring Yellow Jacket Mine was staked out. It was once known as the Vesey House, where clean rooms and quality meals were offered to lodgers and visitors in the booming Comstock city

These days Gold Hill has about 70 residents, two of whom are Fred and Dorothy Immoor, owners of the hotel since 1958. Under their care the hotel has an old-time, informal quality and a reputation as a fashionable site for weddings, parties and meetings. Dorothy says she's busiest during the holidays with large gatherings. "The hotel can accommodate 40 to 50 people easily and we do serve dinners by reservation—that's a minimum of 10 people." Guests cook their own steaks on a blacksmith's forge that the Immoors moved in when they converted the hotel's icehouse into a bar

Rooms and parties must be arranged by reservation; the hotel's phone is 702-847-0111. Rooms are $25 per night, and groups can rent all five upstairs guest rooms for $100. Furnishings are authentic to the period, including several brass beds and one complete suite of oak. Since there is no breakfast service, you may want to bring your own coffee thermos or test the cafes over the hill in Virginia City

SAVAGE MANSION

Virginia City

When General Ulysses S. Grant was the house guest of the superintendent of Virginia City's Savage Mine in 1879, his accommodations were not much different than those visitors find today at the Savage Mansion, except that the furnishings are older and the plumbing is better

The mansion is a three-story Victorian monster that stretches from C Street down to D, its top story peering at passing traffic. When it was built in 1861 the Savage was one of the richest Comstock mines. The first floor housed the mine office and the superintendent's family lived in the upper floors.

Twentieth century depression and

(Continued on page 43)



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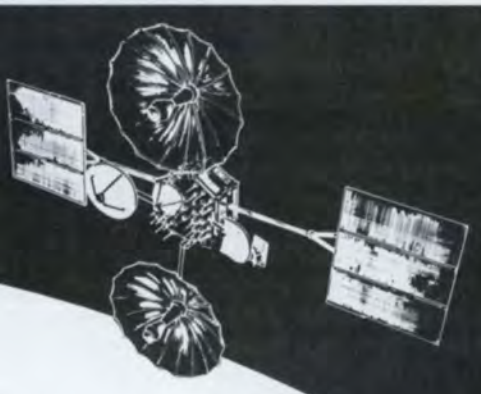


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Basque Hotelkeeper

The Star Hotel was Joe Sarasua's first stop in America. Now he owns it. By C. J Hadley



DICK SNYDER

Joe Sarasua: proud to be Basque, proud to be American.

When Jose Marie "Joe" Sarasua was 18 years old, his dream was to become a captain in the merchant marine. He was attending nautical school in Spain, but he also wanted to visit America. His father had been a fisherman; his grandfather and great grandfather had been fishermen; but his father had quit the sea to seek his fortune in the New World.

"In 1948 there were so many kids coming here from the Basque country, I heard so much, and I think, 'That is where my father is so I'll go there myself. "

In those days it was easy for a young man to get an American visa if he was willing to sign a five-year contract to work sheep on the ranges in the West. "I knew I was going to herd sheep," says Joe. "If I hadn't, they would have sent me back."

Joe's father had been in Elko, Nevada, for about six years. He was working at the Star Hotel, which Joe's aunt and uncle owned. A Basque boardinghouse near the railroad tracks, the Star was a home away from home for all the sheepherders from the Old Country

"Elko was a shock to me," says Joe, recalling his arrival in '48. "It is a lot different from the ocean and when I got here, I think, 'What am I doing?' From where I come from it is green all year round. So green. But here all sagebrush. It was hard at first because the customs are so different. It was really really rough for me to herd the sheep, to stay out in the hills, but once I come I don't want to go back."

Joe stayed in Elko only two weeks because he was anxious to fulfill his contract early "I knew nothing about sheep and I was given 2,800 yearlings and a two-month-old puppy He was a good dog later and me and the dog were equal. I really appreciated that little dog because he was my only companion all those years."

While out on the range, Sarasua learned to cook on an open fire and in a Dutch oven underground. He baked his own bread and learned how to cook lamb many different ways. He stewed it, fried it, made soup with the bones. He dined on sheep heads and liver because he liked them better than steak.

Even though he hasn't worked the sheep camps since 1953, Sarasua doesn't forget his days as a herder "You get used to it, but it's rough," he says. "It doesn't matter how hot it is, if it starts raining, gets cold, you have to be there. You have to take everything on your back. Sometimes you can stay in a cabin but there are times when you have to control the speed of the herd. You have to walk all day mile after mile. Sometimes at night, with a moon, the sheep start moving, and you have to go with them.

"There are black sheep in each band. You may have 50 blacks. Okay tomorrow you might have 48 but you know you didn't lose two blacks only there must be some white ones in there also. You know then that you have to look for the ones that are lost.

"It was lonely and herding was not easy " he says now "but nothing is easy in this world.

"From the Basque," he adds, "you

get power from within. We Basques like to work hard and play hard. We play pelota, lift weights and chop wood the same way we work—the best way we can. It's all endurance. I don't know why that is, but it's always been that way."

Sarasua was four-and-a-half years in the hills with no vacations, and when he did quit the sheep he went back to the Star Hotel. He was a bartender for a while and then moved to Boise to work for the Idaho Highway Department.

In 1964 Sarasua moved back to Elko and, with a partner, bought the Star Hotel. He wanted it partly for sentimental reasons but also for a practical one. "This has always been a good house," he says. "Got big name and we serve a lot of people and I knew we were going to do good in here. The sheepherders used to stay here when they came to town—they still do—but now we also get ranch hands and construction guys. They like it here because it feels like home."

The Star Hotel was built in 1909. It is much the same as it was in the early days, with the same bar, same paneling and walls, even though the ceiling has been lowered and the kitchen is brand new There are 31 bedrooms and two bathrooms on the second floor Weekly rates are $80, including three meals a day and a room. And that's cheap because it's impossible to eat everything served there. Sarasua is usually behind the hotel bar and he mixes a great picon punch. "If you drink it slow," he smiles, "you will get drunk. But if you drink it fast you won't feel anything!"

Besides running the Star, Sarasua paints portraits, landscapes, and pictures of Basque coats of arms. He jogs five miles each day and often plays handball.

Even though he wouldn't return to the Basque country to live, Sarasua is immensely proud of his heritage and his name—especially after an immigration official asked if he wanted to change it when he became a citizen.

"My father didn't change his name. My grandfather didn't change his name. What right do I have to change my name?" he says.

"I was born Sarasua; I will die Sarasua. I'm proud to be a Basque, and even though I am not better than anybody nobody is better than I am either." □



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OLD-TIME HOTELS

(Continued from page 38)

neglect left the mansion weathered and splintered until the 1960s when Jerry Harwood, now of Carson City restored the mansion's exterior Its present owners, Bob and Ina Irene Kugler, are continuing the interior's restoration.

Upstairs rooms furnished with antiques are rented nightly for $40 a couple, the price including a morning tour and continental breakfast. The mansion also is open for tours from 10 to 5 daily; cost is $2.50, or 50 cents for kids under 12.

GOLDEN GATE

Silver City

Located three miles down Gold Canyon from Virginia City the Golden Gate houses a vintage frame cocktail lounge and boardinghouse near the epicenter of the Comstock's recent gold and silver boom. The nine rooms above the bar are usually on longterm rent, but if space is available it's $12 single and $14 double per night. The rooms, recently remodeled, have a community bath. Travelers seeking shelter should check at the bar, which is open days and evenings.

Owner Grahame Ross took over the establishment from Pat Staab in 1973, his grand opening occurring the same day Spiro Agnew resigned. The building dates back to about 1930 and the area's last mining heyday Asked how his place got its name, Ross recalls that the fellow who built it was at a Reno junkyard one day and found a sign reading "Golden Gate." He brought the sign back to Silver, mounting it on his newly-built hotel, and the name has stuck ever since.

MAPES HOTEL

Reno

When it was completed in 1947 the Mapes in Reno was welcomed as one of America's first postwar hotels and Nevada's tallest building. Since then it has not been modernized, glamorized or plasticized to keep pace with flashier competitors. The traditional look and feel of the 12-story brick building is one of its main attractions.

You can find that sense of tradition even in the hotel's elevators, in which operators shuttle guests from the downstairs casino to hotel floors and the top-floor Sky Room.

The Mapes appeals to those who appreciate such nostalgic touches. One such guest was actress Marilyn Monroe, who stayed at the hotel to relax after she completed filming "The Misfits" with Clark Gable in the early Sixties.

Room rates vary with the season. From November to March the rates are $27-$125; the rest of the year they are $28-$140. The upper range will get you an oversized suite decorated in authentic antiques from turn of the century Nevada.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL

Reno

It has been said that the Old Corner Bar at the Riverside was Reno's true seat of power, where the state's most powerful people made deals and planned political intrigues. But in 1962 the after-hours meeting place was converted to a keno parlor thus ending a freewheeling era in the hotel's history

It all began in 1861 when Reno's founder Myron Lake obtained the riverbank property from C.W Fuller and operated a way station next to his profitable toll bridge on the Truckee. The station officially became the Riverside in 1880 when State Senator William Thompson purchased the property from Lake. Since then the Riverside has both flourished and flopped in the hands of nearly two dozen owners, including political boss George Wingfield.

Today under the guidance of R.H. "Pick" Hobson, the hotel is like a grand old lady a bit worn and wrinkled but comfortable and filled with memories. It's that sentimental attachment that moves hotel guests to specify a certain room whenever they're in town. Their reasons range from remembering a honeymoon decades ago to a pair of yellow chairs that appeal to a frequent guest.

Room prices range from $22-$75. In the upper range, you can ask for the suites that were former owner Jessie Beck's private apartment.

If you like western art, look for the original oil painting of "The Gunfighters" by Lea Franklin McCarty displayed in the casino. If you like the beat of Forties music, you may appreciate the Riverside's version of geritol disco in which TV night owl Jack Joseph spins dance records reminiscent of the days when regulars at the Corner Bar decided Reno's future.

—Ann Henderson



The Complete Nevada Calendar

Festive Occasions & Weekend Vacations

SOUTH

ONGOING EVENTS

LAS VEGAS Mormon Fort tours, Tues.-Sun.

Historic and Cultural Focus Tours, LAS VEGAS, 702-382-7198

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

MARCH

1—"Mustang Country," children's film, 10am, Charleston Heights Library; 3:30pm, West Las Vegas Library; 1pm, Flamingo Library, LAS VEGAS

1—"Damn Yankees," comedy, Clark Co. Comm. College, NORTH LAS VEGAS

1-7—Gustave Baumann, exhibit of color woodcuts, Flamingo Library, LAS VEGAS, info. 733-7810

1-8—"Bad Seed," drama, Thur.-Sun., Reed Whipple Cultural Ctr., LAS VEGAS, info. 385-7225

1-9—"Ceremonies of Dark Old Men," Thur.-Sun., LAS VEGAS Little Theater, info. 735-0167

1-31—"Violette," French film, 7:30pm, Red Rock Theater, LAS VEGAS

3—"Mustang Country," children's film, 3pm, LAS VEGAS Library

3-14—Spring Military Golf Tournament, Mon.-Fri., Showboat Hotel, LAS VEGAS

10-21—Photographs by Robert Heincken, 1-4pm, UNLV Art Gallery, LAS VEGAS

11-15—World Wide Military Bowling Tournament, Showboat Hotel, LAS VEGAS

11-4/5—"The Diary of Anne Frank," drama, Tues.-Sat., The Meadows Playhouse, LAS VEGAS

13—Orquesta Sinfonica del Estado de Mexico, master series concert, 8pm, Ham Concert Hall, UNLV LAS VEGAS

13-4/12—"Picnic," romantic drama, Thur.-Sun., LAS VEGAS Little Theater

14-30—"Androcles and the Lion," children's play, Fri.-Sun., Reed Whipple Cultural Ctr., LAS VEGAS, info. 386-6553

16-23—Energy Expo '80, exhibits, films, speakers and forums on energy, Flamingo Library, LAS VEGAS

20-23—$200,000 LPGA National Pro-Am golf tournament, Desert Inn and Country Club, LAS VEGAS

20-30—"Loot," comedy, Judy Bayley Theatre, UNLV LAS VEGAS

23—Orchestra concert, 8pm, Ham Concert Hall, UNLV LAS VEGAS

24-4/11—Art show, 1-4pm, UNLV Gallery, LAS VEGAS

25—LAS VEGAS Chamber Players, 8pm, Charleston Heights Arts Ctr., UNLV

27—Paul Keuntz, Chamber Orchestra, 8pm, Ham Concert Hall, UNLV LAS VEGAS

28-29—Square Dance Jamboree, 8am, Virgin Valley Gym, MESQUITE

29—Gamble-Aires barbershopper concert, guest quartets, 8pm, Ham Concert Hall, UNLV LAS VEGAS

30—Nevada String Quartet Concert, 2pm, Flamingo Library, LAS VEGAS

APRIL

1-30—Photo Competition Exhibit, LAS VEGAS Art Museum

2—"Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands," Portuguese film, 7:30pm, Red Rock Theater, LAS VEGAS

7-11—Mardi Gras, UNLV LAS VEGAS, info. 739-3423

7-11—Mike Douglas TV Taping, tickets available 5 days before at show reservations desk, no charge, LAS VEGAS Hilton

8—Brenda Ishikawa, piano recital, 8pm, Ham Concert Hall, UNLV LAS VEGAS



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



The Love Boat, 1934

You can take a cruise on the 1934 version of the Love Boat when the Proscenium Players present Cole Porter's musical comedy "Anything Goes" this March. The high energy production combines spirited dance routines of the 1930s with Porter toe-tappers like "You're The Top," "It's Delovely" and "Blow, Gabriel, Blow." It plays at the Carson City Community Center March 13-15, 21, 22, 28 and 29 at 8 p.m., with a matinee at 3 p.m. Sunday, March 23. Tickets are $5 adults, $4 children and senior citizens. Group rates are available.

10-26—"Barefoot in the Park," comedy, Thur.-Sun., Reed Whipple Cultural Ctr., LAS VEGAS, info. 382-7225

12-13—Sin City Regional Gathering of MENSA, the high IQ organization; workshops on gambling and sexuality, Betty Dodson keynote speaker, Imperial Palace, the LAS VEGAS Strip; for info write MENSA, Box E, North Las Vegas, NV 89030

12—Junior High School Choral Festival, Ham Concert Hall, UNLV LAS VEGAS

13—LAS VEGAS Chamber Players, 2pm, Ham Concert Hall, UNLV

14—Invitational Print Show, 1-4pm, UNLV Art Gallery, LAS VEGAS

15—UNLV Chamber Singers, 8pm, Ham Concert Hall, LAS VEGAS

Halleluja Henderson

On April 16-20 the city of Henderson throws its annual Old West celebration to pay tribute to modern private enterprise. Henderson's Industrial Days began 29 years ago to celebrate the return of prosperity when the wartime Basic plant was reopened by private companies. This year's celebration includes a five-day carnival (16-20), a downtown parade (noon, 19) followed by a rodeo (19-20). The weekend's amateur golf tournament at the Black Mountain Country Club requires advance entry. Write the Henderson Chamber of Commerce, 100 E. Lake Mead Dr., Henderson, NV 89015, or call 702-565-8951.

Reeling in Mesquite

Dancers from five western states gather for a Square Dance Jamboree March 28-29 in Mesquite. Small, hospitable Mesquite, 75 miles northeast of Las Vegas, hosts the annual event which features a workshop of new dances and dancing techniques, a dinner on Saturday, and hours of colorful square and round dancing. Anyone can participate for a $10 per couple fee that includes dinner. Spectators pay a lesser amount for dinner, but can watch the dancing free of charge.

16-20—HENDERSON Industrial Days: 16-20, carnival, Civic Ctr.; 19, parade, noon, downtown; 19 & 20, rodeo, Henderson Arena; 19 & 20, golf tournament, amateurs, Black Mountain Country Club

17-19—Drama Festival, all day, Clark Co. Comm. College, NORTH LAS VEGAS

19-20—Art Fair, 10-5pm, Paradise Park, LAS VEGAS

21-27—Alan King Tennis Classic, Caesars Palace, LAS VEGAS, ticket info. 731-7890

22-5/17—"The Last of the Red Hot Lovers," Neil Simon comedy, Meadows Playhouse, LAS VEGAS, info. 739-7525

23—Osaka Philharmonic Orchestra, master series concert, 8pm, Ham Concert Hall, LAS VEGAS

24-26—Sweet Adelines, regional competition, LAS VEGAS Convention Ctr., info. 458-2053

(Continued on next page)

LAS VEGAS HELLDORADO

For 45 years the Helldorado rodeo and celebration have been as much a part of the city as gambling and Hoover Dam. But how did it get that name? By Don Beale

There's no such word as "Helldorado" in the English dictionary but it's as familiar to rodeo fans as Thanksgiving, motherhood and apple pie.

The word Helldorado is, at best, nebulous, its origin buried someplace in the dark pages of history its lexicographer, or author probably never to be known.

But somewhere between hellcat and hellebore, Mr Webster should note that Helldorado is: 1) a fast-paced, lively week of events and activities that attempts to recreate the old West, 2) five performances of one of the top rodeos in the country 3) a three-hour parade down the Las Vegas Strip, 4) western-style barbecue dinners served nightly under a massive tent, 5) an equestrienne-oriented beauty contest, 6) a huge carnival midway exposition and, 7) a host of other often boisterous events.

Helldorado is steeped in history and for 45 years has been as much a part of Las Vegas as the Union Pacific Railroad and Hoover Dam. In fact, construction of the dam was probably the biggest single reason for the celebration. At the dam's completion in 1935, as the construction crews of "Six Companies" and tourists who came to see it being built were leaving the area, local officials frantically sought ways to bolster the economy raise community spirit and keep that golden flow of tourists coming to the area.

Legend has it, and it might not be so much of a legend, that a circus and carnival advance man was in town at the time and came up with the idea of the celebration. This was chronicled by John F. Cahlan, a prominent Las Vegas journalist and former editor of the Las Vegas *Review-Journal*.

(Continued on next page)

Kangaroo Kops jailed these Helldorado beauty queens in 1957 as a reminder that those who were not in western garb or wearing a Helldorado button were headed for the Elks' Fremont Street lockup.



COURTESY LAS VEGAS ELKS LODGE 1468

24-27—Youth Fair, LAS VEGAS Convention Ctr.
27—UNLV Chorus Concert, 2pm, Ham Concert Hall, LAS VEGAS
29—Woodwind Quintet, 8pm, Judy Bayley Theatre, UNLV LAS VEGAS

What a Racquet

Bjorn Borg and John McEnroe are expected to be among the 32 top tennis players competing for $250,000 in prize money in the Ninth Annual Alan King Tennis Classic April 21-27 at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas. The event includes a celebrity tournament that in the past has drawn serious tennis players like Bill Cosby, Andy Williams and Dick Van Patten. Ticket prices for spectators will run about $15-20 per day. Write Caesars Palace, Tennis Tickets, 3570 Las Vegas Blvd. So., Las Vegas, 89109, or call 702-731-7890.

CENTRAL

MARCH

12—Utah Symphony in Concert, 8pm, White Pine High School, ELY

NORTH

MARCH

T—St. Patrick's Day Fair, 6:30pm, Armory, WINNEMUCCA
18-19—Cabin Fever Reliever Dance Weekend, square dancing, 8pm on 18, 10am on 19, ELKO Grammar School
22—Mitzie Guercio dance recital, 7:30pm, Nixon Hall, WINNEMUCCA
29—High Desert Arabian Horse Show, 2pm, Spring Creek Horse Palace, ELKO

APRIL

6—Motorcycle Races, 9am, Calder Cycle Park, WINNEMUCCA

WEST

ONGOING EVENTS

Flea Market, DAYTON, weekends
Nevada Artists Assn. Gallery, 10-4 Mon.-Sat., 12-4 Sun., 449 W. King St., CARSON CITY
Carson City Arts Alliance, chamber concerts and recitals, Brewery Arts Center, 449 W. King St., CARSON CITY info. 702-883-1976
Art exhibition, 2-6 Wed.-Mon., 699 D St., St. Phillip's Center Gallery, HAWTHORNE
Atmospherium-Planetarium, open daily, UNR, RENO, show info. 702-784-4811

MARCH

1-10—Photopress, news photographs by local photojournalists, and Dan Jepson, mixed media show, Church Fine Arts Bldg., UNR, RENO
1-4/27—"Beautiful Nevada," film tour of Nevada, plus "The Universe of Dr. Einstein," Atmospherium-Planetarium, UNR, RENO, info. 784-4811
2—Alleta Gray Memorial, RENO Chamber Orchestra, Neil and Nancy O'Doan concert, 2pm, Pioneer Theatre
5—Reno Gem & Mineral Society, mineral specimen magnification program, 8pm, 480 S. Rock Blvd., SPARKS
6-8—State Basketball Tournament, Coliseum, RENO
11—Utah Symphony, sponsored by UNR and Sierra Arts Fdtn., 8:15pm, Pioneer Theatre, RENO
13-15—RENO Jazz Festival, instrumental, Pioneer Theatre, info. 786-5105
13-15—Cole Porter's "Anything Goes," musical comedy, Proscenium Players, 8pm, CARSON CITY Community Ctr.
14-15—"Hair," musical, University Theater, UNR, RENO, info. 784-6505

Jazz in the Afternoon

For the nineteenth year, young jazz musicians and guest professionals will perform March 13-15 and April 11-12 at the Reno Jazz Festival. The Pioneer Theatre gathering is the largest educational jazz festival in the West.

An expected 125 school groups will compete during the instrumental portion in March. Spectators can purchase day passes for $4 at the door or a festival pass for $8.

Jazz vocalists will appear in April. The festival pass for that concert is $6. For advance tickets write Tickets, Youth Music Foundation Ltd., Box 6585, Reno, NV 89513, or call 702-323-5672.

14-16—Manufactured Housing Show, 5-10 Fri., noon-10 Sat.-Sun., Coliseum, RENO
14-26—James McCormick, constructive living art, and Ed Martinez and R.J. Moroni, sculpture and photos, Church Fine Arts Bldg., UNR, RENO
19-22—"La Traviata," opera, 8:15pm, Pioneer Theatre, RENO, info. 786-5105
20-22—"Hair," musical, University Theater, UNR, RENO
21-23—Autorama, display of custom cars, 5-10 Fri., noon-10 Sat., noon-7 Sun., Coliseum, Reno
21-23—"Anything Goes," Proscenium Players, 8pm Fri.-Sat., 3pm Sun., CARSON CITY Community Ctr.
22—Big Band Ball, music of the swing era, 7-12pm, Ormsby House, CARSON CITY
25—RENO Philharmonic, Verdi Requiem, Ted Puffer conducting, 8:15pm, Pioneer Theatre
28-29—"Anything Goes," Proscenium Players, 8pm, CARSON CITY Community Ctr.
28-30—Sekulich Antique Show, 1-10 Fri., noon-6 Sat., Coliseum, RENO

APRIL

2—Reno Gem & Mineral Society, Bill Tomlinson on gold dredging, 8pm, 480 S. Rock Blvd., SPARKS
5—Easter Film Program, "The Many Adventures of Winnie the Pooh," 10:30-12, 12:30-2, 2:30-4, Calif. Building, Idlewild Park, RENO
11-12—RENO Jazz Festival, vocal, Pioneer Theatre, info. 786-5105
11-13—"The Children's Hour," drama, 8:30pm Fri.-Sat., 7:30pm Sun., RENO Little Theater, 690 N. Sierra
13—Jazz At The Pioneer, 1pm, featuring Buddy Rich, sponsored by For Love of Jazz, Pioneer Theatre, RENO
14—Drawing Perspective by Thelma Calhoun, art seminar, 9-4, St. Philip's Center, 699 D. St., HAWTHORNE
14-15—Comstock Arabian Horse Show, fairgrounds, RENO
15—RENO Philharmonic, works of Mozart, Strauss and Mahler, John Lenz conductor, 8:15pm, Pioneer Theatre
16—Washoe County Community Concert, 8:15pm, Pioneer Theatre, RENO
17-19—"The Children's Hour," drama, 8:30pm, RENO Little Theater
18-20—Home Improvement Show, 5-10 Fri., noon-10 Sat., noon-7 Sun., Coliseum, RENO
20—Reno Chamber Orchestra, Vahe Khochayan conductor, 3pm, RENO Little Theater
20—Flea market sale: horses, trailers, used tack and clothes; jumping and English equestrian clinic by Julie Van Winkle, 10am, Fuji Park, CARSON CITY
20-26—UNR Art Festival: 20, Kazoophony, musicians; 21, Duck's Breath Mystery Theatre; 22-23, films; 24, Bob Gardiner, lecturer on animation; 25, Proteus Mime, humor; 26, Anna Russell, humorist-soloist, Church Fine Arts Theater, RENO, info. 784-4893

T—Dates to be announced

COMING ATTRACTIONS

MAY

$100,000 Mint 400, 1-4, 100-mile off-road race, start at Las Vegas Speedrome
Helldorado Days, 9-18, rodeo, parade, barbecue, carnival, Las Vegas
Ely Amateur Golf Tournament, 17-18, White Pine County Golf Course
Reno Philharmonic, 20, classical music of Smetana, Liszt and Dvorak, Ron Daniels conductor, Pioneer Theatre
Eugene Ormandy & Philadelphia Orchestra, 30, master series, Ham Hall, UNLV Las Vegas
Jim Butler Days, 23-26, parade, barbecue, art show, mining events, dances, arm wrestling, liars contest, Tonopah
Virginia City Motorcycle Races, 10-11, grand prix, 100 miles

Helldorado *Continued from previous page*

And Cahlan should know as he was in on the ground floor of the first Helldorado. In his chronicle Cahlan writes, "A saviour appeared on the scene in the person of Clyde Zerby He had an idea his plan was to stage a civic celebration which would not only involve all of the residents, but might provide a vehicle to attract tourists thus was Helldorado born "

Nowhere in his writings does Cahlan attribute the word Helldorado to any one person, only that a man "had an idea," and that idea was a celebration.

More recent speculation on the word's origin comes from Ed Branch, a

full-time coordinator for Helldorado, who says, "There's a number of theories. One is that the word is a derivative of Eldorado, the name of a massive valley that had to be skirted on the route from Las Vegas to the dam construction site.

"Another is that it is a word combination of Eldorado Valley and hell-bent (on destruction or fun, whatever your point of view). It was a pretty frisky celebration back in those days," Branch says.

Not that it isn't today The Associated Press reports that "Las Vegas residents have at their fingertips one of the finest and most sophisticated selections of recreation and entertainment of any city in the country For one week each year however they get a glimpse of the rowdy and brawling Old West Helldorado is an old time celebration put on by Las Vegas residents for Las Vegas residents. Tourists are welcome, but there's never been a real effort to attract them."

Branch says, "We are eventually changing all that. We want the visitors to see our show." He says once the tourist gets back home and starts talking about what a great time he had at a Vegas western celebration, other people will start making plans to be on hand in May This year's event is May 9-18.

Unlike some other promoters of civic events who would like to see their show break even or even lose money the sponsoring Elks gear their operation to turning a handsome profit, but not for fraternal or personal gain. Money raised through the Helldorado celebration goes to a myriad of community charitable outlets, from senior citizen projects and Scouting activities to Christmas dinners for the needy

Chief money-raiser for all of the planned events is the rodeo, where there are sell-out crowds for each of the five performances.

It gets higher ratings each year as the purse paid to cowboys gets closer to the $100,000 mark. For instance, the rodeo went from 27th ranked in 1978 to 13th in 1979 mainly because of the $84,700 purse and a record number of cowboy entry fees.

Notwithstanding, Branch said, "Las Vegas is one of the favorite stops on the circuit. They (the cowboys) love to come here. You might see a cowboy pass up a Cheyenne or Houston rodeo for whatever reason, but will come here and plunk down his entry fee just to be in Las Vegas." □

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High Roller Houseboating

There's nothing like a wilderness experience from inside an air-conditioned cocoon. By Julian Stone

It's all very well to talk about a rugged western experience, a fantastic desert vacation, seven days of solid sunshine. But camping usually means no bathrooms, no shade, no beer and very little palatable water

Would that be your choice for a holiday?

For most people, the answer would be no.

This is less a world of adventurers than a spoiled lot of affluent "outdoorsmen" who'd rather be in a camper at McDonalds than in the redwoods, in a lodge rather than a tent, or on a houseboat instead of a two-oar dinghy

On Lake Mead, most modern day adventurers would really prefer to see and touch the wild and weird terrain from an air conditioned boat. They want real beds with sheets and pillows, a galley draped portholes, carpeting, bathroom, stereo tape system and large cooler They want to sunbathe on a flying bridge or a spacious fore deck. They want their barbecue to light with no problem and their steaks to be broiled to perfection. They want olives in their martinis.

And they are absolutely right.

"A houseboat vacation is pure relaxation," says Marv Teixeira of Carson City "You don't have to shave. The boat moves without you so you don't even have to get out of bed. And if you do want to get up, one step and you are in the lake."

Lake Mead, with its desert scenery and many months of warm weather, is great for houseboat camping. Sunshine is inevitable, as are an occasional dry thunder storm and a brisk breeze. Temperatures in summer can rise above 100 degrees but the heat is tolerable because of low humidity Night temperatures in July will be 70 or 80, while days in winter average 65 and spring and fall run a perfect 80 degrees.

At one end of Lake Mead is Hoover Dam; at the other is the Grand Canyon. With 550 miles of shoreline, Mead is the third largest reservoir in the country offering 230 square miles of water recreation and depths of more than 500 feet.

Even so, Mead is easy to navigate. The lake is shaped like an upside-down "T" and thus has only one real turn. Moving south from Echo Bay your big decision may be whether to turn west to Callville Bay or Lake Mead Resort for more beer or east to Temple Bar and the Grand Canyon.

The Colorado River has taken the same east-west path through the desert for millions of years. Its water is often mucky brown but the lake that was formed in 1935 when the river was dammed in Black Canyon is deep, cool and clear, varying in shades of green from a pale milky hue to a gorgeous deep blue-green.

Some beaches are sandy and smooth, others rocky and rough. At times steep ridges rise hundreds of feet on either side of the waterway and camps are hard to find. But a few minutes later the cliffs open up, and coves



Houseboating Lake Mead means lazy days away from crowds and pollution in a luxurious multi-level dream with more than the comforts of home.

appear with sandy spits offering incredible fishing, swimming and beaches where children can play.

A Stockton family with two lively water-loving kids has spent many holidays on a houseboat. "We've boated on Shasta, and on the Delta, but we prefer Lake Mead because there's no congestion," says mother Pamela Baker "We generally take a small ski boat along and start out slowly. We pick a really nice beach after cruising for two or three hours where the kids can swim and my husband and I can fish.

"Then we sometimes take the ski boat and waterski or fish, or go back to one of the marinas for beer or more ice," she says. "The next day we plan another two- or three-hour cruise and find another nice place to stop and camp again.



Marilyn and Cliff Bernard know Lake Mead is Southern Nevada's greatest playground.

"We have done this many times, slowly progressing up into the Grand Canyon, not getting tired, enjoying a lovely holiday and seeing and doing exactly what we want."

Houseboats are unsinkable short of a submarine attack and easy to handle. "If you can drive a car you certainly can drive a houseboat," says Rich Ham, manager of Lake Mead Resort. "Anyone can do it. The driving actually gets monotonous because you are going slowly and the control of the boat is simple. Kids love driving it, parents love it because they can sit back and relax, have a drink, talk, share a good time. It's great for businesspeople because there are no phones and no TV "

Everything except food and drink is supplied. Seasoned houseboaters advise bringing lots of snacks and plenty of supplies and ice because the nearest store could be 40 miles away. There are four full service marinas on the lake—Echo Bay, Lake Mead Resort, Callville Bay and Temple Bar—where you can stock up on gas and grub.

A word of warning: the wind can come up quickly. Virgin Basin especially can cause rough-water problems. Use common sense, watch the weather, keep an eye out for coves and if it should get rough, pull into a cove and sit it out. Rough water is most common in winter but no month is without the possibility of strong winds.

And another word of warning. Even though a houseboat may sleep 10, make sure you travel with people you really like so that there is a minimum of turbulence on board. If you're going to spend several days on a 47-foot boat with no real walls to separate the bunks from the galley from the bar, your shipmates have got to be compatible. Keep in mind that the 6-sleepers should be for a single family or perhaps two couples, and that the 10-sleepers should not take the maximum load (that is, if they're all adults).

Vacations often mean sacrifice, or at least the cancellation of comfort. But with a fully-equipped, air-conditioned, carpeted, strawberry dacquiried houseboat on Lake Mead, who needs a pain.

Marv Teixeira takes off toward the Grand Canyon with seven other people who like that kind of life and leaves his razor at home.

"It's great for kids," he says, "and if you have enough ice, it's great for the old folks too!" □

C.J. HADLEY PHOTOS



Sandy Beach, a perfect place for swimming, fishing, waterskiing and sunbathing.

FACTS ABOUT HOUSEBOAT RENTALS

Most houseboats available for rent on Lake Mead and Lake Mohave are 6- and 10-sleepers, and everything except food and drink is provided on board. Safety features include fire extinguishers and Coast Guard approved life preservers. Marina personnel will supply a map and show skippers how to handle the boat and the basics of maintenance. They also will suggest routes and good coves for fishing and camping.

The following prices are based on the large, 10-sleepers:

Echo Bay (Lake Mead)
& Katherine Landing (Mohave)

Nov.1-Mar.31 (Apr.1-Oct.31): Three day weekend, $350 ($495); four day midweek special, $440 ($630); full week, $630 ($900). For more information call Pam Ham, 702-293-3484, or write 322 Lakeshore Rd., Boulder City, NV 89005. Ask about patio boats.

Callville Bay (Lake Mead)
& Cottonwood Cove (Mohave)

Mar.1-Oct.31: Three nights, $570; four nights, $760; seven nights $950. (Nov.1-Feb.28: from 20 to 50 percent off high season rates.) For more information call toll free 1-800-528-6154 or write P.O. Box 29040, Phoenix, AZ 85038.

For lowrolling river adventurers, it's a slow, beautiful row whether you take the Colorado below Hoover Dam or choose the wilderness route to the Grand Canyon. By David H. Huntzinger

Canoeing the Colorado

In the past few years the Lake Mead region has seen the return of the original river rat, who floats and strokes down the canyons of the Colorado River in canoe, kayak or raft. Paddlers can take two excellent river trips in the area. One runs from Hoover Dam south through Black Canyon on Lake Mohave; the other begins in upper Lake Mead and explores the spectacular western gorges of the Grand Canyon.

Five years ago canoeists and kayakers were lonely specks in the water below Hoover Dam. Now, almost any day of the year you can spot anywhere from one to 30 canoeists leisurely paddling southward in the chilly waters released from the dam. Along the route canoeists can discover ancient Indian petroglyphs or hidden hot springs like the ones below Ringbolt Rapids, or cast for rainbow trout for that night's supper in camp.

One experience most rafters choose to avoid is making the south-of-the-dam run in summer Daytime temperatures then are often about 115 degrees in the shade, and the dark canyon rocks create a sun-powered oven. Since the water's temperature is about 54 degrees, an upset canoe can deliver a killing shock to your system as you plunge into the cold water It's required that everyone wear Coast Guard approved life jackets on the 21.5 miles between the dam and the mouth of Black Canyon near Chalk Cliffs.

Winter and spring are the best times to catch high water levels. The current tends to be slight on weekends but usually picks up toward evening. Campers should be sure to pull canoes and kayaks well up on shore and camp on high ground.

Before a trip, canoeists must get a permit from the Bureau of Reclamation in Boulder City (702-293-8367) and have their craft inspected by the National Park Service at the visitor center on U.S. 93 between Boulder City and the dam. Canoeists also are required to check in with a ranger at their destination or call the 24-hour Park Service number, 702-293-4041. If you don't report and an unneeded search is sent out, you get the bill.

While more and more canoeists and rafters are enjoying Mohave, few have discovered that they can paddle nearly 40 miles into the Grand Canyon from the upper end of Lake Mead. This section begins at Pearce Ferry, about 50 miles from Hoover Dam as the eagle flies, and ends at the first rapids of Separation Canyon.

Spring and fall, when the weather is warm but not summer-hot, are the best times to take this trip. Paddling, the trip takes three or four days, but by using a small outboard motor you can reach the rapids in one.

Plan to take enough food, drinking water and extra clothes to last the trip. A 15-foot or larger aluminum or fiberglass canoe is recommended. Pack your gear securely; at times stiff winds can blow through the canyon, causing large swells on the river Above all, don't overload your craft. For camping, I take a lightweight mountain tent that can be zippered to keep out scorpions, snakes and other creatures.

By auto, the drive to Pearce Ferry from the dam is 85 miles. After heading south 40 miles through Arizona's Detrital Valley on U.S. 93, turn northeast on the Dolan Springs Road to Pearce Ferry The road's latter portion passes through one of the finest Joshua tree forests in the world, located on Grapevine Mesa at the foot of the Grand Wash Cliffs.



A canoe convoy heads south into Black Canyon. Canoeists are required to get a permit from the Bureau of Reclamation in Boulder City before launching and to check in at journey's end.

DAVID HUNTZINGER PHOTOS



River runners prepare to launch in the chilly waters below Hoover Dam. The chances of high water are best in spring and winter, and the current is usually stronger on weekdays. At night campers should be sure to pull their crafts high on shore.

As you shove off at Pearce Ferry you meet the high, golden face of the Grand Wash Cliffs. A mile or two upriver and around a bend, the walls begin closing in, and you're in the Grand Canyon.

Upriver three miles from Pearce Ferry is prehistoric Rampart Cave, which can be reached by a mile hike to the base of the cliffs. This cave once contained an irreplaceable fossil find, the droppings of a Pleistocene mammal that lived 10,000 to 12,000 years ago during the last ice age. Unfortunately three years ago someone set fire to the dried material. The fire smoldered for many months before the Park Service was able to put it out.

Nestled in a cove a quarter mile upriver is Emery Falls, spilling over a slickrock edge and splashing into the lake. The weeping cliffs to the right support a jungle of ferns and moss. The cliffs, composed of layered mudstones, display fossil wormtubes and casts of other tiny marine organisms.

Thirteen miles above Pearce Ferry are the remains of a bat guano mining operation. Tons of the nitrogen-rich manure was mined and barged down the river by Murl Emery, now of Nelson, and his partners in the 1920s. Later towers were installed, and the guano was lifted in a carrying box out of the canyon by steel cables. The towers still stand on the rim.

From the riverbank you can take challenging hikes to the rim above or into box canyons abounding with plant and animal life. A hike to the top will be rewarded by breath-taking views of the canyon country stretching to the horizon, ridge after ridge fading into the purple distance. Always be alert to where you place your hands or feet: this is snake country And don't be surprised to see bald eagles soaring on the air currents above the canyon.

When it's time to set camp, pick a site on high ground. Storms on the mesa can send a flash flood down side canyons to the river Pull your canoe high above the water and be sure to tie it to a rock or shrub. The Colorado can rise or drop several feet in a very short time, and it is downright embarrassing to come back from a walk and find your canoe floating down the middle of the river

Twenty miles above Bat Cave the river narrows as it passes between shear black lava walls. Here eddies add a little excitement to the paddling. Nearby a sparkling fresh-water stream flows out of Spencer Canyon, and a short hike will bring you to a series of cascading pools.

Finally 40 miles above your starting point you will encounter the first white-water rapids at Separation Canyon. Beyond this point are the wild tumbling waters of the Colorado River; this is the upper limit of Lake Mead.

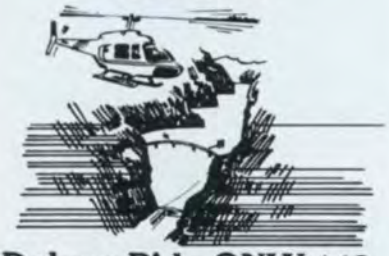
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Trek to Devil's Canyon

The Jarbidge Mountains are snow-covered even in late spring, towering above the sagebrush desert with six peaks over 10,000 feet. So far as we knew, they had never been skied before.
By Dick Dorworth



GORDON WILTSIE

Galen Rowell is the only driver I know who spends less time observing the road than do his passengers. A sort of mountaineer's Neal Cassady at the wheel, Galen drives with his knees, wrists, fingers, forearms, or nothing and every so often he even grips the steering device with one of his palms. No one has ever reported seeing him hold a steering wheel with both hands. He drives real fast, real hard, as only befits a 1950s Berkeley hot rodder, while carrying on a running face to face conversation with whoever happens to be in the back seat.

At the same time Galen manages to spot deer, coyote, hawks, clouds, trees, rivers and rabbits entirely missed by his car mates, so riveted is their attention to the hurtling highway. I once watched in fascinated terror while he changed lenses on a camera while driving at 70 mph, steering with an elbow. Still, he's a great driver It's a good thing. He's also a fine writer and top outdoor photographer

We've been friends for a long time and I should know better than to get nervous, I say to myself as he leers into the back seat with a huge smile, guiding this rocket along Interstate 80 through the great Nevada landscape.

Our fellow passengers are Gordon Wiltsie and Mike Farrell. Gordon is a young photographer, writer and skier from Bishop who, like Galen and me, scrambles to support himself from his hobbies. Mike, a Berkeley resident, is a climbing-skiing friend of long standing, the only one among us who doesn't write and photograph his mountainous adventures in order to pay his way

I glance at our two car mates, and am reassured by their expressions that I am not the only queasy passenger in Rowell's big white Chevy station wagon loaded with skis and camping gear and cameras and food and beer and other such life necessities. It seems to me that getting there is always half the fun, and in my experience nowhere is this more true than on ski trips.

This trip, for instance, was a combination Rowell-Dorworth idea. Galen had arranged with a ski-boot-binding company to test experimental equipment in a ski mountaineering situation. He asked if I wanted to get involved, and where should we go that none of us had ever seen?

Without hesitation I suggested the Jarbidge Mountains of Northeastern

Nevada, a range that had intrigued me for years and had never fit into a life of busy schemes.

Several miles north of Wells on U.S. 93, the Jarbidge Mountains loom up in the distant northwest, a snowcovered alpine range sticking out of the Nevada sagebrush desert with six peaks over 10,000 feet that, so far as we knew, had never been skied. Of course, we could be wrong.

There are several versions of exactly how the Jarbidge area acquired its peculiar name, all of them emanating from the legends of the Shoshone Indians whose ancestors inhabited the area for thousands of years. The legends agree that the Shoshone "Ja-Ha-Bich," more easily pronounced "Jarbidge" by the white man, means "Devil's Canyon." It is a place of supposed evilness and monsters and mythological dangers of unknown portent and mysterious reality.

Thus we were on the road early on May 1st, the worker's holiday 1979, heading east for Elko. The drive down out of the Sierra and across the great dry Nevada was a journey made many times, but the company was fine. When we drove the last 60 dirt road miles into the town of Jarbidge in the dark evening, it was raining hard. Tenting overnight was not something we looked forward to.

Fortunately, there's a hotel in Jarbidge. The Barn Hotel, six dollars a night and worth every penny There's a varied lot of perhaps 20 inhabitants, the most assured being Oren Grant, a grey bearded eccentric and intelligent fellow of a mixed bag of religious and philosophic persuasions who treated us well, as did everyone in Jarbidge. But enough of Oren's homemade apple cider could make the most cynical athiest *downright* religious and the most mundane bureaucrat a raving street corner philosopher

We spent the next day wandering around the town of Jarbidge in the rain, meeting some of the locals and exploring the one approach into the mountains.

The following morning the good Carl Gerloff, manager of the Tired Devil, drove us as far as his four-wheel drive would take us up Jarbidge Gulch. Then we walked over snow and rock and dirt as far as Snowslide Gulch. It was very cold in the early morning and my hands were numb, but the air was crystal mountain clear A mile later at Dry Gulch we began contouring upward on our skis, and the work of the day began.

The reality of carrying heavy loads uphill, no matter what the conveyance, never changes. It is hard, straining, draining, detestable duty fit only for those who will end up truly tired devils. Sisyphus had nothing on us.

The countryside was wonderful: high mountains of a desert alpine mixture that I had experienced only in a couple of Nevada ranges like the Rubies and Virginias. Several types of birds and small rodents were evident, but we saw no sign of larger creatures. As we gained altitude and higher temperatures, the quality and firmness of the snow began to disintegrate. As it was May 3rd this situation was not entirely unexpected, but our busy lives had not permitted us to venture on this tour any earlier Besides, we had come to this unknown place with no objectives in mind, on reconnaissance so to speak; and we had come to test equipment.

By the time we had gained a thousand feet vertical, two things were evident. Today's skinny cross-country skis with three pin bindings, and cross-country (Donald Duck) shoes are simply inappropriate gear for many ski mountaineering situations. Also, the particular combination of experimental ski-boot-binding we were testing was not going to advance the state of ski mountaineering technology in any case. Such discoveries were among the reasons we had gone to Jarbidge, and it's better to find them out right away.

With several days' food and fuel and nothing more pressing to do, we labored on up another thousand feet before stopping for a break and a bit of downhill skiing without packs.

It's a good thing Galen Rowell is as strong as he is. He skis in the classic squatter's sit back position of the talented athlete in over his head and not about to back down. It didn't help that he'd only skied a couple of times the previous year He took several marvelous spills amidst much cursing and laughter, and he nearly pulled the soles off his boots, a problem I also had later and which proved a defect in the equipment.

After several runs and a fine lunch in great surroundings, we continued. The snow by then was completely rotten. With our own weight added to that on our backs, the thin skis cut through the soft corn the way strip miners cut through the earth, leaving deep tracks behind. We went to the knee at every step.

GORDON WILTSIE



Mike Farrell relaxes in camp during a day of steep climbs and wet snow skiing.

In the early afternoon we had reached about 9,500 feet on the first ridge southwest of 10,839-foot Matterhorn Peak, a gain of some 3,000 vertical feet on the first day in awful snow. We found a beautiful campsite with outrageous views. To the south we could see the Angel Lake section of the Ruby Mountains above Wells, where a year earlier a different group of us had been ski touring when two experimental tents blew down on us in the night. A few miles away stood the beautiful domelike 10,565 foot Mary's River Peak from which the Mary's River starts. To the west stood the rolling Copper Mountains, which are certainly worthy of an extended ski tour at some future time. To the north were the Idaho deserts and the fertile Magic Valley

I was fatigued in the good way and content to relax and reflect. Galen, the natural speed freak, and the youngsters, Mike, 31, and Gordon, 26, hadn't had enough. As soon as camp was arranged they set off up the ridge which ended at a 500-foot drop off between Matterhorn and Cougar Peaks. The bottomless corn snow made going up extemely difficult. It made skiing down impossible. But the lads took off with exhuberance and I heard them shouting and cursing and laughing for the next couple hours. None of them could make a turn coming down in the mush; but when they returned just before sunset, tired and hungry and soaked to the bone, they related good times.

Snow camping in good weather is a joy. We had gotten a feel for the cursory knowledge of the Jarbidge Mountains, and we had already discovered

what we needed to know to satisfy the manufacturers of our gear We also realized it wasn't going to be easy to cover much distance in that snow with that equipment.

It was obvious we could not stay as long as originally planned, so we doubled food rations for the night and ate like pigs. A nightcap put us in the frame of mind to sleep like stones and dream the dreams of weary travelers.

In the morning a good storm was brewing in the northwest. It was cold with a strong wind, and gloom had descended over the mountains above the Devil's Canyon. Because I'd sat in the sun the previous day my boots and clothes were dry The others' were sopping wet. Galen's were the worst, and the soles of his boots were obviously not going to remain attached to the rest through many more spectacular tumbles. As the weakest skier with the most disintegrating gear and sopping wet at that, it would not do for him to get caught in a storm high in the Jarbidge Range. Mike was up early trying to stir enthusiasm to stay while the rest of us were still warm in our bags, but the general mood was for leaving soon.

As it worked out, prudence preceded enthusiasm that day If we had had a specific goal in mind when we came perhaps it would have been the other way around. Maybe next time it will be. Unless there is a real purpose behind putting yourself in untenable positions in the mountains, it is probably wise to let prudence be the guide—though if prudence is always the leader, nothing ever will get accomplished. Basic mountain philosophy

So we broke camp in a warm wet wind. We built a fire to dry out some of the boots before donning skis and dropping 3,000 feet into the canyon. Even at 9,500 feet the snow failed to harden in the night, and the descent was devilishly difficult. Only on northwest exposures was a change of direction possible by any other but the reliable traverse and kick turn method. What in good snow would have taken 30 minutes took more than three hours, the last section carrying skis from snowpatch to snowpatch and through brush and steep loose rock until we reached the Jarbidge River at the canyon's bottom. There we lunched and talked about future ski trips to the area and what a fine day it was.

While sitting there eating and relaxing and talking with my friends I realized I felt refreshed and clearly at peace with myself. I was cleansed and ready to enter again the civilized world of modern America. We had only spent two days in the hills and had not accomplished much beyond a reconnaissance and some useful information for our equipment makers, but I felt wonderful. I could not find those precise feelings in any other way This time it had taken only two days. Other times it has taken more.

As happens in all ski tours, we explored more than just the territory of the mountains we had skied through. We knew more about ourselves and each other as well as the mountains of Jarbidge, and as I reflected upon it by the river I knew our small adventure was successful, just like the small adventures of weekend skiers all over the world, and for very much the same reasons. □

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RENO'S FIRST ROBBER BARON

(Continued from page 29)

tolls. While few Renoites openly sympathized with Lake's plight, a small but vocal number of citizens expressed their disapproval over the costs of a lengthy court fight. On the other hand, the letter from "Old Brick" in a local paper expressed the community's general sentiments: "Prove to the old Shylock if he did trap us on the courthouse, he can't on the toll road and bridge. Shave him as he shaves everybody If that's his style give him the full benefit of it."

And so it came to pass. The Nevada Supreme Court finally upheld the district court ruling in favor of the state in May 1873, and the justices declared that Lake's bridge would henceforth be "free."

An armistice between the two warring parties came that September Lake, facing the prospect of another court battle over his guarantees of land and money for the courthouse, presented the county with the promised $1,500 and the deed.

Nonetheless, controversy continued to plague Myron Lake. In late 1879, his wife Jane filed a divorce suit in Washoe County District Court, and Reno's founding father found himself charged with extreme mental and physical cruelty

Jane had married Myron Lake on September 9, 1864, in Lassen County California. Fifteen years later, she alleged that her husband beat her and threatened her life on a number of occasions. Moreover Lake had accused his wife in vile language "of being unchaste and unfaithful to him." The final abuse which led to the divorce action occurred on October 15, 1879. According to the divorce record, Lake told his wife "to leave his house and family that he wanted to be rid of her that she could go to hell, that if she would go where he would never see her again he would give her $10,000."

The highly publicized divorce case lasted three years. In 1882 the Nevada Supreme Court, upholding the district court's ruling, decided in Jane Lake's favor While Myron Lake was able to retain his extensive holdings in the Truckee Meadows and elsewhere, Jane received custody of Myron Charles Jr., $200-a-month alimony and court costs. One year later, Myron remarried.

Myron Lake died in Reno on June 20, 1884, at the age of 56, a wealthy and prominent man. But even the grim reaper couldn't keep him out of court. Jane Lake immediately contested her former spouse's will and the court action dragged on for many months. In the end, Jane and her heirs got the last measure of revenge when the court validated an earlier will that favored her interests. Lake's troubles had followed him to the grave.

When we recall the West's early pioneers, like Lake and others, we tend to romanticize. The men and women who traversed the Great American Desert, crossed the Isthmus, or rounded the Horn to seek their fortune represented the complete spectrum of society from the best to the worst. If these people had something in common, it was the fact that they were more adventurous than their Eastern counterpart and were willing to gamble, sometimes with their lives, on the chance of bettering their circumstance. Above all, they were mortal—not saints—and subject to all the virtues and vices inherent in the human condition. Myron Charles Lake is a case in point.

Whether he is called the father of Reno or Washoe's first robber baron, this Nevada pioneer has left us a rich and controversial legacy □

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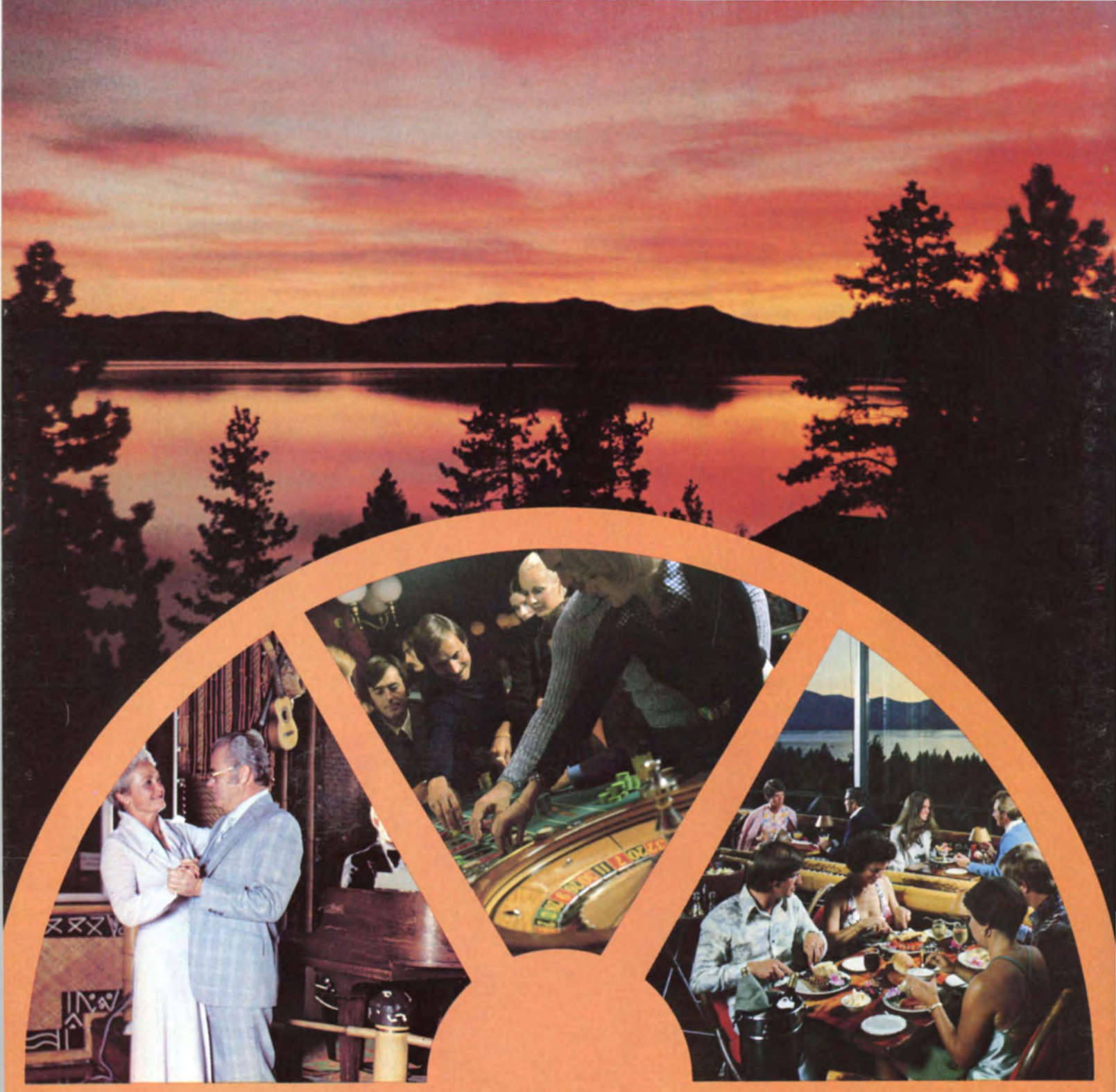


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