

**BAILING OUT: SECESSION AS THE SANE ALTERNATIVE
SILVER DOLLARS: HOW TO COLLECT
HOT COINS WITHOUT GETTING BURNED**

NEVADA

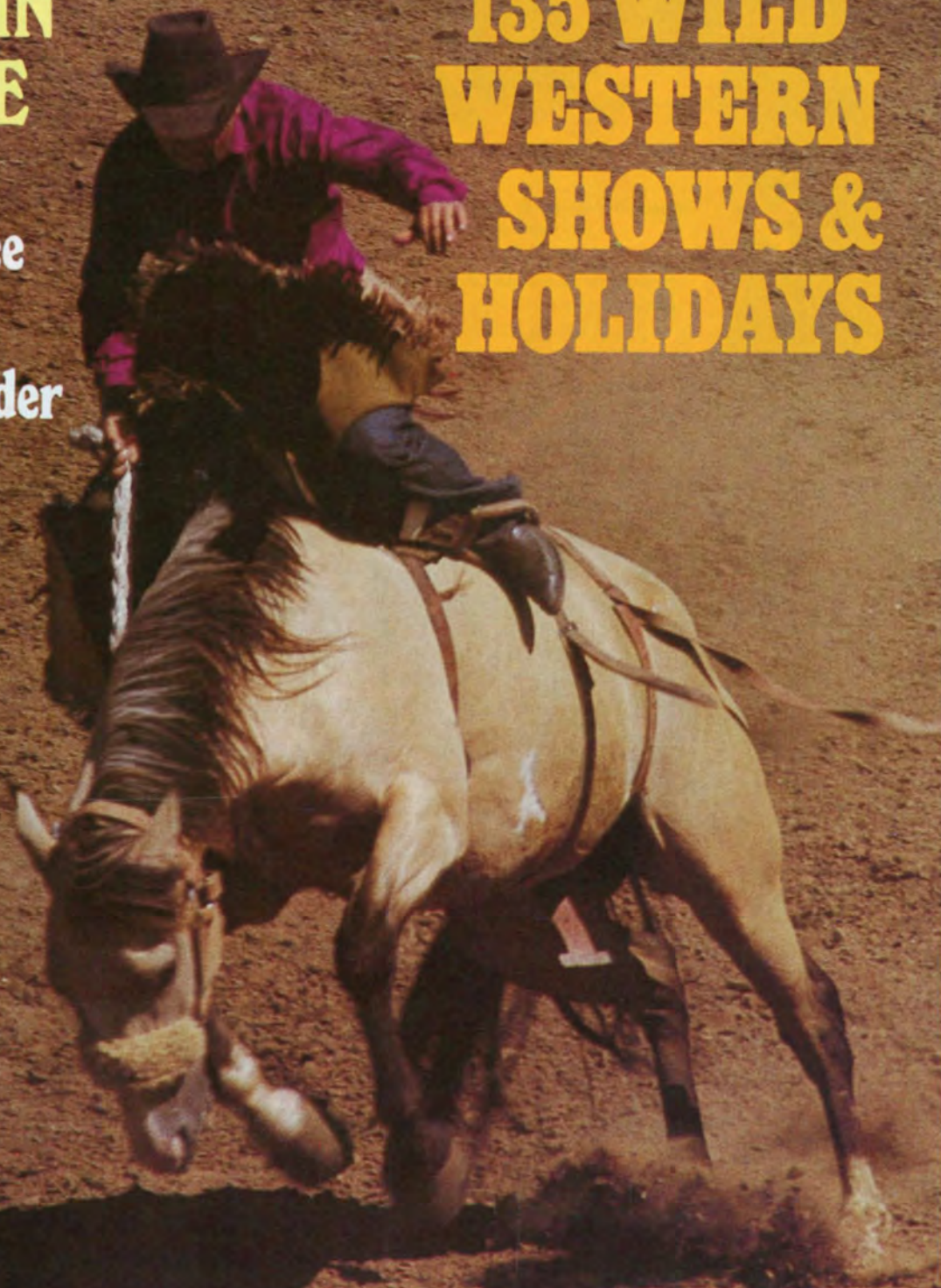
THE MAGAZINE OF THE REAL WEST

MAY/JUNE 1980 \$1.50

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NEVADA

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May/June
1980

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by C. J. Hadley

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EDITORIAL

Secede or not secede, is it a question?



William Jeanes is one of this country's top satirists and most Nevada Magazine readers have met him before, in the Fall '78 issue. His story then was "Bionic Nevadans—you always knew Nevadans were good but did you know they may be bionic?"

A couple of Californians believed every word of that piece; a few in-staters complained we were making fun of our people; and a man from Lovelock wanted a date with the Gump Sisters.

On page 18, Jeanes gets carried away again, this time suggesting that Nevada—because she is so perfect, so intact, so full of rich things that would enable her to survive alone without any problem—could secede from the Union.

He tells us why and how. He also tells us what a terrific boost it would be for our economy, not only in new jobs but also in foreign aid from Washington D.C.

Jeanes can write for Nevada because it is a state filled with humor. Do you honestly think the bureaucrats behind the publications *North Dakota Horizons*, *Oklahoma Today* and *New Mexico Magazine* would allow such a suggestion be made in the heart of their books of pure propaganda? Do you think the states of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Kentucky would allow their editors such latitude? Do you not believe that Nevada survives because she still is what she was over a century ago—stubborn, tough, sensitive, honest, and

at the top of America's list for quality of life?

Our resident Nevada bureaucrats do not want to secede from the Union, but they are independent enough to take the lead and able to accept criticism from the other 49 states. Jeanes can say (almost) anything about Nevada because the people in this state have as great a sense of humor as does Jeanes. Nevada is the Real West, built by individualists who speak their minds, believe in what they do, and are fiercely protective of what they have.

Nevada is the best state in the Union. It could also be the best state out of it.

—C. J. Hadley

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LETTERS

FEDS THREATEN NEVADA

As a horseman, trail rider, and outdoorsman, I found myself getting really involved with the Bruffy family (Bud Hage's "Bruffy's Paradise Lost," Jan/Feb '80). I could appreciate the effort and hardships they went thru to build a bit of paradise in the middle of the desert for themselves, their friends, and the animals of the area. A little water, a lot of thought and TLC and there it was. It made me proud to be a part of the western heritage.

Then came the last of the article. Our federal peons, the leaches that can only be important by pushing good citizens around, took it upon themselves to run this family off the land they used for so long and that no one else wanted. What was once a place of beauty in the desert and a haven for animals is now just a ghost camp, the trees dead as is everything else.

Thank God the Bruffy's aren't here to see their country go to hell and their life's work for two generations die.

Ivo Vollmer
Sacramento, CA.

THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE

Probably the nicest part of old copies of Nevada Magazine is that all issues were complimentary. I truly enjoyed going back and looking through the old "Nevada Highways and Parks Magazine." How Nevada has changed. I don't really appreciate progress that much any more—wish that many things could remain as they were "in the good old days."

I am a native Nevadan and don't like to see the tremendous population growth that has taken place in Nevada. We like to go to see areas featured in the magazine, but find that much land is fenced off and no longer open to the public. But I can also understand that after seeing the amount of vandalism and litter that remains from previous visitors.

I. Robustelli
Stateline, NV.

We have just discovered your magazine! Found the Fall '79 issue at our travel agent's office. It's great! Just what we've been looking for. Our subscription check is enclosed.

C. Biermann
St. Louis, MO.

Born a Utahan but now a legal resident of Nevada, I miss the West immensely as I serve the United States Navy and must leave. The thirst for the West compelled me to subscribe to your magazine. I'm not one bit sorry, but sorry I can't be viewing the gorgeous western scenery first-hand.

I love the West, and your magazine feeds my soul.

Georgiana Marie Banellis
Lieutenant Commander
Groton, CT.

I was thrilled to see my photograph of Cheryl Tiegs in Lake Tahoe on your Jan/Feb '80 cover. While Bob Blaskey submitted the article, I did the photographs for the cover and the inside shots.

Melanie Buckley
Las Vegas, NV.

Sorry, Melanie, your photographs were not marked and since Blaskey submitted story and photos, we presumed they were his.—Ed.

PINCHED!

Before I could so much as open the last issue of Nevada Magazine it was pinched from my desk! As a matter of fact, I don't know where it has been going earlier this year.

Jean H. Lunzer, Travel Ed.
Seattle Post-Intelligencer
Seattle, WA.

THE WESTERN SPIRIT

"Trek to Devil's Canyon — Jarbidge Mountains," by Dick Dorworth, was enjoyable, refreshing, and time well spent. Dorworth is a good writer who effectively conveys the spirit and the geography of Nevada mountains and deserts.

D. Rose
Reno, NV.

Your magazine is great and I'm so pleased that Harry Webb is writing for your magazine. He tells it like it is. I too, am an old (55) rodeo rider, and enjoy his stories very much. Just hope he lives another 100 years.

Mary "Little Booger" Gunter
Lincolnton, N.C.

WERE THEY PAST THE PASS?

Guy Shipler's article "The Blizzard of '52" (Jan/Feb '80) is an interesting account of the San Francisco streamliner stuck in the Sierra snow for several days before the passengers could be rescued.

For the sake of historical accuracy I wish to point out that the streamliner was not "somewhat short of the summit" but had actually passed over the Donner Summit (pass) and was stuck on the west side near Yuba Gap some 15 miles west of the Summit or about 5 miles west of Cisco. My railroad scrapbook shows the location of the stalled train with map and photo together with a complete account of the rescue operations in the San Francisco Chronicle dated Jan. 17, 1952.

Dr. E. W. Harris
Reno, NV.

I read with great interest your story on the "Blizzard of '52" since I was a snowbound passenger on the City of Los Angeles on the UP in the blizzard of 1948-49.

However, I was rather puzzled by the contention of the couple from Mineola, N.Y., who claimed they were overcome by fumes. Since passenger train couplings carry no type of gas and/or fuel lines nothing except the steam lines, electrical connections and the coupler what sort of fumes were they? It couldn't have been carbon monoxide since heat

(Continued on page 23)

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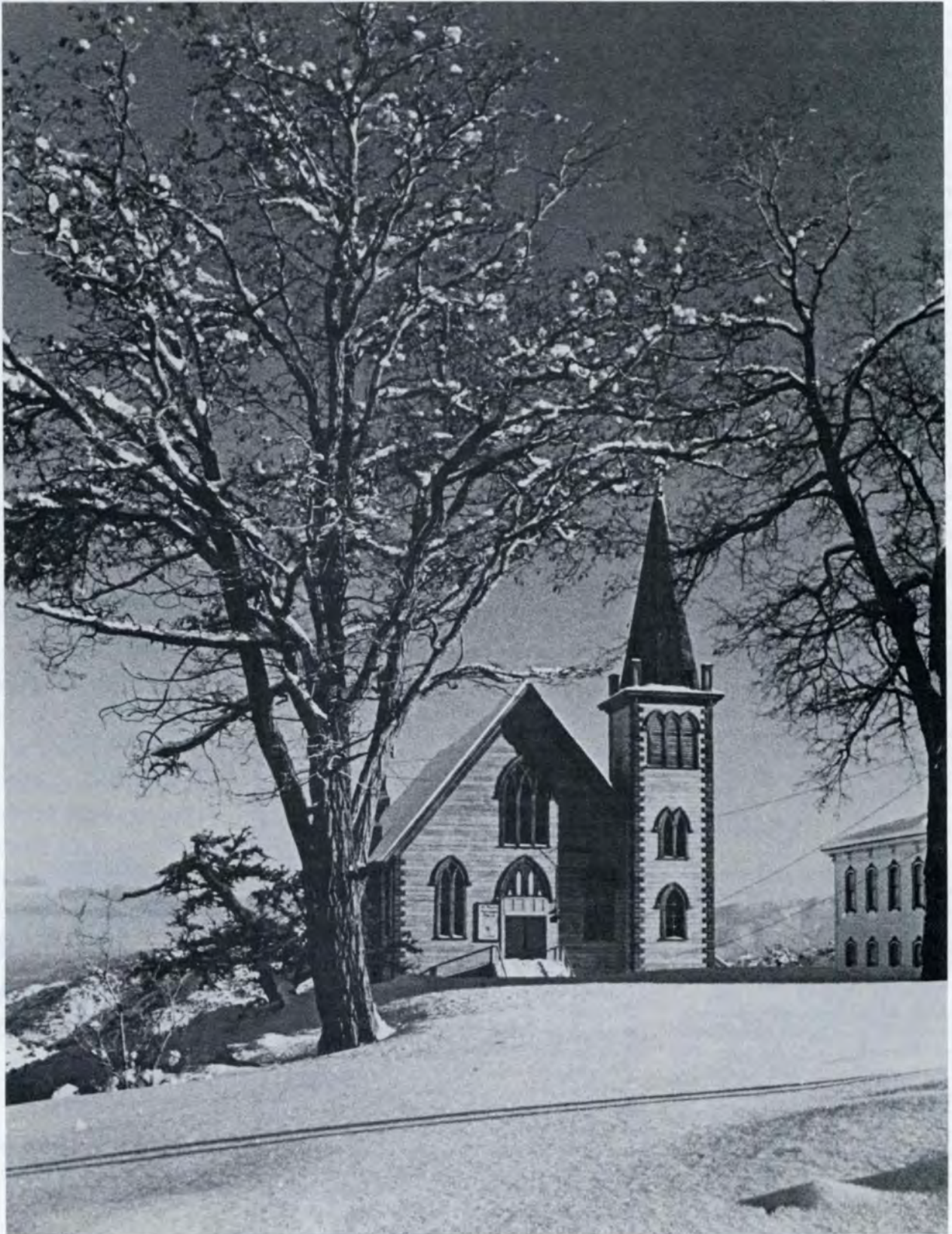
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NEVADA 80

An extraordinary selection of winning photographs from the sixth annual statewide photography competition and touring exhibition.



The friendly debate had raged for hours. The judges were squinting hard at the next photograph—one of 605 entries—and trying to get their second wind. Ashtrays had long since overflowed, and discarded coffee cups were spread all around the room.

"I think that's my favorite," said one of the deliberators, gesturing at a black and white print. "It shows solitude, wide-open spaces, the terrific beauty of the desert. It's got good contrast, and a strong image."

Another juror squinted at the photo, then moved on. "Look at this round-up scene, the color, the action, that means more about Nevada to me."

"Wait a minute," said the third, "I think there's merit in both those views. Now if you'll look for just a second at that print of the girl in the juniper berry necklace"

As usual, the decisions in the Elko photo contest came down to those hard to define elements that separate snapshots from photographs and art: subject matter, presentation, creativity, color clarity, contrast, composition and "flavor of Nevada."

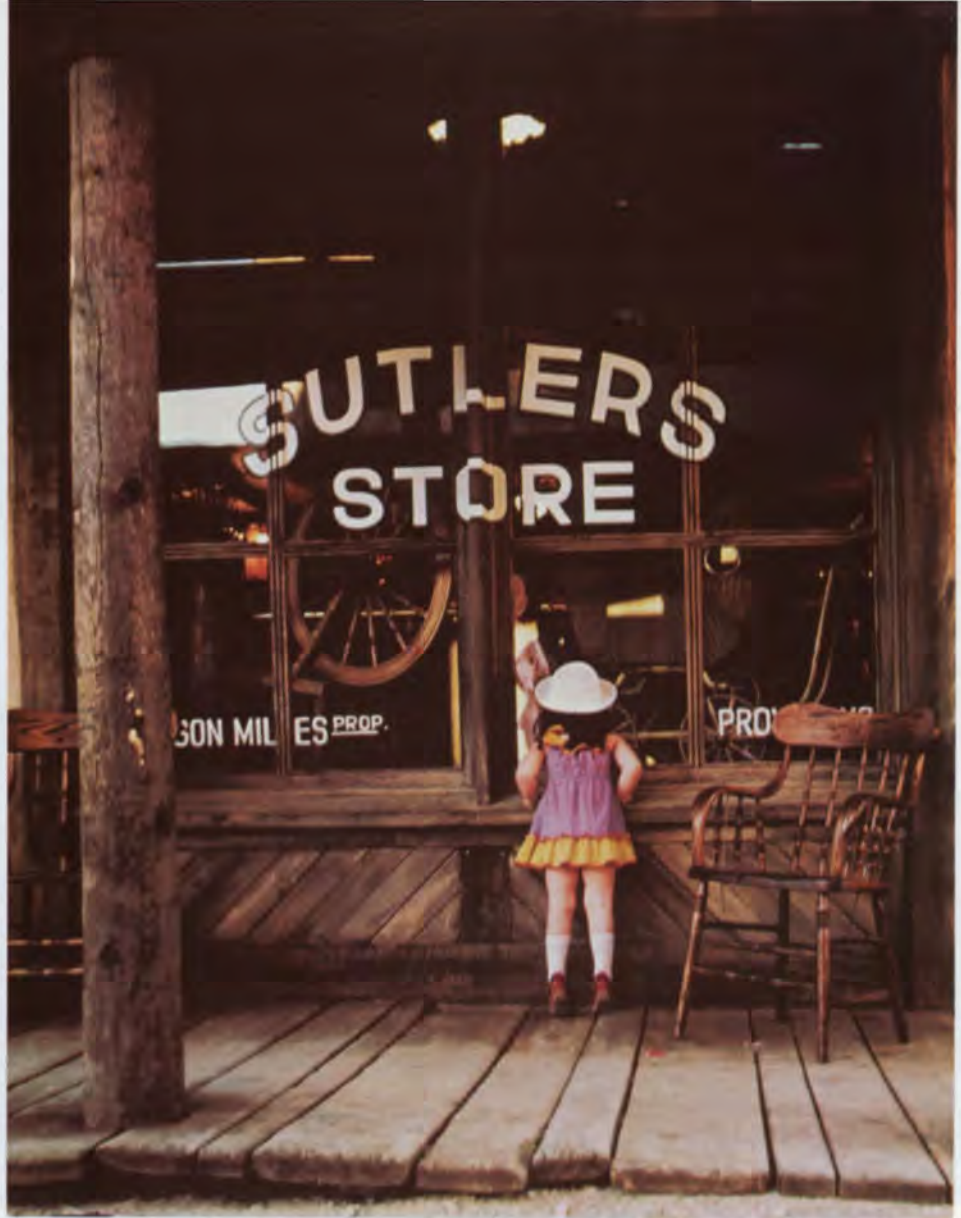
The occasion was "Nevada 80," the Northeastern Nevada Museum's sixth annual statewide photo competition and touring exhibition, headed by museum director Howard Hickson. From the works of 102 photographers, and after seven hours of deliberation among the judges, 86 prints were selected for display and 121 35mm transparencies were chosen for the slide show.

Each judge may have appreciated a slightly different Nevada viewpoint, a different "eye," but the end result, as Hickson puts it in his usual civilized fashion, "is a quality blending of art and photography"

It was from this blend that Hickson has produced the traveling automated slide show and museum staff members Karen Walther, Claudia Riordan and Cindy Paul have assembled and coordinated the print exhibit.

The jury for the Nevada 80 contest included Roche Bush, an Elko photography instructor and freelancer; Howard Hickson, who is a professional artist and photographer as well as museum director; and Caroline J. Hadley, professional photographer and editor of Nevada Magazine.

"Virginia City Church"
Best of Show, B&W
Chad Smith, Elko



"Window Shopping" at Henderson's Westworld
Second, Color Print
Jane Noland, Las Vegas

NEVADA'S 1980 TRAVELING PHOTOGRAPHY SHOW

Following its home-town showing in March, the traveling slide-and-sound show of Elko's Northeastern Nevada Museum will visit 10 more Nevada towns this year. You can see the show at the following locations:

Carson City, April 9-May 19, Nevada State Museum, 600 North Carson Street

Sparks, May 28-June 9, Sparks Branch, Washoe County Library, 1125 Twelfth Street

Sparks, June 12-15, Photographic Society of America Convention, Nugget Convention Center.

Reno, June 18-July 7, Washoe County Library, 301 South Center Street

Incline Village, July 16-30, Incline Branch, Washoe County Library, 826 Tahoe Boulevard

Genoa, August 8-22, Courthouse Museum

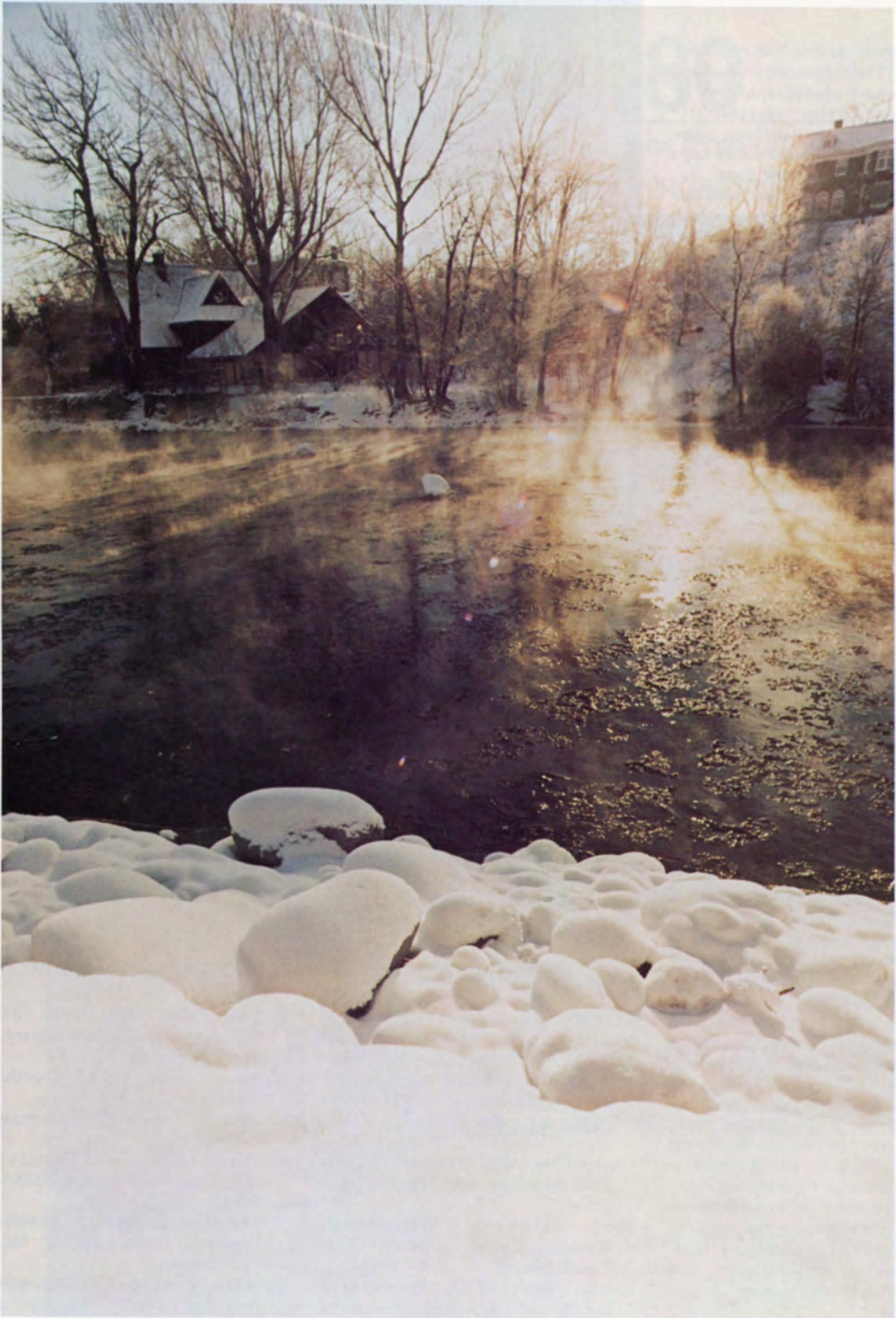
Overton, September 3-17, Community Center

Las Vegas, September 26-October 13, Las Vegas Art Museum, 3333 West Washington

Winnemucca, October 21-November 5, Humboldt County Library, 85 East Fifth Street

Lovelock, November 14-December 1, Pershing County Library, 1125 Central Avenue

Ely, December 10-29, White Pine County Library, Courthouse Plaza



"Sun and Ice"
Best of Show, Color Print
Don Costar, Reno



**"Catching Horses" at I-L Ranch
Third, Color Print
Jerald Pardue, Tuscarora**



**"Yerington Cemetery"
Best of Show, Color Slide
Gerald Bartholomew,
Carson City**



"Tower Power" northeast of Lovelock
First, Color Print
John Jepson, Hailey, Idaho



**"Not Forgotten" near Sand Mountain
First, B&W
Harry Upson, Jr., Reno**



**"Katie Dressler" in Carson Valley
Third, B&W
James Lawrence, Gardnerville**

**"Ascent," Singing Mountain
Second, B&W
James Lawrence, Gardnerville**



**"Indecision" on Lamoille Hwy.
Merit, B&W
Chad Smith, Elko**



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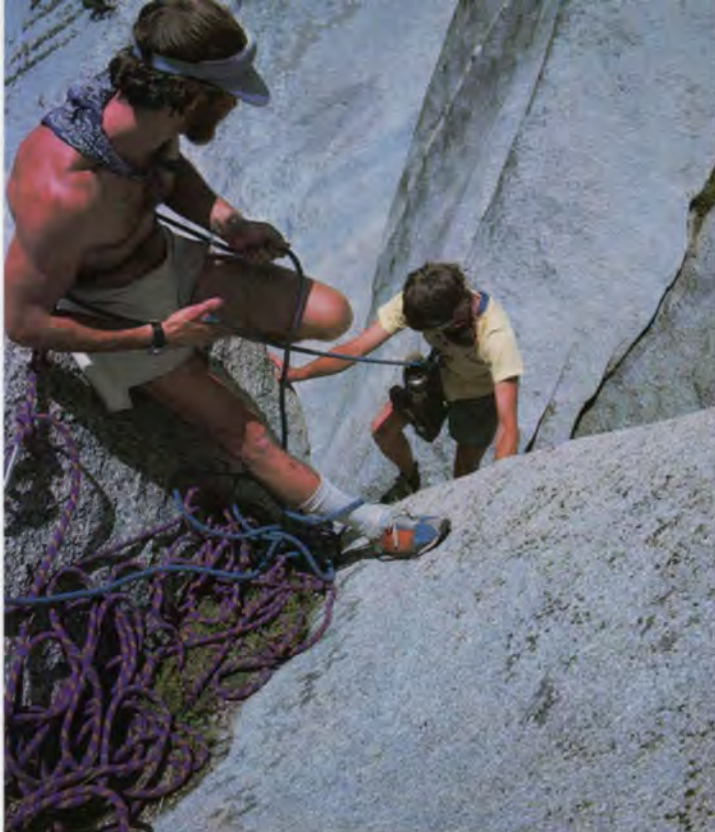
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Cliffhangers

A tale of climbers, towers and high adventure in a hidden Nevada mountain range. By Alvin McLane





Previous page: three triumphant climbers stand on Cap Rock. From left: a short, difficult climb above the creek head, a view from the window, and Paul's descent of the East Tower.



Leaning into the cold, tearing wind, Reggie Donatelli and I fought upward against exposure and fatigue. At dusk we completed the first ascent of an incredible 1,100-foot granite cliff. Then darkness caught us on the exposed pinnacle.

We worked down the backside of the cliff on ropes. Suddenly, I stopped short. The ropes had been flung down for another rappel, but my headlamp revealed only the black of night below.

Cold and zombi-like, I cautiously started the rappel, sliding down the rope in the screeching wind. At last I could see that the rope touched the ground far below. Free as a nighthawk on wing, I bounded down to firm earth and yelled for Reggie to follow. Descending, he was an inspiring sight—a tiny spider on a thread dropping out of a black sky.

That was my first encounter of the adventurous kind in the Wild Granites, in early April ten years ago.

Being somewhat lucky, my work as a professional explorer has taken me over much of the diversified Nevada landscape. With a companion or two and sometimes alone, I have climbed untrodden towers, discovered virgin caves, and on one trip in eastern Nevada

found the largest known Great Basin bristlecone pine tree.

Once in a while we find a place that is our secret. The Wild Granites are such a spot. Only a few friends have been there with me.

On a recent trip we went there not to perform on the walls but to ascend some of the area's magnificent towers. With me was my son, Aaron McLane, and two of the Reno area's finest climbers, Karl Hammer and Paul Bancroft. With such talent, a fine climbing trip was assured.

The journey to the Wild Granites covered several hundred highway miles and a few more on a bouncy dirt road. Heading into the range we passed an Indian grave; above the mound rose a steep slope crowned by a forest of pinyon pines. We veered toward the creek. There, low-lying rock slabs form a path leading through massive walls to a beautiful granite-towered basin beyond. The creek has sculpted a miniature gorge through the slabs complete with cascades and plunge pools. Even though it was a very warm July day, only Karl had the desire to take the chilly plunge.

In the dry granitic soil of the basin we found mossy nooks and many wildflowers. The sego lily, Utah's state

flower, was in glorious abundance. At nearly three inches across, the flowers were the largest of their kind I have ever seen. We dumped our loads for the night's camp under a pinyon tree by a huge granite boulder, complete with bounding brook.

Hiking upward with light climbing gear in the midday sun, we passed more cascades on the creek. Then we attached our climbing gear and ascended a deep, two-pitch chimney, a narrow cleft in the rock. On the ridge we wandered across granite ledges into a small basin with stream and meadow. It was a pristine setting. The grass waved tall while red columbine and monkey flowers swayed in the breeze.

Immediately above us bristled the Towers of the Flame. From our camp below, the most conspicuous of the four pinnacles looked like a candle flame. Its shape lets one climb into notches and to the head of gullies so that the actual technical climbing is only a few dozen feet. In a wild, spectacular setting at 9,200 feet, the peaks are dramatic objectives.

The North Tower was a relatively

About 1,400 feet above camp we passed through the Notch, and before us was a high tower capped by a boulder the size of a house.

easy climb up a traversing crack. Buffeted by a strong south wind on the summit, I had that old feeling of vertigo.

The East Tower is half of a huge stone block perched on an isolated platform. The other part had broken away in the recent past and now lies shattered far below. Karl found a way up the freshly cleaved side of the tower. A mighty stretch and a pull on to the overhanging rim accomplished the hardest part of the climb.

Lowest of the four towers, The Flame offered a superb climb up its north face. Like the others, the top presented views of the sweeping rock gulf at our feet and of the powerful granite walls to the south.

We traversed ledges to the West Tower and encountered a strenuous exercise in leg stretching (stemming) before reaching the top. At sunset we started our descent, and a faint orange glow brushed the landscape. Lower down we found a rock window to walk through. Our descent had brought us into the timber pine zone. Here, one tree that had fallen centuries ago was four feet in diameter.

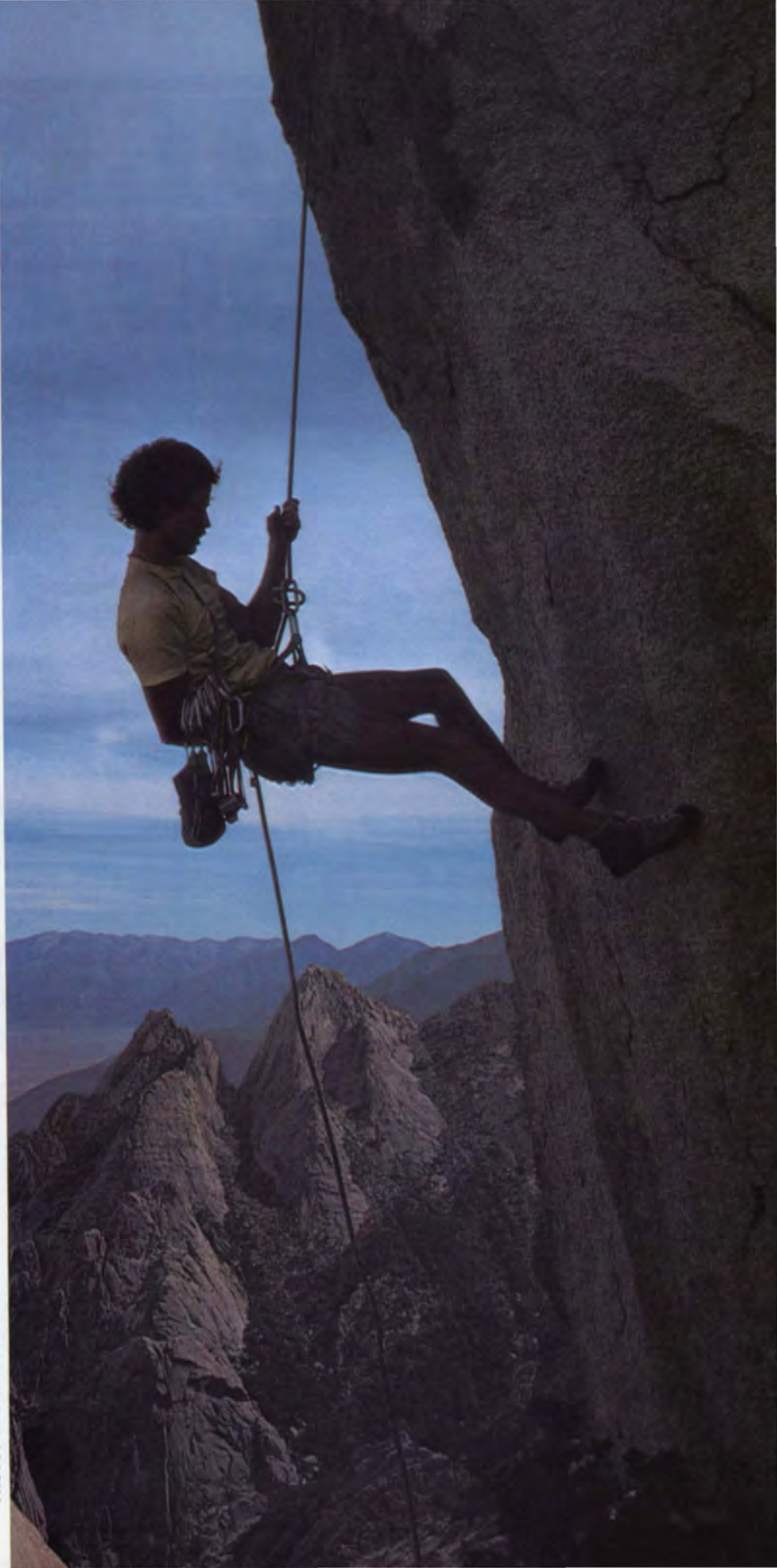
That night the sky was full of stars, and we watched the full moon silhouette the ragged granite wall to the south as we turned in.

The next day was sparkling. We lifted the packs and crossed our small bouncing stream, passing through another window that framed some of the most incredible rock walls in the country. About 1,400 feet above camp we passed through a slit we called The Notch. A remarkable scene unfolded of the rough range to the south and deep valley below.

Before us was a high tower capped by a boulder the size of a house. Two friends and I had climbed Cap Rock a few years ago. Now we decided to make another ascent. We moved into a cool, deep crack and chimneyed up. On the last block, Paul led our party up a tough overhanging crack, accomplishing the most difficult climbing move ever made in the area.

After enjoying the views from this improbable tower, we roped down the chimney, swinging under fantastic walls as we descended into the valley. Back at the car we threw down our packs and washed away our fatigue with the cool water of the creek. Pulling cold cans of beer and soda pop from the ice cooler, the four of us felt tired and terrific as we leaned against the car's dusty fenders and toasted the towers of the Wild Granites. □

PHOTOS BY ALVIN McLANE



BAILLING OUT

Secession as the sane alternative.

By William Jeanes



If you live in the State of Nevada and have not considered seceding from the Union, you may be missing out on one of the great opportunities to be found in this land of dwindling frontiers and parasitic civil servants. Although the act of taking leave of one's fellow states represents the leading edge of radicalism, the move offers such a plethora of excitement and material gain that it must not lie unconsidered as an alternative to membership in the United States of America. Nevada, as a separate political entity, owns qualifications that make her uniquely qualified to take her place in the family of nations as just that a nation. Among other things, Nevada

boasts the world's finest climate for the growing of turnips, and is considered by sportsmen the world over to offer the finest ground hog hunting in the Western Hemisphere.

The first steps toward secession should be neither tentative nor precipitate. There is no point in trying to fool Washington (D.C.), but there's even less to be gained from making them unduly angry back there along the Potomac. When the 13 states of the Confederacy seceded in 1860, they made the dreadful error of firing on Fort Sumter just because it was a Federal military installation and just because it sat in the middle of Charleston's harbor.

Fortunately, such extreme measures are unnecessary in today's political climate. Getting the U.S. Government out of the Nevada Test Site, Nellis Air Force Base and the Indian Springs Gunnery Range can be as easy as falling out of a federation. All it requires is that we job in Jane Fonda from the Coast, Joan Baez from Boston, and Yoko Ono and John Lennon from New York and pay them to stage anti-nuclear demonstrations against the Department of Energy's nuclear testing facility. The Feds will disappear in no time, assuming the demonstrations receive proper coverage from network television affiliates in Las Vegas and Reno. Once the military

installations are in the hands of the Nevada National Guard, the dangerous part of the process is over even before actual secession proceedings have begun.

The disposition of a great many other pieces of Federal property must also be seen to, but thanks to the examples set for us by Venezuela and Saudi Arabia the answer is simple: Nationalize

HELP WANTED

BE A BORDER GUARD. Here's your chance to get back at all those odd people from the U.S.A. Applicants must be between the ages of 18 and 26, own their own shotguns, and present a threatening appearance. Pay is low but there's big money in confiscated luggage. Write: Border Guards, Box C, Barbed Wire, Nevada.

CUSTOMS OFFICIALS NEEDED: Secession has made it necessary to form a Customs Service. The successful applicant will be familiar with such customs as totem worship, mound building, polygamy, others. Folk dancing expertise a plus. Write to CUSTOMS, Box 9, Barbaric, Nevada.

FOUND IN OLD WAREHOUSE: When we bought out the old missile factory left over from Nevada's days as a part of the U.S., guess what we found! Hundreds and hundreds of obsolete missiles. They make nifty water tanks, silos, culverts, or just keep one around the place for a conversation piece. Some glow in the dark! Will sell to the highest bidders. Send your bid today to: BOMBS AWAY, 235 Uranium Street, Fonda, Nevada.

LEARN CALIFORNIAN: Now you can speak a foreign language in just 12 days. Our 24-lesson plan will have you saying things like "get your head together," "for sure," and "hot tub" in no time at all. Send \$50 to SAY, MAN, Box 20, Linguistic, Calif.

NOTICE: Last 10 days for resident aliens to file for Nevada citizenship. Ex-Californians need not apply.

SAGEBRUSH REBELLION REUNION will be held at the Travelodge ballroom in Elko on November 30th. Because most veterans of this conflict are no longer living, roll will not be taken. Free sangria and onion dip.

Help your new government get on its feet. Send all your old shoes to NEW BUREAUCRATS, Capitol Building, Carson City, Nevada.

" Nationalize, nationalize.
let no one else's stuff evade your eyes.
But always remember to call it
Self-Determination." *

There seems little likelihood that anyone in Washington will become homicidally upset at the nationalization of such former U.S. treasures as the Charles Sheldon National Antelope Range, the Lehman Caves National Monument, and the Nevada portion of the Lake Mead National Recreation Area. There may, however, be a bit of quibbling over the Naval Air Station at

want to secede too, once he sees things are going well and that secession is a success in the opinion polls. He would surely be followed by Oregon and Washington, and before we knew what hit us we'd be under fire from all four branches of the Armed Forces. Thus, the need for discretion on the part of the legislature is obvious. *No one must know that Nevada is seceding until it's too late for me-tooism.*

Secrecy can best be maintained in an election year. With the 1980 bloodletting on the horizon, the last thing that will please Jimmy Carter is having one of his 50 states take a walk.



Fallon or the Hawthorne Army Ammunition Plant. But since our government has a long record of appreciation for self-determination, these disputes can be held to a gentlemanly level by exercising restraint and common sense. But we're getting a bit ahead of ourselves. Nationalization measures can only be instituted after the actual secession process is complete.

Passing an Ordinance of Secession can be done with ease. After all, 13 states have done it before. The trick is to do it without causing a war, say the experts. I say that there is no risk whatsoever of war if Nevada secedes by herself. Even in 1860, the Federal Government would have looked every inch the ninny if no one but South Carolina had seceded and the Union troops had marched in force on the Palmetto State. Only secession in quantity can cause serious difficulty, something to be avoided at all costs and a clear and present danger in Nevada's case. There's every chance that next-door neighbor Jerry Brown will

He simply cannot afford any more controversy. The secession bill should therefore not be introduced until the Democratic Convention gets underway. Then, by skillful negotiating with Nevada's electoral votes, the secession can be hushed up until after the candidate is nominated. With a big election to fight, Carter won't have time to worry about a small-population state dropping out of the Union, and the Republicans will have just one fewer state to worry about losing in the unlikely event they uncover the plot.

Once the legal niceties are out of the way, nationalization activities can get underway, together with programs designed to insure the future well-being of the nation of Nevada and her citizens. Among the first moves should be the establishment of diplomatic relations with all of the OPEC nations. Not only will this facilitate the flow of Arab oil money into the state across the green felt tables of Nevada's casinos, it will also enable Nevada to import enough crude oil to keep the all-important tourism

* With apologies to Tom Lehrer.

(Continued on page 62)



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Will James & a horse called Happy

By Anthony Amaral

A few months after the close of World War I, a lean and taciturn cowboy came to the town of Reno, Nevada. His name was Will James, and he had ridden a meandering route from the desert country of southern Nevada. His name, back then, didn't attract any public attention. Cowboys from Nevada and Montana, however, knew him for his habit of drawing pictures of bucking horses and ranch scenes and pasting them to the walls of line shacks and bunkhouses.

When Will came to Reno he was just another drifting cowboy broke and out of a job. His future as the author and illustrator of *Smoky*, the classic story of a cow pony and 15 other books of the range country had not yet become top card in his deck. But grazing in a pasture outside Reno was a black gelding named Happy. He was a bronc, and his role was to change the course of the young cowboy's life.

One reason for Will coming to Reno was to join his two buddies, Fred Conradt and Elmer Freel. This trio had worked often together followed the rodeo circuit, chased wild horses and whooped it up. They called themselves the "111s" (one-elevens). If you're a fan of Will James, you have noticed a quick scratching of "111" on his early drawings beneath the signature. That was the brand of Reno's "Three Mesquiteers." It represented a pact that whoever one day owned a ranch would invite the other two to live and work there. Will James would be that ranch owner and he kept his word.

Reno was a good base for the 111s since Fred's family lived there and Elmer and Will always found a welcoming hand from Fred's mother and sisters. The pleasure of home cooked meals with the Conradts was another

incentive. Also, Fred was always sneaking in Will's laundry for the Conradt sisters to wash. One sister Alice, later married Will.

None of the 111s had a job, and the slack season on the ranches dimmed any hopes for stock work. Fred, however, had three broncs that he rented to rodeos. The boys decided to stage bucking horse shows in the local area and take up collections afterwards. It was a silly idea in many ways, but as Alice recalls, the 111s were a pretty silly bunch at times.

The three broncs were named Hell-Morgan, Soleray and Happy the last so named because he looked anything but happy. The 111s talked over who was to get which horse. Will shied away from Hell-Morgan. That horse, used in the Reno rodeo a few weeks before, had done a fair job of tossing his riders, and Will had hinted to his partners that he was avoiding any more rough horses. So he selected

Happy while Fred drew Hell-Morgan and Elmer, Soleray.

Will and Elmer wanted to get the feel of their horses before trailing them to areas where they were likely to gather an audience. Along tagged Fred's brother, Gus, to take pictures for a publicity poster.

Fred ran the horses into the corral. Will roped Happy and started to throw on the saddle.

When Will described the event years later he admitted that he should have known better than to use that saddle. Ready to stay off rough horses, he had purchased a roping saddle after his army discharge. It was a saddle hardly adequate for bronc riding.

"The boys," said Will, "used to kid me about the cantle, saying all it was good for was to keep a feller from setting down."

Actually it wasn't the cantle that caused Will some second thoughts. It was a pair of 26-inch tapaderos that

Will James holds on tight as Happy bucks high in the artist's self-portrait of the bronc bustin' ride that changed his life.



hung from the stirrups, along with a hunch that told him he should remove them. But the hunch wasn't strong enough. Besides, Fred had said that Happy was only an average bucking horse and considered him easy pickings for Will. What they failed to consider was that Happy hadn't been ridden for nearly three months and had a lot of time, as James later wrote, "to stack up on orneriness."

While Fred eared Happy down, Will slipped into the saddle and settled himself firmly. He signaled his partner to let go of Happy's ears. Immediately the horse leaped into a staccato of pile driving jolts. It was a hard series of bucks, but Will followed the rhythm and figured that Happy would be a breeze to ride.

Maybe Happy sensed Will's overconfidence, for at that moment he shuffled to a stop and bowed his neck. Instead of making a hard, forward jump as Will expected, Happy went up and whirled in a backward spin. That black horse had thrown Will's timing, and the saddle wasn't any help either. In one of Happy's spins, Will lost his left stirrup. He reached for the saddlehorn (since this wasn't a public display he saw no need to take a fall unnecessarily) while his foot fished for the stirrup, but the tapadero was swinging the stirrup like a kite.

Will knew he was putting on a bum ride, but he stuck to Happy as best he could. The horse floated from hard jolts to easy crow hops, and Will thought Happy was about ready to run. Heavy timber lay ahead, so Will decided it was a good time to hop off just in case Happy planned to clear the timber out of his way. Will braced and prepared to swing his right leg over the saddle and slide off. His left foot was still out of the stirrup. Then Will spied the railroad tracks flashing in the sunlight and decided to settle back until Happy had detoured away from them.

It happened mighty quick. When Will began to ease out of the saddle, Happy maneuvered out of his crow hopping and leaped into a succession of stiff-legged bucks—hard for a man who was halfway off his horse. The last jolt tossed Will into the air. He landed between the railroad tracks, and his head hit one of the rails. That was all he remembered.

A doctor spent 30 minutes patching the torn scalp and bandaging Will's head while he was unconscious. When he awoke, Fred and Elmer helped him to stand. As they steadied him, Will



The Three Mesquiteers in Reno: Elmer Freel, Will James and Fred Conrad. They made a pledge to share each other's good fortune.

began to sing, "Oh Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie." There was a broad but sheepish grin on his face, and one of the spectators commented, "He's out of his head." Will looked at the man and answered, "You'd be out of your head too if you tried to bend a railroad track with it."

The 111s went back to riding after the accident since Will claimed he was all right. Years later, however the injury would trouble him with severe headaches. Happy was the last bucking horse Will ever rode.

Happy had shuffled a new card to the top of Will's deck. Next to horses, drawing was always something that had been part of him, and it was time to test his skills.

And that is what Will did, heading first to California where he sold vignettes of the cow country to *Sunset Magazine*. Less than a decade later he was an international name as *the* writer of the West.

"I'd like to see Happy again," Will commented in one of his books. "And I'd like to touch his black hide in a sort of a handshake from one artist to another. So if I'm to be thankful, Happy is the one who'd get the first thanks."

Anthony Amaral's biography of "Will James, the Last Cowboy Legend," was published recently by the University of Nevada Press, Reno, NV 89557

LETTERS

(Continued from page 5)

was supplied via the steam lines. Still it was fine article, tho I have to chuckle since we had similar experience on Sherman Hill on the UP (the Air Force ended up dropping food to us) but no one ever mentions that train. It took us two weeks to get from Chicago to Las Vegas, and to our horror, three days after we arrived it snowed!

Dick Shayne
KVEG News
Las Vegas, NV.

The points about the pass and the gas are well-founded, says Shipler, and contradict on-the-scene accounts like those in The New York Times. It appears that the train had passed the pass as shown in Dr. Harris' records. Shayne is right about the couplings, but the fumes were real. Harry Van Dover, chief clerk at SP's Sparks yard, recalls that passengers were overcome by exhaust fumes from motors powered by butane, which served the diner and possibly the heating system then. Fumes were forced into the cars since the train was so tightly packed by snowdrifts.—Ed.

OBJECTIVE PRAISE

The article on Joe M. Sarasua, "Basque Hotelkeeper," was very truthful and told his story as he lived it. Thank you for a lovely human interest story.

Anita Sarasua
(Joe's wife of 22 years)
Elko, NV.

NEVADA THREAT TO OREGON

Because of Nevada's instigation of the Sagebrush Rebellion, I regretfully request my subscription to Nevada Magazine be canceled. The state's actions threaten my job and very way of life. Our wonderful federal forest and rangelands belong to everyone, not just Nevada, and I resent the state's efforts to greedily grab these lands for itself.

Worse yet, the state proposes that other western states should be land-grabbers too, and deprive Americans of the land which belongs to all. I treasure my federal lands here in Oregon; Nevada should mind its own business.

Since Nevada is published by the State of Nevada, it has apparently become the Magazine of the Greedy West. I am very disappointed with the State of Nevada, though I enjoyed Nevada Magazine.

Richard Holoch
Bend, OR.

ERRATA

I read with great interest David Moore's article, "Some Like It Hot" (Mar/Apr '80), but was disappointed that Mr. Moore's homework was not a little better.

I refer to the paragraph on Darrough Hot Springs. If Mr. Moore had checked the mail box he mentions in his article, he would have gotten the correct spelling. As a member of this pioneer Nevada family, I am always pleased to see the family name in print, but only if it is spelled correctly.

Adelle Darrough Eicher
Las Vegas, NV.

(Continued on page 61)

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Photographs by David Muench

Muench's Gallery

Wafting light from a spectacular desert sunset captures the feeling of loneliness in the ghost town of Rhyolite.

A stone and mortar shell near the quiet corner of Broadway and Golden, is all that remains of the John S. Cook bank building, one of four banks that served the once bustling camp of 5,000 people. But in the here today, gone tomorrow cycle of Nevada mining towns, Rhyolite survived only 16 years, from 1905-1920.

Located northeast of Death Valley in the Armagosa Desert, Rhyolite is popular with tourists intrigued by its bottle house constructed of 51,000 quart liquor bottles, and with photographers who know they can tell the boom-to-bust history of another era with one snap of the lens.— AH

David Muench enjoys showing what he calls "the spirit of the land, a spirit of place" in his work. Muench, one of the Southwest's great landscape photographers, presents selections from his Nevada portfolio in each issue.



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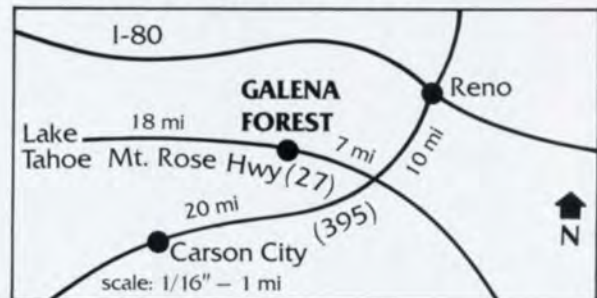
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Tonopah's Famous Town Party

Because of the grim nature of life in the desert, Nevada has always been a great state for parties. In this unforgiving environment, a good time is an experience to treasure.

Consequently, almost every community in the state throws itself at least one famous town party a year—Elko's Basque Festival, Helldorado in Las Vegas, Dayton's Santa Maria Day are the first examples that leap to mind. There are dozens more. And Tonopah's Jim Butler Days shows some sign of becoming the premiere celebration of all.

Jim Butler is the man who discovered Tonopah in May 1900, and the Memorial Day weekend party thrown in his honor is a marathon of dances, drinks and

mining camp contests. The action is spread through Friday, Saturday and Sunday, and Monday is devoted largely to rest and recuperation.

Each year the celebration begins with a Friday night street dance that condenses north-south traffic through town into two narrow lanes between the couples that sway and boogie as they swarm across the pavement.

The great parade begins the Saturday schedule, and beforehand last year the Mizpah Hotel was jammed with revelers seeking rejuvenation. Numerous whiskey glasses were in evidence that morning as many of those at breakfast had been running and playing all night long. Waitresses scurried between the tables serving first aid with platters of hot cakes and caldrons of coffee.

The parade itself was as always a masterpiece of hometown nostalgia:

- **Mint 400**
- **Las Vegas Diamond Jubilee**
- **Basque Feats & Feasts**
- **Minden's Summer Olympics**
- **Virginia City Grand Prix**
- **Nevada Rockhound Rendezvous**
- **Ely Golf Meet**
- **Elko's Western Days**



There's usually as much frolic as fun in Tonopah's biggest parade.

pretty girls and fire trucks, fluttering flags and the high school band blaring and tootling in spirited performance as they marched downhill through town.

The delightful procession had barely passed by when horseshoe pitchers began two days of chunking their spinning silver shoes back and forth across the vacant lot on Main Street opposite the Mizpah. Between ringers, there was time on both Saturday and Sunday to watch sky divers descending on the Old Depot and meander through the art show and craft fair before taking in the mining events.

Mucking and drilling contests have been a part of the celebration since 1970, and last year a couple of new touches were added. On Sunday there was an all-comers arm wrestling competition that drew several hundred spectators to the convention center as men and women contestants strained and sweated. Most of the matches were decided in the first

moment, but a few unscientific contestants struggled back and forth as the crowd howled its joy.

Before the prospector's dance and liar's contest on Saturday and the western dance Sunday, there were convenient breaks for strolling through Tonopah's interesting neighborhoods or taking refreshment at one of the bars.

At the Rex Club that Saturday the inner recesses of the bar were deep, dark and silent. There were drinkers slumped over the bar back there who hadn't stirred for days. Nearer the front, along the bar and around the pool tables there was a gathering of what looked like the bloodthirstiest gang of thugs and cutthroats since Blackbeard flew the Jolly Roger.

At one point toward late afternoon, when the kids had finally quit pelting one another with water balloons, a couple of tourists stood timidly on the sidewalk outside gazing in rapt horror at the swirl of bodies in the smoky interior. They wanted liquor, but they were

(Continued on page 51)



Lovelock's first Fourth of July celebration in 1898 featured 40 local youngsters waving the flags of 40 states. The patriotic day was organized by Walter Davis (top row, left), whose two daughters were in the front row: Nellie (far left) and Ruth (fifth from right). Ruth held the Rhode Island flag—the smallest state for the smallest child.

Basque Feats & Feasts

The Basque festival is a time of joy, pride and sharing. For western Basques it's a chance for bilingual conversation, to see which dancer's feet are fastest, whose back is strongest.

"The festivals emerged out of the old Basque picnics," says Nevada Basque Robert Laxalt. "They have gone public because it came into this ethnic age where folklore became very popular. These events draw Basques from all over hell and a whole lot of white people too!"

Each summer Basque clubs bring bands, dancers and strongmen to Nevada festivals. Music is by txistu (three-holed

flute), accordian and drum, and the melodies are the same as those heard in the villages of the high Pyrenees. Dances are either glorious or somber, and dancers dress in traditional colors of red, black, white and green. Contests feature weight lifting, weight carrying, stone dragging, handball and wood chopping. Basques do not wish to be quickest or fastest; they'd rather be strongest.

Even though 20,000 people may show up at a single event, there is rarely any trouble or fighting. "Basque festivals are a good time thing," says Laxalt, "where they drink that loving wine instead of that fighting whiskey."



DICK SNYDER PHOTO

Winnemucca's festival is the first of the summer, taking place June 21-22. The celebration begins at noon Saturday with a parade down Winnemucca Boulevard to the rodeo grounds, where everyone gathers for games, contests and dance exhibitions. You'll find the action that evening just as colorful and high spirited, especially at the town's Basque hotels and dinner houses—the Winnemucca Hotel, the Martin and Ormachea's.

An open air Mass is celebrated late morning Sunday at City Park, and then the great Basque feast begins: steak and lamb stew, beans, salads, bread and wine. It's \$7 adults and \$3 children, and be sure to bring your own utensils. More contests and dancing complete the afternoon. For further information call 702-623-2225.

On the weekend of July 5-6, Elko Basques throw the biggest festival in Nevada. It has the same basic schedule as Winnemucca's, with a variety of contests, dancing, an exciting handball tournament and a Sunday barbecue. Festivities start at 10 a.m. Saturday with the annual parade down Main Street to the fairgrounds. Sunday's contests are held at City Park. Near the park is the Northeastern Nevada Museum, which has an excellent Basque exhibit.

Coming up later this summer are Ely's festival, July 19-20, and Reno's, August 8-9. Each of the four festivals can draw a whale of a crowd, so you may want to call ahead for hotel or campground reservations. □

WHERE TO GET AWAY ON INDEPENDENCE DAY

This year you won't have to celebrate our country's independence from King George in one measly day. The Fourth of July lands on a Friday in 1980, and for many folks that means a three-day summer holiday.

Sixteen Nevada towns are planning Independence Day festivities for Friday the fourth. They range from fireworks in Las Vegas and Reno to busy schedules of parades, contests and barbecues in Austin and Eureka. The National Basque Festival in Elko takes place on the weekend, and on Saturday Virginia City hosts a Nevada-California firemen's contest.



Here is a town-by-town rundown of July Fourth activities:

- Austin:** parade, egg throwing, dunk tank and dirt bike races, Main Street; July 5: fire department dance, Firehouse
- Battle Mountain:** parade, food booths, BBQ, races, dance and fireworks, Lion's Club Park
- Boulder City:** parade, food booths, softball games, contests, band and fireworks, City Park
- Caliente:** parade, motorcycle races, ball games, picnic and fireworks, City Park
- Carson City:** parade, food booths, games, fair and fireworks, Mills Park
- Elko:** fireworks; July 5-6: parade, Basque Festival, chorizos, contests of strength and skill, dance, City Park and fairgrounds
- Ely:** parade, races, watermelon eating, demolition derby and fireworks, fairgrounds
- Eureka:** parade, games, contests, potluck picnic and fireworks, City Park
- Fernley:** parade, games, contests, BBQ and old time fair at the out-of-town park
- Henderson:** fireworks at Morrell Park
- Jackpot:** games, contests, BBQ and fireworks at Cactus Pete's
- Las Vegas:** fireworks at the Silver Bowl
- Lovelock:** children's parade, contests, BBQ and fireworks at City Park
- Reno:** fireworks at MGM
- Tonopah:** children's parade, egg rolling contest, baseball games, BBQ and fireworks at the football field
- Virginia City:** parade at 1 p.m., followed by a concours d' elegance of old-time fire carts and engines at Miners Park; July 5: Fireman's Muster at 11 a.m. with hose cart races, hand and motor pump contests and bucket brigades

The Complete Nevada Calendar

Nevada's cities and cowtowns dust off the sidewalks and hitching posts and turn on the neon for 135 great summer events. By Ann Henderson & Betty Govorchin

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

MAY

- \$100,000 Mint 400 Off-Road Auto Race,** 1-4, 400-mile off-road race, starting line Las Vegas Speedrome, Las Vegas, info 702-385-7440
- "Pippin,"** 1-11, comedy, Judy Bayley Theatre, UNLV, Las Vegas, info 702-739-3641
- Bolognini Concert,** 3, Ham Hall, 8pm, UNLV, Las Vegas
- Jazz Ensemble Spring Concert,** 4, Ham Hall, 2pm, UNLV, Las Vegas
- National AAU Boxing Tournament,** 4-11, teams from all over U.S., Sports Pavilion, Caesars Palace, Las Vegas, ticket info 702-731-7890
- UNLV Band and Wind Ensemble,** 6, Ham Hall, Las Vegas, info 702-739-3332
- "Mr. Klein,"** 7, French film thriller, 7:30, Red Rock Theatre, Las Vegas
- "The Last of the Red Hot Lovers,"** 7-17, Neil Simon comedy, Meadows Playhouse, Las Vegas, info 702-739-7525
- Merv Griffin Show,** 9-13, TV taping, 2:30-4:30, free admission, no reservations, Caesars Palace, Las Vegas
- Helldorado Days,** 9-18, Las Vegas, daily: carnival, BBQ, village bar, 11am, Convention Ctr.; 10: parade, 9am; 10-11: \$100,000 Black Velvet bareback, saddle & bull riding tournament, 8pm, Convention

Ctr.; 11: Adult Western Art Show, noon, Elks Lodge; 14-18: Helldorado Rodeo, 8pm, Convention Ctr.

Diamond Jubilee Celebration, 15, Las Vegas' 75th Anniversary. Hot air balloon demonstration, 4pm, Union Pacific train yard; steam locomotive #8333 chugs into north U.P. parking lot with VIPs, 4:30pm; dedication of historic marker at Main & Ogden, 4:45; reenactment of the 1905 auction of 1200 town lots, 5pm; evening street dance, Fremont St., followed by fireworks display at Union Plaza, 8pm, info 702-386-6011

Nevada State Ceramic Show, 15-18, Convention Ctr., Las Vegas, info 702-733-2332

"All Quiet on the Western Front," 18, film classic, Flamingo Library, Las Vegas

Professional Music Teachers Student Recital, 24, Ham Hall, Las Vegas, info 702-458-4503

World Wide Flea Market, 25, Convention Ctr., 9-6, Las Vegas

\$150,000 Sahara Summer Blackjack Classic, 27-30, Sahara Hotel, Las Vegas, info 702-737-2111

Eugene Ormandy & the Philadelphia Orchestra, 30, Ham Hall, 8pm, UNLV, Las Vegas

European Style Flea Market, 31, Convention Ctr., 9-6, Las Vegas

JUNE

"Blithe Spirit," 3-28, comedy, Meadows Playhouse, Las Vegas, info 702-739-7525

Home Improvement Show, 5-8, Convention Ctr., Las Vegas

Las Vegas Jubilee

Pointing out that something glitters in Las Vegas is like saying you've added a drop of water to Lake Mead. But this year's Helldorado celebration contains a gem worth noting in all that cowboy hoopla. It's Las Vegas' 75th birthday on May 15, and to celebrate there'll be hot air balloons, a steam engine, and a reenactment of the 1905 auction in which foresighted pioneers bought up Las Vegas real estate. Then revelers will dance in the streets and watch fireworks shoot out of the Union Plaza. The Diamond Jubilee takes place in Glitter Gulch starting at 4 p.m.



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

- European Style Flea Market**, 8, Convention Ctr., 9-6, Las Vegas
- Orient Express, International Folk Dance Festival**, 13-14, Convention Ctr., all day, Las Vegas
- China Painters Convention**, 14-15, display of paintings on chinaware, Convention Ctr., Las Vegas, info 702-876-5300
- International Festival**, 15, ethnic food, dance and displays, Convention Ctr., Las Vegas, info 702-733-2323
- Town & Country Flea Market**, 15, Convention Ctr., 9-6, Las Vegas
- "The Searchers,"** 15, John Wayne western, Flamingo Library, Las Vegas
- "You Can't Take it With You,"** 19-30, light comedy, Reed Whipple Cultural Ctr., Las Vegas, info 702-385-7225
- Gin Rummy Tournament**, 22-25, Union Plaza, 10am, Las Vegas, info 702-386-2110
- World Wide Flea Market**, 29, Convention Ctr., Las Vegas

MINDEN'S SUMMER OLYMPICS

If you like to tug or chug, you may go down in the record books during Minden and Gardnerville's Carson Valley Days on June 14-15. The annual celebration includes a great tug-of-war, beer drink-off, parade, rodeo, dance, art show and fire department water fights. There's also a noon barbecue on Saturday and a 7 a.m. breakfast Sunday. A sad note for chug-a-lug participants: due to the enthusiasm of last year's guzzlers, the sponsoring 20-30 Club will charge a \$2 entry fee for this summer's contest. For information call 702-782-2172.

CENTRAL

MAY

- White Pine Round Robin Softball Tournament**, 10-11, men and women, 8am-9pm, Broadbent Park, Ely
- Amateur Golf Tournament**, 17-18, White Pine Golf Course, Ely, info 702-289-8877
- Jim Butler Days**, 22-26, Tonopah. 22: teen dance, 8pm-1am, Convention Ctr; 23: street dance, 8pm, Main Street; 24: art show and craft fair, 9-5, Elks Lodge; parade, 10am, Main Street; horseshoe contest, 10-6, and barbecue, 11-2, old depot; sky diving, 12:45, old depot and airport; junior mucking and double jack drilling, 1-5, old depot; prospector dance and liar's contest, 9pm-3am, Convention Ctr; 25: art show and craft fair, 9-5, Elks Lodge; black powder shoot, 10am, Black Powder Mountain; horseshoe contest, 10-5, sky diving at 10:45, barbecue 11-2, and senior mucking and double jack drilling 11-4 at the old depot, followed by arm wrestling at the Convention Ctr; western dance, 9pm-3am, Convention Ctr; 26: VFW Memorial Day Service



Comstock Grand Prix

Hundreds of motorcyclists and their off-road machines will be racing in circles around Virginia City May 10-11 in the town's tenth annual Grand Prix. Each day up to 400 riders race the clock to see how many times they lap the 15-mile dirt and paved course in four and a half hours. For the first time, racers get championship points—a rule expected to draw a number of factory-sponsored entries. The race begins at the old V&T depot at 11 a.m. Saturday and 10 a.m. Sunday. There's no admission or grandstands. Spectators can watch the race close-up along roads near Six Mile Canyon and the local dump and from the back porches of C Street saloons. Foot-goers can also browse near the pits along E Street. For information call 702-851-1247.

JUNE

- King & His Court Softball Show**, 6, Broadbent Park, Ely
- American Bashkir Curley Horse Show**, 20-22, fairgrounds, Ely, info 702-289-8877

NORTH

ONGOING EVENTS

- Northeastern Nevada Museum**, 9-7 Mon.-Sat., 1-7 Sun., Historical and Natural history exhibits and research library, 1515 Idaho, Elko, info 702-738-3418

MAY

- "Jazz Ambassadors,"** 1, U.S. Army Band, Convention Ctr., 7:30pm, Elko
- Pioneer Arts & Crafts Exhibit**, 2-31, tole paintings, needlepoint, crocheting, tatting,

embroidery and display of homemade soaps, daily, Northeastern Nevada Museum, Elko, info 738-3418

- Animal Relief Foundation Pet Parade**, 10, City Park, noon, Elko
- Bay Cities Pigeon Racing Combine**, 10, releasing 3,500 pigeons in Jackpot
- Cactus Pete's Air Race**, 10, from Lander, WY, to Jackpot
- Snake River Artisans Art Exhibit**, 16-18, paintings on display, Cactus Pete's, Jackpot
- Special Olympics**, 17, for handicapped athletes, Elko High School
- Cactus Pete's Air Race**, 31, from Seattle to Jackpot

JUNE

- Western Days Festival**, 6-8, parade, rodeo, barbecue, contests and events for children, horse rides and square dancing, Elko, info 702-738-7135
- Spring Festival of the Arts**, 7, Northeastern Nevada Museum, Elko
- Elko High School Rodeo**, 7-8, parade, calf roping and bronc riding, fairgrounds
- Nevada Rockhound Rendezvous**, 13-15, exhibits of rock art work, Convention Ctr. and Cactus Pete's parking lot, Jackpot, info 702-755-2259
- Olympia Retailers Golf Tournament Invitational**, 18, 8am, Jackpot, info 702-755-2259
- Mountain Trails Appaloosa Horse Show**, 20-21, fairgrounds, 10-5, Elko
- Basque Festival**, 21-22, Winnemucca. 21: parade, downtown, noon, followed by games, contests, dance exhibitions at rodeo grounds; dance 9pm at fair building; 22: Mass at 11am, and BBQ at noon, City Park, followed by childrens' contests, weight lifting, dance exhibition
- "A Basque Artist,"** 24-30, oil paintings by Joe Sarasua, Northeastern Nevada Museum, Elko
- Country Fair**, 29, demonstrations, arts and crafts, food booths, 9:30-5:30, Lamoille Women's Club

WEST

ONGOING EVENTS

- Dayton Flea Market**, weekends
- Nevada Artists Assn. Gallery**, 10-4 Mon.-Sat., 12-4 Sun., 449 W. King St., Carson City
- Art exhibitions**, 2-6 Wed.-Mon., 699 D. St., St. Phillip's Center Gallery, Hawthorne
- Atmospherium-Planetarium**, open daily, UNR, Reno, show info 702-784-4811

MAY

- Reno Collects Oriental Art**, 1-31, exhibition of early 20th century art of Ludivica Graham, Sierra Nevada Museum of Art, Reno
- Football-Ballet Get Together**, 2, luncheon, noon, guest speaker pro football player Lynn Swann, followed at 8pm by "Romeo and Juliet" performed by American Ballet Theatre Repertory Co., Pioneer Theatre, Reno, info 702-323-6616

Spring Dance Concert, 2, Church Fine Arts Theater, 8pm, UNR, Reno

Silver State Square Dance Festival, 2-4, with Grand March on 3rd at 7:30pm, Coliseum, Reno, info 702-825-5100

"Arms and the Man," 3, play, Church Fine Arts Theater, 8pm, Reno, info 702-784-6505

U.S. Army Band, 3, UNR Gym, 8pm, Reno

Fiberations '80, 3-10, juried show, Weavers & Spinners Guild of Northern Nevada, 10am, Meadowood Mall, Reno

Reno Chamber Orchestra appears with UNR's concert and symphonic choirs, 4, Roger Wagner conducting, 3pm, Pioneer Theatre, Reno

Gymkhana, 4, horse show, 8am, Fuji Park, Carson City

Concert & Art Exhibit, 4, music by Russ Vines, drawings by Cristi Bonds, 2-4pm, Brewery Arts Center, Carson City

Symphonic Winds Ensemble, 8, Church Fine Arts Theater, 8pm, UNR, Reno

Sierra Nevada Chorale, 8-9, concert, Pioneer Theatre, 8pm, Reno, info 702-786-2149

Don't Forget the Beef Jerky

It'll be the Davy Crockett version of the World Series when the muzzle loaders dig out their tomahawks, knives, guns and buckskin garb for a weekend of frontier competition May 24-26 along the Truckee River. There's shooting and throwing contests for men and women, with entry fees. However, only women can enter the frying pan and rolling pin throws or the bead stringing and leather lacing. Spectators and overnights are welcome, but must bring their own food and water. A concession stand and restrooms are available. There's a band and bonfire Saturday night at 8, and a costume contest Sunday at 4:30. Take the Mustang exit nine miles east of Reno and follow the signs. If you get lost, the nearest landmark is the Mustang Ranch. For information call 702-673-1013 after 5 p.m.

"6 Rms Riv Vu," 9-10, comedy, Proscenium Players, Carson City, info 702-883-1976

Crystal Hill Antique Show & Sale, 9-11, Coliseum, Reno, info 702-825-5100

Grand Prix Motorcycle Races, 10-11, depot, 9am, Virginia City

"6 Rms Riv Vu," 10-16, comedy, Proscenium Players, Carson City

Trombone Choir, 12, Church Fine Arts Theater, 8pm, UNR, Reno

Jazz Bands, 13, Church Fine Arts Theater, 8pm, UNR, Reno

Chamber Concert, 13, Brahms, 8pm, Reynolds Theatre, Brewery Arts Center, Carson City, info 702-883-1976

New Penny Singers, 17, Pioneer Theatre, 8pm, Reno

Soaring Championships, 17-18, Douglas County Airport, Minden, 11am

Armed Forces Day Show, 17-18, Hawthorne. 17: parade at noon, followed by rodeo at Horseman Arena; 18: displays, tours and train rides at Army Plant

Junior Rodeo, 17-18, Washoe County High School Rodeo Club, 8-6, fairgrounds, Reno

World Wide Flea Market, 18, Coliseum, 9-6, Reno

Jazz Concert, 18, Pioneer Theatre, 2pm, Reno

Eagle Valley Riders Horse Show, 18, Fuji Park, 8am, Carson City

Reno Philharmonic Orchestra, 20, Ron Daniels conducting, Virko Baley pianist, 8:15pm, Pioneer Theatre, Reno

Nevada Quarter Horse Show, 23-25, fairgrounds, 8-5, Reno

Thurber Carnival, 23-25, comedy, Reno Little Theatre, info 702-329-0661

Good Sam Samoree, 23-26, recreation vehicle club, fairgrounds, Yerington, info 702-463-3721

Barbershoppers Quartet Concert, 24, Pioneer Theatre, 8pm, Reno, info 702-359-9673

Soaring Championships, 24-26, Douglas County Airport, Minden, 11am

Third Great Basin Exhibition, 24-31, landscapes of Lorenzo Lattimer, Sierra Nevada Museum of Art, Reno, info 702-329-3333

Thurber Carnival, 29-31, comedy, Reno Little Theatre

Sierra Morgan Horse Show, 30-31, fairgrounds, Reno

Body Building Gems, 31, guest poser Kal Szkalak, noon, Pioneer Theatre, Reno, info 702-826-3866

JUNE

"Come Sail With Us," 1, free sailboat rides, Paradise Park, Sparks

Truckee Meadows Dog Show, 1, fairgrounds, 7:30-6, Reno

Third Great Basin Exhibition, 1-22, landscape works of Lorenzo Lattimer, Sierra Nevada Museum of Art, Reno

Nevada State Button Society Show, 5, garment buttons, 2-4pm, Comstock Hotel, Reno

Art Festival, 6-8, Smith Valley Community Hall, Wellington

New York Portfolio, 6-30, works by Roy Lichtenstein, Mark diSuvero, Louise Nevelson, Sierra Nevada Museum of Art, Reno

Miss Teen USA Pageant, 7, Pioneer Theatre, 8pm, Reno

Gymkhana, 8, Fuji Park, 8am, Carson City

Northern Nevada Ceramic Show, 13-15, fairgrounds, 10am, Reno

Nevada State Horseman's Assoc. Show, 13-15, fairgrounds, Reno, info 702-322-1340

Sierra Yacht Club Invitational Regatta, 14-15, sailboat races, Kings Beach, Lake Tahoe

Virginia City Antique Show, 14-15, school gym, 9-5

Carson Valley Days, 14-15, Minden-Gardnerville. 14: parade, 10am; art show and sale, noon, CVIC Hall; noon, BBQ followed at 2pm by beard contest, chug-a-lug contest, tug-o-war, and fire dept. water fights at Minden Park; afternoon rodeo, Pine Nut Road; dance, 8pm, CVIC Hall; 15: Lions Club breakfast starts 7am at Minden Park; afternoon rodeo, Pine Nut Road, info 702-782-2172

Eagle Valley Riders Horse Show, 15, Fuji Park, 8am, Carson City

World Wide Flea Market, 15, Coliseum, 9-6, Reno

Chamber Concert, 17, contemporary, spiritual and folk, 8pm, Reynolds Theatre, Brewery Arts Center, Carson City

Civil War Skirmish, 19-22, black powder meet and reenactment of the Civil War, five miles east of Dayton, for info 702-882-6599

Miss Nevada Pageant, 21, Pioneer Theatre, 8:15pm, Reno

Nevada Stamp Study Society, 21-22, Coliseum, 10-6 Sat., 10-5 Sun., Reno, info 702-359-2030

Reno Rodeo Carnival, 25-29, fairgrounds, noon-1am

Black Powder Rendezvous, 24-26, muzzle loader competition, Mustang off-ramp 9 mi. east of Reno; daily: shooting events, tomahawk & knife throw, frying pan & rolling pin throw, bead stringing & leather lacing competition; 24: band & bonfire, 8pm; 25: costume contest, 4:30pm, buckskin & frontier dress

Masters in Perception, 24-30, survey of photography from 1856-1929, Sierra Nevada Museum of Art, Reno

Reno Rodeo, 25-29, daily performances 7:30pm except Sunday, 2pm matinee Saturday & Sunday, fairgrounds; 28: Buckaroo Breakfast, 7:30am, Pioneer Theatre; parade, 10am, downtown

\$150,000 Summer Blackjack Classic, 27-30, Sahara Hotel, Reno & Lake Tahoe

Gymkhana, 29, Fuji Park, 8am, Carson City

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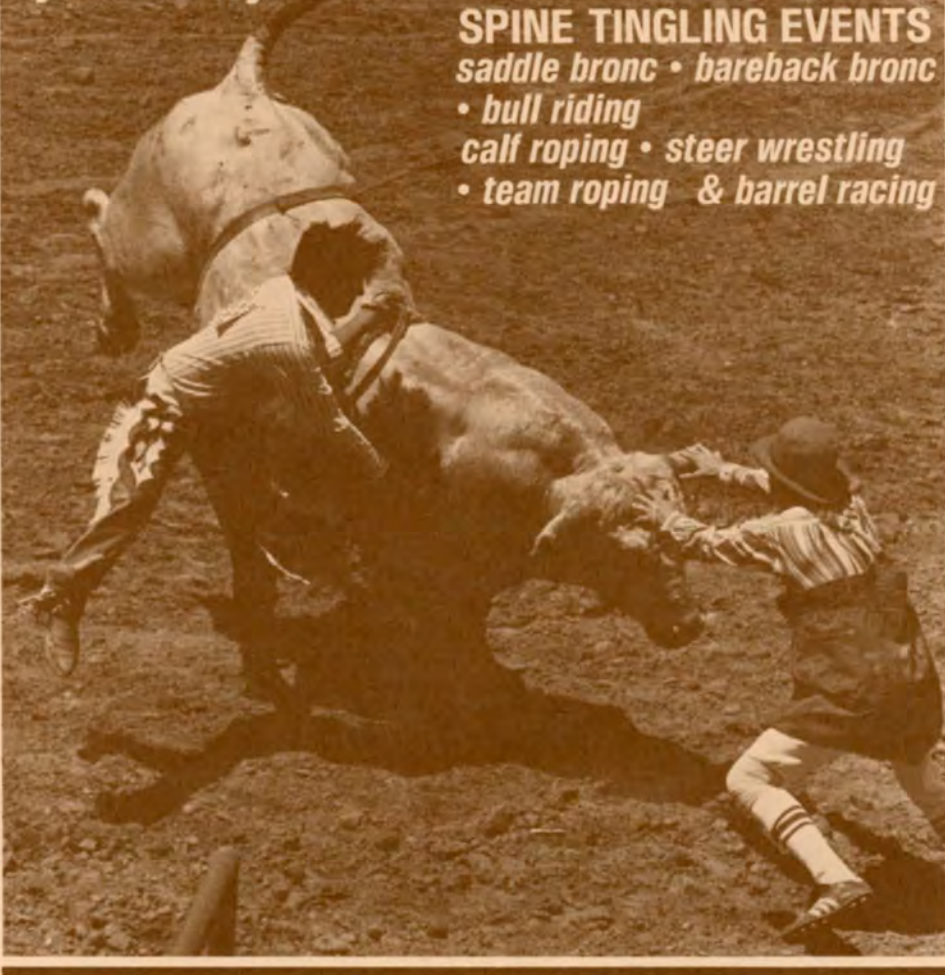
NEVADA MAGAZINE SPECIAL SECTION

THE ALMOST COMPLETE GUIDE TO

RODEO

By C. J. Hadley

SPINE TINGLING EVENTS
saddle bronc • bareback bronc
• bull riding
calf roping • steer wrestling
• team roping & barrel racing



C. J. HADLEY PHOTO

AMAZING FACTS

ranked bull • richest cowboy
oldest bronc • biggest purse
world's greatest rodeo riders

DO'S & DON'TS AT NEVADA'S BIG THREE

Secrets of Las Vegas, Reno
and Winnemucca

COMPLETE RODEO CALENDAR

With one especially for kids

CONFESSIONS OF A RELUCTANT BULL RIDER

Getting kicks on 66

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT RODEO'S BONE CRUNCHING EVENTS

Rodeo. It's a lifestyle. Its purpose is to entertain—brutally, wildly, strangely.

Its place is the West, where mountains and valleys and brush-covered plains ease out toward the Pacific. It's peopled by hard-drinking, hard-loving, tobacco-chewing cowboys, some real, some fake, and its core is pure enjoyment.

Cowboys. They are not on the range. They are in the dust-filled arenas of Las Vegas, Reno and Winnemucca; they stand ankle deep in shipped-in dirt in New York's Madison Square Garden and at the Astrodome in Houston. They are the stars of rodeo, the sport that was born in the Old West where bustin' broncs was as common as searching for gold.

Only the roughest, toughest cowboys ever tried it, and it wasn't long before the fury and excitement of their work was turned to entertainment and local competition.

Today there's more variety.

Some cowboys have a saddle; others hang on to a tiny piece of rawhide with a suitcase handle. Some cowboys seem to be in control, rhythmically spurring a horse's neck, while others are totally out of it. Some guys have their own horse; others don't. And some crazy fools ride bulls with a single rope that has a clanging bell, or charge across the arena on horseback only to jump off at 30 miles an hour to catch a 700-pound steer's horns and wrestle him to the ground!

It's nuts. But because of the rodeo cowboys, America has the fastest, most colorful, earthy and stimulating sport in the world.

If you're in town from Detroit or Boston (or have lived all your life in Las Vegas or Reno) and you want to go to a rodeo and see these cowboys perform without sticking out like a dude in your brand new wide-brimmed hat and stiff blue denim, then read this section. You'll find out what it all means, what not to do, and how to most enjoy America's native sport.

Willie Nelson is in. Hank Williams always will be. Tony Lama boots and Resistol hats are good. Cowboy shirts should have buttons for daytime, pearl studs for night. Spurs and chaps shouldn't be worn to a party, but never take off your hat. Don't wear square toed boots or skinny belts and tennis shoes.

It's not hard to blend in with all those genuine western cowboys whose fathers are actually Dallas policemen, Kansas City plumbers or New York lawyers. With a little help, you are going to slide right into the aura and odor of the real West; you're going to look real, act real, and know what's happening in the arena.

And if you hang out in Winnemucca long enough, you're even going to smell real.

Almost every town in the West that claims a cowboy—and even some that don't—will stage a rodeo this year. And

the small-time events are just as thrilling as the big ones. If you haven't seen one, do yourself a favor and go. Take the whole family.

What follows is Nevada Magazine's instant guide to understanding the seven major rodeo events. You'll find out who stages rodeos and where to find them in Nevada. You'll also know some of rodeo's amazing facts, what's happening when a cowboy nods his head in the chute, what the difference is between a bull rider and a calf roper and whether a cowboy has skill or is successful simply because of derring-do.

Then you can go to a rodeo and enjoy it more, knowing you're not just another grandstand cowboy. You might even catch some of the action that Curt Gowdy and Larry Mahan may have missed.

AMAZING FACTS

- **RANKEST BULL:** "Tornado" bucked off the first 220 cowboys who tried to ride him over a period of 14 years.
- **OLDEST BRONC:** "Dark Journey" bucked since he was 15 years old, in 1979, and after 20 years in the arena, he was retired at age 35.
- **MOST MONEY WON IN CAREER:** \$543,173 by Tom Ferguson (through March 10, 1980.)
- **WORLD'S YOUNGEST RODEO FINALIST:** J. D. Yates, team roper, age 15 yrs. 4 mos.
- **FASTEST STEER WRESTLED:** 2.4 seconds, set by Jim Bynum, Marrietta, OK. 1955; Gene Melton, Pecatonica, IL. 1976; Carl Deaton, Tulsa, OK. 1976.
- **MOST AVERAGES WON AT NATIONAL FINALS RODEO:** Leo Camarillo, 4.
- **FASTEST TEAM ROPING:** 4.9 seconds, Reg and Jerold Camarillo, Salt Lake City, UT. 1976.
- **WORLD'S BEST WATCHED RODEO:** Houston, Texas at the Astrodome, 569,000 people over 15 performances.
- **WORLD'S OLDEST RODEO CONTES-TANT:** Ed Honnen, Denver, in team roping, 83 years old.
- **WORLD'S CLASSIEST SADDLE BRONC RIDER:** Joe Marvel of Battle Mountain, Nevada (1978 World Champion).
- **RODEO'S BIGGEST PURSE:** National Finals Rodeo, Oklahoma City, \$506,000 (bigger than any pro golf tournament).

RODEO RULES AND REGULATIONS

SADDLE BRONC RIDING

Using one hand, a single rein, and a pair of dull spurs, a saddle bronc rider must stick to a wild bucking horse for eight seconds while spurring the neck and shoulders of the horse and throwing the free arm back and forth, fist clenched, in time with the moves of the horse. Considered the most difficult rodeo event, bronc busting was the only way to tame a horse in early ranching days and was the first of the cowboy contests.

BRONC RIDER MUST HAVE: Association saddle, 6 ft. braided rein about 1½" thick, large hat, dull silver spurs, blue jeans, long-sleeved brightly-colored cowboy shirt and enough money to travel.

COWBOY SHOULD BE: Small (about 5'6"), light (under 150 lbs.), tough. Must have good balance, impeccable sense of timing, and horse savvy.

JUDGED ON: Control, good spurring motion and overall style. On the first jump out of the chute, the rider's feet have to be on the horse's neck when the front feet hit the ground. Rider's spurring lick should make large arc from high on horse's neck to the back of the saddle. The bigger and smoother the arc, the higher the score. Horse must buck well, kick high. For all riding events, two judges score 50 points each (25 for the

rider, 25 for the animal), or 100 points maximum. An 80-point ride is excellent.

DISQUALIFIED FOR: Getting bucked off before the eight-second whistle, failing to spur the horse out of the chute, using spurs that are too sharp, touching the horse or equipment with the free hand, or losing a stirrup. The odds are in favor of the horse.

TO WIN: Needs a family horse and cattle ranch where you can put in years of practice; incredible luck; considerable style; everlasting faith.

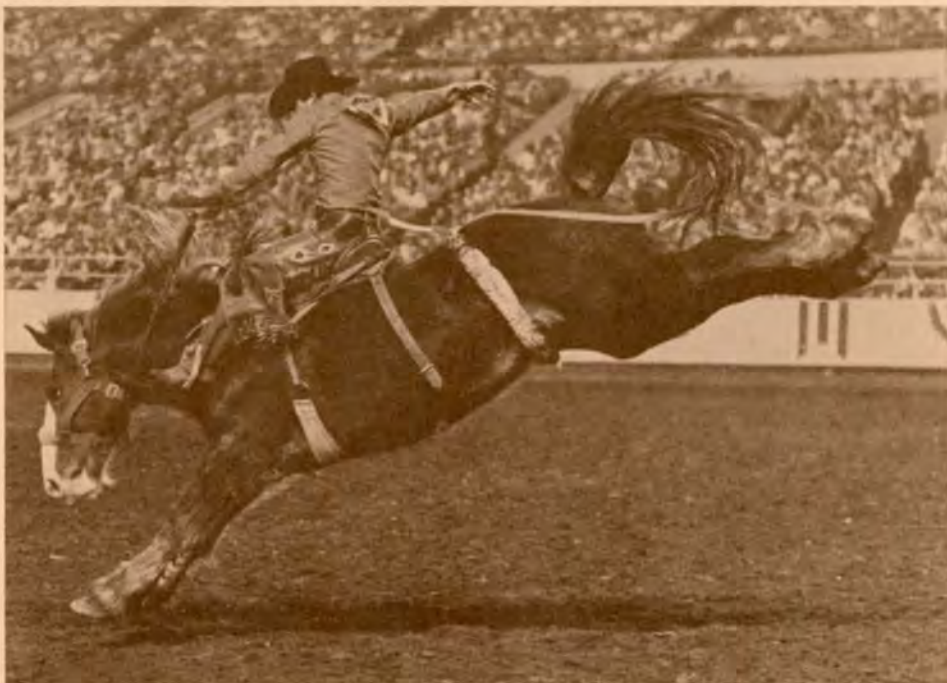
FAMOUS BRONC RIDER QUOTE: World Champion saddle bronc rider Monty "Hawkeye" Henson says; "You must always believe you ain't never thrown off till your head hits the ground."

BAREBACK RIDING

The youngest event in pro rodeo with no roots in actual ranch work, bareback riding—bronc riding without a rein or a saddle—is the most popular event.

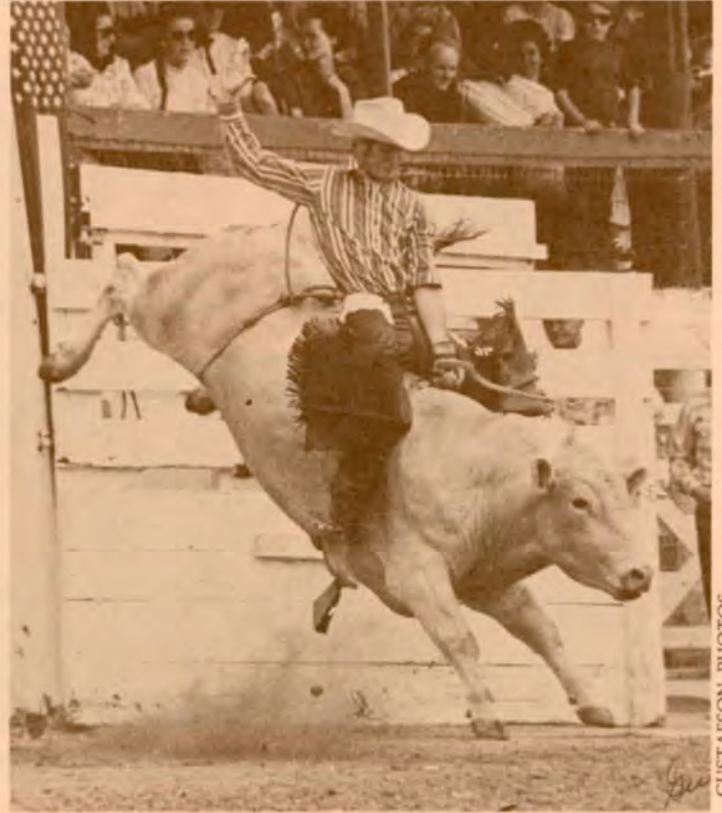
BAREBACK RIDER MUST HAVE: Leather and rawhide bareback rigging with a suitcase handle that goes around the horse's withers, a leather glove (for the hand that holds the rigging), some dull-edged spurs, cowboy clothes including large hat, fancy pointed toed boots and a check book or credit cards.

Saddle bronc riding is rodeo's oldest event, an exercise in style and finesse, which demands near-perfect timing. Shown is 1978 world champion Joe Marvel on a horse named "Major Reno."





Like saddle bronc riding, bareback riding is a spurring contest. The difference is there are no stirrups and no bronc rein, just a rigging with a suitcase handle. Shown is five-time world champion, Joe Alexander on a horse named "Mr. Binion."



Bull riding is the most dangerous event in rodeo. A bull bucks differently than a horse, so a bull rider must be prepared for the downward thrust, as the animal tries to throw the cowboy over his head. Shown here is 1972 world champion, John Quintana.

GUSTAFSON PHOTOS

COWBOY SHOULD BE: Small (about 5'6"), light (around 150 lbs.), tough. Must be able to dance on the back of a wildly bucking horse, must be in perfect physical shape, have good balance and sense of timing.

JUDGED ON: Wildness of ride. High scores come from toes turned out, spurs on the neck of the horse, sitting up on the rigging, riding straight and not tipped over the side, length of spurring lick, and a wide gap. Watch the feet. Scored same as bronc riding.

DISQUALIFIED FOR: Failing to spur the horse out of the chute, getting bucked off before the eight-second whistle, touching the horse or equipment with the free hand, using sharp spurs.

TO WIN: Must know how to use your feet and have a very strong arm; must practice, and then practice some more; must attend about 80 rodeos a year.

BULL RIDING

It's the most dangerous event in pro rodeo. The giant brahma or crossbred bulls are vicious, savage, fast and powerful and capable of sustained bucking and twisting. Not only do the rank, 1500-pound animals want to get the cowboys off their backs, but they also want to crush them in the chutes, gore

them with their horns, stomp them with their hooves, or simply throw them right out of the arena.

BULL RIDERS MUST HAVE: A flat-plaited rope with a handhold on top and a bell at the bottom; a glove; terrific balance and sense to react quickly in most peculiar situations. Must have agility and ability to get out of bull's way when the whistle blows and the ride is over.

COWBOY SHOULD BE: Small and very tough. Must be personable if you need free rides from rodeo to rodeo. Should want to cling to the raggedy edge of bravery with a dream of big money, be sexy, and have an urgent desire to keep adrenalin wildly pumping.

JUDGED ON: Control, body position, style, and spurring. Bull judged on power, high kicking, twisting and changing direction. A rank animal makes for a more difficult ride and a higher score. A 70-point score is good.

DISQUALIFIED FOR: Touching with the free hand or bucking off before the eight-second whistle.

TO WIN: Terrific balance; quick thinking; ability to move your body every jump in time with the animal; being a part-time wild man; riding and scoring high on 50 or more bulls a year. The odds are definitely in favor of the bull.

FAMOUS BULL RIDER QUOTE: "What separates the men from the boys," says world champion bull rider Donnie Gay (who was 19 when he said it), "is stamina. That and being able to maintain a constant positive mental attitude all year long and not just for one week."

CALF ROPING

The art of roping is used almost daily on the rangelands of the American West. The cowboy must rope to catch calves for branding, to separate steers for shipping, and also to isolate sick cattle. As a rodeo event, it's expensive.

CALF ROPERS MUST HAVE: A solid, true-working roping horse with heart, a bunch of 25 ft. ropes and 6 ft. pigging strings, a large hat and some spurs. Must also have a trailer to pull the horse and a camper to pull the trailer. Plenty of cash is imperative.

COWBOY SHOULD BE: A lariat specialist who is strong, is a good horseman, and who understands split second timing; must be able to carry pigging string in mouth.

JUDGED ON: After a 300-pound calf is freed and has crossed a predetermined barrier, cowboy pursues at full speed on horseback. He has to rope the calf around the neck, jump off his horse,

catch the calf, tip him over and tie three legs together with a pigging string. Fastest time wins. Good time would be less than 10 seconds.

DISQUALIFIED FOR: Missing the loop (two tries possible), incorrect tie, unnecessary roughness.

TO WIN: A terrific horse, experience, artistry, coordination, quick thinking, adaptability, positive thinking, speed, and athletic prowess; never breaking the barrier (which is a 10-second penalty);



Calf roping evolved from ranch work and is a timed contest. To compete you need a horse, a rope, a pigging string, and a giant amount of talent. Shown here is 1975 world champion, Jeff Copenhaver.



It takes two people for steer wrestling, a hazer to keep the steer running straight ahead and the wrestler to twist the steer to the ground. Steer wrestler needs good timing and strength. Shown here is Dan Rogers.



The secret to team roping is teamwork; between the two cowboys who are roping and between the ropers and their horses. Steer has to be caught on the run, by the horns and by the hind feet. Shown here are John and Fritz Grube.

luck; money; about 100,000 miles of road travel each year.

FAMOUS CALF ROPER QUOTE: "You have got to run and rope the calf, aiming your slack right down the middle of his back and then pitch it right straight up in the air," says California roper Lynn Perry. "That will put the calf in the best position and give you that much more time to get to him. Boy, if he just swaps ends and lands on his feet he's liable to come right back and eat your lunch."

STEER WRESTLING

The big cowboy (usually), the bulldogger, races across the arena on horseback at 30 miles an hour, chasing a 700-pound steer in order to jump on its horns and wrestle it to the ground. He's assisted by a hazer who rides at the other side of the steer to keep it running straight. This event has no basis in ranch work.

STEER WRESTLERS MUST HAVE:

A good body, strong legs and shoulders and a cowboy outfit. Could help by having own horse trained for this event, but most doggers borrow another guy's team. It costs them no money if they lose and they don't have to trailer the horse, but if they win, 25 percent of their money goes to the guy who owns the horse.

COWBOY SHOULD BE: Big and strong (over 200 pounds preferred), well practiced and slightly crazy. Must be able to jump off a horse going 30 miles an hour and knock over a 700-pound steer. Should also be able to keep his body away from the steer's sharp horns.

JUDGED ON: Fastest time (a 10-second penalty is added to score for not giving the steer enough lead out of the chute and breaking the barrier). Time is given only when steer is lying down with all four feet and head facing the same direction.

DISQUALIFIED FOR: If the hazer touches the steer during ride or if the bulldogger misses the steer.

TO WIN: Impeccable timing; being in shape; having the use of a good horse; strength; a lot of practice; luck of the draw (some steers are easier than others).

FAMOUS BULLDOGGER QUOTE: "All you have to do is snug the horn into the crook of your right elbow," says Lovelock steer wrestler Baird Davies. "Simultaneously your left hand pushes down on the other horn while your horse veers off to the left. Drop your heels ahead of your body at a 45-degree angle to the path the steer is taking. Then turn the steer over." It's that simple!

TEAM ROPING

An event where more things have to come together more quickly than in any place else in rodeo, team roping is an event for two. A header and heeler follow the steer into the arena with one rope each and three chances to snare the animal correctly.

TEAM ROPERS MUST HAVE: For each roper, a carefully trained and expensive roping horse, a good saddle with a strong saddle horn, a bunch of nylon ropes (different types for different weather conditions), cowboy

GUSTAFSON PHOTO

BRENDA ALLEN

FOXIE PHOTO

outfit including spurs, pointed toed boots and big hat.

SHOULD BE: Any age, shape or sex; terrific with a rope; terrific with a horse; able to avoid rope burn.

JUDGED ON: Fastest time. Three throws are allowed per team. The header has to catch the steer's horns or neck; the heeler must catch his two hind legs. Time is taken when both ropers have caught and their horses are in a straight line facing the steer with the rope dallied (snubbed around the saddle horn but not tied).

DISQUALIFIED FOR: Catching a front foot, failing to catch hind feet (five second penalty for catching only one hind foot), losing your rope and failing to dally.

TO WIN: Great roping ability; good mental attitude; a splendid horse; decades of practice; fluid actions.

FAMOUS TEAM ROPER QUOTE: "You don't need to be so fit for the team roping," says World Champion Cowboy Leo Camarillo, "If you can rope well and have a good horse, then you can do it and win." That's a classic understatement.

BARREL RACING

The Girl's Rodeo Association (GRA) is separate from the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association (PRCA) and offers bronc and bull riding, calf roping, goat tying and barrel racing for women. Each year the PRCA is pressured to add "more events for the girls," but so far only barrel racing is included at their rodeos.

BARREL RACERS MUST HAVE: A fast and well trained horse, a camper and trailer, good saddle and some fancy western suits with matching hats.

COWGIRLS SHOULD BE: Female, a terrific rider and horse trainer. Should be able to ride a preset cloverleaf pattern around three barrels in one hell of a hurry.

JUDGED ON: Fastest time. A five-second penalty is given for knocking over a barrel.

DISQUALIFIED FOR: Failing to finish, failing to follow the pattern, not wearing a cowboy hat in the arena, or for wearing blue jeans while competing.

TO WIN: A horse with heart, stamina and an AA-plus rating on the quarterhorse race track; years of training for the horse and rider; an understanding sponsor or a private income; freedom to travel all year long and a desire to be best in the world.

WHERE TO FIND NEVADA RODEOS

PROFESSIONAL RODEO COWBOYS ASSN. (PRCA)

Offering Saddle Bronc (SB), Bareback Bronc (BB), Bull Riding (BR), Calf Roping (CR), Steer Wrestling (SW), Team Roping (TR). (Also Barrel Racing, a Girl's Rodeo Assn. event, will be offered at all PRCA rodeos.) In 1979 the PRCA sanctioned 640 rodeos, paid \$8.8 million in prize money, and kept track of 4,500 professional rodeo cowboys. Nevada's PRCA events are:

May 10-11, Black Velvet Tournament of Champions, Las Vegas Convention Center, 8pm.

May 14-18, Helldorado Rodeo, Las Vegas Convention Center, 8pm.

June 25-29, Reno Rodeo, Nevada State Fairgrounds, Reno, 7:30pm Wed.-Sat., also 2pm Sat. & Sun.

August 30-31, Labor Day Weekend Rodeo, Fairgrounds, Winnemucca, 7:30pm.

WESTERN STATES INDIAN RODEO ASSN. (WSIRA)

SB, BB, BR, CR, SW, TR, plus Wild Cow Milking and Barrel Racing.

July 18-20, All Indian Rodeo, Fairgrounds, Fallon

September (during Pine Nut Festival), Schurz Reservation

NATIONAL HIGH SCHOOL RODEO ASSN. (NHSRA)

Boys Events: SB, BB, BR, CR, SW, TR and Cutting. Girls Events: Barrel Racing, Pole Bending, Breakaway Roping, Goat Tying, Team Roping and Cutting.

May 3-4, Wells

May 10-11, Winnemucca

May 17-18, Reno

May 24-25, Eureka

May 31-June 1, Owyhee

June 7-8, Elko

June 14-15, Lovelock

June 19-22, STATE FINALS, Fuji Park, Carson City

NATIONAL INTERCOLLEGIATE RODEO ASSN. (NIRA)

Open to students from colleges throughout the west. Boys Events: SB, BB, BR, CR, SW, and TR; Girls Events: Calf Roping, Breakaway Roping, Goat Tying and Barrel Racing.

May 24-25, Sparks Horsemen's Arena, Vista & Prater, Sparks

NEVADA COWBOYS ASSN. (NCA)

Rodeos once a month with non-members welcome to compete. Standard events offered plus Calf Riding for kids ages 6-14 and Wild Cow Milking for the folks who are not good with a rope or fit enough to ride a bronc or bull.

CONSTRUCTION INDUSTRY COWBOYS ASSN. (CICA)

Open to union construction workers or management with union workers. Fifteen members in Reno. Offering Team Ropings monthly, usually on Sundays in Fallon or Reno.

For more information write Jo Roth, Secretary, CICA, 10690 Whitehawk, Reno, NV 89506.

SPECIAL FOR KIDS

PONY BOB DAYS, July 18-20, Nevada State Fairgrounds, Reno, 1pm daily. No admission charge.

Open to cowboys and cowgirls up to 18 years old. Saddles and buckles will go to winners. A Pony Bob Junior Rodeo Clinic will be held at the University of Nevada Equestrian Center on Valley Road in Reno May 10 and 11, starting at 10 am. Free tuition for boys and girls in all events. Call Joe Martin in Reno at 702-359-2406 or Nancy Mull at 702-849-1678 for more information.

Boys Events: Team Roping, 0-13 years, and 14-18; Goat Tying, 0-13; Calf Riding, 6-13; Bull Riding, 14-18; Steer Stopping, 14-18. Girls Events: Barrel Racing, 0-13 and 14-18; Breakaway Roping, 14-18; Figure Eight Stake Race, 0-13; Pole Bending, 0-13 and 14-18; Goat Tying, 14-18. Boys and Girls: Open Rescue Race.

PLUS: Open Jackpot Roping, Friday and Saturday evenings. Anyone can enter. Sign up 5pm; start about 6. Three steers for \$9 (if you catch two, you'll get the third).

SPECIAL FOR COWGIRLS

Miss Rodeo Nevada Pageant happens in Reno June 19-22. Judged on personality, appearance, horsemanship, and for best speech. Entry deadline is June 1st. Age limit, 18 to 24. Application forms available in western stores throughout Nevada or write to Chris Rogers, President of Miss Rodeo Nevada Pageant, P.O. Box 565, Gardnerville, NV 89410, or call 702-782-5408.

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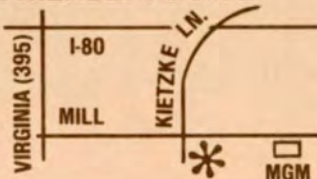


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RODEO DO'S AND DON'TS

HELLDORADO DAYS

May 10-11 Black Velvet Tournament of Champions, 8pm.

May 14-18 Helldorado Days Rodeo, 8pm. Tickets, \$4, \$6, \$8.

DO'S

Sit on the east side of the arena if you prefer the riding events.

Sit on the west side of the arena if you prefer timed events.

Buy tickets early. Best seats close to the action are the bleachers on floor of arena and first five rows in stands.

Go to Sam's Town on Boulder Hwy or Horseshoe Club downtown if you want to rub elbows with the rodeo stars.

Stand close to judging stand at Desert Inn on Strip for best view of parade (which starts at 9am).

Go to FREE pancake, ham and coffee breakfast at LV Convention Center parking lot, 9-noon, Sunday May 11.

Take a hat, sunglasses, sunscreen and a camera with plenty of film to the parade. And go early to get a curb seat.

Go to the BBQ at least once but be prepared to stand in line. Open 4-11pm.

DON'TS

Don't talk to cowboys who are about to compete. They are psyching themselves up for their special event and could cause you damage if you disturb their concentration.

Don't try to park your car close to the doors five minutes before the performance unless you want miles to walk.

Don't expect to take good photos with an Instamatic from the top of the grandstand.

Don't wear fragile clothing.

Don't eat before going to the carnival.

RENO RODEO

June 25-29, evenings Wed.-Sat., afternoons Sat.-Sun.

DO'S

Sit in the grandstand if you want the best view. Box seats are best but they're expensive. Good spot for photographers with a zoom lens.

Sit in the bleachers next to the chutes if you want to be around real cowboys and cowgirls. It's also the cheapest seat, closest to the riding event chutes, and you'll get a feeling for the Real West—the dust, the sweat, the smell is all real.

Wear a hat and sunscreen if you go to the afternoon performances particularly if you sit in the bleachers or the box seats.

Go to the night performances if you want to stay cool and comfortable. And the lights give the rodeo a theatrical aura.

Take a kerchief and goggles for the evening performance (or sit in the grandstand). The Washoe Zephyr kicks up most evenings when the sun goes down and its gusts will smother you in dust.

Go to the parade on Saturday, June 28, 10am. Hundreds of fancy mounted entries, a handful of celebs and some smiling politicians will be there along with the Budweiser Clydesdales. Good fun, except for the marching bands following horses.

DON'TS

Don't go if you don't like spine-tingling action.

Don't visit the carnival if you have a weak stomach; the rides and food are not for the delicate.

Don't wear a brand new hat or unwashed denims—you'll look too much like a dude.

Don't bring your own beer—it's not allowed.

Don't forget to visit the Indian Pow Wow and Craft Exhibits at the Fairgrounds.

Don't go to the Shy Clown if you don't want to meet real rodeo cowboys.

Don't forget to wear expendable clothing.

Don't wear a Gun Control button.

Don't take sides in an argument.

WINNEMUCCA LABOR DAY RODEO

August 30-31, 7:30pm, Adults \$4.50, Kids 6-12 \$2.50, Under 6 Free.

DO'S

Bring your own eating tools to Rainbow Girls BBQ; their plastic tools always break.

Bring your own cups to the rodeo if you drink draft beer; there's never enough to go around.

Wear gloves if you drink canned beer, unless your hands are so calloused they can resist very cold cans.

Wear earplugs if you go to the Sunday concert, particularly if you're over 30.

Wear a bib or stainproof shirt—the chorizos are hot and greasy.

DON'TS

Don't wear thin soled shoes to the street dance (Bridge and Winnemucca Blvd., Saturday, 10pm).

Don't forget to dig your football blankets out of mothballs for Thursday night's football game (and for the weekend rodeo).

Don't wear sandals or white socks to the rodeo; the dust in the parking lot will be three inches deep.

Don't forget to bring whatever your home remedy is for the morning after vapors.

CONFESSIONS OF A RELUCTANT BULL RIDER

It was the Labor Day rodeo in Sacramento. The air was humid, the grandstands were packed, and the clown's barrel in the arena was painted red, white and blue. The part-brahma bull in the chute was a bluish grey and covered with manure. He was pawing the ground, tossing his head, and the stocky little cowboy in the checkered shirt was having trouble sitting on his back.

The bull was called "66." He didn't have a name because the stock contractor couldn't find one that was bad enough. This season's score was 25-3 in a total of three minutes, 44 seconds of show time. Twenty-five cowboys had landed on the ground before the eight-second whistle while only three had stuck with the bull until the end of the ride.

The cowboy was ready. He nodded his head and the workers in front of the chute pulled open the gate to set the bull free. On the second jump, 66 pitched the cowboy off without a problem, then looked around for something else to displace or destroy.

On that night there were four clowns in the arena, two regulars and two teenage boys who were learning to become bull fighters. The boys had asked for some photos of them working the big bovines near the chutes for publicity purposes. Which is where I came in because I was the only one there with a camera.

For 66 and me, this was not a good day. He wasn't interested in the clowns in their baggy pants and flashy outfits. He wasn't even interested in the colorful barrel with the clown inside. What he seemed to fancy at that particular time was a Nikon camera connected to a female photographer in blue denim who stood in center of the arena.

It was one hell of a lousy choice.

Before I had time to think, his enormous horns and massive snotty nose were headed my way, followed by a crowd of clowns. I thought when he reached me I could deftly slip off to the side, and by that time clowns would get busy and take him away. It was all so simple.

Unfortunately, agility is not my

RENO RODEO



JUNE 25, 26, 27, 28, 29

TICKETS

Box Seats	\$8.00	Wednesday, June 25	7:30 p.m.
Reserved Grandstand (Covered)	\$6.00	Thursday, June 26	7:30 p.m.
Special Grandstand (Uncovered)	\$5.00	Friday, June 27	7:30 p.m.
Adult Bleachers	\$4.00	Saturday, June 28	2 p.m. & 7:30 p.m.
Children (Under 12 years of age)	\$3.00	Sunday, June 29	2:00 p.m.

(Reno Rodeo Parade • Saturday, June 28, 10:30 a.m.)

• Family Night • Wednesday, June 25

All Seats \$3.00 Each (Excluding Box Seats)

• Family Night June 25 only • all other performances regular ticket price •

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strong point and athletics are about as easy to me as speaking Mandarin Chinese. But I tried to remember what the clowns would have done.

Bulls are so quick you have to outsmart them. You have to move the opposite way to where they think you'll go—and in one hell of a hurry. So I got ready to move. And it was obvious that 66 was tuned in to all of my thoughts.

That was when I panicked. I knew that if I'd had my arms outstretched his horns would still have been longer, and if I'd had my choice of sports photography it would have been tennis; but I also knew the grunts from 66 were close to my ear and the cream-colored slime from his massive nose was already stuck to my clothes. The fact that the tips of his horns had been blunted with a saw didn't make me feel any better.

As my hand touched his nostrils, I jumped. I thought I was heading north but it turned out I was lifted on his enormous head and tossed due west right toward the grandstand. As I was flying through the air, feeling like a feather and clutching my camera, I said to myself, "I've got to get the heck out of here." Later I was told that most of the people in the grandstand were either screaming or gasping, watching the English Christian being easily fed to 66.

And then I crashed. Shoulder and face hit the dirt and led my limp body to the fence where I was picked up by one of the clowns. It seems I was so long in the air (about 30 feet) that the clowns finally got his attention and had taken him south of the arena so that I could be carried safely away.

The flesh in my cheek and nose was filled with dirt and manure and blood started seeping through the muck. My favorite denim shirt was ripped, my camera damaged forever, but other than that I felt pretty good because 66 was finally gone and I could walk. His interest in me probably lasted only 18 seconds. Minutes after my memorable trip his owner rode up to me and asked, "What did you want to give my bull a headache for?" But I think the pain was solely mine.

Three days later I admitted myself to the emergency room of a hospital in Reno. I believed that my left shoulder, right knee, left ankle and all of my ribs were broken. But the x-rays showed nothing but grit.

On the admission form, cause of injury said, "Run over by a bull." By the time I left, the word "bull" had been crossed out by a nurse. "Car" had been put in its place.—CJH

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Show Guide

Las Vegas

ALADDIN

736-0111

Lola Falana, thru 5/19

CAESARS PALACE

731-7333

Sammy Davis, Jr., 5/1-14

Diana Ross, 5/15-6/4

CIRCUS CIRCUS

734-0410

Round the World Circus Acts

11am-midnight, free

DESERT INN

733-4444

Les Alcazar de Paris, indf.

DUNES

737-4110

Casino de Paris

Dinner show 7:45pm, from \$15; cocktail show

1:45am, \$14 includes 3 drinks

FLAMINGO HILTON

733-3111

Razzle Dazzle

FOUR QUEENS

385-4011

Nightly entertainment

FRONTIER

734-0110

Roy Clark, 5/1-14

Wayne Newton-Dave Barry, 5/15-6/18

Bobby Vinton, 6/19-7/2

Dinner show 8pm, from \$23.50; cocktail show
midnight, \$20

HACIENDA

739-8911

Ice Fantasy

HOLIDAY CASINO

732-2411

Wild World of Burlesque

10pm and 12:30am, Mon.-Fri.; also 8pm Sat.;

dark Sun.; \$6.95 includes 2 drinks

LANDMARK

733-1110

Continuous entertainment

LAS VEGAS HILTON

732-5111

Liberace, thru 5/12

John Davidson-Doug Henning, 5/13-26

Paul Anka, 5/27-29

Liberace, 6/10-7/7

MARINA

739-1500

Bare Touch of Vegas

MAXIM

731-4300

Olde Tyme Burlesque

8pm, 10pm, 12:30am, \$9.50 includes 2 drinks

MGM GRAND HOTEL, LAS VEGAS

739-4567

Ziegfeld Room:

Halleluja Hollywood

Celebrity Room:

Engelbert, thru 5/7

Mac Davis, 5/15-28

Donna Summer, 5/29-6/4

RIVIERA

734-5110

Shirley MacLaine-Fred Travolena, 5/1-14

Neil Sedaka-Bernadette Peters, 5/15-28

Tony Orlando, 5/29-6/11

Dolly Parton, 6/12-25

Kenny Rogers, 6/26-7/9

SAHARA

735-4242

Jerry Lewis-Joey Heatherton, dinner, thru 5/8

Buddy Hackett, midnight, thru 5/8

Johnny Carson, 5/9-10

Charo-David Brenner, 5/11-21

George Carlin, midnight, 5/22-6/4

Flip Wilson, midnight, 6/5-18

Don Rickles, midnight, 6/19-7/2

SANDS

735-2916

Shecky Greene-Susan Anton, thru 5/6

Anthony Newley-Joan Rivers, 5/7-14

Tony Bennett-Joan Rivers, 5/15-27

Bobby Vinton-David Brenner, 5/28-6/10

Shecky Greene-Bernadette Peters, 6/11-24

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



Sammy Davis, Jr., Caesars Palace, 5/1-14,
and Harrah's Lake Tahoe, 6/27-7/1

UNION PLAZA

386-2444

Broadway entertainment

Mickey Finn Show, indf.

Lake Tahoe

CAL-NEVA LODGE

831-1511

Tony Solo, thru 5/25

Clique, 6/1-29

CRYSTAL BAY CLUB

831-0512

Nightly entertainment

HARRAH'S LAKE TAHOE

588-6606
 Bill Cosby, thru 5/1
 Kenny Rogers-Dottie West, 5/2-16
 Shirley MacLaine, 5/17-30
 Dolly Parton, 5/31-6/6
 Glen Campbell, 6/7-19
 Willie Nelson, 6/20-26
 Sammy Davis Jr.-Rita Moreno, 6/27-7/1

HARVEY'S

588-2411
Top of the Wheel:
 Lenny Herman Orchestra, 5/12-6/1
 Ron Rose Sound, 6/20-10/9
Theater Lounge:
 Links, thru 5/14
 Critics Choice, 5/5-18
 Freddy Powers, 5/12-25
 Italian Five Plus One, 5/26-6/8
 American Balalaika, 6/2-22
 Ernie Menehune, 6/9-29
 DeCastro Sisters, 6/16-29
 Esquires, 6/30-7/30

HYATT LAKE TAHOE

831-1111
 Steel Wheels, thru 5/5
 Garfin Gathering, thru 5/18
 Tony Castro & Friends, 5/7-26
 Young Country, 5/27-6/15
 Charlie Dawson Man, 5/28-6/16
 Martha's Children, 6/17-7/13
 Rich Rossie Trio, 6/18-30

SAHARA TAHOE

588-6211
 (800-648-4322 toll free CA. AZ. OR. ID. UT.)
 Mac Davis, thru 5/12
 Liberace, 5/15-6/2
 Doug Henning, 6/3-16
 Engelbert, 6/17-23
 Helen Reddy, 6/24-30

TAHOE MARINER

831-3100
 Entertainment, dancing, Mon.-Sat.

Reno Area

CARSON CITY NUGGET

882-1626
 Jerry Sun, thru 5/4
 9th Creation, 5/6-6/1
 Jerry Sun, 6/3-7/6

CIRCUS CIRCUS

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

ELDORADO

786-5700
 Nightly entertainment

FITZGERALD'S

786-3663
Emerald Room:
 Dan Miller, thru 5/4
 The Four Tunes, 5/27-6/15
 Lenny Herman, 6/17-7/13
Cabaret Room:
 De Castro Sisters, thru 5/4
 Sandra Kaye, thru 5/19
 Bach, 6/4-22

HAROLDS CLUB

329-0881
 Bordello Revue, indf.

HARRAH'S RENO

329-4422
 Tony Orlando, thru 5/7
 Eddy Arnold, 5/8-21
 Don Rickles, 5/22-28
 Gladys Knight & The Pips, 5/29-6/11
 Debbie Reynolds, 6/12-25
 Merle Haggard, 6/26-7/2

MAPES

323-1611
 Reno's Entertainment Spectacular '80, with
 the Gardner family, indf.



Debbie Reynolds, Harrah's Reno, 6/12-25

MGM GRAND HOTEL, RENO

789-2000
Ziegfeld Theater:
 Hello Hollywood Hello
Lion's Den:
 Fire & Spice, thru 5/6
 Spun Gold-Sass, 5/7-27
 The Brooks Paxton Show-Relation, 5/28-6/17

JOHN ASCUAGA'S NUGGET, SPARKS

358-2233
Celebrity Room:
 Mel Tillis-George Lindsey, 5/29-6/11
 Peter Marshall with Chapter 5, 6/12-22
Casino Cabaret:
 Jana Jae, thru 5/13
 Gatemouth Brown, 5/14-27
 Fabulous Follies '80 with Julie Miller, 5/28-6/24

ONSLow

786-7310
 Ultra Bright, thru 5/31
 Helen Long, 6/2-28
 Miles Sherman, 6/30-8/2

ORMSBY HOUSE, CARSON CITY

882-1890
 David Proud-Good Life, thru 5/18
 Garfin Gathering, 5/19-6/2
 Two of Clubs, 5/19-6/29
 Esquires, 6/2-29

RIVERSIDE

786-4400
 Dancing to the Fabulous 40's, indf., with Jack
 Joseph
 Toni Ingraham, 5/1-31
 Zella Lehr, 6/1-30

SAHARA RENO

322-1111
 The Best Little Whorehouse In Texas, 5/1-6/1

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, 823-2511

Dates and performers subject to change.

Nevada's area code is 702.

A Taste of China

Many years have passed since Gue Gim Wah arrived in Lincoln County as a young bride, but her “not open” establishment is still one of Nevada’s most exclusive cafes. By Jason Rubinstein



JASON RUBINSTEEN

The desert wind rustles the leaves of the few long-ago planted trees that now outnumber the people remaining in Caselton. The town is typical of many mining ghost camps, except for one thing. In a decaying building that warns intruders there’s “no trespassing” allowed, is one of Nevada’s most exclusive cafes.

Inside, Gue Gim Wah sits on a stool in her crowded kitchen, meticulously chopping bits of onion and water chestnut in staccato fashion. Pots and pans drape down from the cabinets. Dishes are stacked toward the ceiling, forming a precarious wall of heavy glass and metal.

“I only Chinese in Lincoln County now,” she declares. “Tom long dead now but I stay. Caselton my home.”

In the first decade of this century, Caselton was a boom town. Miners crowded into dormitories and small shacks, making the town a rival to Pioche, nine highway miles away on the other side of the mountain. Tom ran the boarding house where he saw to the feeding of the Caselton miners. But when he decided he needed a bride, Tom went to San Francisco.

“I remember when I first come to San Francisco,” says Mrs. Wah. “Age 12. I go

28 days at sea. Steamboat ‘China’ from Hong Kong. I always sick on boat.

“I no like San Francisco. Dirty city. Horses make manure on streets. Always smell. Hong Kong better. No horses. Use rickshaw, no dirty up streets.”

Tom knew Gue Gim’s father from Hong Kong, and his marriage to her was quickly arranged. Gue Gim was 16 and spoke no English. She left the security of her relatives and moved to Caselton with a man at least twice her age.

Mrs. Wah brushes the chopped onions into a small bowl with her long knife. She reaches for the chicken and carefully cuts it into thin slices. “Of course I afraid, but what I do? No ask then, just do. Tom, I, we run boarding house and cook. I learn English. I make home for Tom and miners. We very busy. We work very hard.”

The arrival of a Chinese girl in traditional dress aroused the curiosity of the camp’s residents. Tom was summoned to bring his new wife to meet the mine superintendent, and Mrs. Wah recalls that the visit developed into a party. “They want to see me. His daughter play piano. Get drink,” she says of her social debut.

“Those good days. We make much money, but Tom no believe in banks. He

keep money in house. One day fire. Tom, he throws bags of money out, but catch fire, bag burns, and wind blow money back in fire. All burn up. We start over.”

In 1927 they returned to Hong Kong for a visit. “Hong Kong big, crowded after Caselton,” she recalls. “Very poor. I see mother with sick baby. I say, baby need help. Mother say can’t help, give me baby. Tom, me, adopt baby, but come time return to Caselton, no can get papers because not citizens. We wait more than year.”

Finally, the mine owners arranged for the couple to return, but without the baby, who was left with relatives. Mrs. Wah still hopes her adopted son will be able to come with his family to America to live some day. So far she has succeeded in bringing one granddaughter to this country.

In the thirties Caselton settled down to a small mining operation. Tom died in 1933, but Mrs. Wah continued operating the boarding house. She regularly was host to former President Herbert Hoover, a major stockholder in the Caselton mine. Hoover had lived in China and had built its first railroad. While there he also acquired a taste for Chinese cooking.

One evening, during a birthday dinner for Hoover, the former president and Mrs. Wah talked about China and one of his first lessons in diplomacy. “He engineer. He told me went to China. All railroad ties stole in one night. He offered reward of 50 cents to bring back tie. By next morning all brought back.

“I like Mr. Hoover. He fine man and gentleman.” Years after his visits to Caselton the Herbert Hoover Library at West Branch, Iowa, sent a researcher to Caselton to record Gue Gim’s recollections of the late president.

Activity at the mine picked up again during World War II, when soldiers who had mining experience were dispatched to Caselton. Between shifts they filled Mrs. Wah’s boarding house and cafe.

Mrs. Wah moves her fragile-looking body off the stool and shuffles to the old oil stove. “I used to cook coal stove. During World War II, I move up here, get oil stove. I cook for two, three hundred soldier miners. Work 18 hours every day.”

Using chopsticks, she carefully drops the sliced chicken in the boiling oil. “Must deep fry three times. Make chicken very crispy.”

The soldiers have gone now, and so have most of the regular miners. North and south of Pioche the main highway,

Nevada 93, meets the seldom-used loop road to Caselton. The attraction that brings most strangers to the old camp is Mrs. Wah's "not open" cafe.

"I take tourists now maybe 10, 15 years, but not many anymore." Her guests are friends and referrals, and they regularly come from as far away as Las Vegas, 175 miles south, and Ely, 110 miles north. Miners, ranchers and surgeons mix easily in the casual atmosphere of Mrs. Wah's dining room. Locals from Pioche, Panaca and Caliente are her most frequent guests.

"I need at least one day's call," she insists. "Take me two days to make meal. Everything must be specially done."

Cooking Chinese food is no simple task in a desert ghost town. "Time when train bring fresh vegetables from Los Angeles. No more. Now grow them myself.

"Vegetables must be fresh. Sauces must be just right. I mix soy, sugar and whiskey for vegetables. Makes them stand up and sparkle!"

A family from Panaca and friends have arrived for a get-together over Mrs. Wah's cooking. In the kitchen she places the steaming dishes on a serving cart and wheels it into the dining room. Her guests are old friends and their praise is lavish. She beams, enjoying the company and the appreciation for her many hours of effort.

Mrs. Wah's guests eat what she prepares. "No special orders." Shopping can be an ordeal, requiring trips to Pioche, Cedar City or Las Vegas. Sometimes neighbors call for her orders when they're going to town. Specialty foods are shipped from San Francisco. "Guests must eat what I have," she says.

Tonight it's wonton soup, fried rice, chop suey, sweet and sour pork, meatballs with quail's eggs from Taiwan, egg foo young, siu mai (a Chinese meat pastry), fried chicken, American pie and tea. She uses generous amounts of specially blended Chinese spices, and seaweed is frequently included. "You diabetes, eat seaweed, diabetes down!"

Mrs. Wah will serve up to 25 people at a sitting, though she needs three days' notice for larger groups. She requires a minimum of four people before she'll cook. The price is always the same, \$8.50 per person, but "more people, more courses." Reservations can be made by calling 702-962-5330 or writing Mrs. Wah at Box 120, Caselton, Nevada 89043.

She runs an exclusive ghost town cafe, and if the lady says, "Can't do it," that's the way it is. □

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Pine Valley's Dan Rand usually could do the fixin' himself, but when cowboy Billy Graham took a spill, Dan got some unexpected help from the punkin line. By Harry Webb

HORSE SENSE & NONSENSE

Dan Rand was a good neighbor to have around and when any emergency arose, everyone in the valley rushed to Dan for help or advice. When "Deefy" Oliver had an abscessed tooth, Dan pulled it with his blacksmith tongs and had no trouble except he pulled *two* before he got the right one. Yes, Dan was our general "fix-it" man, be it a sweenied horse or a cowhand with a broken arm—which brings me to the case that caused more excitement in Pine Valley than the time Allen Bruffey (the oldest of three brothers) went off a little piece from the house and blew his brains out.

But back to Dan Rand.

It was spitting snow that November day as I put my horse in the barn and went in the house to have a moment's gabfest with Dan and his wife, Helen. Just Helen and the two girls were there, and on seeing the big stove covered with boiling pots and a huge pan of biscuits ready for the oven, I asked them how come.

"The Mound Valley riders are here," Helen said, "and they're in the lower meadow working out the Mound Valley and Dixie Creek cattle so they can start over the mountain in the morning. Dan said they would be through by noon, but it's past one now, and I'm afraid something has happened."

Knowing Dan to be like a cricket on a hot stove and always Johnny at the rat hole, I agreed that it was unusual for him to be so late, but pretty soon I glanced through the window and saw four riders enter Dan's big hay barn.

"Here they are!" I said, and a moment later Dan rushed in.

With a "Hi, there!" he began yanking out kitchen drawers and scattering everything as he jerked open drawer after drawer.

"See anything of my box of long rivets any place, Helen," he asked, "and my breast drill?"

"No, I didn't, Dan. They must be in the blacksmith shop or the barn."

Helen started to slide the biscuits in the oven when Dan said, "Hold up on

them biscuits awhile! I got a chore to do. Oh, here they are! Knew I had 'em a week ago rivetin' a tug." With that he hurried to a bedroom and was shouting, "Where the hell's that big roll of adhesive tape, Helen? Never mind, I found it."

"Well, for heaven's sakes," Helen said. "Calm down and wait until after dinner to fix whatever it is!"

"Can't!" Dan snapped, as he headed for the door. "Billy Graham's horse fell on the ice and broke Billy's leg. I gotta try and fix him up. Won't take long!"

"Listen," said Hammond, "I never drove a car in my life but if I can get this Franklin started, I'll get 'er there somehow."

For a moment Helen didn't seem to grasp the enormity of the accident. Then she started screaming, "Dan Rand, I don't want any more of your doctoring people! I won't have it! Get that poor man in the house where it's warm and have your father hurry with the car and get him to Carlin and a doctor!"

"Never mind the old man and his car," Dan replied. "Billy's comfortable enough in the barn an' I'll get him patched up." With that he ran out.

Crying, Helen ran to the wall phone and cranked two shorts and a long and presently was chattering the disaster. "Battery dead?" I heard her say. "Oh, My God! Just when we need it. One of the riders broke his leg and Dan's bound he's going to fix it! Yes, alright!" Turning to me she looked like she was ready to faint when she said, "Call Mr. Yates. I'm too nervous. Oh, that Dan Rand! Sometimes I could kill him!"

I looked at the long list pasted on the phone box and cranked and cranked. "Nobody home," I said, "I'll try Bob Raines." More cranking and no answer. "Christ Almighty," I exclaimed. "Ain't nobody home? I'll try Goodfellow. Let's

see. Three longs and one short!" Crank---crank---crank---crank. Then a voice on the line. "I was listening," it said. "This is Jack Cockerell. Who the hell broke his neck?"

"One of the Mound Valley cowhands. But it was only a leg, Jack. We're tryin' t' get a car to get him to Carlin. This is Harry Webb and I'm at Dan's. His flivver has no bands in it and his dad's battery's dead, so "

"Hello there!" a voice cut in. "This is Rodger. You want a car?"

"Yes!" Cockerell and I both answered.

"Hokey Doke," Rodger said. "If I can start my old bus I'll be on my way "

"To hell with that old chain-drive Buick of yours!" Cockerell shouted. "You'll never make it over the summit! I'm as good as on my way right now. So long."

"Hold it, Jack!" I yelled. "You're 50 miles from Hello---Hello? You still there, Jack?"

"Guess he's gone," a voice broke in. "This is Hattie. I just happened to listen in. I'll be there in less than an hour "

"Hey!" came a second voice. "This is Bill Hammond. Who the hell broke what? I just came in and lifted the receiver thinkin' somebody might be talkin' an' I'd learn somethin' A leg? The hell yuh say. Listen, I never drove a car in my life but if I can get this goddam Franklin started, I'll get 'er there, somehow. Huh? Hell no! The boss went t' Eureka on the Slim Princess (narrow gauge train). But I'll be there frontwards or backwards Hey! About 20 of you people hang up! Line's so damn weak I can't hear a "

"Hello? This is Marion Plummer. Did you say someone got hurt and you need a car? Who? Never heard of him. I'll have Edgar start at once!"

The line was still chattering when I said to Helen, "By God, it's a good thing you're on a punkin line! We sure got action in a hurry. One of the bunch ought to make it here if they don't wreck themselves."

"Slide all those pots back," Helen whimpered, "while I get some blankets ready! Oh, that poor man!" Still crying, she hurried for the blankets and that set the little girls to squalling. I had the pots shoved back over the stove's water heater and was answering a few calls when I heard a crash and ran to the door. Bill Yates' new Franklin was halfway through the picket fence and cowboys were running as I joined them.

"Bet that's the fastest this sonuvabitch ever made that two miles!" Bill Hammond exclaimed. "I got 'er started, but didn't know how the hell to stop 'er. Git the man ready while I put on the chains. Snow'll be deep on the Carlin summit."

"Never mind the chains," Dan said. "We ain't goin' no place. I done got Billy's leg all in workin' order."

"Well, I'll be damned if this ain't somethin'!" Hammond said when Dan explained the situation.

Helen came in the kitchen dragging an armful of blankets just as Dan and the rest of us entered.

"What the hell's all the blankets for?" Dan asked.

"To put around that p-p-poor man with the broken leg," she blubbered.

"Why, hell's fire, honey," Dan said. "He's o.k. Show her your leg, Billy."

The freckle-faced rider pulled up a trouser leg and showed a patched up wooden leg. "Works like new," he proudly said.

Helen collapsed in a chair with the little girls clinging to her. Then the weeping stopped short. Helen was mad!

"Dan Rand! Don't you ever do this to me again! You could have at least explained what the trouble was!"

"Honey," Dan replied, "I guess I didn't think. But I supposed you knew Billy had a wooden leg. Doggone it, I wish you wouldn't get so upset and excited over little things."

"Little things!" Helen flared. "You've caused us to upset the whole valley! And besides, how was I to know a total stranger had a wooden leg?"

She was right. I found out very few of us knew the fellow's slight limp was anything more than a sprain or a sore toe. Before dinner was over we had Edgar Plummer, Hattie Carletti and Rodger Bruffey to explain matters to Jack Cockerell? He didn't make it. In his haste he had thrown a connecting rod through the side of his Overland's block.

Yes, that 50-mile single wire was a handy way for ranch wife gossip, and it also served us well in emergencies. That is—some emergencies! □



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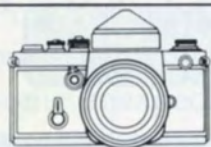
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T H E L E N S

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Gregory Jackson has thrown a little fuel on the ever-smoldering debate over whether or not photography can be art. At first glance, Jackson's images resemble impressionist paintings typified by heavy, seemingly random brushstrokes. In reality, these works are manipulated photographs.

Jackson, a professional from San Francisco, shot these photos around Virginia City, where suitable subjects abound. And instead of lugging around 50 pounds of fancy equipment, he looked like any other tourist, snapping away with his Polaroid SX70 as he does on many trips. But after the film pops out he does something that no ordinary shutterbug would want to do; he attacks the little 3¼ inch square color print with a metal tool, gouging at the surface as if to destroy it.

Under the plastic finish of SX70 film there are color dyes that stay soft for hours after the picture is developed, and Jackson carefully "mushes" these dyes together to get the painting effect. He then rephotographs the small original and enlarges it to a better viewing size.

Jackson feels that even though the results may look like paintings, they nevertheless are photographs because the images were created inside a camera.

Art or whatever, Jackson has discovered an interesting and fun thing to do with instant photography.

— John Bardwell



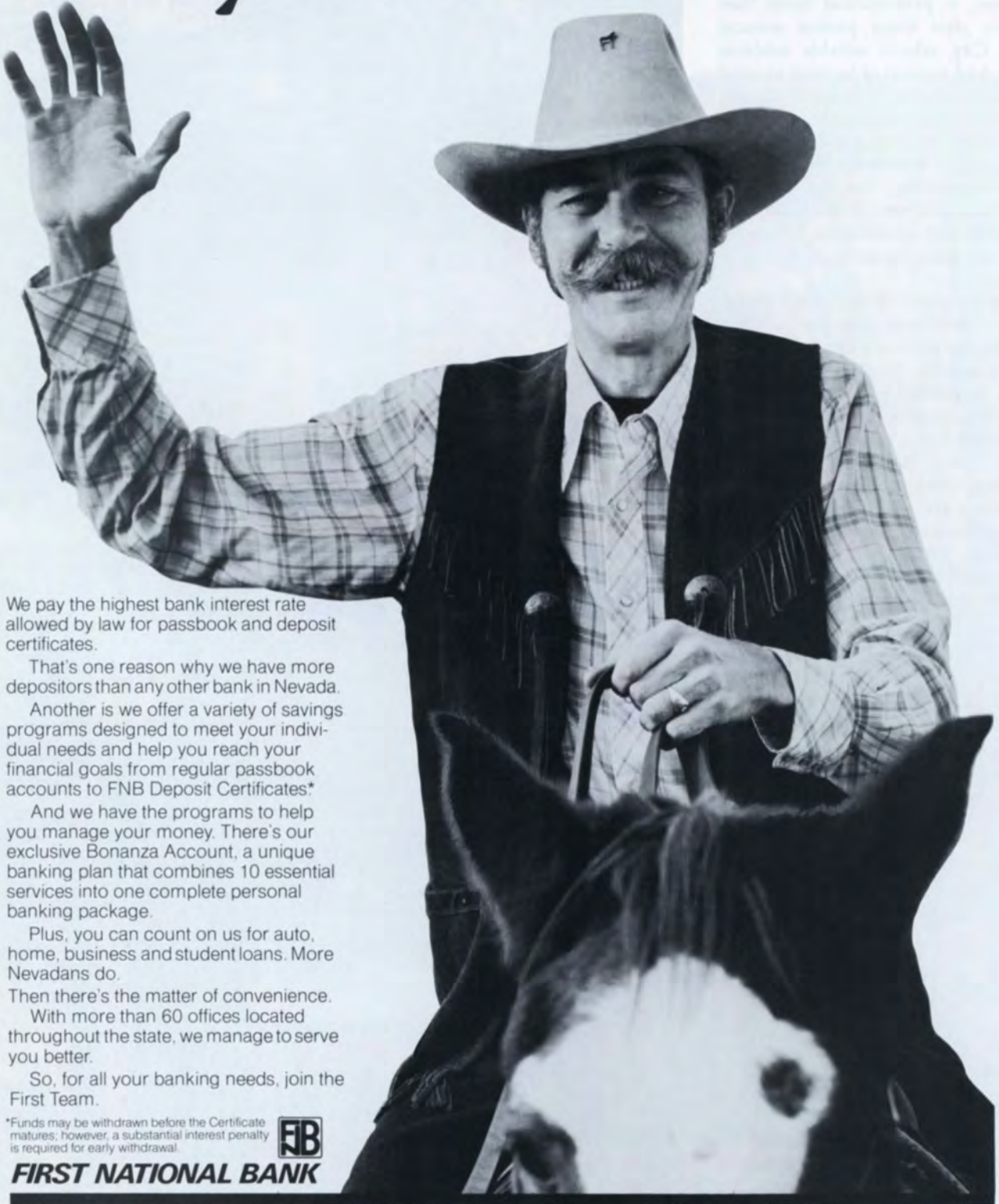
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Cartwheels & Chorus Girls

The classic (real) silver dollars were once Nevada symbols.

Now they are the craze of collectors. By Buddy Frank

A single roll of cartwheels used to do more for a traveling Nevadan than a AAA membership. Drop a silver dollar on a Grand Canyon park ranger, and you were assured a fresh supply of wood would be by your firepit in the morning. Pay the gasoline attendant in the oversized coins, and there'd be double stamps and an extra attempt at debugging your windshield.

The person's reaction would always be the same. "Hey, you just come from Nevada?" Casually you'd admit you lived there and tell him there was an alley next to Harolds Club in Reno paved with dollars. By the time you left, you would have the guy convinced you could roll naturals and dated only chorus girls. There was never any doubt; you had the silver to prove it.

Today it's different. You can't grab a handful of the classic old dollars out of the food money anymore to impress the outsiders. Those coins were gone from the Nevada streets by 1964. Seems a Nevadan who was the mint director at the time, Eva Adams, made a slip during a news conference and said the dollars were disappearing. Quicker than you could drop one in a slot machine, her prediction came true. They vanished into cookie jars and safe deposit boxes, never to be seen in circulation again.

When the Eisenhower dollar returned in 1971, it just didn't seem the same. The General never could hold a candle to Ms. Liberty in terms of beauty, and when they drained the silver out of Ike in 1974, the last of the magic vanished. Looking like a pregnant quarter, Susan B. Anthony's arrival last year certainly didn't bring back the old days. It was more nausea than nostalgia for dollar devotees.

However, while Ike and Susan B. may have been disappointments to the numismatic tradition, they were also greatly responsible for the current revival of interest in their predecessors, those classic, clanking coins of real silver.

The cartwheel's comeback began with the inflation and soaring silver prices late in the last decade. Until the seventies the price of silver had risen



only slightly since the metal was discovered in Nevada. At first the unrecognized metal was an annoyance, gumming up the sluice boxes of Henry Comstock and his gold-seeking compatriots on the south side of Sun Mountain. That was 1859; fourteen years later, when men like John Mackey became millionaires from the silver in Virginia City's Big Bonanza, an ounce of pure ore was still selling at less than a dollar.

By the late seventies the price of coffee had gone up faster than silver. In January 1979, the silver market opened in New York at an even \$6 an ounce. Within the year, it took off. By December it was up 600 percent to \$34.45 an ounce. In January 1980 the price of silver hit an all-time high of \$48.70. During this period gold got the publicity, and silver investors got rich. Suddenly an old dollar in any condition had a melt-down value of \$38. Nevadans were shaking

out forgotten piggybanks and prying apart souvenir belt buckles. And there was no shortage of speculators waiting to accommodate them. Newspapers across the state had a whole new category in the classifieds: "Highest prices paid on silver," "Discount TV's for your dollars," "Will trade '78 Ford pickup for 200 silver dollars."

The dollars were first created in the 1800s to boost sagging silver prices. One hundred and thirty years later, silver was boosting the dollar. Back in 1873, Congress was trying to stop inflation and devised a plan to suspend the use of silver in coinage and return to a single-metal 'gold' economy. The plan touched off national debates and was thereafter called the "Crime of '73." Its principal victim was the state of Nevada. Silver prices plummeted just when ore production was peaking. The miners fought back, applying political pressure until 1877, when the Bland-Allison Act temporarily restored order. It called for the minting of a new dollar—one made of three-quarters of an ounce of silver.

It was an historic opportunity. Mint officials were so excited over the prospect of the new coin that they imported a young engraver named George Morgan from England to design it. Morgan had been toying with drawings for a ten-dollar piece and a new half dollar, and he transferred those ideas to the new coin. His inspiration for the head of the Goddess of Liberty came one day in Philadelphia when he spotted 19-year-old Anna Williams. She was a local school teacher who worked near the mint. She was also quite modest, but her friends convinced her to pose for Morgan. As testimony to the engraver's skill, a year after the coin's release a newspaperman saw Anna and recognizing the Liberty profile, published her identity. Miss Williams became an unwilling superstar besieged with thousands of letters and unwanted visitors. It took her years to live down the fame. She retired in semi-seclusion and did not marry until late in life. It can only be presumed that Morgan's feathered model for the reverse eagle dollar suffered no such indignities.



The cashier's office of the Carson City Mint, now the Nevada State Museum, in 1895.

The first of the new "Morgan" dollars came off the press in mid-March of 1878, and that design remained virtually unchanged and in full production until the government ran out of silver in 1904. But when it became available again in 1921, the dies were dusted off and the dollar went back into production. During that time the mints in Philadelphia, New Orleans, San Francisco and Carson City stamped out 840,505,332 Morgans.

The Morgan's classic design, however, did not survive the national celebration following the armistice that ended the Great War. There was great pressure on the government to produce a new coin to memorialize the occasion. A design competition was launched, and the Peace dollar went into production in the final two weeks of '21. From then until 1935, 190 million of these more modern dollars were added to the reserves. Who would have thought that such common money would soon become the world's most collected coin?

The silver shortage after 1904 had something to do with it. Nevada's six-term U.S. Senator, Key Pittman, was the leading silver advocate in Congress. In an effort to restore sagging prices (59 cents an ounce in 1916) he sponsored a bill to guarantee government purchase of the metal at a dollar an ounce. But the bill also authorized the mint to melt nearly 270 million of the Morgan coins to be used for more popular nickles, dimes and quarters. Thus nearly half of the remaining Morgan dollars went into the furnace. In fact, of the 12,800 dollars minted in Philadelphia in 1895, not one is known to exist. (If you have one, it's worth millions.) Likewise, several other mint marks suddenly took on 'rare'

status. The supply of silver dollars shrank again during World War II when the military needed silver—and another 50 million coins were melted.

Despite its rarity, the silver dollar still couldn't find a home. Nevada, with its casinos, was the only state asking for cartwheels. Like today's \$2 bill, they began to pile up in Federal depositories. For collectors, this was a blessing. Here was a relatively scarce coin, made of silver, and thanks to Uncle Sam, it existed in uncirculated mint condition.

Unfortunately, serious coin collectors and investors noticed this long before the rest of us and began grabbing up uncirculated dollars as soon as they left the mint. The late Laverne Redfield of Reno was the king of the dollar hoarders. Before his death in 1974 he had accumulated one of the largest collections in history. He succeeded in getting the good dollars by employing downtown bank tellers to tip him off whenever a new bag hit town. Before the dollars could be distributed to the casinos, Redfield would take a quick peek. If they were choice coins, he'd plunk down the necessary thousand dollars and take them home. His stone mansion, which still stands on Mt. Rose Street in Southwest Reno, had a laundry chute leading to a secret basement room. Redfield would dump his bagful of coins down the chute into the pile, which eventually numbered more than 600,000 coins. An ultra-conservative with a strong dislike of bureaucratic government, he especially hated taxes. He dressed like an indigent farmer and drove a broken down pickup truck on his trips back and forth to the bank. Redfield was wealthy but didn't want anyone else to catch on. That's why he

liked the Morgan and Peace dollars. They were made of real silver instead of "phony" paper, and with his basement cache, there were no records for the Feds to audit. Reportedly, just before his death he left a note atop the mountain of dollars telling a relative not to let the tax man find the coins. It was a cruel irony that an accursed IRS agent, doing an appraisal, was the first to find the hidden money bin and read the note.

Hoarding by collectors and speculators began to pay off for them in 1974. President Nixon had signed a measure allowing the mint to auction off its supply of nearly three million Carson City (CC) Morgan dollars. Although the sale was not a sellout, it did pique public interest. When the last of those dollars went to auction in February of this year, the demand was phenomenal. There were nearly two bids for every coin. Also in late 1974 the existence of the Redfield estate became known. Later two major companies engaged in a bidding war over Redfield's coins, and the \$7.3 million finally paid by a Los Angeles dealer let the public know that there was a future in dollar collecting whether you had a basement or not.

Prices began to escalate. Worn specimens in poor condition went from \$4 to \$15. Good coins jumped to the thousands. An excellent 1893 dollar minted in San Francisco sold for \$5,000 in 1970, but in a private sale last February that same coin went for an unbelievable \$100,000.

Most good coins, the ones in blazing condition (displaying the original mint luster of fine silver), are in the hands of investors and dealers. But there are several dates of the Morgan and Peace dollar in uncirculated grades available commercially for \$40 to \$50. For that modest sum, you'll be landing a century-old memento in *brand new* condition, a bargain you'll seldom duplicate with other collectibles.

As for the rest of the coins—the ones that used to weigh down your purse and actually wear holes in new slacks—they're slowly disappearing. Many have been melted, transformed into ingots and whisked away to New York and London as owners cash in on the silver boom. Some coins are still around. Two here, a half dozen there. If you were one of the lucky ones who tucked a few away in the dresser drawer, hang onto them. They'll never go down in value. Besides, how do you price that unique sound of two solid Morgans clanking in your hand? It's one of those special things that always says Nevada. □

How to Collect Coins Without Losing a Mint

There may be easy money in collecting and selling silver dollars, but there's also a catch—knowing which dollars to buy and where to buy them.

The first part of the answer is easy. While all coins have performed well on the market in the last few years, the superb specimens have done the best. They are more expensive to obtain, of course, but their return is generally greater. One half-way approach to collecting is to buy the best of the more common coins and the lesser grades of rare dates. But your standard should be to buy the best quality you can afford.

The challenge is in determining which coins are in good quality. Coin authorities have established a point system to distinguish various grades from 1 (poor) to 70 (perfect). The top ten are known as uncirculated, designating specimens that never made it into general public usage. To the untrained eye, these all look perfect, bright and shiny. However, the slightest imperfection can be critical. An 1884S in Mint State (MS) 60 is currently selling for \$1,100. The same coin in MS 65 commands \$12,000. In the nearly flawless state of MS 65+, the coin recently sold at auction for \$42,000. To the amateur, the difference that made this coin jump \$40,000 is undetectable. It takes years of study and exposure to thousands of coins to learn the appraiser's skill.

Another complication is that coins from different mints, and even coins from the same mint with different dates, vary in condition. For example, coins minted in San Francisco generally look better than those stamped in New Orleans. Thus a coin with an S mint mark in MS 60 may look superior in quality to an O coin rated at MS 65—and command a higher price.

The government melting programs in the twenties and forties added some wrinkles by increasing the rarity of certain dates and mint marks, thus increasing their value.

Despite these hurdles, dollars are still excellent investments for the average buyer. But to make it worthwhile you have to study coins and find a dealer who can help you

accomplish your particular goals.

The American Numismatic Association issues a volume, *Grading Standards For United States Coins*, that is available in most bookstores. The book will give you the basic criteria for determining coin conditions. That's just the start. You must actually inspect as many dollars as you can in various grades. Hundreds and hundreds. That is tough to do at just a single shop, or even in a single town, so if you're serious about coins, be sure to take in the nearest commercial coin show. There you will be able to see many dollars of the same date and mint mark side by side. You'll quickly see why an MS 60 is different than an MS 63. Shows are held annually in Las Vegas and Lake Tahoe, and more frequently in California cities. Most coin magazines and newsletters carry a schedule of shows in your region.

But don't make the mistake of letting a little knowledge go too far. While you may learn grading quickly, there are still many boobytraps waiting in the mysteries of die variations, strike and proof-likes. Unless you're thinking of a full-time effort, you'll need some assistance.

Your next step is to find a dealer you trust and respect. Shady operators seldom remain in one place very long, so the first rule is to find an established shop or at least a dealer who's been in the coin business several years.

When you visit a dealer, ask for a guarantee on all your purchases. He should promise that his coin is graded correctly, and most importantly that he will buy back that coin at the going rate for that grade. Any reputable dealer will be happy to make this pledge. If your dealer won't, find another shop.

On grading, be honest with yourself. If you're not an expert, don't try to fake it. Dealers love to stick it to customers who think they're sticking it to dealers.

What's a particular coin worth? Prices change rapidly. The best source of information, the one used by professionals, is the *Coin Dealers Newsletter*.^{*} If you're putting serious money into coins, the hefty subscription price of \$50 per year is worthwhile. This so-called "grey

sheet" lists the Bid and Ask price of each coin, in each grade, on a weekly basis. The Bid is the wholesale price that dealers would pay for a coin. The Ask is the price at which a coin is currently selling. Remember, a shop won't be selling to you at this Ask figure because that's the dealer's replacement cost. On top of that, as in any business, he must pay the light bill and have something left over to feed the family. The point is that his price should be within a reasonable percentage of the Ask price. Even with the dealer mark-up, the coins will produce handsome returns if you hold them for any length of time. Dealers are delighted when customers return with their coins months later and want their money back; in most cases the coins will have performed far better than interest rates and inflation combined.

One final tip: stay away from most mail-order purchases. Though there are sure to be exceptions it's a good rule. Advertisers have to figure the cost of an ad in a publication and the time lag between when they place it and when it is read. The period can be weeks or months. In today's coin market, prices can rise quickly, and to protect themselves, mail-order firms have to inflate their prices to cover the expected price jump. You also run the risk of buying unseen merchandise. Although there is a guarantee with these ads, the return rate is low on coins that do not meet specifications. This is usually due to unskilled grading by the purchasers. By custom it's rather tacky to take discount mail-order coins to your local shop for a second opinion. It's better to go to him in the first place and buy at more current prices.

The rewards are there for the careful buyer. Silver dollars have been a gamble since they first rolled across Virginia City's faro tables in the days of the Big Bonanza. With reasonable caution you can make some money, own an ounce of history and sneer at those flimsy shrinking greenbacks.—BF

^{*} Coin Dealer Newsletter, Inc.
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The Wave

With the great Mountain Wave rolling off the Sierra, learning to soar in western Nevada is like taking art classes at the Louvre.

By Phillip Finch

Blue sky above, brown landscape sliding slowly below; a dream of eagles, an ecstasy of flight.

Imagine: over one shoulder just about eye level, the highest bare sawtooth peaks and sharp ridges of the Sierra Nevada, trailing wind-blown wisps of snow. Over the other shoulder, below the open vastness of the Pine Nut range, a thin ribbon of dirt road winding into the hills (you can trace it for miles from this perch) and a herd of wild horses, frightened by the shadow you cast, raising a plume of dust as it flees.

You are encased in a fiberglass cocoon, held buoyant in an ocean of air by two knife-edge wings. The aluminum seat and the epoxy shell and three thousand feet of warm rising air separate you from the hard ground beneath you. In your right hand you grasp a stick that can tilt the horizon, fill your plexiglass window with sky or with onrushing earth, and do it silently. Well, almost. There is no drone of internal combustion engine, anyway—only a whistle of wind through the seam where the canopy meets the fuselage.

That near silence is one of the attractions of soaring, this exercise of duplicating, without propulsion, the flight of birds. Its practitioners on every level find it a sport of eternal challenge and sublime rewards. It humbles the best of them, but on a good day it repays their efforts a hundred times over.

Maybe nowhere else in the world are the rewards as generous and as consistent as they are in western Nevada, in a

magic strip of territory that lies in the immediate lee of the Sierra. That area, principally a 50-mile stretch that reaches from the Minden-Gardnerville area to Stead airport north of Reno, attracts serious soaring pilots from around the world.

The reason is simple: soaring success depends totally upon conditions of temperature and wind (the most skilled pilot being totally helpless without the natural lift that keeps his craft airborne) and prime conditions abound in that territory.

Skilled pilots don't have a monopoly either. Learning to soar in western Nevada is like taking art classes in the



Soaring enthusiasts bring their ships and high hopes to Mindens' wave camp this May 17-18 and 24-26 for regional championships.

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Just as soaring's requirements are relatively simple—a skilled pilot, glider, tow plane and some rising air are the basic elements—so is the process of taking a flight in a glider, even if you've never been in the air before. It can be as easy as walking into a soaring operation, slapping down a \$20 bill and saying, "Take me up."

The flight you'll get will last 20 to 30 minutes, and possibly longer if no one else is waiting. The scenic flight (it may be called an introductory lesson for insurance reasons) will be piloted by an instructor, and the views will likely be mind-boggling: the Sierra and Pyramid Lake, or Lake Mead and Las Vegas country from 2,500 feet up. If you're truly caught by the soaring bug, the next step is to become a student. Most gliderists take 20 to 25 lessons before

solioing, and then 10 to 20 solos before taking the FAA test for a private license.

Soaring weather changes with the seasons. Generally waves are most common in western Nevada from November through May, with thermals predominant in warm summer months. In southern Nevada waves are not as common, but there are excellent thermals April through October.

Following are Nevada's four soaring sites:

Stead: Sierra-Nevada Soaring, Reno-Stead Airport, 12 miles north of Reno off U.S. 395. Scenic rides \$18, half-hour lessons \$22-\$25 depending on required lift. Glider rentals \$16-\$18 per hour. Open Thurs.-Mon. 9:30 to evening. Operated by Bill and Jane Skliar, 702-972-7757.

Pyramid Lake: Air Sailing and Silver

State Soaring off the Pyramid Lake road (Nevada 33-445) 22 miles north of Sparks. Air Sailing is a member-owned, non-profit glider group, but the public is welcome. Touring and teaching is handled by Silver State Soaring. Introductory or scenic flights \$18.50, lessons about \$25. Glider rentals \$16 per hour. Open Wednesdays, weekends and holidays. Managed by Earl Butler, 702-329-4652; ask for mobile unit 9225.

Minden: Minden-Tahoe Aviation, off U.S. 395 at the Douglas County Airport. Introductory or scenic flight \$25, lessons about \$30. Glider rentals \$16 per hour. Open daily 7 to early evening. Operated by Dick Gant, 702-782-4565.

Boulder City: Desert Soaring, 1499 Nevada Hwy. at the Boulder City Airport. Scenic flight \$22.50, lesson about \$21.50. Glider rentals \$14-\$18 per hour. Open Tues.-Fri. 10 to sunset and weekends 9 to sunset. Operators are Dick and Carol McKnight, 702-293-4577.

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Louvre, and hundreds of students receive soaring instruction every year in the area's several gliding centers. The simply curious can pay for a ride almost every day of the year and sample soaring that is as good as it ever gets. Nothing like starting at the top.

What they all get is the unique experience of flight without power, using a mass of air that is moving in the right direction (that is, straight up) and going along for the ride. Rising air is free and, when conditions are right, flights can last for hours, covering hundreds of miles with an altitude gain of many thousands of feet. Top pilots in specially-equipped gliders can fly at jetliner altitudes, but only in special places. Western Nevada is one of those places, but more of that momentarily

Thermals are the most common source of lift. Warm air rises, not haphazardly but in definable columns that may persist in one spot for hours. Often the tops of these columns are marked by fluffy clumps of white cumulus clouds.

Sun-warmed hillsides are a good source of thermals, and western Nevada has plenty of those. Thermals are strongest and most plentiful in places that show a great difference in temperature from night to day. Western Nevada, with summer nights that can drop near freezing and summer days that can shoot quickly into the 90s, is ideal.

Experienced glider pilots will find a thermal through a process that is part learning, part luck, part intuition. Then, having defined the invisible boundaries of the warm column, they bank the glider sharply to wheel in tight circles within the lift, gaining altitude with each turn. Where one has found lift, three or four more may gravitate; there is plenty to go around and the nimble little airships, in skilled hands, can maneuver safely in very close quarters.

There's another sort of lift, this produced by the action of wind washing over a hillside. Western Nevada, no surprise, has plenty of wind and plenty of hillsides. It's called ridge lift; the face of the hill deflects the wind upward, and gliders can ride it several thousand feet. It is a dependable and predictable source of rising air. The only problem is finding the right side of the hill; air that rises on one side inevitably sinks down the other and takes airships with it.

That is a sort of poor relation to the most spectacular lift of all. It's called

the Mountain Wave, and it, more than anything else, makes western Nevada a special soaring experience.

Pilots call it simply The Wave, and it operates only in places where a strong, consistent wind strikes high mountain peaks. The strong wind is the one that sweeps in from the Pacific, over California. The mountains are the Sierra, the first obstruction that Pacific wind encounters for thousands of miles. Think of the air as a fluid (which it is) and imagine the wind being deflected first straight up, then down again. The process doesn't end there, however. At a spot several miles in the lee of the last high peak, it rises again. Watch fast-flowing water strike a rock in a stream and you'll see the same effect, a series of standing waves of water behind that rock.

Soaring pilots seek that secondary uplifting of air. They try to stay in its narrow band of spectacular lift and when they do it right they can climb so high that the Oakland Flight Center must be notified, so that it can re-route commercial jet traffic around the "windows" of airspace that are set aside for gliders on days with the best Wave conditions.

The effect is so rare that some pilots ship their gliders thousands of miles to participate in a special Wave Camp held at Douglas County Airport near Minden every year. There, pilots fly routinely to 30,000 feet; the world altitude record for a glider, over 46,000 feet, was set near Minden.

The craft aren't difficult to fly but they do require some specialized training. The Federal Aviation Administration requires a knowledge of the basics of safety and theory of soaring before granting a license. With instruction and rental and the cost of a tow plane to get airborne, that can run easily beyond \$1,000. There's a fixed base operation at Douglas County airport that offers instruction in powered airplanes and gliders. Operations in Truckee, California (just across the state line) and at Stead Airport offer instruction and rentals, and have gliders that are outfitted for Wave soaring. Maybe the best of the western Nevada operations is Air Sailing, near Silver Springs, Nevada, with a 7,400-foot dirt strip and a facility devoted solely to soaring enthusiasts.

Each of these places also offers rides with commercial pilots. It ought to be noted, though, that sharing quiet airspace with the eagles can be an addictive pastime. □

Tonopah's Town Party

(Continued from page 28)

cowed by the crowd of desperadoes inside. Sitting on a chair beside the door, a satyr-faced Tonopah man grinned up at them. "Better throw your hat in first," he advised.

Appearances aside, however, the celebrants last year were actually models of decorum. "Things are really mellow here," says Bob Perchetti, Jim Butler Committee Chairman. "Take that dance Friday night. You'd think that with 600 people and all that whiskey they'd been drinkin' that there might be a skirmish or two. Maybe a couple of guys who just couldn't get along. But it was real calm. People come from Reno and Las Vegas to get away from the city. A family came up from Clark County and the father told me, 'I've had a super time. I didn't have any idea that I'd be so relaxed. The street dance and all—me and my wife haven't danced so much since we were kids.'"

Perchetti, a former all-state basketball star for Tonopah High, was one of the founders of the celebration. "It all got started," he says, "when three fellows and myself started a bottle show together. This was in 1964. We went

about five or six years, putting that bottle show on every year and it got to attracting so many people that during the last one we did, over a thousand people signed our out-of-town guest register. So I called the president of the Chamber of Commerce, and I said, 'Meet me at Jerry's, I've got something to talk about.'"

That something turned out to be the first Jim Butler Days celebration, and it has been going strong ever since. It is one heck of a town party in Tonopah.

— David W. Toll

JIM BUTLER ALERT: Concern over the availability of gas kept many prospective visitors home last year. Ironically, there was plenty of gas in Tonopah and en route. But overnight accommodations were in short supply because of recent mining and military activity in the area, which tied up most local rooms. New motels and the reopening of the Mizpah should ensure more rooms, but prudence dictates advance reservations.

For up-to-date room information, call the Tonopah Chamber of Commerce at 702-482-3859. The complete schedule for this year's Jim Butler Days is listed in the May/June daily calendar.

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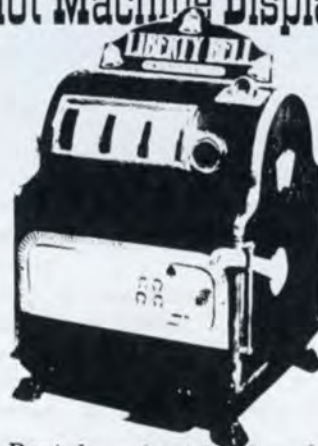
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Miracle on Main Street

There were many skeptics and speculators among the bidders when the railroad auctioned its Las Vegas lots in May 1905. But there also were pioneers who saw paradise in the dusty desert tent town.

By David Moore



PHOTOS COURTESY FERRON-BRACKEN COLLECTION, UNLV LIBRARY

The First State Bank opened in temporary quarters at Kuhn's Store a week before the auction. The Las Vegas paper noted, "Cashier Park has been overworked handling the money, but he looks happy and contented."

Seventy-five years ago this spring the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake Railroad auctioned 40 blocks of lots in the new town of Las Vegas. When the tumult and shouting were over, the auctioneer's platform went for seven dollars. Las Vegas was born.

The creation of what was to become America's most dazzling city was just a practical matter to the railroad in May 1905. It needed a full-service town along the tracks in the hot, dusty desert between Los Angeles and Salt Lake. When the original fixed-price sale drew an unexpected avalanche of bids and hundreds of eager squatters, the company announced a wide-open auction near Main Street and gratefully banked several times the expected profit.

The railroad's eye for a bonanza, however, was matched by the foresight of the town's new citizens. If there ever was a sense of destiny in the desert, Las Vegas had it. From the work of its pioneers succeeding generations saw Hoover Dam climb the walls of Black Canyon and the post-war fame and prosperity that gambling and exotic resorts brought to the Meadows. From its first settlement, Las Vegas was a town of incredible civic energy.

One of its earliest energizers was the weekly *Las Vegas Age*, whose pages reported the auction results and plans for such improvements as a vaudeville theater and direct phone lines to Beatty. But one of its more intriguing columns was written by a renegade Los Angeles *Examiner* reporter who said a partner had headed him off at the telegraph office, producing "libelous" stories about the auction and the new city. In stating his case, the disenchanted S.E. Rothery describes a rough hewn town filled with excitement and more than an ounce of optimism. With relish he take his dim-sighted partner to task:

★ ★ ★

Mr. Pierson is a tenderfoot. He came west from the New York Journal staff only a few weeks ago. He is clever and capable, but he has never participated in the creation of a new town

Take this paragraph as a specimen:

"Angelenos who were in the crowd and on the platform looked at each other in utter astonishment. Some of them—all of them—had brought substantial bank rolls with them, for the terms are one-third spot cash, and the remainder as soon as the deeds are ready, but the desert habitues were too strong for them. They were the sort who would



On May 15, 1905, auctioneer Ben E. Rhoades took first bids in the railroad's Las Vegas townsite auction. The tall man on his right is C. O. Whittemore, railroad attorney and president of the Las Vegas Land and Water Company. The platform stood between the tracks and Main Street near today's Union Plaza.

gamble on anything. They all expect to turn their lots over within thirty days at the least, at fancy prices, and make a big stake."

I was in a position where I could view every familiar face from Los Angeles. It was the Angelenos who bid up the lots and it was the business people of Las Vegas who bought lots with the intention of keeping them for business sites. Most of the people of Las Vegas were obliged to take locations they had not originally selected, just because outsiders bid the lots up.

Everyone knows that local people who bought lots are not gamblers, but are earnest business people and home-builders who will remain here. The terms are one quarter cash and not one third, though this is an unimportant statement except to point out another inaccuracy.

Here is another specimen of exuberant verbosity:

"Freighters from the 'Muddy,' prospectors and miners from 'Crescent,' gentlemen from Los Angeles and tin horns from everywhere elbowed each other through the long streets of the tent town taking in the sights and listening to the speling of the shouters and the tuneless banging of the town's only piano.

"Beer that had boiled in the sun all day, or for a week, perhaps, flowed freely and there was liquid refreshment

for all. Around the sacred townsite's limits stretched a five-wire barbed fence, backed up by a dozen or fifteen husky Nevada deputy sheriffs armed with pick handles and old style forty-fives."

Freighters from the Muddy are not very common here, though freighters from the Bullfrog district abound. "The town's only piano" is a part of a tuneful sentence where truth again sacrifices. There are several first class pianos in the settlement and a number of good musicians.

All the beer in the community is kept on ice and in bottles. The barbed wire fence surrounding the townsite never existed and the armed deputy sheriffs are also a figment of Mr. Pierson's brain.

I came to Las Vegas to make my home in this valley, where the ever-smiling sun vitalizes the air with an exhilarating ozone that heals the body and clears the brain of the webs woven by the incessant shuttles of urban life. My interests are here.

★ ★ ★

Rothery continued to lambast his colleague in what would have been a challenge to duel in Mark Twain's Comstock days. In 1905 Las Vegas was a rough and tumble town but even then it surely had something special. Pierson probably would have enjoyed sticking around. □



Rafters hit some spray on the Carson River's lower east fork.

The Carson River Rats

Is the Carson a wild and crazy river? You bet, especially in springtime when the whitewater is just right for rafting. By John Packer



Watching the river roll, this crew enjoys a warm afternoon on the Truckee.

The five rafters on the screen were frozen in wild-eyed ecstasy as their craft plunged through a boiling wall of whitewater. The tiny raft was bent in half, hopelessly swamped in a depression. Water was pouring in stem and stern. Then, miraculously, the raft shot out of the rapid and reached calmer water, where the madly grinning fivesome held their paddles high the way hockey players raise their sticks after a goal.

We laughed in relief, and my neighbor turned the living room lights back on as the slide projector hummed in the pleasant spring evening. We talked about the exciting run, which had been made by my friend on a famous western river. I asked jokingly if there was whitewater in Nevada. "Sure there is," he replied quickly, "The Carson is great in May and June."

My image of the Carson has always been of a river which, except in times of flood, winds lazily through the desert of western Nevada, into Lahontan Reservoir and then on to an ignoble demise in the great Carson Sink. More than a century ago, Mark Twain lampooned Nevada rivers in *Roughing It*: "People accustomed to the monster mile-wide Mississippi grow accustomed to associating the term 'river' with a high degree of watery grandeur. Consequently, such people feel rather disappointed when they stand on the shores of the Humboldt or the Carson and find that a 'river' in Nevada is a sickly rivulet which is just the counterpart of the Erie Canal in all respects save that the canal is twice as long and four times as deep. One of the pleasantest and most invigorating exercises one can contrive is to run and jump across the Humboldt River till he is overheated, and then drink it dry."

But my friend insisted that whitewater and sagebrush do occur side by side in the state, and so the following week, on a flawless May morning, we were off to the East Carson for my maiden river voyage.

Arriving at the put-in point just south of Markleeville at Hangman's Bridge, we set about inflating and rigging two rafts for the 24-mile journey to Gardnerville. The rafts were part of an equipment cache brought by Sandpiper White-water Guides, the Zephyr Cove outfit conducting the river run.

The 15-foot oar boat was fitted with a steel rowing frame and carried our supplies in a footlocker securely lashed inside. One person, usually the guide, handles the oar boat, directing its course

JOHN PACKER



River rat Shane Murphy at the oars. Supplies are in the trunk and ammo boxes.

with two 10-foot oars. The other raft was a 13-foot paddle boat with room for seven paddlers. (There were five on our trip.) The guide on this raft sits in the back of the boat and uses his paddle like a rudder as he shouts paddling commands to the crew. Paddling is considered the more dangerous and exciting way to raft down a river.

The boats were now ready, but before putting in, the chief guide, Shane Murphy, showed us various paddle strokes and how to respond in a quick, unified manner to the guide's commands. He explained the use of lifejackets and the proper way to bounce feet first down a rapid in case we took an

*You encounter all kinds of smiles and con-
veyances in the Truckee River Raft Race.
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DAVID MOORE PHOTOS

unscheduled dip in the river. In my position as trip demographer, and the group's only pure rookie, I took my seat in the bow of the sturdier oar boat.

We shoved off from the sandy bank and headed for the strongest current at mid-river. Murphy said that the flow was high and swift today, running at nearly 2,000 cubic feet per second. Looking back at the fast shrinking bridge, we noticed two people without lifejackets entering the water in a small, plastic raft. Murphy shook his head and grumbled, "Good luck," in their direction. He said accidents occur each year on the East Carson, usually befalling poorly equipped and ill-advised rafters. All the same, I checked the clamps on my life jacket and adjusted my grip on the raft as we rounded the bend and headed into the first set of rapids.

The river seemed to steepen and the sleek, silent green of its surface gave way to whitewater in muted roar. The rapid was 400 yards of small standing waves or "haystacks," and the raft bucked rhythmically down its center, shipping a fine spray at every dip. As the rapid petered out, my confidence grew. I envisioned our crew at journey's end standing defiantly on the bank of the defeated river, slugging down Coors Light and swapping macho tales. Yes, another river rat was born.

We were floating smoothly now, so I started snapping pictures of the snowy mountain peaks receding in the west. There was a sweep of remarkable

(continued)

contrasts—solemn blue Sierra basalt, and red rock canyon walls topped with yellow sandstone mesas. Upriver, stands of Ponderosa shrank in the distance, yielding to sturdy junipers and pinyons. Overhead, a red tailed hawk was being chased by a phalanx of darting terns. The day was warm and cloudless, fine weather for rafting in the Sierra.

The current was picking up speed and the silence, along with my reverie, was neatly shattered by the sound of whitewater ahead. We were entering a well respected rapid that has a 90-degree bend. It's known as the Slammer. The paddlers were in the lead, and nearing the bend they began prying back hard, trying to stay on the inside of the turn.

But they went too wide and the river took control. It launched the raft in a powerful, diving arc into the rocks, pinning it against the granite wall of the Slammer. The five paddlers were scattered in the river. Steve was able to jump clear just before impact. Reggie and Pat disappeared below the underswept rock but surfaced unharmed a few yards downstream. Mike and Dale discovered untapped skills as

they scaled the Slammer's sheer face to safety.

The raft was wedged against the bank, battered by the water's awesome force as Murphy rowed by cautiously, not daring an attempt to free it. Finally the raft shot clear and bounced down the rest of the rapid. We pulled Reggie and Pat from the chilly water, then caught up with the rogue raft at a sandbar downstream. Steve was already there, wringing out his shirt and shivering in the sun. The other two survivors arrived by land, and after a brief round of blame-saying, we prepared to get back on the river. Most of the paddles had been lost, so we fashioned new ones with driftwood and duct tape. We were afloat again within an hour and found all our paddles, along with someone else's sunbaked oar, trapped in spinning eddies along the shore.

Murphy suggested that we should stop for lunch. This proposal had unanimous popular support, and we put ashore on a grassy bank. Dagwood-size sandwiches, salad and fruit punch were the order of the day, and nothing was left to waste. Lolling over lunch was cut short, however, to allow time for a

needed soak in the hot springs further downriver. The Slammer incident had put us behind schedule. But the crash did have a unifying effect upon the paddle crew, and the next rapid, Rip Tide, was expertly run. Responding together to Dale's shouts, the paddlers ran a true course down the center of the rapid. They pulled furiously over the haystacks and into the holes, keeping the bow pointed straight downriver through 300 yards of whitewater.

We pulled in at the hot springs, secured the boats, and walked up to the hot water pool perched on a cliff at river's edge. The soothing mineral warmth soaked away our cares, and soon we were back on the river.

I was now enjoying all aspects of the run, smooth and turbulent. The more prominent rapids had been given colorful names—the Clink, Hereford's Lament, Who's First, the Sidewinder—and each had its own character and intensity. The Sidewinder, a rollicking long run filled with high waves and boiling eddies, was the whitewater I most enjoyed.

Rounding Horseshoe Bend, Murphy pointed out the future site of the Watahemu Dam. The proposed rock and earth-filled structure would create a lake and forever alter the East Carson's flow, effectively wrecking it for river running. But the planners aren't sure yet if the dam is necessary, and a movement is afoot to have the East Carson placed on the national list of wild and scenic rivers.

We were nearing the put-out point at the ruins of Ruhenstroth Dam. As my friend had promised, sagebrush now lined the riverbank between small stands of Cottonwood and Willow. The water was once again as smooth as glass, but increasing in speed as it plunged toward a 40-foot waterfall through a break in the old dam. This area is dangerous, and large signs tell the river traveller to leave the water a quarter mile before the falls.

We pulled in hard on the bank, and I lept to shore with the painter and secured it to a tree. The paddlers came in fast, using the oar boat as a dock, and bumped safely alongside.

The gear was unloaded and the rafts set to dry in the last slanting rays of the sun. Loading the rafts into the van, Steve started humming, "Row your Boat."

As the van later sped towards Gardnerville, the ancient rhyme began again, and we all joined in like children on a spring holiday; "Row, row, row your boat, gently down the stream." □

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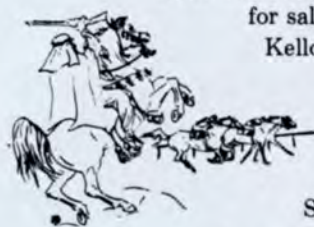
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LETTERS

(Continued from page 23)

CLAY TOO NEAR THE SOIL

I knew Caliente's lawyer turned horse breeder, Tom Clay. I knew the Nobel prize winning novelist, Ernest Hemingway.

Clay had a quicker, though not deeper, wit than Hemingway.

Clay's contention, as portrayed by writer Richard Menzies (Mar/Apr '80), that Nevada, because it is a casino state, is non-productive, always concerned me. For Nevada is very productive.

It produces jobs. And jobs are the basis of town, city, county, state and national economies.

Tom, good man that he was, thought too grass rootsly, too near the soil.

Carl Hayden
 Jackpot, NV.

FORT NOT THAT SMALL

In describing the dimensions of the Old Mormon Fort (Nov/Dec '79) it appears the writer suffered a common, momentary mental lapse. There is considerable difference between square feet and feet square. Or was the old fort really that small?

Albeit an interesting article.

John W. Gunther
 Santa Paula, CA.

Gunther, you're correct, and so was the article's author, Ardis Coffman, in stating that the fort was 150 foot square—not 10 by 15 feet. The mistake was an editor's. Apologies!—Ed.

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