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NEVADA

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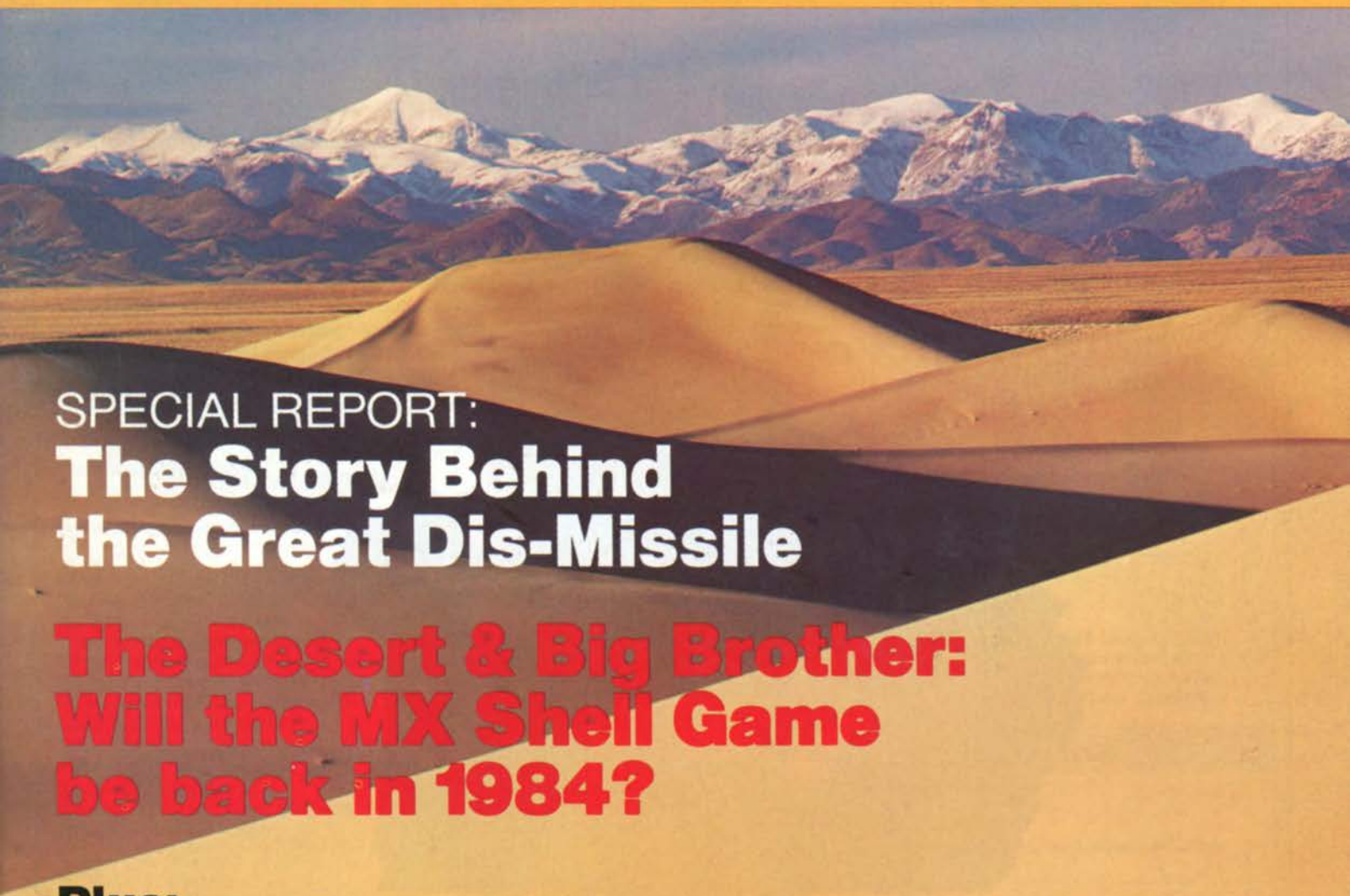

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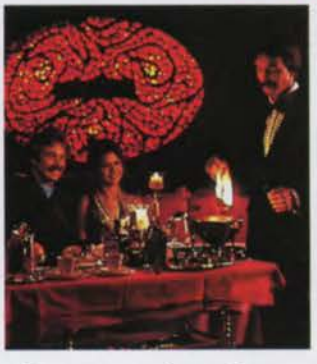

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January/February 1982

Special Report

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ROBERT LIST, Governor

CAROLINE JOY HADLEY, Editor & Publisher
DAVID MOORE, Managing Editor
DALE SMITH, Art Director
JIM CRANDALL, ROGER SMITH, Associate Editors
LEON MANDEL, At-Large
ANN HENDERSON, Marketing & Entertainment
BETTY GOVORCHIN, Advertising Coordinator
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DAVID MUENCH, Showcase
JOHN BARDWELL, Special Effects

CONTRIBUTORS: Bea Abbey, Ola Blavatsky, Patrice Bingham, Don Dondero, Linda Dufurrena, Phillip Earl, Phillip Finch, Buddy Frank, Tony Gleaton, Russell R. Goebel, A.D. Hopkins, William Jeanes, Anna Dean Kepper, Las Vegas News Bureau, Warren Lerude, Olivia Mandel, Joan Morrow, Nevada State Purchasing, Mike O'Callaghan, Jan Seagrave, Guy Shipler, Leslie Sluman, Harry Upson, Bill Willard.

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Nevada and Northern California: Kelley-Rose Inc., P.O. Box 20158, Reno, NV. 89515. (702) 323-3022.

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Editorial

On March 17 1953, cameras poised, 600 guests sat at picnic tables at Yucca Flat, just seven miles from Ground Zero. They had been invited by the Atomic Energy Commission to watch an A-bomb drop. Officials assured them, "There is no danger from radioactive fallout particles," and everyone had a real blast.

Sixty miles south, in Las Vegas, gamblers pulled slot machine handles as casinos shook and a mushroom cloud rose to the north. It was just one of a long series of nuclear tests in southern Nevada so the gamblers continued to play.

"All of the blasts are frightfully terrible yet unbelievably magnificent," an editorial in our June 1953 issue said. "They are hellish but beautiful; horrible yet spectacular. From a distance each appears as a gorgeous fireworks display on a gigantic scale. Nagasaki and Hiroshima tell the story differently, however on what could happen should one be dropped on an American city by a relentless enemy."

During the Yucca Flat test, soldiers who were crouching in trenches just 2,000 yards from Ground Zero "observed the shot and lived through strange emotions. The steel tower (which had held the bomb) was completely dissolved and nowhere to be seen."

Today it seems extraordinary that people could picnic while watching a holocaust. But we could be getting ready for something similar. That 1953 bomb, equivalent to about 15,000 tons of TNT is feeble compared to the 192,000-ton, 10-warhead MX missile, 200 of which were close to being okayed last fall by President Reagan for storage in Nevada and Utah.

As described in Patrick O'Driscoll's special report on the great MX debate (see page 8), the system called for 200 missiles, 4,600 shelters, 9,000 miles of roads, an influx of 100,000 people in the two states, 200 square miles of disrupted land and people and irreversible damage to seven million acres of vegetation. The Office of Technology Assessment Quality of Life team in Washington, D.C., predicted, "MX will result in the largest ecological catastrophe to have ever occurred to native vegetation in the U.S."

Proponents say that Nevadans should do their part in case we have to retaliate after nuclear attack. And they could be right. Robert Brown, publisher of the *Valley Times* in North Las Vegas, writes, "Whatever harmful effects the MX may have on our state, in the final analysis it gives us a golden opportunity to be a better state. The MX is morally right for Nevada. We should jump at the chance to have MX."

But we already have the Nevada Test Site (where Operation Big Shot, Operation Doom Town, Operation Observation Shot and others were played out). We have Nellis Air Force Base, Fallon Naval Air Station, Hawthorne Ammunition Depot and the Beatty Nuclear Dump Site.

We believe Nevada has done more than its share for defense.

Our 1953 editorial concluded, "The flashes can be seen, and the shock waves felt, for many miles from the explosion site.

At Ground Zero nothing can survive. The earth is seared and blackened, steel towers vaporized, hot, death-dealing radioactive sand and dust particles spread out and ascend to great heights. No living thing exposed to the radioactive areas can escape some harm. It is not a pleasant thought to contemplate, but it is a fact."

Last year a New York woman wrote to a Nevada newspaper "Why tear up beautiful, valuable land in the east when there is so much land of no value to anybody in the far west? If the Russian missiles hone in on it they will hit a lot of rock and sand instead of people."

That's us she's talking about.

—*Caroline J. Hadley*

Letters

Send Me the Chicken

The Sept/Oct. issue was my first experience reading Nevada Magazine and I enjoyed Harry Webb's "Old Spook" and the story "Rooster of the Chicken Ranch" by George Larson. I thought it was great and had to laugh. It is true these "ranches" are needed and the girls aren't cow-roped or hog-tied to keep 'em there. They're not complaining so why should the rest of us?

Mr. & Mrs. Frayne Brennan
Likely CA.

We need more of these "ranches" to take care of public demand but the public "do-gooders, nit-pickers, scissor-bills" and other useless money spenders think these Chicken Ranches should be eliminated. They've been around since Biblical times and quite likely always will be.

Like an old southern preacher used to say "I like my chicken fryin' size, when I get my skillet hot." I'm only 68, single, but fried chicken is my favorite dish. Send one up and I'll move over.

Wallace Tabor
Wenatchee, WA.

I'm only renewing this subscription to see how many more derogatory articles you are going to print on the "Chicken Ranch." You see I work for the D.A. and Commissioner Ruud in Nye County.

Francis Ball
Pahrump, NV

Fun & Fresh Air

I know it is extremely corny to say, but I have to: the man who "left his heart in San Francisco" never spent much time in Nevada!

Mrs. Dorothy H. Gill
San Francisco, CA.

This year when my renewal came due I boldly wrote "cancel" across the face and returned it to Nevada Magazine. These past few months have been a surprise to me. My economy has cost me more in entertainment and enjoyment than I have saved.

I have missed the breath of fresh air from Nevada that comes with each issue, the magnificent pictures and enjoyable articles. So, I'm sending my check for three years of future enjoyment.

Coral Angus
Los Angeles, CA.

Thank you for a delightful magazine, like the great people in your great state—honest, humane, and with a great sense for living and laughter. "A Lucky Shot" by Harry Webb in Nov/Dec. really brought the chuckles at the visual image the author's words created.

Fran Schroder
San Jose, CA.

It's Not Urban Enough

Please cancel our subscription. We recently received our first issue and did not enjoy it. The magazine may be fine for Northern Nevadans and those ranchers in central Nevada. However, the issue totally ignores the modern Nevada and neglected the largest population center in Nevada—Clark County. Apparently you do not wish to appeal to the modern, urban and well-educated people of Nevada. The nostalgia of the "old west" is great history and should be preserved, but, please, balance your magazine to serve those who look forward to the future.

Robert H. Cullins, Jr
North Las Vegas, NV

The Bonetti Pot

Each edition of Nevada is a welcome publication in our home. Therefore the letter from Martin Bonetti, Dayton NV (Nov/Dec) requires a stern reply.

It is obvious by the tone of the letter that Mr. Bonetti has never had the pleasure of meeting the "English exile from Birmingham." Caroline Hadley is a woman of firm conviction, forthright truthful statements, and highly knowledgeable in her field. She has taken a "so-so" publication and elevated it to one of the top five state magazines.

Mr Bonetti—you have rattled the wrong cage!

Misty Gwin
Sparks, NV

I am renewing my subscription for two more years but I am becoming disappointed with the changes the last few years. I know you need advertising but it's now getting ridiculous—about 45 pages of ads in 96! Perhaps Mr. Bonetti is right in his letter in the Nov/Dec issue, but I don't agree that you should go back to England—just give us back that fine old Nevada Magazine of yore.

George Duborg
(Nevada born & bred)
Charlottesville, VA.

Duborg, would you prefer to have no magazine at all? —Ed.

MX COUNTRY

RICHARD MENZIES

A Nevadan treasures the state's landscape. He prizes the unfenceable plains that outsiders might think useless alkali. He admires the rough grandeur of Nevada's mountain ranges, like the rock spine leading to White Pine County's Wheeler Peak, even though visitors might see only a frozen ridge.

But the affection for the land is not simply aesthetic. We Nevadans like to think that the land is part of us, that chalky playa, pine stubbled hills, mountain walls and disappearing rivers help locate our life. The outer landscape arranges the inner.

Maybe that's why some of us hesitate to welcome an intrusion like the MX system that doesn't fit the landscape, no matter how noble the excuse or attractive the profits. Even those who have supported MX wonder uneasily what would become of the "Nevadan" if our plains were racetracks and missiles peered from warrens in our mountainsides.—*RS*

JEFF GNASS

MX: The Great Dis-Missile

Most Nevadans breath easier now that President Reagan has decided to stuff the MX missiles in silos elsewhere. But we won't know until 1984 whether it's gone for good. By Patrick O'Driscoll

STAN MITCHELL

Friday, October 2, 1981. Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger walks down a Capitol Hill hallway. He has just briefed congressmen on President Reagan's plans for basing the MX missile system. In a while, he will stand with Reagan as the president tells reporters and the nation he has decided to scrap the controversial proposal to base MX missiles in "multiple protective shelters" in Nevada and Utah.

Up walks David Weiman, Washington lobbyist for the vigorously anti-MX Nevada Cattlemen's Association. He catches the secretary's eye and draws close. In his best lobbyist's voice, Weiman says, "Mr. Secretary, our calves are pleased."

* * *

He might have added, "and *surprised*." Reagan had just put a gun to the head of what was once considered invincible—the Air Force's amazing scheme to hide America's newest, mightiest nuclear weapon among thousands of concrete-and-dirt bunkers in Nevada's south 40. From cowboys to crap dealers, Nevadans were flabbergasted.

For months—no, *years*—it was a forgone conclusion that the MX "shell game" would be built in Nevada, regardless of how the people of the state felt about it. Sure, the polls repeatedly showed that two-thirds or more of them didn't want MX here. But this was the U.S. Air Force, the military brass, the Pentagon that Nevada was dealing with, not some pointy-headed, pocket calculator-tapping bureaucrat from Central Brainstorming.

What's more, those Air Force "blue suiters," as the generals came to be called on their MX public relations visits to the West, lusted after that broad, supposedly lifeless desert cleavage between the lovely, lonely mountains that ripple across southeastern Nevada. They wanted a nice, fat piece of Nevada's outback for a place to put two-thirds or more of the gigantic MX system—200 missiles, 4,600 garage-like shelters, 9,000 miles of roads, half a dozen missile bases. And, wouldn't you know it? The Air Force's $20 million, nine-volume, 1,800-page environmental impact statement on MX concluded that, yessiree, this Great Basin of Nevada and Utah was the dandiest place to put it.

The federal government had had its way with Nevada before when it needed an out-of-the-way place to explode nuclear bombs, and the Nevada Test Site was born. There wasn't much doubt that the same would happen with MX.

Then Reagan stumped just about everybody, including the generals, by announcing that the first MXs would be "retrofitted" into existing Minuteman and Titan missile silos in the Plains and the Southwest. "The so-called multiple protective shelter basing scheme for the MX missile will be canceled," he said in unveiling his new strategic defense program. "This scheme has serious military drawbacks and does not solve the basic problem, which is the current vulnerability of the Minuteman and Titan force."

But still up Reagan's sleeve was the choice of a "permanent basing mode" from among three options to be studied intensively between now and the next MX decision date—1984.

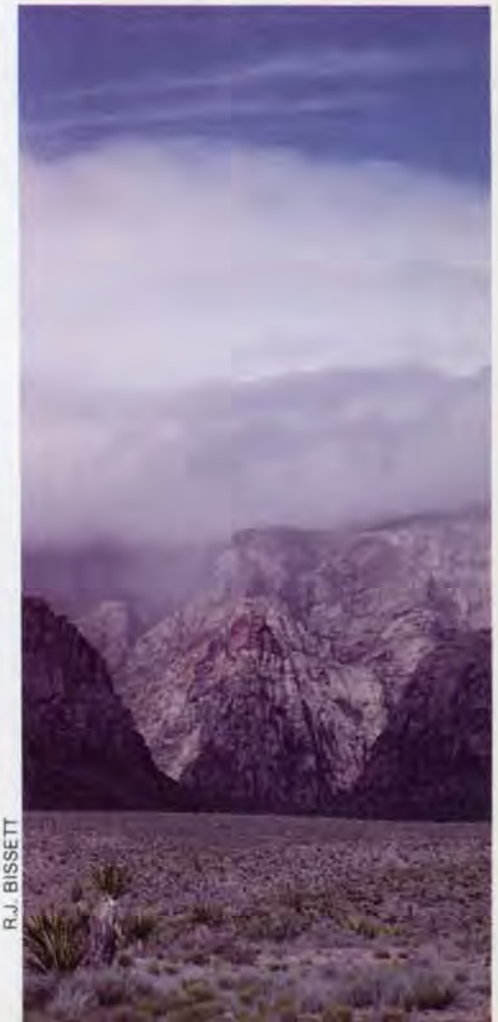
Nevada caught its breath.

Playing the Shell Game

Nobody's sure just when the names of Nevada and the MX missile were first linked, but it came during the Air Force's mid-1970s hunt for a "geotechnically suitable" place to build its MX honeycomb of missile shelters and roads. The sites had to be relatively flat, with a low water table, little bedrock, few conflicts with resource developments, wildlife preserves, forests and, most of all, people. The fewer the better.

To no one's surprise, more than 30 remote Nevada valleys and 15 others in Utah seemed to fill the bill splendidly. As the Air Force zeroed in on those valleys, details of the huge project sharpened.

The cost—$33.8 billion in 1980 dollars, although critics would later argue that actual future dollars would be double or triple that amount—boggled the mind. So



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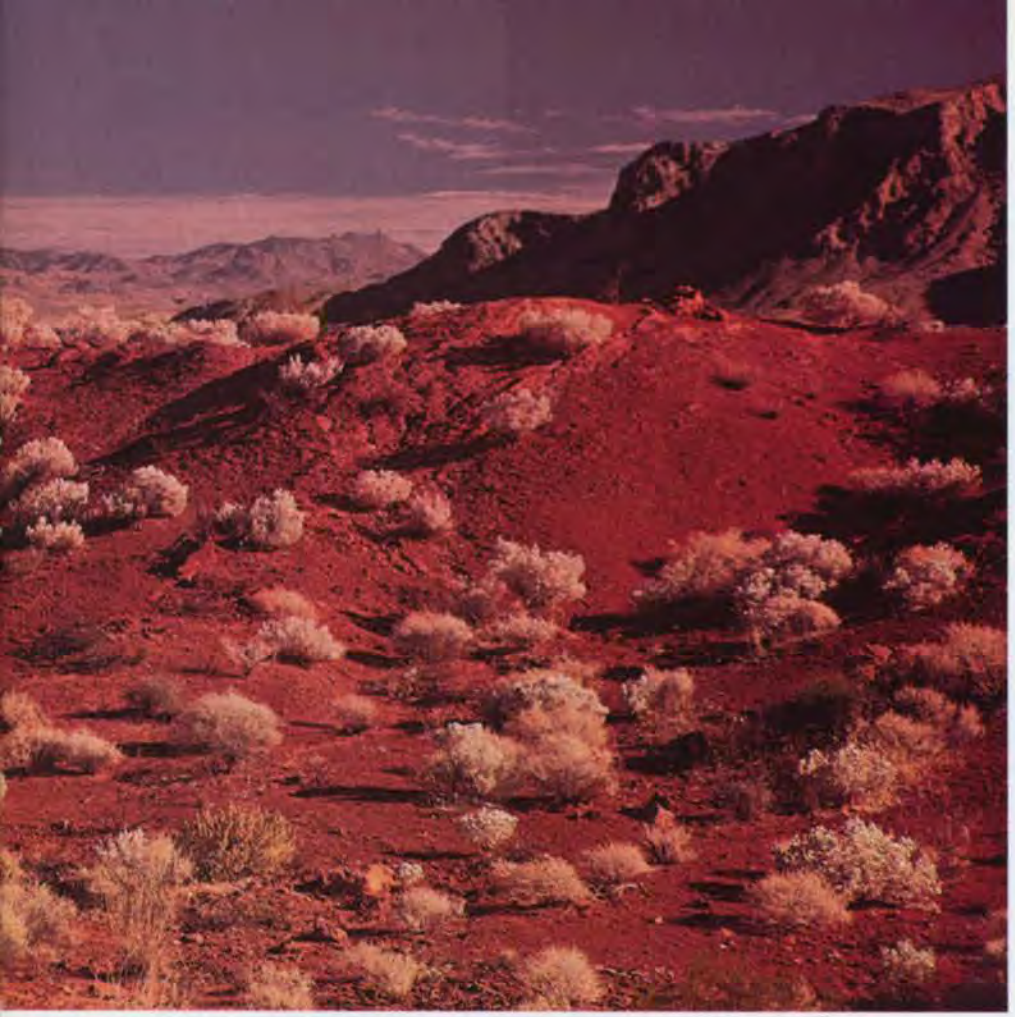

JAY RISEDEN

did the MX missile's size—192,000 pounds, 71 feet long, eight feet in diameter, bigger than anything in the United States' nuclear arsenal. More powerful, too, with 10 nuclear warheads, each able to hit a separate target 6,000 miles away with remarkable accuracy.

Each of the 200 missiles would be shuttled around by a giant transporter-truck inside its own road loop (dubbed a "racetrack," and in a later, open-ended version, a "dragstrip") and hidden inside one of 23 garage-like shelters along the road. Since 22 of the shelters would contain sophisticated decoy missiles, the Russians wouldn't know where the real MXs were and, in a nuclear conflict, would have to waste a bomb on every one of the 4,600 shelters to be sure they knocked out all 200 missiles.

In an unguarded moment, the Air Force Chief of Staff, General Lew Allen, referred to the area as "a giant sponge to absorb" nuclear bombs.

Pentagon planners said this elaborate hardware, called a Rube Goldberg scheme by its detractors and a brilliant military plan by its defenders, was designed because U.S. land-based missiles supposedly were vulnerable to increasingly accurate and numerous Russian land-based missiles. (That argument was later debated by anti-MX defense experts who claimed the system would invite Soviet missile building, not discourage it. The issue remains at the core of the MX missile debate.)

The stage set, the Air Force sent its top MX salesman, Brigadier General Guy Hecker, into the Nevada and Utah hinterlands in 1978 to hawk MX's merits to the local folks. While he was telling them how rural Nevada with the MX system would be a fine place, fine enough for him to retire to in the future, the chief candidates for Nevada's governorship were taking early campaign stands that epitomized the split between northern and southern Nevada: Robert List, the Carson City Republican, thought it disruptive, while Bob Rose, the Las Vegas Democrat, said MX could bring Nevada economic benefit.

Less than a year after the state election, President Jimmy Carter made it official: he wanted the MX system of multiple shelters, and he wanted it in the West. An environmental assessment already was under way, narrowing the possibilities to Nevada and Utah as "preferred" sites among other southwestern states.

First Volleys Are Fired

Recipe for Nevada with the MX missile system: Blend in about 100,000 new residents, some in the rural eastern and

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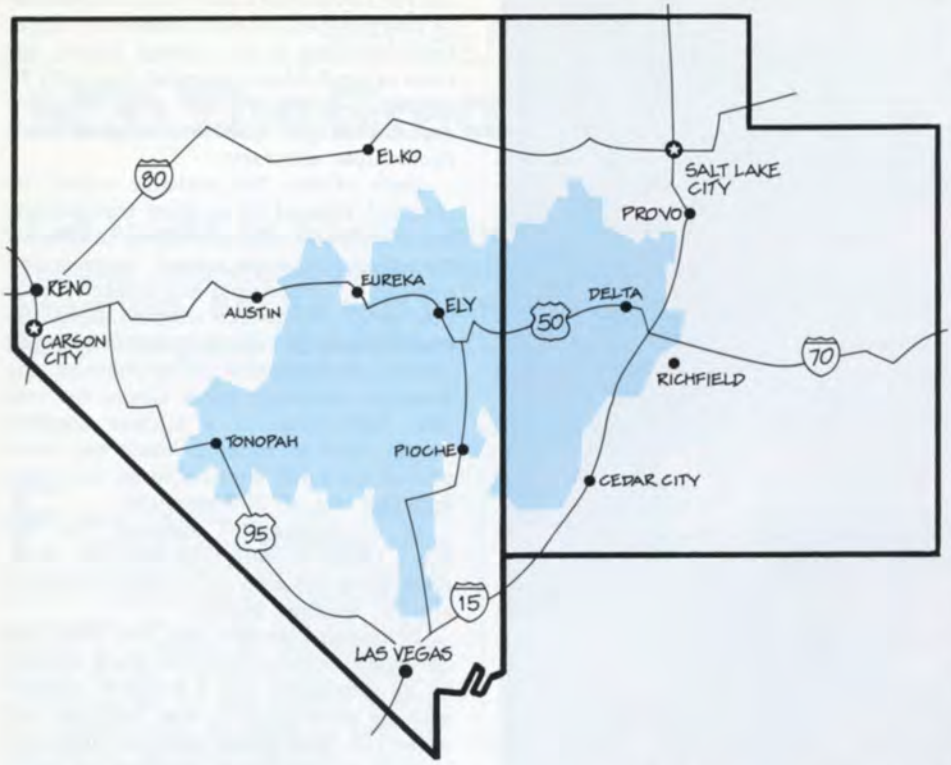
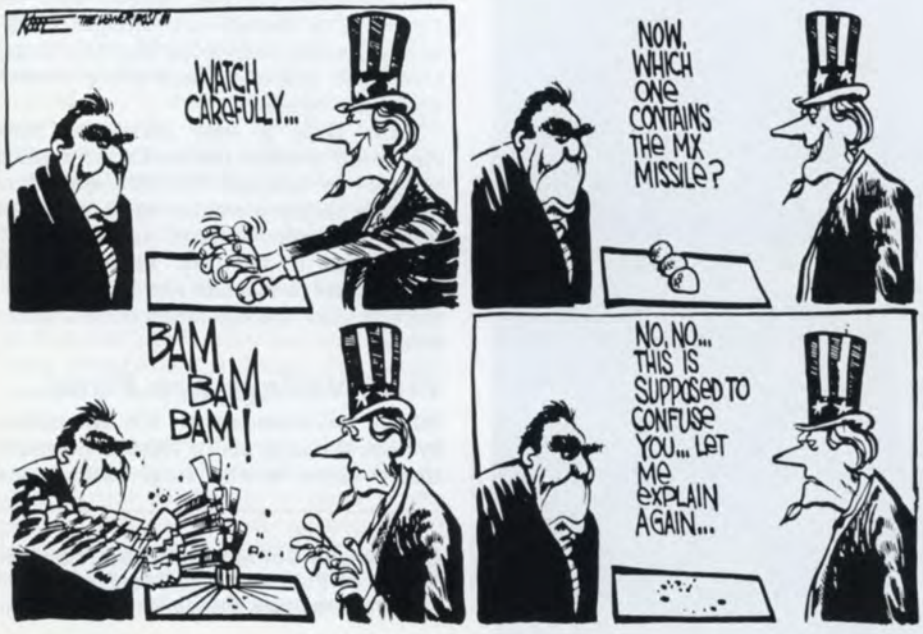
Clockwise from left: Red Rock Canyon, Valley of Fire and Big Creek south of Austin. Previous page: Wheeler Peak.



central counties, the rest in Las Vegas. Add construction camps, planted and uprooted as the MX builders lay 10 miles of road and build three missile shelters a day for 4½ years. Pour in more schools, hospitals, stores, casinos, houses, mobile homes, sewage and water systems, fire and police stations, and other services (and shortages) in towns like Pioche, Caliente, Eureka, Ely, Tonopah and Las Vegas. Stir in a $1.2 billion yearly payroll at peak construction (1986) and $250 million more a year once the missile system is built. Take away cattle grazing allotments and habitat for various birds and wild animals. Vandalize Indian archaeological and sacred sites, cloud the air with construction dust and exhaust, and consume 4 billion gallons of water a year for MX system operation (9.7 billion gallons yearly at peak construction). Increase the rate of alcoholism, divorce, child abuse, crime, auto accidents and other social ills. Diversify the Clark County economy with jobs, contracts and payroll. Stimulate the economy of small towns in the MX construction region, but prepare for a bust when the work is finished. Let it all stew during construction (1982-89) and serve it for about 25 years, the expected lifespan of the MX missile system.



Small wonder that folks throughout the state had lots to say about MX when the Air Force held hearings last spring on its draft environmental impact statement, which outlined in detail the ingredients and effects mentioned above.

Still, when it was released in December 1980, Air Force officials said the MX effects were "manageable." But the 400-member, 30-committee task force that Governor Robert List later appointed to dissect the massive document came back with a scathing and almost as voluminous review. List released it with the words: "MX will obliterate the heart of Nevada."

As Reagan's decision time on MX basing neared, List and Nevada's organized labor and pro-MX business interests clashed over whether that dreary description of the state's fate was accurate. List maintained—and various Nevada economists predicted—that the state could survive and eventually prosper without the expected economic boost of the huge MX project.

Meanwhile, a curious coalition was forming against MX: environmentalists and cattle ranchers. Frequently on opposite sides of the fence in an intermittent range war over public lands, wilderness, coyote trapping, wild horses and the Sagebrush Rebellion, they agreed that the massive scale of the Nevada-Utah MX system was bad news. Ranchers feared economic death and ruination of their unfettered lifestyle in the coming construction chaos; environmentalists feared loss of wildlife, plants, water, air quality and untouched, wide open spaces. The two groups became the nucleus of grassroots opposition in the two states, bringing with them Indians, miners, anti-nuclear crusaders, pacifists and others in the Great Basin MX Alliance.

The Politics of MX

"In all probability, it'll be built in Nevada. We don't have the political stroke (to stop MX)."
—U.S. Senator Paul Laxalt,
January 15, 1980

When Paul Laxalt said those words, Jimmy Carter was in the White House, Ronald Reagan was on the campaign trail, and the MX missile system was driving inexorably toward Nevada.

What a difference a new presidency makes, particularly when the man in office is a close political and personal pal.

Laxalt wouldn't mind eating those earlier words, but he low-keys his role as Nevada's insider in President Reagan's MX decision, saying he lobbied hard *against* the militarily unworkable shell game rather than *for* his mostly anti-MX constituents. "It wasn't a case of my going to the Oval Office and saying, 'Ron, old friend, dump it,'" the senator said the day Reagan dumped the MX multiple shelter plan.

Critics wryly wonder aloud if the MX plans would have been scrapped and

moved out of Nevada had Laxalt and his constituents welcomed it warmly. At the very least, Laxalt's closeness to Reagan allowed him the chance few others in Congress or the administration had to make his point on MX. And whether for home-state interests or for the greater good of the country, Laxalt pushed hard an alternative plan he cooked up with Utah Senator Jake Garn, another Republican conservative: put MX missiles in existing Minuteman silos and defend them with a ballistic missile defense system. The final Reagan MX plan bore a striking resemblance to the Laxalt-Garn idea.

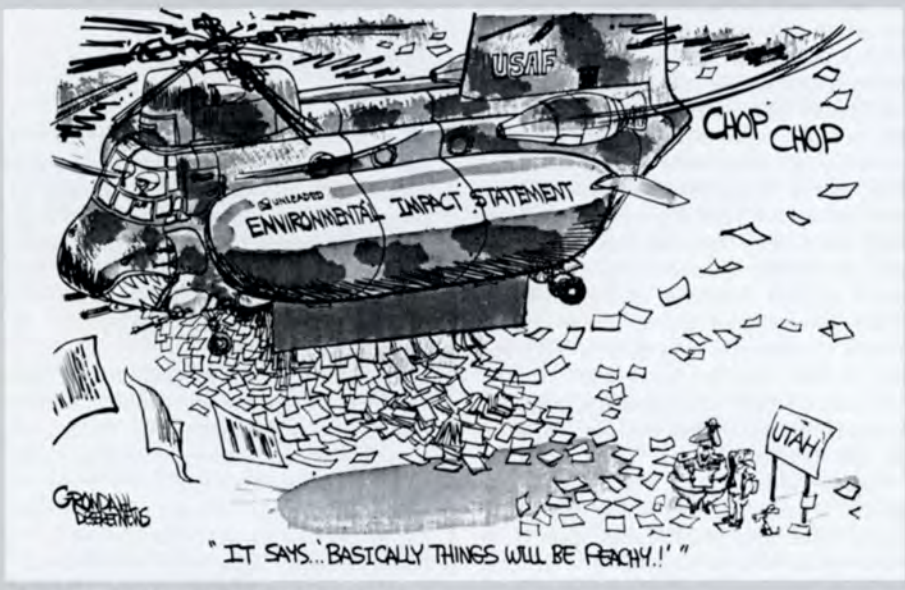
What effect that or any of the increasingly vocal Nevada-Utah opposition had on the political decision is open to debate. One Nevada anti-MX leader, Joe Griggs of the Great Basin MX Alliance, put his stock more in the larger Congress than on individual representatives.

"You might not believe this, but frankly, I was not surprised at Reagan's MX decision, because of so much opposition growing in Congress. And there was quite a bit of uncertainty that the land withdrawal for MX would ever have gotten out of the House Interior subcommittee on public lands."

The cost of MX, the doubts about hiding missiles in the open, the concern about more public lands being taken, all were significant issues. But, Griggs added, "We've been emphasizing the national security aspects of MX since the first of the year. I think that paid off."

"National security" is that fearsome catch-phrase to describe the reason we build nuclear weapons, bombers, subs and other tools of war. In the case of MX, it boiled down to whether building the multiple shelter system would really reduce the need to build more warheads because of the uselessness of trying to knock out every shelter, or whether it would goad the Soviets into building more missiles, kicking the arms race back into high gear.

Political security was the catch-phrase back in Nevada. Governor List, whose earliest-quoted comments against MX during the governor's race in 1978 were strongly against building it here, was quoted a year and a half later as saying the MX system "will provide an economic pot of gold for Nevada." In recent months, the governor insisted he hadn't waffled. To prove it, he pleaded strongly against the MX shell game in a western White House meeting with Reagan adviser Edwin Meese III, and in the final week before Reagan's announcement, List's office heavily publicized a postcard straw poll on MX that List conducted among thousands of Nevadans, most of whom agreed with him in opposing MX construction in their state.



Quotable MX Quotes

"Frankly, our secret weapon against the MX has been the Air Force."
—Dave Weiman, cattlemen's lobbyist

"This is the largest project in the history of mankind. It will be mind-boggling—larger than the Great Wall of China, the pyramids of Egypt and the Panama Canal."
—Brigadier General Guy Hecker, USAF

"You've been talking about the air mode; you've been talking about the sea mode; you've been talking about the land mode. I suggest the commode."
—Utah farmer to Air Force in Salt Lake City

"This is not a game. This is a very serious thing we are spending a lot of your and my tax dollars on it."
—Brigadier General Forrest McCartney, USAF, reacting to the term "shell game" at a January 1980 MX hearing

"When you get out of the metropolitan area, you'll find there is a new cussword out there . MX."
—anonymous speaker at first MX environmental impact statement hearing, Las Vegas, March 1981

"How are you gonna keep them down on the farm after they've seen MX?"
—Governor Robert List, May 1980

"Every time I blink my eyes, the project gets bigger, costs more, requires more materials and manpower and takes more public land. MX is indeed mind boggling."
—Representative Jim Santini, D-Nev., February 1980

View From the Cow Counties

A peculiar myth about Nevada died hard in the great MX debate.

"We once again point out that the vast, vacant spaces of Nevada and Utah are the only logical places for this weapon of destruction," a Syracuse, N.Y. woman wrote in August in a letter to the editor of a Nevada newspaper. "Why tear up beautiful, valuable land in the east when there is so much land of no value to anybody in the far west? If the Russian missiles hone in on it they will hit a lot of rock and sand instead of people."

Rural Nevada residents who were grudgingly preparing to live with MX racetracks in their back yard had other ideas.

"The frontier is just about gone, and this may have been the last," said Joe Griggs, who operated the Great Basin MX Alliance from the tiny White Pine County town of Baker near the Utah border.

Griggs' companion, Joann Garrett, called the MX ordeal "a marvelous opportunity for people to feel responsible about where they live."

Richard Prince, a schoolteacher and father of five children, added, "We've got to show the other people in the other states that this isn't the Great American Desert this is people's homes."

Prince lives in Panaca, a quiet hamlet in the deserty "lapland" of eastern Nevada where Mormon farmers "lapped" over the border from Utah. Panaca and its reluctant Lincoln County sister—the defunct, historic mining town of Pioche to the north, and the Union Pacific railroad town of Caliente to the south—were smack in the middle of the MX "desig-

PRO: MX Was Best For Defense

By Walt Casey

There have been few political issues in Nevada's history which are more controversial than that of the MX. Yet, ironically, it also stands as one of the most misunderstood and misrepresented problems imposed upon the citizenry of this state and, in fact, upon the nation.

MX, which stands for "missile experimental," became a Nevada issue when President Jimmy Carter announced that it would be based in Nevada and Utah. The decision, with the approval of politicians of both states, was based on recommendations from the Department of Defense following years of study. It had the approval of three sessions of Congress and was predicated upon studies by the nation's most prestigious military scientists and leaders of the combined armed services.

The MX was said to be the most viable strategic defensive weapon ever devised, and it had been developed to strengthen the deterrent capabilities of the United States. The CIA and other governmental agencies had claimed that the Titan and Minuteman missiles were rapidly becoming obsolete and vulnerable to a Soviet Union first strike. It was further claimed that "a window of vulnerability" existed, in which the United States was in danger of being overcome by Soviet weaponry. There has been growing belief that the Soviet Union's leadership thinks that limited nuclear war can be won without damage to Russia. This concept has increased concern that a first strike by the Soviet Union against America is a growing possibility.

Because of such fears, MX was developed. Each missile's ten warheads could be individually directed once it had been placed in flight, making it a versatile weapon. The next question was where and how it should be based. Carter's decision called for 200 missiles to be placed in 4,600 shelters. The system was referred to as M-X-MPS, meaning MX in multiple protective shelters, and was designed to conform to the provisions of SALT II.

The Air Force, at a cost of some $20 million, produced a 12-volume preliminary Environmental Impact Report. This set off a wave of controversy and produced a coalition of some 62 anti-MX groups, ranging from very respectable environmental groups like the Sierra Club and Audubon Society to the anti-nuke groups, plus some fringe pro-communist associations. They attacked the high costs of developing such a basing scheme.

President Reagan issued his verdict on October 2, 1981. He suggested a scaled-down version of the MX that would involve stuffing the missiles in existing Minuteman and Titan silos in Arizona, Wyoming, North Dakota, Kansas and so forth. The decision was viewed as political by Pentagon and Congressional officials who had long been involved in strategic defense issues.

Prior to the announcement it was believed he might offer a scaled-down version of 100 missiles in 1000 shelters. The cost would have been about one-fifth that of the initial project, because the missiles would have been placed in three valleys within Clark and Lincoln counties.

Whereas the construction of 4,600 silos would have affected more than 150,000 acres, ultimately resting on some 80,000 acres, the 1,000 silos would have occupied about 12,000 acres. Also there would have been less than 4,000 workers, while the earlier version might have required 20,000 workers at the peak of construction. The advantage of the smaller number of silos was that they could have been placed, for the most part, on the south side of mountains, making it harder for direct hits by Soviet weapons coming over the North Pole.

The president's plan is somewhat unrealistic. It calls for increasing the hardness of Titan and Minuteman silos from their present 600 psi capability to at least 5,000 psi. Engineers say the cost would be greater than that of building from scratch. Furthermore, if the present silo locations are known to the Soviets, placing the MX missiles in them is not a solution.

While it is said that a majority of Nevadans did not want MX here, there were numerous groups, together encompassing more than 100,000 persons, that supported such basing for many reasons. The first reason, of course, was the defense of this nation. Second, the environmental impact would have been less here than anywhere else in the country, because the land is largely unoccupied. Very few cattle and sheep would have been displaced with the scaled down version. And the economy of southern Nevada would have been strongly bolstered and diversified.

The rhetoric presented by the governors of Nevada and Utah and two senators, who produced a weak argument for basing the MX in their states, had much to do with the Reagan decision not to place the missiles in Nevada and Utah. The loss in revenue to this area will be substantial. Contrary to some beliefs, the military contractors will not experience losses. Martin Marietta, Boeing and the others will build the military hardware for placement elsewhere. The loss will be to the people of America, who deserve the best strategic defenses their money can buy, and to the people of Nevada and Utah. □

Walt Casey, a 30-year resident of Las Vegas, was chairman of the Greater Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce MX Committee to get the project approved for Nevada. Owner of Walt Casey Soft Water Service, he is former president of the Las Vegas Chamber and is a member of the Las Vegas Convention/Visitors Authority.

CON: Cutting Through the MX Smoke Screen

By Wayne Hage

In the recent battle over the attempts by the U.S. Air Force to base the MX missile in Nevada, one question kept popping up: "The ranchers in the proposed deployment area are in a position to sell their land and water rights to the federal government or speculators for huge sums of money. Why are they opposed to the MX?"

By taking a look at some of the incongruities, inconsistencies and contradictions involved in the MX controversy, maybe we can answer that question.

At the time the MX for Nevada was proposed, the ranchers in the proposed deployment area were in the midst of a life-and-death fight with the Bureau of Land Management, an agency of the U.S. Department of Interior, over politically-motivated grazing environmental impact statements. The BLM alledged in their EIS's that livestock grazing was doing harm to the environment. They had gone to great lengths to utilize erroneous and even fictitious data to support their contention that grazing on the public lands should be reduced to the point it would have rendered the state's ranches economically unviable. Yet when the proposal came to deploy the MX in Nevada, the most environmentally destructive project ever projected in this nation, the U.S. Department of Interior was listed as the cooperating agency.

No activity in the proposed MX deployment area would have been more severely impacted than the ranching industry, yet the Air Force and Department of Interior completely ignored mention of the livestock industry in their environmental impact statement.

When the ranchers insisted that the Air Force make a special effort to address the severe impact of the MX missile on the state's ranching industry, no help came.

When the ranchers requested that the Air Force appraise the value of all the ranches in the proposed deployment area so they would be able to measure the impacts as they occurred, the Air Force replied that they would only appraise the private land *after* the impacts had occurred, and would probably refuse to compensate for the range rights and water rights on the public lands.

When the ranchers requested that the Air Force not infringe upon their water sources as it developed its own, the Air Force followed through with filing for water adjacent to the rancher's wells and springs because they knew water could be found there.

It appeared to the ranching community it was facing not a taking of property under the concept of eminent domain with fair compensation for its value, but rather a virtual confiscation of property by agencies of the federal government.

It was apparent that the lip service being given to minimizing the adverse effects of man's greatest project was essentially a smoke screen designed to disarm local opposition.

Liberal interpretation of the various laws relating to the public lands by Cecil Andrus, interior secretary in the Carter administration, had led the Air Force to believe that the public lands of Nevada were there for the taking. The Air Force was led to believe that rural Nevadans and their interests were expendable, that private property rights could be conveniently ignored or overwhelmed by the might of the federal government, which controls almost 90 percent of the land in the state. After all, hadn't the BLM and forest service taken grazing and even water rights from the ranchers for years and then taunted them?

There seemed to be truth to that saying, "If you have enough money to fight the federal government, then take it to court. If not, take your reduction and keep your mouth shut." The countless number of abandoned ranches throughout the state is mute testimony to the result.

The people of the state of Nevada proved a tougher lot to deal with than the federal government anticipated. They didn't roll over and play dead as had been predicted. Rather, they fought. People from all walks of life joined hands in a common effort as Nevadans. People who had never taken issue with the federal government before stood up and were counted.

They won. □

As chairman of the Public Lands Committee of the Nevada Cattlemen's Association, Wayne Hage has frequently spoken out against the MX being located in Nevada. Born in Elko County, Hage has been involved in ranching all his life. Currently he and his family own and run a large cattle operation near Tonopah.

nated deployment area," and they expected the MX project and its infusion of new people and money into their lives. Although many of them didn't want MX around, they could have used the payrolls and services that would have followed. Unlike Las Vegas, seat of most of the support for MX, folks out there didn't have many alternatives to turn to for economic growth.

"Everybody figured, 'Well, we're gonna get it, and it doesn't matter if we're for it or against it,'" said Mike Fogliani, a Pioche gas station owner and Lincoln County commissioner. "So they just played dead. And now, they come up to me and say, 'What's gonna happen to the economy? What's gonna happen to the county?'"

For the moment, not much.

"We're in a unique situation," Fogliani explained. "There's a mining boom everywhere but here."

While the mining renaissance flourishes in places like Tonopah and Eureka, Pioche's historic silver mines lie dormant. Fogliani said Lincoln County's largest active mine, the Union Carbide tungsten operation in Tempiute, laid off 60 workers last fall. What little tourism trade Pioche got along U.S. 93, the traditional north-south link between Las Vegas to Ely, is gradually evaporating now that the Sunnyside Road on the west side of the county has been paved. "It has taken 40 percent of the tourist traffic, and it's not even on the map yet," he lamented.

Probably crying the blues, too, was a Las Vegas developer, unnamed, who bought 340 acres just outside Pioche expecting to subdivide the land when MX arrived. Roads were cut last summer, but the five-acre parcels lie still. "It's gonna be a while before he can do anything with it," said Overland Bar owner Bill Brown, who ought to know—he owns 160 acres himself next door.

Will MX Return?

Winter, 1981-82. Three months from now, the first bulldozers were supposed to creep into Coyote Spring Valley northeast of Las Vegas and begin work on the $1 billion main MX missile operating base. But three months ago, President Reagan bulldozed the MX shell game and abandoned previous plans to base MX in Nevada or *did* he?

"The B-1 bomber has given us a pretty good lesson that just because a decision has been made, it doesn't mean something can't come back," said Steve Bradhurst, Nevada's now-former MX planning coordinator.

Reagan's MX basing announcement studiously avoided naming the "permanent basing mode" for MX missiles until 1984, when more detailed studies are scheduled to be finished on three "promising" possibilites:

- putting MXs aboard huge, continuously patrolling aircraft;
- burying MXs in deep, underground holes, virtually impervious to enemy attack; or
- basing MXs in conventional missile silos with added protection from an anti-ballistic missile defense system (missiles to shoot down enemy missiles before they attack our missiles got that?).

Observers say either of the land-basing plans eventually could include Nevada, but the Air Force won't speculate. "It's just too early to point out any areas," said Pentagon MX office spokesman Lieutenant Colonel Mike Terrill in November. The Pentagon had barely prepared its plan showing how it would accomplish the interim Minuteman-Titan silo basing of MX, Terrill added, and the new studies of permanent basing modes hadn't begun.

"If I were a real estate developer in

(Continued on page 24)

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NEVADA ART & ARTISTS

SEGERBLOM & ROZZI

Southern Nevada artists Cliff Segerblom and Jim Rozzi express their affection for Nevada and its history through their paintings.

Cliff Segerblom

"I do practically all my painting on location—mostly in watercolors, which are a shorthand way of remembering my enjoyment of a landscape or of the architecture of the disintegrating old mining towns," says Cliff Segerblom. "I like to record what I see. I like Lake Mead especially because I watch its changes every day from my house."

A longtime Boulder City resident, Segerblom has been painting Nevada subjects since he entered the University of Nevada in 1934, where he majored in art. He has exhibited his watercolors at many galleries in the Southwest and at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. His photographs have appeared in major publications, including *Time, Life, Sunset, Arizona Highways, U.S. Camera* and *Nevada.* The Secretary of the Navy invited him to attend the Apollo 12 splashdown in 1969 so that he could work on a series of paintings for the Navy's official art collection.

Segerblom currently serves as justice of the peace and municipal judge in Boulder City. Also a dedicated teacher, he established the photography curriculum at the University of Nevada-Las Vegas and has conducted workshops since the 1960s. He organized and led the first whitewater art-photography workshop on the Grand Canyon portion of the Colorado River in 1971.

Well known for a bold brushstroke and economical use of color, Segerblom concentrates mostly on landscapes and studies of desert communities. He represents his subjects in traditional style rather than abstract, but the effect is not photographic. Instead, his style understates detail and emphasizes dimension and broad tones. Thus his paintings reproduce the dominant character of landscape or desert dwelling nostalgically, affectionately.

Jim Rozzi

"I paint for the family living room, creating the drama, romance and industry of the West, Nevada being my principal subject," says Las Vegas artist Jim Rozzi. "My work must be something you can live with day after day."

Specializing in the lore of the stage coach and early railroading, Rozzi has committed himself to popularizing the Old West. His paintings have won western art competitions in Nevada, California and Arizona.

It is surprising, then, that he is not a native of the West and has had no formal art instruction. Born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Rozzi was raised in France and New York City. His first experience in art came when he served as an Army artist during World War II. After the war he moved west to California and taught art at San Bernardino Valley College.

In 1961 he moved to Las Vegas, making his living in commercial art and by manufacturing casino game layouts. He continued teaching as an instructor for the Las Vegas Art League and served as president for the Las Vegas Artists and Craftsmen's Guild. He has become widely known outside Nevada as a regional artist.

Working mostly in oils, Rozzi stresses man's attempts to overcome the obstacles of the ungovernable western landscape. In his paintings of 19th century trains and stage coaches, man and machine, drawn with distinct lines and colored cleanly, contrast with mottled desert scenery in the background. Rozzi's art is illustrative and commemorative.

NEVADA STATE MUSEUM

The Divine and Diabolical Pat McCarran

Senator Pat McCarran bated the Reds, exasperated Roosevelt, stood firm for isolationism and wrote pioneering aviation legislation. But his greatest interest was to take care of the folks back home in Nevada. By Guy Shipler

The Democratic senator pushed aside the pile of documents on his desk in Washington and turned to something he considered more important—the personal mail from his constituents back home. A crudely penciled note from a prospector living in a remote cabin near Tuscarora, Nevada, caught his eye. After reading it, the senator put in a phone call to the owner of a ranch in the Tuscarora area.

"Hello, Norm?" he asked when the rancher answered. "Pat McCarran here. You got any wood on that ranch?"

"What do you mean, wood?"

"I mean firewood."

"Hell, I guess so."

"Well, do me a favor. There's a miner up Tuscarora Canyon who broke his chopping arm and can't get his winter wood in. Would you take a couple truckloads up to him?"

"Sure, Pat. Anything you say. Now, give me his name."

That incident became legend. It typified a cardinal principle that U.S. Senator Patrick Anthony McCarran regarded as routine. That principle was to always put your constituents first, whether they be miners or cowboys, bankers or craps dealers. Never let them down when they ask for favors, and they won't let you down when it's time to vote.

In the course of his tenure as a U.S. senator from 1933 until he dropped dead of a heart attack in 1954, Pat McCarran did so many favors for so many Nevadans that many of them worshipped him as a god.

But not all of them. Even in Nevada, some thought of him—and still think of him—as the devil incarnate. "McCarran is in complete, undisputed control of Nevada," trumpeted a 1952 editorial by *Las Vegas Sun* publisher Hank Greenspun. "He rules with as firm an iron fist as the most autocratic of all czars, dictators or despots."

Greenspun's ire had been raised because he believed that McCarran was behind a move by Las Vegas' 12 major casinos to cancel their advertising in the *Sun*—all on the same day. While other editorial writers in the state seldom had anything but praise for the silver-maned senator, Greenspun had dared to criticize him consistently. Also, despite McCarran's reputation as a benefactor to his constituents, he required full political loyalty. "His ruthlessness toward opponents was notorious," writes biographer Jerome Edwards. "He was a man who knew his enemies, and did not forgive them for their sins."

Clearly, the senator had found Greenspun an enemy and therefore a sinner. Although McCarran's role in the boycott was never proved, his name was not dropped as one of the defendents in the court case that Greenspun filed and won. The court ordered the casinos to reinstate their advertising, and Greenspun continued his strong criticism of McCarran.

On the national scene, as in Nevada, there was no middle ground with the man: he was intensely loved or intensely hated. The love he enjoyed as a senator came, first, from his Nevada constituents who were loyal to him, and, second, from right-wing conservatives elsewhere. The hatred came from the likes of Greenspun and other enemies at home, and from liberals throughout America.

McCarran was remarkably well known throughout the country for a senator from a state of less than 200,000 people. He won election to the Senate in the 1932 Democratic landslide that put Franklin D. Roosevelt in the White House. No sooner had McCarran been seated when he shocked his party and the nation by denouncing the liberal policies of the highly popular new president. He instantly had national recognition.

McCarran continued to attack Roosevelt. When Congress dealt with the draft and lend-lease in the early days of World War II, he stood in opposition, a confirmed isolationist. He successfully led the Senate battle against Roosevelt's plan to "pack" the U.S. Supreme Court by increasing its size so that the president could nominate justices more attuned to his philosophy. For that heresy Roosevelt placed McCarran on his purge list, which was designed to remove New Deal opponents from the Washington scene.

But despite the full weight of FDR's propaganda, the voters of Nevada returned McCarran to office. And he grew stronger as time went on, becoming

chairman of the powerful Senate Judiciary Committee and a ranking member of the Appropriations Committee.

In the process, Pat McCarran became the archenemy of the eastern liberal establishment. Liberals railed against him for cosponsoring the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act, which they found discriminated against Hungarians and Poles. McCarran had successfully pushed for its passage because he was convinced that immigrants from Eastern Europe would include hidden Communists.

His conviction that they might in turn infiltrate and weaken American society led him to be the staunchest supporter of Joseph McCarthy in the Wisconsin senator's drive against anyone with leftward leanings. Many observers now believe that McCarthy was an opportunist, taking advantage of postwar suspicions of the Soviets for his own political advancement, while McCarran's sincere belief in the Communist danger led him to urge McCarthy on.

How could a politician from a state like Nevada, arriving absolutely cold at the nation's capital, build such a commanding power base?

The answer lies largely in the nature of the man himself. Born in Reno on August 8, 1876, he was the son of a man who was illiterate and whose last name was frequently misspelled "McCurn." Young Patrick didn't inherit his father's illiteracy, as he later resoundingly proved. But he did inherit strong traces of what his daughter, Sister Margaret McCarran, long a nun in the Catholic Church, describes in an article as a "wild temper" that once led his father to be tried for assault and battery, for which he was acquitted by a jury.

The family moved to a railroad stop now called Patrick about 15 miles east of Reno. There McCarran grew up. He rode horseback to a country school and showed the rugged side of his inheritance by getting in a fist fight nearly every day. One of his teachers has recalled, "The other kids couldn't feel sorry for him, because he wasn't the kind you felt sorry for. So they fought him."

Pat McCarran also studied. As Robert Laxalt states in his book, *Nevada*, "McCarran was one of the last of Nevada's 'saddleback lawyers, learning his law while herding sheep, from books stuffed into a packbag, developing oratorical skill by standing on a rock and delivering speeches to an uninterested band of grazing sheep."

He studied law while making a sparse living in the sheep-buying business and passed the bar in 1905. His first case was the defense of his hot-tempered father. McCarran, Sr., had been indicted for cutting down some poles the telephone company had put on his property without getting an acceptable easement. The case collapsed when Pat took the stand himself and said it was he who had cut down the poles upon his father's demand. Everybody was so stunned that the case was dropped.

In 1906 the McCarran family moved to Tonopah, which was booming after the discovery of gold and silver in 1900. The young lawyer quickly matched the town's stride. Within two years he was district attorney of Nye County. By 1910 he had made enough money to move back to the more sophisticated environs of Reno, his home town.

He did well in Reno, too. He became well enough known throughout the state to be elected to the Nevada Supreme Court in 1912. Even then, however, his successful legal career had not been received in an entirely positive manner. The Reno newspapers, for instance, had editorially opposed his candidacy, proclaiming that he had neither the legal ability nor the wisdom for such a job. And although the record shows that he contributed a number of important decisions in mining and water law, he was not reelected to the court in 1918.

That was his second elective defeat. In 1916, while still on the bench, McCarran sought the Democratic nomination for U.S. senator, hoping to succeed Francis G. Newlands, who had died that year. McCarran didn't get it. But the loss enhanced rather than tarnished his reputation. The editor of the *Nevada State Herald*, which had opposed him during the primary campaign, wrote:

"His defeat has brought out qualities that have been underestimated Everyone loves a good loser, and Judge McCarran has proven himself to be one. The Herald doffs its hat to him."

After the 1918 election McCarran returned to his law practice. His most famous case in that period was the controversial divorce of screen star Mary Pickford (see box). But despite his success in law, Pat McCarran still felt the lure of politics and power. And in 1932 he started on the road to the power upon which he built his personal political machine.

It really was personal. It didn't operate like the Chicago Democratic machine

The Pickford Files

Pat McCarran's most famous legal case was also his most questionable in terms of ethics. In 1920 he represented "America's Sweetheart," Mary Pickford, in her divorce from actor Owen Moore. The era's best loved film actress had moved from Hollywood to Douglas County on February 15, 1920. Despite a Nevada law that said no one could get a divorce without living here for six months, Mary Pickford got hers on March 2, just 16 days after her arrival.

It was perfectly legal. McCarran, her lawyer, knew it was and boasted that he had had a hand in the 1915 law's wording. That law allowed a divorce in a county "in which the defendent shall reside or be found, or in which the plaintiff shall have resided six months." Pickford's divorce was

NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

legal because Owen Moore, by strange coincidence, the same February went to Virginia City to make a film and happened to go to Douglas County. There he was served papers advising him that his wife would seek a divorce. The result: Even though the law stated that a plaintiff "shall have resided six months before suit be brought," it worked for McCarran because Moore, the defendent, had been "found in a county."

A great legal uproar followed the divorce, but it was unsuccessfully appealed. Pickford swore in court that Nevada was indeed her "permanent residence" (as have thousands since then with the same sincerity), but she left the next day and married Douglas Fairbanks before the month was out.

—*GS*

of Mayor Daley, or the Kansas City Pendergast machine, or the Mayor Hague machine in New Jersey. Jerome Edwards of the University of Nevada-Reno, who has just completed a biography of McCarran after 10 years of research, explains the difference:

"There was one thing holding the machine together, and that was the personality and the effect of this one individual. It was not held together by ideology or set ideas; it wasn't even held together by party. It was, rather, a coalition that went beyond party. McCarran in a sense consumed both political parties in Nevada. But after he died, the machine sort of flew apart. So many of the other people he influenced left politics or went in other directions."

McCarran tried to have Nevada Democrats defeated if he didn't like them or their philosophies. One rumor held that because he allegedly controlled the Internal Revenue Service office in Reno, McCarran was able to have the income tax returns of his enemies audited.

Vindictive or not, his own man or not, Pat McCarran always fought hard for Nevada and Nevadans. His highly efficient staff in Washington had instructions to answer every letter or message from a Nevadan within 24 hours of its receipt.

He used his key committee assignments to command favors and dispense patronage, especially among Nevadans. He developed a web of support among potential leaders as well as the voters. Nevada, for instance, had no law school. But lawyers held an unusually important place in Nevada, partly because of the easy divorce laws, partly because of the complex legal and political ramifications of mining and water rights. Previous senators like William Stewart and Key Pittman had brought ambitious young men to Washington, D.C., and found them government jobs to help pay their way through law schools they attended in the area. But McCarran perfected and expanded the system. He kept close tabs on their grades to make sure his efforts in their behalf paid off. He persuaded most of these young men to return to Nevada, where they began practicing law and became vital strands in the senator's political web.

Result: the list of Nevadans who at some time served as "McCarran's boys" still reads like a Who's Who of Nevada politicians. They include Alan Bible, former Nevada attorney general and U.S. senator himself from 1956 to 1974; Harvey Dickerson, former attorney general; Grant Sawyer, governor from 1959 to 1966; John Laxalt, brother of U.S. senator and former governor Paul Laxalt; Jon Collins, Nevada Supreme Court justice from 1967 to 1970. In addition, there was a raft of prominent Nevada lawyers, including still active attorneys such as Clark Guild, Jr., Ralph Denton, Virgil Wedge and Robert McDonald.

While shaping his influence at home, McCarran continued to build his reputation in Washington. In 1938 Roosevelt refused to support the senator's bid for re-election. McCarran retaliated by opposing the president in his third-term bid in 1940. Roosevelt apparently tried to get him out of Washington by at least indirectly pushing through an appointment of McCarran to a federal judgeship in Nevada. McCarran preferred the Senate and stayed there. He persisted in his loud and aggressive isolationism even after it had become an unpopular stance in Nevada. Only after Pearl Harbor did he drop his fight to stay out of the war.

And that is when his drive for power really took off. He had learned well how to manipulate the mysterious political mechanisms of the Senate and began to trade upwards in committee assignments. In 1943 he exchanged a seat on the obscure Post Offices and Post Roads Committee for membership on the Commerce Committee, where he knew he could take part in writing aviation legislation. He became chairman of the powerful Judiciary Committee and then expanded its jurisdiction, making it an

important agency in internal security, immigration and even foreign policy matters. It became the power base on which he successfully launched the Internal Security Act and the Immigration and Naturalization Act, both of which grew out of his obsessive fear of Communism destroying the American system. And it would be the platform on which, with his blessing, Senator Joseph McCarthy would conduct his hyped-up hunts.

Liberals dumped him into the same political trash bin as the Dixiecrats, but he really did not fit—he had a baffling array of contradictions in his political beliefs. He was never a racist, for instance, but he wasn't a civil rights leader, either. His strong fear of Communism did not by any means extend to everything left of center; he was always intensely pro-labor and voted against the anti-union Taft-Hartley Act. McCarran also had a strong affection for bureaucrats; he did more than anyone else during the New Deal to get raises for government workers. According to biographer Edwards, "In the early New Deal days, he was a bigger spender than Roosevelt. He was not a fiscal conservative."

Perhaps his greatest and most positive senatorial achievement in Washington is also one of the least known. McCarran was responsible for finally getting Congress to pass the act creating the Civil Aeronautics Authority in 1938. That act put into a single federal agency the oversight and regulation of all passenger aviation in the country.

His contributions to Nevada politics were mixed. He gained a lot in the way of material rewards for the state he loved, but his vindictive attitudes, bossiness and lack of shame in using or misusing power made his political influence at home more divisive than cohesive.

During the very period when he was building his spectacular power base, McCarran experienced deep uncertainty and melancholy—and fear that he would be rejected at the polls. In 1943 he wrote to his close friend Peter Petersen, then Reno postmaster and McCarran's chief political confidant, saying he might not run for a third term in 1944. He had two reasons. First, his obsession with the dangers of Communism had become so extreme that he believed nearly the whole Democratic Party was composed of people "who in reality are nothing but Communists to the very core." Second, he was now worried that, despite his favors for them, the voters would turn him out.

His latter fear nearly came true. The more liberal Democrats in the state had turned against the now arch-conservative senator. Lieutenant Governor Vail Pittman, brother of the late and influential Senator Key Pittman, filed against McCarran. Only strong and active endorsements by such Democratic heavyweights

as Senators Harry Truman, Alben Barkley and Harry Byrd saved him from defeat in the primary. As it was, McCarran won that race by only 1,241 votes.

It turned out to be the closest election of his career. Two months later, he swept to victory in the general election, winning by almost 9,000 votes over Republican George "Molly" Malone, easily topping Roosevelt's 5,000 vote margin over Thomas E. Dewey. All of this was due mainly to the state's leading Republicans supporting McCarran, as they had in the past.

But now that he had become secure in his job McCarran brooded even more. He never stopped working to increase his power as a senator or his political influence in Nevada, but his enthusiasm had dimmed. Toward the end he felt like a lone warrior, trying to prevent the nation from being subverted by Communism, and feeling that no one else could see that threat as well as he. He had developed awesome, almost matchless power, yet he died feeling powerless against the force he most feared.

The praise of those who loved him still rings as loudly as ever. Former Senator Alan Bible was elected in 1956 to succeed him. "I was one of his great admirers," Bible says today. "He was a dynamic man and certainly ranks as one of Nevada's greatest political leaders."

Ralph Denton, a Las Vegas lawyer who like Bible got his legal education with McCarran's help, recalls, "He was warm, and kind, and generous in every dealing I ever had with him. Had it not been for him, my life would have been a great deal more difficult. He gave me jobs that got me through college and law school. He was interested in all the Nevada boys—not just me—who were there trying to go to school. He would help them, always."

Nevadans' affection for the senator was demonstrated clearly when he died in 1954. Pat McCarran's funeral in Reno still ranks as the most elaborate in Nevada history. Thousands took part in the seven hours of services. It took seven trucks to transport the flowers, and the mourners not only ranged from the highest state officials to the lowliest sheepherder, but also included 11 U.S. senators and two congressmen.

Of the four senators who spoke at some point during the ceremony, Style Bridges, a Republican from New Hampshire, best eulogized the character of his Democratic colleague. "He was the greatest American I have ever known," Bridges said. "Only great men can acquire the enemies he had. I admired Pat McCarran for many things, not the least of which was the enemies he made." □

Guy Shipler of Carson City is a Time/Life correspondent, newspaper columnist and frequent Nevada *contributor.*

MX: THE GREAT DIS-MISSILE

(Continued from page 13)

Lincoln County, I wouldn't go shoot myself," said Pat Landon, a Eureka County planner who came to Nevada from central Montana, where the Pentagon spent billions on a ballistic missile defense system and then walked away from it in the early 1970s. "You don't ever know what these guys are going to do."

A lunch counter operator in Caliente remarked, "I'll tell you one thing. If they don't come, they've sure wasted a lot of money."

He might have added, "and *time*." From that first word of a Nevada-based MX in late 1977 and early 1978 to the present, the state was preoccupied, out of sorts, trying to make up its mind about "man's largest project." Would all that time go for naught in a few years when a new MX basing plan, with new impact statements and generals and opportunities/problems, showed up on Nevada's doorstep? For those pro-MX Nevadans who wanted the project's economic pleasures, 1984 can't come soon enough. And for the anti-MX residents who fear the system's economic, environmental and social pains, 1984 comes all too soon. □

Patrick O'Driscoll is a reporter for the Nevada State Journal *and* Reno Evening Gazette *and covered the MX debate for the last year and a half.*

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Boomtown Lawyer

SALLY SPRINGMEYER ZANJANI COLLECTION

George Springmeyer opened his first practice in Goldfield in 1906, but the frowsy boomtown taught him more than just the law.
By Sally Springmeyer Zanjani

George Springmeyer, son of rancher H.H. Springmeyer, was born in Carson Valley in 1881. He attended the University of Nevada, Harvard and Stanford, where he earned a law degree. In the following excerpt from The Unspiked Rail, *a biography by his daughter, Sally Springmeyer Zanjani, George has settled in the central Nevada boomtown of Goldfield in 1906 to set up his first law practice. The legal and political education he gets in Goldfield toughens him for future campaigns and his controversial tenure as Nevada's U.S. attorney during Prohibition.*

The winter was unusually hard that year, and little warmth or shelter could be gleaned from the barren desert. At one point, the shivering Goldfielders even stole the telephone poles and chopped them into firewood. The number of deaths, attributed by the *Goldfield Daily Tribune* to "pneumonia and alcoholism," soared to more than five times the level recorded during the preceding and following winters. On many mornings my father woke to find his blanket heavily laden with snow blown in through the canvas roof by the howling winds.

George's first office was located in a long, narrow, wooden building behind Lou Finnegan's brokerage office and diagonally across the street from a similar building which housed the famous Northern Saloon. The Northern had been so named because its two proprietors, Tex Rickard and Kid Highley, had come from Alaska. Rickard, who had launched the Gans-Nelson fight with a spectacular bombardment of publicity, would later gain a reputation as a fight promoter; Highley's dark-eyed, voluptuous wife was celebrated already as the heroine of one of Robert Service's Alaskan yarns. At the Northern's sixty-foot bar, more like a tunnel than a gathering place, a dozen bartenders poured drinks around the clock. Roulette, faro, poker, craps, twenty-one, and other diversions were continually in progress in the gambling hall, and violence could be anticipated at least once a day. One afternoon when George and Will Virgin, an old friend from the Carson Valley, were in the brokerage office, shots suddenly rang out at the Northern. George hurried to the window in time to see a man, clutching his hat in his hand, tumble out of the saloon, glance fearfully up and down the street, and start running. Another man dashed out of the saloon behind him, shooting wildly. By this time, George was hanging out the window with excitement. Will Virgin yanked him hastily inside and hauled him behind Finnegan's heaviest safe, shouting, "Get back here, kid! I promised your mother and father I'd take care of you."

The famous bad man known as "Diamondfield Jack" Davis, employed as a guard by the owners of the Goldfield Consolidated Mines, patronized the same restaurant where George ate supper. Every evening Davis and *his* two bodyguards would enter through the swinging doors, choose seats facing the entrance, and lay their guns beside their plates. Diamondfield Jack had named the section adjoining Goldfield where he claimed to have a fabulous mine "Diamondfield." The treasure it produced appeared somewhat less than fabulous, but no one was disposed to argue with Diamondfield Jack. He had earned his reputation as a bad man in eastern Nevada some years before. John Sparks, the wealthy cattleman Nevadans later elected governor in 1902, had hired him to intimidate the sheepmen who were encroaching on the open range, and it was rumored that Diamondfield Jack had shot two Mormon sheepherders in the course of his activities.

At the restaurant, apart from those guns beside his plate and the wary eyes that scrutinized each newcomer in the doorway, Diamondfield Jack's unobtrusive demeanor contradicted his murderous reputation. He was a man of medium build with a slight mustache, and a generally mild and unassuming appearance. No longer did he behave like the swaggering young gunslinger who had succeeded in talking his way behind bars in 1897 by boasting that he was "shooting sheepherders for a living." Five years of repose in an Idaho jail for a crime he did not commit and a hair's breadth reprieve from the gallows had toned him down considerably. But when my father later saw Diamondfield Jack speeding over the desert at fifty miles an hour in his car as he picked off every jack rabbit in sight with a pistol of deadly accuracy, George realized Diamondfield Jack could shoot just as well as they said—and he liked to practice. Down underneath the stories clustered around his name and the lies he used to tell about himself, perhaps there really was a killer.

In the final analysis, however, Diamondfield Jack was only a hired gun, less powerful and dangerous than the man who employed him. That man was George Wingfield, known only a few years before as "the Peely Kid" because the skin was perpetually flaking off his

sunburned nose. By the time my father and Wingfield became friends in Goldfield, no one any longer spoke of the Peely Kid. Wingfield's titles now tended to the royal ("the King of Nevada"), or even the imperial ("the Napoleon of Nevada finance"). Like kings and presidents, his most trivial pronouncement, indeed his mere presence, was front-page news, and the shape of his consort's hat was a matter of public concern. He was an Arkansas-born cowboy turned gambler who had made some money in Tonopah a few years before and gone on, in partnership with George Nixon, to realize a fortune in Goldfield's Great Mohawk Mine before he turned thirty. Then he created Goldfield Consolidated, a masterful combination of mining enterprises in a single, powerful unit and by far the largest producer of gold bullion in the district. As was the Parthenon on the hill to Athens below, so became Wingfield's Goldfield Consolidated plant on Columbia Mountain to Goldfield. The editor of the *Goldfield Daily Tribune* confessed to emotions akin to those of Francis Scott Key beholding the Star-Spangled Banner when, after a small fire, the flames "subsided in sullen impotence and the moonlight disclosed the immaculate white asbestos walls of the Consolidated Mill in stately grandeur and perfect form filling the air with a thunderous diapason."

Goldfield Con may have been overcapitalized, and Wingfield may have run it with cavalier disdain for customary business methods. Yet only a fool would dismiss him as a lucky gambler. "Among stud poker players," observed a man who had run afoul of Wingfield, "he was famed for a half-cunning expression of countenance which deceived his opponents into believing he was bluffing when he wasn't; in card games he was usually a

UNR SPECIAL COLLECTIONS PHOTO

George Wingfield knew exactly what he wanted and exactly how to get it.

consistent winner." He had a competence and a steely nerve that few men could match. Many had gained sudden fortunes in Nevada mining strikes and lost them just as fast in wildcat investments and high living. Not George Wingfield. He knew exactly what he wanted, exactly how to get it, and exactly how to keep it.

When the miners' union went on strike in March 1907 my father saw Wingfield in action. Restaurant owner John Silva was shot by a union man in a picketing dispute. As the air prickled with tension, George Wingfield began to muster his troops. Company guards were dispatched to patrol the streets; a vigilance committee was organized as a counterweight to the union; 150 additional gunfighters were sworn in as deputies; and Diamondfield Jack sped out of town on an urgent mission, returning with the tonneau of his auto stacked high with guns. Union men were packing guns too. When union men temporarily boycotted the *Goldfield Chronicle* and threatened physical injury to anyone who bought a copy, Wingfield wanted to see the men back down. He was not yet ready for a full-scale showdown with the union radicals, but there were certain things in which he took a peculiar personal pleasure. Tucking a bunch of newspapers under his arm, he walked over to a group of strikers, whipped out the gun he always carried, and told each man to buy a ten-cent paper for a dollar apiece. They bought the papers. Late in April the miners' strike was settled, and the city returned to normal for the time being, if normal was a word that ever applied to Goldfield.

When it came to mining investments, my father was no George Wingfield. Like most Goldfield investors, he was not exactly a will be, nor a has been either, but more of a might have been. The streets were full of might have beens; indeed they kept Goldfield's mining-stock exchange busy every day. "Outside of the exchange the stridulous, whooping, screeching, detonating voices of the brokers that kept carrying the market up at each session could be heard half a block away," wrote one observer. "Later, did you find your way into the crowded board-room, the half-crazed manner in which notebooks, arms, fists, index fingers, hats and heads tossed and swayed approached in frenzy a scene of violence to which madness might at once be the consummation and the curse "

(Continued)

The Unspiked Rail:
Memoir of a Nevada Rebel

by Sally Springmeyer Zanjani
University of Nevada Press, Reno
401 pages, $15, hardcover

If biography should be written objectively, then Sally Springmeyer Zanjani's *The Unspiked Rail* fails. If biography should be written economically, so that the subject comes alive more from the facts of his life than from the garnishings of a prose style, then her book fails doubly. But if biography should be intimate, committed and absorbing, then her book succeeds completely.

Zanjani tells the life of her father, George Springmeyer. The son of immigrant Germans who settled in the Carson Valley in 1868, Springmeyer grew up to love the land, and he maintained that love through tempestuous years as an attorney in Goldfield during its boom, as a rebel politician crusading against the power of the Southern Pacific railroad, and as U.S. attorney fighting bootleggers and corrupt officials during prohibition. It is a story of continuous and nearly futile struggles to crack cronyism in state politics. If Springmeyer never defeated bosses like Black Wallace and George Wingfield, they never defeated him either.

Zanjani clearly and consistently professes a prejudicial view of her father's career, and the honesty of her approach invigorates the story. But she also runs to excesses, as when she dreamily conjectures about events that her research has not made clear or when she drifts into long passages of scenery prose to fill out a story.

But her tendency to overwrite never obscures the precise, if biased, intelligence which governs the narrative and renders the story of her father very readable and often moving. It is the best biography of a Nevadan I have read.

—Roger Smith

In the feverish atmosphere of Goldfield, shifty souls became grand swindlers and honest men grew temporarily deranged. As Twain had noted of the Humboldt craze nearly half a century before, "I would have been more or less than human if I had not gone mad like the rest." So too with my father. Although he earned just enough to live, with no surplus for investment, he had plenty of legal talent to offer. Pretty soon he joined up with one of the saner and more trustworthy of these Goldfield might have beens, an entrepreneur named Ralph Bailey who had raised $50,000 for mining purposes. Together they organized the Mountain Crown Mining Company, with George handling the legal work and Bailey the finances, and hired George's close friend Harry Taylor and two other engineers to examine the Mountain Crown Mine. Following his reconnaissance, Taylor told them no gold would be found because a fault had broken off the rich vein passing through the nearby Florence before it reached the Mountain Crown. With tears in his eyes, Taylor begged Bailey and George to go in with him and his fellow engineers on the lease they had obtained on the Florence and offered large shares to both of them. George was certain Taylor was right and said so, but Bailey was not to be persuaded. He remained convinced there was gold in the Mountain Crown, and neither George nor Taylor could dent his impassioned certitude. Because he controlled the company's funds, the decision was his.

Lower, ever lower, they sank the timbered shaft, to a final depth of 400 feet, but just as Taylor had predicted, never a sign of gold appeared. All George ever got out of the Mountain Crown was a touch of claustrophobia, acquired when he and a friend, having climbed 150 feet down a ladder in the shaft, were continuing their descent in a bucket powered by a Fairbanks-Morse engine. In keeping with the general spirit of the Mountain Crown, the engine broke down, and the two men were left swinging in the bucket, unable to go up or down for a period of hours that seemed to encompass several lifetimes. Perhaps it was a pity that Felix Frankfurter was not in that bucket too. It would have been an appropriate time for George to explain all he had learned since Harvard and how the mines worked. And how they failed.

In the meantime Taylor had found a backer, and during the three-month period of his lease, $1,850,000 worth of ore was brought up from the Florence, reportedly one of the richest leases in Goldfield history. Now it was Bailey's turn. Recalling that incredible tale of the broken vein and those earnest, heartfelt pleas, so firmly brushed aside because an investor could not risk his capital on the mere word of an impecunious young

engineer, was more than enough to bring tears to Bailey's eyes.

When the financial panic of 1907 struck, the streets of Goldfield seethed with rumors. George quickly realized banks were going to fail. It had often happened before. His thoughts raced home to the Carson Valley. Fortunately, most of his father's assets were in ranchland and in the Carson City property. However, in the Nye and Ormsby County Bank, H.H. had an account, the accumulated savings of a lifetime of hard work and careful planning. If that were lost, it could never be replaced. The old man was past sixty now and preparing to retire from the ranch to Carson City. There were not enough years left in him to begin again. George immediately wired his father that the panic was serious and all his deposits should be immediately withdrawn.

At home in the valley H.H. read the telegram and started out for the bank to reclaim his money, only to turn back after encountering a friend who dissuaded him. Fifteen thousand dollars, all the old man possessed, was lost in the crash of the Nye and Ormsby County Bank. Meanwhile, in Goldfield, Ralph Bailey and George hastened out to withdraw the Mountain Crown's dwindling capital. They found the bank overflowing with crowds of people milling nervously around and trying to reclaim their money.

George asked Will Virgin, the cashier, for the Mountain Crown's deposits, and Virgin said derisively, "What's the matter kid? Are you scared? You take all that money and someone will rob you."

"No," said George firmly, "but we want it."

Virgin reluctantly counted out $8,000 in gold, as Bailey and George stuffed it into their overcoat pockets. Bent over by the weight, they toiled home to the stone, dirt-floored hut they were sharing with two other men. While the gold was hidden in the hut, someone kept watch at all times, and they slept with loaded pistols beside their beds. Bailey was very touchy about it: money destined to be poured down the shaft of the Mountain Crown was not to be appropriated and lightly squandered by feckless thieves. If there was any appropriating and squandering to be done, he would do it himself, and he would call it "investment."

His anxieties were infectious. One night when George was on guard, he dropped off to sleep. Bailey came in, and George wakened with a start, automatically pointing his pistol at the dark figure in the doorway. He lowered the gun a moment later with the hollow realization that if Bailey had waited a second longer to speak, he would have shot him. Even my father was succumbing to Goldfield fever. □

From The Unspiked Rail *(University of Nevada Press), © 1981 Sally Springmeyer Zanjani.*

THE MAYOR OF SEARCHLIGHT


A.D. HOPKINS

Cactus Web is a self-proclaimed landmark who didn't need an election to become mayor. By A.D. Hopkins

"Folks meet me and say 'I know you already even though I never seen you before. It's just like it says in that poem about me. All through Nevada he is known as Cactus Web.'"

Cactus rises from the bed in his tiny travel trailer, padding to a cabinet in his stocking feet. A thin, wiry man, in jeans and a hippie paisley shirt, he has shoulder length gray hair hanging loose, mountain-man style. Sometimes he wears it in twin ponytails.

He produces the poem, printed on a 9x5 card along with a picture of himself. The poem begins:

The Legend of Cactus Web
Come listen now people, both big and small;
I'm going to tell you about the most famous of all.
All through Nevada he is known as Cactus Web,
you will know him by the cowboy hat on his head
Most of his life he has been quite bold,
especially in his younger days when he prospected for gold.
While in the desert he turned very dark red,
and off the wild cactus plants he fed.
You only cross him once, so it's been said,
and after that you usually turn up dead.
Throughout his life there is not a thing he has not sold.
However, now the days seem to be more cold,
and some say that is why Cactus Web is getting old.
So goes the legend of Cactus Web.
Come on folks and gather around,
I'm going to tell you about a man of our town.
He is known here by one and all,
Cactus Web, the most famous of all.

Your next mayor of Searchlight, Nevada!
Thank you, one and all!

"Who wrote the poem?" asks the visitor.

"Why, I did," roars Cactus in indignation. "Didn't you read it? There's my name at the bottom. Cactus Web, P.O. Box 241, Searchlight, Nevada, 89406. That's me."

Drawn out, Cactus explains, "I wrote that history of myself when I was out in the hills prospecting. Then years and years later I found it in my Bible. And I had it printed up when I was running for mayor."

Mayor of Searchlight? A town of fewer than 400 people, with one casino, a couple of bars and filling stations, and a bait shop?

"Well, of course Searchlight hasn't got a mayor, not being incorporated. But some of them said I should run for mayor, so I did. You can run for mayor even if there isn't going to be an election."

There's no question that Cactus Web, as he asserts, is Searchlight's principal landmark, and if there's any doubt, you'll know him by the cowboy hat on his head. He has worn the same hat, he says, for 17 years. One brim is turned up and shot full of brass rivets spelling out his nickname. The crown is encrusted with pin-on trophies including ladies' brooches, antique stickpins and a Boy Scout badge of second-class rank. All are gifts from people who have admired him or his hat.

Cactus' home consists of the trailer and a complex of tool sheds, huts and chicken coops a mile or two west of Searchlight on the road to Nipton. A legend on one building reads: "CACTUS WEB DILAPIDATED HUT WIND SWEPT DESERT."

Everything except the trailer is made of scrap lumber or cast-off metal, but his place is well planned and surprisingly neat. Tables are covered with old bottles and souvenirs (some for sale) and tools ready to use.

The most prominent feature of Cactus' castle is a wooden tower supporting a platform 20 feet off the ground. On the platform perches an iron double bed. "I sleep up there five or six months out of the year," says Cactus. "When it gets 100 degrees on the ground, the farther you get off the ground the cooler it is. And I got a telescope I take up there. I can see what's going on 10 miles away."

Every resident of Searchlight knows the way to Cactus Web's "dilapidated hut." Area children come, says Cactus, to see what new marvels he has wrought from scrap lumber, or simply to hear his stories of old times and adventure.

KATHLEEN ANN DOING

Cactus Web built his mayorial residence, two miles from Searchlight, with a trailer and cast-off metal and lumber.

Cactus says he was born May 17 1909, and grew up in Hawaii, the son of a sugar plantation manager. If his visitor is an adult, Cactus may show a picture of a pretty bare-breasted girl in a grass skirt. "This was my girl. Lived on my father's plantation. A giant sea turtle killed her when she was swimming in the lagoon. Grabbed her ankle and held her down till she drowned."

Cactus says he played roles in several different movies made in the Islands before World War II, including "Hell's Half Acre," "Flame of the Island," "Birds of Paradise," "New Caledonia" and "Blue Hawaii." But in 1941, he says, "All my family was killed when they bombed Pearl Harbor. I was reported killed too. I've been reported dead three times."

After that he decided to resettle on the mainland. "I came here in 1942, and I didn't know whether to get off the bus or not," he says. "There were 10,000 (his figure) people here then, and most of 'em were wearing guns on their hips."

But he did get off, and began his career of out-sourdoughing the sourdoughs of Searchlight.

Web says he spent several years working on the ranch of former Nevada Governor Rex Bell and his movie-queen wife, Clara Bow. Whenever he could get away from his duties for awhile he prospected. "I prospected for 17 years. Had some pretty close calls, too, like the time that copperhead snake bit me. So I cut out the stinger "

"Stinger?"

"Yeah, there's a stinger in there you gotta get out. And then I took my snake bite kit with the suction cups and sucked the poison out." He pulls up his pants leg and shows a scar on his calf.

The first year he was prospecting, Cactus says, he found a rich deposit of ore, but wasn't experienced enough to recognize its value. "Last year I found it again, and leased it." He produces a chunk of ore, heavy as a unit of plumber's lead. "The gold and silver in it make it heavy; I'm just waiting for the right price to sell."

Other Searchlight folk remember Cactus Web's career differently. "If he wants to talk about prospecting that's okay with me," says one acquaintance. "When I first knew him he was a dishwasher. Then later he did a lot of odd jobs. He had a truck and set up a route where he'd haul all your trash to the dump regularly for a set fee, and believe me, that's a real service in an unincorporated town that doesn't have any municipal services. Did a little bit of everything, and paid his own way through life.

"So if he wants to say he's mayor, that's all right with me, too. There's towns that have real mayors that never did a lick of work in their lives, and some of 'em got ideas a lot stranger than Cactus."

Web got the name "Cactus" from his part-time profession of making picture frames, covered wagon models, ash trays and other objects from the woody remains of cholla cactus.

He also makes money as a semi-professional card player. "He isn't bad, either," says one fellow player. "Cheap bastard, though. When they used to give free sandwiches away to the players he'd have 'em spread out in front of him like a banquet." Like most good poker players, however, Cactus has no use for liquor—not even when the casino is pouring it for free.

Cactus drives his gas-stingy Honda Civic or his 1948 Dodge truck into Henderson several times a year to play keno. He spends more time in Searchlight itself, where his poker-playing is frequently interrupted by tourists who ask to take his picture.

He usually complies, and the photographers usually give him a dollar or two for his trouble. If they don't offer the money, he says, he doesn't ask. He admittedly enjoys the attention. But he also adds that he doesn't perform for the camera. "I'd look the same and be the same even if there wasn't a camera in 200 miles." □

A.D. Hopkins, a frequent Nevada *contributor, is editor of* The Nevadan, *the Sunday magazine of the* Las Vegas Review-Journal.

Return to Buckskin Mountain

Home is where you find it, and one family rediscovered home on the wind- and snow-swept slopes of the rugged Santa Rosa Range.

By Dorothy Bell Ruby

My husband and children dwindled to dark specks against the snow as they skied around the edge of the draw separating us from the cabin two miles away. I stayed back to savor the wave of nostalgia that always sweeps over me at the first sight of the house on Buckskin. We were making our only winter visit to the mining camp where I lived as a child.

The broad outlines before me were familiar, with Buckskin Mountain rising in a high dome above the saddle where my family house sits. I was used to the summer scene softened and made colorful by sagebrush, snowbrush and wild flowers. Now, under heavy grey clouds, dark outcroppings of rock and gnarled mountain mahogany stood starkly against the white slopes. The cabin crouched on its ridge, looking lonely and vulnerable, half buried in snow.

Buckskin Mountain, 8,743 feet high, is the most northerly peak of the Santa Rosa Range in north central Nevada. My grandfather, John Bell, made the first mining claims on Buckskin in 1904 and built the house between 1912 and 1920. Instead of the usual miner's tarpaper-covered shack, he built a sturdy cement house overlooking the Martin Basin and the peaks of the Santa Rosas. Perhaps he sensed that two of his sons, one of them my father, would spend most of their lives searching for the elusive Buckskin gold and that the house would be home to his family's next two generations.

There were five of us on this trip—my husband, Ron, and our three children, Michael, 18, Rachel, 15, and Joel, 12. We came with some trepidation. Buckskin is isolated, 16 miles east of and 4,000 feet higher than U.S. 95 between Orovada and McDermitt. Old timers told us tales of sudden blizzards and whiteouts. But a week in the Bell cabin in February promised adventure and sport as well as the chance to walk sentimentally in the footsteps of those stubborn, independent gold miners.

A whiff of cold, slightly mousy air met us as we forced open the cabin door and entered the kitchen with its long, warped wooden table and blackened cook stove.

DOROTHY BELL RUBY PHOTOS

On either side of the kitchen were bedrooms with leaking mattresses piled on sagging iron bedsteads.

My heart sank a little as we explored the barren rooms. This had been my parents' first home after they were married; my uncle and aunt and their children lived here for many years, until the mid-1960s, and it was a pleasant home. Around that time, however, the craze for souvenir hunting in the old mining camps began to include "souvenirs" from occupied houses. First the small objects like kerosene lamps and mining tools disappeared. Finally someone made off with the ornate, cast-iron heating stove. Not knowing what else to do, one of my cousins emptied the house of everything attractive or interesting.

We stoked a fire in the kitchen stove and sorted out the supplies we had left the summer before. While the coffee perked we mopped the floor and shook out our sleeping bags. With warmth, food and order our spirits rose, and we began to think about the outdoor fun we had come for.

Our first pleasant discovery was that Buckskin was cold. Skiing in the Sierra we had become accustomed to constant fussing with sticky soft waxes and klister. At Buckskin we put on hard blue wax and did not change for the whole week. Then there was the space. A mountain of fine fresh powder without a mark on it is irresistible to a cross-country skier.

Because the weather was unsettled, with storms almost daily, we decided against taking trips of more than a few miles away from the house. Instead we made short excursions, played at slalom skiing and slid down the hill on heavy-duty plastic garbage bags.

One sunny morning we visited the site of the Buckskin-National Mine a mile north around the mountain. In 1929 my father, Dutch Bell, and his brother, Forrest, shipped ore from the mine carrying 25 ounces of gold and 724 ounces of silver per ton. They thought they were on easy street until the vein petered out. Buckskin has a long history of showing just enough promise to keep miners excited.

In 1935 the Lucky Tiger Company was leasing the workings and built a 50-ton cyanide mill. The operation employed about 70 men, and the mountainside sported a bunkhouse and cookhouse as well as 20 or so miners' cabins. But the mill burned in 1937, and Buckskin-National became a tiny ghost town.

When the Lucky Tiger Company left, my father again took up a lease on the site. Uncle Forrest was working his own tunnel by this time, and he and his family were living in the Bell house. My parents fixed up one of the abandoned cabins for us. Though most of the buildings my cousins and I played in are now flattened by time, the one that was my home is still standing. Forty years later only a few shreds of tarpaper cling to the weathered boards. Inside, the beaverboard ceiling hangs nearly down to the floor. But we could make out blue stars on the linoleum in the sheltered corners of the living room, and there were faint traces of the green calsomine I had chosen for my bedroom when I was seven.

The skeletal remains of the old mill and houses tempted Ron to go back another afternoon to take pictures while the rest of us stayed in the cabin. Bright sunshine alternated with dark clouds until five o'clock, when a violent snowstorm clamped down over the mountain.

Being a careful skier, Ron always carries a map, compass, light shovel and extra clothes in case he should have to stay outside. Nevertheless, as the evening grew darker we could not keep back surges of fear. What if he had skied into

In summer we always climb the mountain, but it was so stormy that we could rarely see the top.

an abandoned mine shaft? What if he had fallen through the rotten flooring of one of the cabins?

Finally, at about 6:30 Ron burst through the door, cold and plastered with snow, but in high spirits, having successfully foiled nature. He had stayed at the mine until just before the storm descended. With visibility at zero he crept home checking his compass bearings every few steps.

"I couldn't tell whether I was going up or down," he said. "Once I fell because I thought I was standing flat when I was actually sliding downhill. Finally, I ran into a post. I recognized it as the corner post of the old corral. If it hadn't been for that, I would have missed the house by 50 feet."

The storms continued. On summer visits to Buckskin we always climb to the top of the mountain, about 500 feet higher than the saddle where the house stands. We all wanted to see the view in the snow, but the weather was so stormy that we could rarely see the top at all. Then, quite unexpectedly, blue sky appeared over the Martin Basin one afternoon. By the time we had our packs ready, the sun was shining as though it never did anything else.

The climb itself was not difficult because we followed the old roadbed switchbacking up the mountain. Near the top, however, we were almost stopped by wind gusts that came rushing down the slope, whirling snow around us, forcing us into a crouch. There was no going forward then; we could only hang on until the blast passed.

One of the gusts snatched Rachel's wool hat off her head and sent it spinning away over the snow. In seconds she was in tears because the intense cold made her head ache. I took off my mittens to get out a spare hat and to tie her parka hood more firmly over it. Before I finished, my fingers were numb. We continued with renewed respect for the hostile cold.

Although we have always been careful to carry extra clothes, food, compass, map, shovel and first-aid supplies when cross-country skiing, it had seemed almost an academic exercise to me. I did it because I knew that I should. At Buckskin I finally realized emotionally instead of intellectually that your life can depend on carrying that extra weight.

When we reached the top of the mountain we looked to the west, down into the broad Quinn River Valley 4,000 feet below. Storm clouds boiled below us, and the land, glimpsed through the clouds, was grey and sodden. We had the bright blue sky and sharp wind, while the valley people had to put up with grey weather and rain.

Behind us, in the sunshine, the mesas and ridges of the Martin Basin were lightly frosted with fresh snow. To the south we watched snowdrifts lift in majestic plumes from Granite Peak, at 9,732 feet the highest in the Santa Rosas. Closer at hand the landscape was decorated with grotesque sculptures of ice sparkling on stunted mountain mahogany.

When we finally started down, nature had one more treat for us. Part way home we looked back toward the top to see clouds tinged with metallic rainbows rushing up over the rim of the mountain as the wind carried the valley storm higher up the west face of the range.

Rather than take the old road back, we chose a draw that was steeper but more protected from the wind. We zigzagged down, turning easily and gracefully in the fresh powder. We let the cold wind blow away the nonsense in our lives. The children shouted exuberantly as they swooped down faster and faster. I felt a

Danger Zones

Avalanches threaten skiers in any snowbound mountain area. Prediction is difficult, but a few conditions signal special danger. Wilderness skiers should know what types of areas to avoid and when.

An avalanche is most likely to occur after a rapid change in weather. Sustained winds over 15 mph or a sharp rise in temperature create hazards, but storms pose the greatest threat. Over 80 percent of avalanches happen during or just after a storm.

The ideal terrain for an avalanche is a dish-shaped slope of 30 to 45 degrees. But any combination of slope angle, slope shape and undergrowth can be dangerous. Avalanches can even start among trees and boulders and on concave slopes.

If you hear cracks or rumbles, see snowballs or cartwheels rolling downslope, or notice fresh snow on old, crusted snow, be particularly careful. Whenever an area looks doubtful, avoid it. But if you are caught, shed all gear and make a breaststroke motion to stay atop the snow. Cup your hands in front of your face just before coming to a stop to make an air pocket in case you're buried. Try to stay calm. If a partner is buried, search downslope and use a stick or ski pole to probe the snow. Speed is essential. After 30 minutes a buried person stands only a 50 percent chance of surviving, and the odds quickly grow worse.

But if you enter the wilderness in a group and pay close attention to terrain and weather, you won't need to worry about an avalanche spoiling your tour.—*RS*

Hypothermia—low body temperature—is the leading killer of people who take their recreation outdoors. The condition occurs when the body, exposed to the wind or cold air, loses heat faster than it can produce it. Body temperature drops quickly, affecting the function of vital organs. Death can result in minutes.

Prevention rests primarily on proper clothing. Wear warm clothes and make sure they remain dry, but don't layer on so much clothing that moderate exertion causes sweating. The cooling effect of sweat can hasten the onset of hypothermia. The wind can make even moderate temperatures dangerous, so seek a wind break, especially when resting. Most importantly, respect the cold. Hypothermia usually occurs when the temperature is between 30 and 50 degrees, and victims often don't realize that such temperatures can cause problems.

Victims also seldom realize that they are suffering from hypothermia because it impairs brain function. But it is easy to spot in someone else. Symptoms include uncontrollable shivering, slurred speech, memory lapses and incoherence, immobility and awkwardness, drowsiness and exhaustion.

Emergency treatment is simple: make the victim warm and dry as quickly as possible. Finding a spot out of the wind, wrap the victim in blankets, immerse him in warm water, zip him up in a sleeping bag with another person inside, or position him between a fire and a backdrop. If physical condition allows, give him something warm to drink.

Whatever treatment is chosen, it must be done quickly. Almost never will there be time to rush the hypothermia victim to a doctor.—*RS*

power and control that I had never experienced before. The mountain belonged to us. □

Dorothy Bell Ruby is a freelance writer who lives in Santa Cruz, California.

Wilderness Trails

Making tracks at Tahoe, and some surprising cross-country ski areas in Nevada's backcountry. By Roger Smith

The Sierra Nevada around Lake Tahoe attracts more Nordic skiers in one week than the rest of the state does all season. Thigh-deep powder snow, grand vistas of granite-faced and tree-whiskered ridges, ice-fanged alpine streams and pure fresh air understandably entice lovers of winter's graces.

But tucked away in the rugged folds of other Nevada mountain ranges are many more areas that will delight intermediate and expert cross-country skiers. The areas have the advantage of not being heavily trafficked, and they often equal the Sierra for adventure and spectacle. Following is a brief guide to such areas and people to call for more information.

But first, a few common-sense suggestions. Because rural Nevada skiing areas are remote and have few roads, precautions are wise. Plan your tour carefully before you set out. Check in at the nearest sheriff's or Forest Service office, and let officials know the area you will be in, the route you intend to use, and how long the tour will take. They can warn you away from areas that are dangerous because of avalanche hazard or exposed mine shafts. Be prepared for first aid

SIERRA CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING

Name	Phone	Marked Trails	Groomed Trails	Rentals Adult/Child	Instruction Adult/Child	Tours Day/Night
Aspen Sports	702-827-3205	**	**	$6	n/a	yes/no
Big Chief	916-587-4723	25 mi.	25 mi.	$8.50/$6	$12*/$12*	yes/yes
Echo Nordic Center	916-659-7221	11	11	$8.50/$5.50	$12.50/$12.50	yes/no
Incline Nordic Center	702-832-1150	10	10	n/a	n/a	yes/yes
Kirkwood	209-258-8864	35	35	$8/$4	$12/$12	yes/no
Northstar	916-562-1010	25	13	$8.50/$6	$16/$12	yes/yes
Royal Gorge	916-426-3871	131	131	$8/$8	$18/$18	yes/yes
Sierra Ski Touring	714-935-4606	5	5	$9/$9	$20*/$20*	yes/yes
Spooner Meadows (Lake Tahoe State Park)	702-831-0494	4	4	no	n/a	no/yes
Squaw Valley	916-583-1637	20	30	n/a	n/a	yes/no
Tahoe Donner	916-587-9821	3	3	$9/$9	$9/$9	yes/no
Tahoe Nordic Ski Center	916-583-9858	18	18	$8/$4	$10*	yes/yes
Telemark Country Sports	916-577-6811	5	5	$8/$8	$7/$7	yes/yes
Zephyr Cove Nordic Co.	702-588-4490	7	5	n/a	n/a	yes/yes

*—group rates only **—uses a variety of established trails

treatment of common injuries and especially of hypothermia.

Finally, out of respect for others, don't take souvenirs from buildings or machinery you find along the trail. They may look like derelicts in winter snow, but they still could be a vital part of a cattleman or miner's livelihood during the rest of the year.

South

Mount Charleston corners the market on cross-country skiing in southern Nevada. Lee Canyon Meadows, the Old Mill Picnic Area, Deer Creek and Macks Canyon Road attract the most skiers to Charleston, which is located 40 miles northwest of Las Vegas. But for experts the whole west side of the Spring Mountains can provide exciting, if strenuous, touring.

Dave Young, U.S. Forest Service agent, stresses that some areas must be avoided, especially Kyle Canyon. The avalanche danger there is severe. For information about where to go or not to go, call Young at 702-385-6255.

Central

Of all the Nevada wilderness, the Toiyabe National Forest near the old mining town of Austin promises the most solitude while skiing. Forest Service officials note that although Kingston Canyon, Big Creek and Birch Creek are prime Nordic areas (because of roads that wind through them) they are little used. For information call the Forest Service office in Austin, 702-964-2671.

East

The landscape is as compelling at Cave Lake State Park near Ely, and Park Supervisor Les Gould, a cross-country skier, has explored and mapped out choice trails. In the Willow Creek area, he recommends Cave Creek to Cooper Summit, Steptoe Road to Success Summit, and Water Canyon to the Success Mine. In the Ward Mountain area, the Terrace is his favorite. Gould plans to lead tours this winter, snow permitting. There is no phone at his post, so for information write to P.O. Box 761, Ely, NV. 89301, or call the park's division headquarters in Panaca, 702-728-4467

North

Surrounding Elko are knots and ranks of mountain ranges that are more grandly rugged than all others in Nevada except the Sierra. Well known to outdoorsmen of all denominations, the Ruby Mountains are the best in the region for cross-country skiing, especially the Lamoille Canyon area. But Adobe Summit; Gold Creek, near Wild Horse Reservoir; Pole Creek in the Jarbidge Mountains; and Angel Lake, south of Wells, are rivals in scenery and accessibility. For information call Gary Schaffran at the Elko office of the Humboldt National Forest, 702-738-5171.

THE NEVADA CALENDAR by Jim Crandall & Roger Smith

177 Good Times & Great Events in January & February

Bulls' Holiday in Sparks

When the curtain rises in the Celebrity Room at John Ascuaga's Nugget in Sparks on February 11 at 2pm, it will unveil an exclusive, one-show-only chorus line. But the combed and polished beauties of the chorus won't dance, sing and flash broad smiles. They'll just bellow, bawl and snort.

It's the 13th Annual Nugget Bull Sale, one of the largest and most glamorous Hereford auctions in the West. There's a lot of bull to consider during the free three-hour show, which warms the stage for the Roy Clark Show later in the evening.

Breeders and ranchers from every big spread in the West come each year to show their finest Hereford bulls and heifers, and to bid for prize beef. Last year's top bull brought $36,000, and of the 14 bulls sold, the total pricetag was $134,248. Eighteen heifers averaged $2,000 each.

At those prices, it's no wonder that Ascuaga, a member of the sponsoring California/Nevada Hereford Assn., reserves his 900-seat showroom for the event. The bulls are all stars in their own right. Descended from English bovine aristocracy, the Herefords are polished and groomed from birth. Months before the auction, breeders enter their top calves for inspection and selection. Hereford Association judges make field inspections, weeding out all but the finest of the species.

The day before the show, the excitement around the Nugget is as great as for any major star. Breeders roll into the parking lot, setting up makeshift grooming areas and swapping bull yarns with their peers and interested bystanders. Inside, the center stage is salted with sawdust. The auctioneer does tongue rolls over the microphone while stage hands test lights and sound.

When showtime arrives, the room is packed with breeders, ranchers, reporters and spectators eager to witness the pageantry of a real Nevada bull sale. The shimmering 1200-pound bulls, standing horn to horn, are lined in tiers. Their masters, decked out in their finest Sunday western dress, kneel beside, holding fine horsehair ropes fastened to pure silver rings in each bull's snout.

After introductions, the bulls are led from the stage. They are then brought back one at a time for the bidding. Each bull's ancestral strains are explained to the crowd, and the bidding begins. "Ten thousand dollars!" shouts a Texan. "Make that twenty!" interjects a Montanan. And the high-stakes game is under way.—*Jim Crandall*

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

South

ONGOING EVENTS

Las Vegas Mormon Fort Tours, Tues.-Sun.
Historic and Cultural Focus Tours, Las Vegas, info. 382-7198
Historic artifacts on display, Southern Nevada Museum, Henderson, and UNLV Museum of Natural History, Las Vegas

JANUARY

Art Exhibit, thru 8, monotypes by Fritz Scholder, Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas
New Year's Eve Fireworks Show, Union Plaza, 8pm, Las Vegas
"Butterflies Are Free," 1-3, Las Vegas Little Theatre, 8:30pm
UNLV v. San Diego State, 2, basketball, Las Vegas Convention Center, 8:15pm
Student Art from Rancho High School, 3-20, Young People's Gallery, Las Vegas Art Museum
Art Exhibit, 3-20, pastels, charcoals and wood sculptures by Vicki Day, watercolors by Viki Richardson, Las Vegas Art Museum
National Watercolor Society Exhibit, 3-20, Las Vegas Art Museum
Las Vegas Symphonic Orchestra, 5, Ham Hall, 8pm, UNLV, Las Vegas
"California Suite," 9-2/13, Meadows Playhouse, 8pm Tues.-Sat., 2 pm matinee Sat., Las Vegas
Las Vegas Brass Quintet, 9, concert of improvised music, Flamingo Library, 2pm
Children's Art Exhibit, 10-2/5, Whipple Cultural Center, Las Vegas
Cantor String Quartet, 10, Charleston Heights Arts Center, 2pm, Las Vegas
Dance Movements by Peg Bolen, 10, art exhibit, Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas
UNLV v. Colorado State, 14, basketball, 8:15pm, Las Vegas Convention Center
UNLV v. Wyoming, 15, basketball, 8:15pm, Las Vegas Convention Center
"Wiley and the Hairy Man," 15-17, 22-24, 29-31, 7pm Fri., 2pm Sat. and Sun. except 7pm on 16th, Whipple Cultural Center, Las Vegas
The Barclay Strings, 17 concert, 3pm, Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas
Art Exhibit, 17-2/12, wood sculpture by John La Bounty, Flamingo Library Gallery, Las Vegas
Cinema '82, 17 classic films, Flamingo Library, 2pm, Las Vegas
Barton Gray Chamber Ensemble, 24, free concert, Charleston Heights Arts Center, 2pm, Las Vegas
Nevada String Quartet, 24, Flamingo Library, 2pm, Las Vegas
Pavlova Celebration with Starr Danias, 19, Ham Hall, 8pm, UNLV, Las Vegas
World Championship of Craps, 25-28, Riviera Hotel, Las Vegas
Rainbow Company Auditions, 30, children's theater, Whipple Cultural Center, Las Vegas
UNLV v. Long Beach, 31 basketball, 8:15pm, Las Vegas Convention Center
Super-Heavyweight Armwrestling Championships, 30, Caesars Palace, Las Vegas
Susan Duer, Fortepiano, 31, Charleston Heights Arts Center, 2pm, Las Vegas

FEBRUARY

English Leather Calendar Girl Pageant, 1-3, Frontier Hotel, Las Vegas
"The Me That Nobody Knows," 4-3/6, Las Vegas Little Theatre, 8:30pm Thurs. thru Sat., with 3pm matinee 2nd and 28th
Nevada Dance Theatre, 5-7 Ham Hall, 8pm on 5th, 2pm and 8pm on 6th and 7th, UNLV, Las Vegas
Art Exhibit, 7-3/5, abstract expressionism by Susan Packard, Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas
Nevada Chamber Ensemble, 7 Charleston Heights Arts Center, 2pm, Las Vegas
Mid-Winter Trapshooting Tournament, 9-14, Mint Gun Club, Las Vegas
UNLV v. BYU, 12, basketball, 8:15pm, Las Vegas Convention Center
UNLV v. Pan American U., 13, basketball, 8:15pm, Las Vegas Convention Center
Photography Exhibit, 14-3/12, Ed Opsitos, Flamingo Library Gallery, Las Vegas
Musical Arts Singers and Orchestra, 14, Charleston Heights Arts Center, 3pm, Las Vegas

Getting Snowed at Tahoe

S'no fun like snow fun, and Lake Tahoe communities will be taking off the chill this winter with four gala winter carnivals. The celebrating begins with the South Lake Tahoe Winter (January 22-24) when a huge parade starts down U.S. 50. The fun continues in Winterskol (January 30-February 7) with NBC's Celebrity Races and the Crazy Sled Races (above). Next comes UNR's Winter Carnival (February 1-6) and more racing, demonstrations and a cook-off. Rounding out the festivities will be the North Tahoe Snowfest's first snowfun extravaganza.

"Front Page," 18-20 & 26-28, Las Vegas Community Theatre, 8pm
Allegro Trio, 21, Charleston Heights Arts Center, 2pm, Las Vegas

MARILYN NEWTON

Ben Hurs in Ely, Elko and Wells

Chariot races are held regularly during winter in Ely, Elko and Wells. This year's World Championships are slated for the Elko Fairgrounds racetrack on March 20-21 and 26-28. Up to 40 top racers from nine western states will compete for trophies, and the final heats will be covered on national TV.

Invitational Women's Gymnastics, 21, Caesars Palace, Las Vegas
Cinema '82, 21 classic films, Flamingo Library, 2pm, Las Vegas
"Tosca," 21, opera, Las Vegas Symphonic Orchestra, Ham Hall, 2pm, UNLV, Las Vegas
Andre Previn and the Pittsburgh Symphony, 26, Ham Hall, 8pm, UNLV, Las Vegas
UNLV v. New Mexico, 26, basketball, 8:15pm, Las Vegas Convention Center

Making a Raquet

If you think watching a tennis match exercizes your neck, try watching raquetball. The little black ball not only zips back and forth but also up, down and crosswise. The best of raquetball play will come to Carson City in February when Capitol Courts/Ormsby House Open Tournament begins three days of top caliber amateur competition.

Nevada String Quartet, 28, Flamingo Library, 2pm, Las Vegas
University Musical Society Orchestra, 28, free concert, Charleston Heights Arts Center, 2pm, Las Vegas

Central

JANUARY

Chamber of Commerce Dance, 1 Convention Center, 9pm, Tonopah
Annual Jack Dempsey Boxing Festival, 20, high school gym, 8pm, Tonopah, info. 482-3558

FEBRUARY

Team Auction, 12-13, Hotel Nevada & Bank Club, 7:30pm, Ely
Bristlecone Chariot Races, 13-14, fairgrounds, noon, Ely
Maslach Basketball Tournament, 17-20, high school gym, Tonopah, info. 482-3304
Elks Crab Crack, 20, Tonopah, info. Dick Dudley, 482-6869

North

JANUARY

New Year's Eve Party, 1 music, prizes, hats & general noise, Cactus Pete's & Horseshu Resort, Jackpot, info. 755-2259
Cactus Pete's Fishing Competition, 1, Jackpot
Polar Bear Classic Bowling, 1-3/31 weekends, Rainbow Lanes, Elko, info. 738-6525
Chariot Races, 3, chariot track, noon, Wells
Sportsmen's Club Wild Game Dinner, 11 fishing contest awards, 7pm, Cactus Pete's, Jackpot, info. 755-2259 or 755-2321
Sagebrush Spinners Square Dancers, 16 & 30, Grammar School No. 2, 7:30pm, Elko, info. 738-3666
Chariot Races, 17 23 & 31 chariot track, noon, Wells

FEBRUARY

Arirang Korean Folk Festival, 3, Civic Auditorium, 8pm, Elko, info. 738-4091
Invitational Chariot Race Meet, 6-7, fairgrounds, Elko
Chariot Races, 20 & 28, chariot track, noon, Wells

West

ONGOING EVENTS

Dayton Flea Market, weekends
Nevada State Museum, 8:30-4:30 daily, Carson City
Churchill County Museum, 9-5 Mon.-Sat., Photographs & Memories, Fallon
Lyon County Museum, 10-4 Sat., 1-4 Sun., historic artifacts, Yerington
St. Phillip's Center Gallery, 2-6 Wed.-Mon., art exhibits, Hawthorne
Nevada Artists Assn. Gallery, 10-4 Mon.-Sat., 449 W. King St., Carson City
Stremmel Galleries, 8-6 Mon.-Fri. & 9-4 Sun., selected works by George Carlson, Mark Daily, Len Chmeil, Thomas Aquinas Daly, 1400 S. Virginia, Reno
Reno Tahoe Visitors Center, 10-2 Tues.-Sat., art exhibit, 135 N. Sierra, Reno

"Vanities," 8-9 & 11-12, adult comedy, Proscenium Players, Brewery Arts Center, 8pm, Carson City
UNR v. Boise State, 9, basketball, 8pm, Coliseum, Reno
Young Audiences Youth Concert, 9, with Reno Philharmonic, 10am, Pioneer Theatre, Reno
Peugeot Grand Prix West, 9, pro skiing, Squaw Valley, North Lake Tahoe
Ski Wars, 9-10, children's slalom, Heavenly Valley, South LakeTahoe, info. 916-541-1330
Far West Freestyle Contest, 9-10, Boreal Ski Area, North Lake Tahoe, info. 916-426-3666
Sierra Ski Council Giant Slalom, 10, Soda Springs, North Lake Tahoe
Ms. California Contest, 13, Cloud's Cal-Neva, Crystal Bay, info. 832-4000
Empire Brass Quintet, 13, Pioneer Theatre, 8:15pm, Reno
Harlem Globetrotters, 14, Coliseum, 7:30pm, Reno
Star Viewing, 15, Atmospherium-Planetarium, 6:30-7:30pm, Reno

From Jack Johnson to Sugar Ray

In 1910 Reno was the center of world attention when it hosted the "Fight of the Century" between Jack Johnson, above right with sparring partner, and Jim Jeffries, who threw in the towel in the 15th round of their heavyweight title match. And this winter world championship boxing returns to Reno when Sugar Ray Leonard defends his world welterweight title against challenger Bruce Finch on February 15 in the Reno Coliseum. But if you can't see Sugar Ray, there's still plenty of local talent to watch in three bang-up fight cards—Tonopah's Jack Dempsey Boxing Festival, Carson City's annual Washington's Birthday Boxing Festival, and Sierra Nevada Golden Gloves, also in Carson.

Atmospherium-Planetarium, open daily, UNR, Reno, show info. 784-4811
Amateur Ski Races, Sundays, 12:30, Sierra Ski Ranch, South Lake Tahoe, info. 916-659-7475

JANUARY

Robert Cole Caples: The Artist and the Man, thru 17 exhibit, Sierra Nevada Museum, Reno
New Year's Day Champaigne NASTAR, 1 Alpine Meadows, North Lake Tahoe, info. 916-583-9614
Star Viewing, 1 Atmospherium-Planetarium, 6:30-7:30pm, Reno
"The Silver Whistle," 1-3 & 7-9, comedy, Reno Little Theater, 8:30pm on 1-2 and 7-9, 2pm and 7:30pm on 3rd.
UNR v. Detroit, 4, basketball, 8pm, Coliseum, Reno
City Sports Ski Industry Day, 5, Alpine Meadows, North Lake Tahoe, info. 916-583-6914
UNR v. Idaho, 7 basketball, 8pm, Coliseum, Reno

Adidas/MGM Tennis Classic, 15-17 MGM Grand Hotel, Reno, info. 789-2016
Gold Dust Children's International Invitational Gymnastics Meet, 16, top 8-to-11-year-old female gymnasts from U.S., Canada, Netherlands, MGM Grand Hotel, Reno, info. 331-2200
Northern Nevada Energy Expo, 16-17 Coliseum, 10am, Reno
Body Building Show, 16, Pioneer Theatre, Reno
Bay Area Singles League Giant Slalom, 17 Soda Springs, North Lake Tahoe, info. 916-426-3801
Guitarist Dennis Loranger, 17, classical music, 2pm, Reno Little Theater
California Special Olympics, 18-21 Heavenly Valley, South Lake Tahoe, info. 916-541-1330
Saxophone Quartet, 19, Brewery Arts Center, 8pm, Carson City
South Lake Tahoe Winter Carnival, 22-24, parade, downhill and cross-county races, dances at South Lake Tahoe, Stateline, Zephyr Cove, info. 916-541-5255 or 702-588-4591
Gun & Knife Show, 23-24, Coliseum, 9-6 on 23rd and 9-4 on 24th, Reno

Star Party, 23, Astronomical Society of Nevada, Geiger Grade, sundown, info. Jim Brady 747-5237

Royal Gorge Cup-Fischer 15km Race, 24, Royal Gorge Nordic Ski Resort, 11am, Soda Springs, North Lake Tahoe

Reno Chamber Orchestra, 24, Masonic Theatre, 2pm, Reno

Arirang Korean Folk Festival, 25, Community Center, 8pm, Carson City

UNR v. Idaho, 26, basketball, 8pm, Coliseum, Reno

UNR v. Montana, 28, basketball, 8pm, Coliseum, Reno

Navato Park Recreation Day, 28, Soda Springs, North Lake Tahoe, info. 916-423-3801

Swiss Chamber Orchestra, 29, Church Fine Arts Theater, 8pm, UNR, Reno

UNR v. Montana State, 30, basketball, 8pm, Coliseum, Reno

Bay Area Council Slalom & Giant Slalom, 30-31 Soda Springs, North Lake Tahoe

Robin Hood Ball, 30, Brewery Arts Center, 9pm, Carson City

Winterskol, 30-31 Queen's Ball at Incline Chateau on 30th, Luggi League Races & BBQ at Ski Incline on 31st, info. 831-4440

Sacramento Bee Silver Ski Race, 31, Heavenly Valley, South Lake Tahoe, info. 916-541-1330

FEBRUARY

Caligraphy Exhibit, thru 17 Carol Hicks, Sierra Nevada Museum, Reno

Art Exhibit, thru 21 light boxes and paintings by Bob Griffin, Sierra Nevada Museum, Reno

Laser Light Show, thru 3/31 Atmospherium-Planetarium, Reno, info. 784-4811

Winterskol, 1-7 X-C races at Incline Executive Golf Course on 1st, Kids' Day at Incline Village on 3rd, Merchants' Day at Ski Incline on 4th, NBC Celebrity Race at Ski Incline on 5th and 7th, Crazy Sled Race at Ponderosa Ranch on 6th, and Peugeot Grand Prix West pro racing at Ski Incline on 6th, info. 831-4440

UNR Winter Carnival, 1-6, snow sculpture, slaloms, chili cook-off, parachuting, Alpine Meadows, Tahoe City, CA, info. 784-6589

Violinist Oscar Shumsky, 3, Church Fine Arts Theater, 8pm, UNR, Reno

High School & Middle School Honor Chorus, 4-5, Pioneer Theatre, 8pm, Reno

Star Viewing, 5, Atmospherium-Planetarium, 6:30-7:30pm, Reno

Desert Footlights

On Nevada's theater stages this winter you'll find romance, mystery, comedy, tragedy, music and dance, even a bit of experimentation. Whatever the style, local actors will excite your imagination while they steal your heart. Check the daily listing for productions by such groups as the Meadows Playhouse, Las Vegas Community Theatre, Rainbow Company, Reno Little Theater, Carson Valley Theatre Company and Proscenium Players.

"Luv," 5-6 & 12-13, comedy, Carson Valley Theatre Company, CVIC Hall, 8pm, Minden

Tahoe Donner Winter Carnival, 6, obstacle race, balloon race, backwards slalom, mile race, Tahoe Donner Ski Resort, North Lake Tahoe, info. 916-587-6046

Youth Concert, 6, Reno Municipal Band, Pioneer Theatre, 10:30pm, Reno

U.S. Ski Assn. Freestyle Competition, 6-7 Soda Springs, North Lake Tahoe

Pepsi Challenge Downhill Race 8-12, Squaw Valley, North Lake Tahoe

Reno Philharmonic, 9, Pioneer Theatre, 8:15pm, Reno

Edmond Karlsrud and the Men of Song, 11, Community Center, 8pm, Carson City

Nugget Bull Sale, 11 John Ascuaga's Nugget, 2pm, Sparks

Torchlight Parade, 13, Tahoe Donner Ski Resort, 7pm, Truckee

Vahalla Dancers, 13, Pioneer Theatre, 8pm, Reno

Sugar Ray Leonard v. Bruce Finch, 15, world welterweight boxing title match, Coliseum, Reno

Washington's Birthday Boxing Festival, 15, Community Center, 8pm, Carson City

"Death of the Dinosaurs," 15 thru 3/1 Atmospherium-Planetarium, Reno, showtimes 784-4811

Millers National Doubles Bowling Tournament, 17-22, MGM Grand Hotel, Reno, info. 789-2016

Holiday on Ice, 17-21 Coliseum, 7:30pm on 17-19, 11am & 8pm on 20th, 2pm & 6pm on 21st, Reno

Western Pro Circuit Race, 17 Northstar, 10am, North Lake Tahoe

High School and Middle School Honor Band, 18-19, Pioneer Theatre, 8pm, Reno

"The Crucifer of Blood," 19-21 & 25-27 Sherlock Holmes mystery, Reno Little Theater, 8:30pm on 19, 20, 25-27 2pm & 7:30pm on 21st

Star Viewing, 19, Atmospherium-Planetarium, 6:30-7:30pm, Reno

Capitol Courts/Ormsby House Open Raquetball Tournament, 19-21 American Amateur Raquetball Assn. event, Capitol Courts, Carson City, info. 882-9566

Warsaw Philharmonic Chamber Orchestra, 20, Pioneer Theatre, 8:15pm, Reno

Star Party, 20, Astronomical Society of Nevada, Geiger Grade, sundown, info. Jim Brady 747-5237

Gymnastics Grand, 20, team meet, MGM Grand Hotel, preliminaries 11am, finals 7:30pm, Reno

Reno Chamber Orchestra, 21 Masonic Theatre, 2pm, Reno

UNR v. Weber State, 23, basketball, 8pm, Coliseum, Reno

Flute and Harp Concert, 23, Brewery Arts Center, 8pm, Carson City

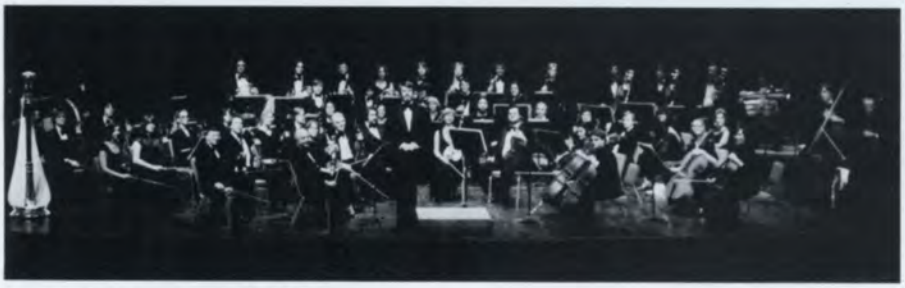
High School Zone Basketball Tournament, 26-28, Coliseum, noon-9pm on 26th, 10am-9pm on 27th, noon-6pm on 28th, Reno

Sierra Nevada Golden Gloves, 26-27 Community Center, 7pm, Carson City

Young Audiences Youth Concert, 27 Pioneer Theatre, 10:30pm, Reno

"The Marriage of Figaro," 26-28, Mozart opera, Pioneer Theatre, 8:15pm, with 2:15pm matinee on 28th, Reno

Children's Art Auction & Wine Tasting, 27, Pine Aud., 7pm, UNR, Reno



Music from the Masters

Classical chamber and symphonic concerts add drama to music, and Bach, Beethoven and other great composers sound better, more intimate when heard live. In Nevada, classical music lovers will have plenty of opportunity to sate their musical appetites during January and February. Three Nevada orchestras will be in action—the Las Vegas Symphony Orchestra with the opera "Tosca," UNLV's University Musical Society Orchestra, and the Reno Philharmonic, presenting Mozart's Symphony No. 41 and Weigl's Symphony No. 1. Also performing are the Reno Chamber Orchestra, Swiss Chamber Orchestra and Warsaw Philharmonic Chamber Orchestra. Finally, a dozen more groups—trios, quartets, quintets, ensembles—will grace the winter with music of the masters.

Coming Events

UNLV v. UNR, March 2, basketball, Las Vegas Convention Center, info. 733-2335

Reno International Jazz Festival, March 11-14, instrumental and dance, Pioneer Theatre, info. 329-1324

World Championship Cutter and Chariot Races, March 20-21 and 26-28, fairgrounds, Elko, info. 738-7135

Reno Chamber Orchestra, March 21 Masonic Theatre, Reno, info. 832-3100

Maratea String Quartet, March 28, Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas, info. 386-6383

Art-A-Fair, April 4-30, Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas, info. 386-6383

"Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" April 13-May 8, Meadows Playhouse, Las Vegas, info. 736-8235

"Madam Butterfly," April 16-18, opera, Pioneer Theatre, Reno, 786-4046

"Dial 'M' for Murder," April 23-24 and 30-May 1 Carson Valley Theatre Company, CVIC Hall, info. P.O.Box 1982, Minden, 89410

North Tahoe Snowfest, March 6-14, North Lake Tahoe, Squaw Valley, and Truckee, ski events, torchlight parade, snowshoe golf, and lots more, info. 916-583-3494

"Yellow Boy," on display at Harolds Club, was the nickname for the Winchester .44 caliber carbine (1866).

Those Hidden Casino Treasures

Ripley might not believe it, but Nevada casinos are packed with oddities and collectibles that take your breath away but not your money.

The collecting fever has raged recently in some unlikely quarters such as banks and insurance conglomerates, where a Rembrandt may bring as much applause as a jump in the GNP

In Nevada there's another unusual repository of prime collectibles—the state's casinos. One of the earliest and most ambitious projects was Bill Harrah's amazing car collection, which began in 1948 with a 1911 Maxwell and now houses more than 1,000 cars in Sparks.

Other casino collections have less acreage but can be equally fascinating. They range from gunslinger portraits and baseball bats to such erotica as screen idols' faceprints. Many involve rare, beautifully restored antiques.

Following is a guide to those strange but wonderful collections you'll find in Silver State casinos. Except for Harrah's, there's no admission. Some collections are nearly hidden, but your curiosity will be well rewarded.

America's Auto Biography

Packed cheek to jowl in three great icehouses in Sparks is the world's finest assemblage of cars. Still. There was a time last summer when the Harrah's Automobile Collection was in jeopardy, put up for sale; but last minute rescue attempts were successful—for the time being. The collection is in a four-year process of being transformed from private agglomeration to public foundation. Its character will change dramatically. Now it reflects the tastes of its founder William Fisk Harrah. Thus you see Franklin upon Franklin (Harrah's family owned Franklins) and Packard after Packard. By 1985, there will likely be one or two examples of far more models and makes of cars but nothing like the stunning number of autos that now exist in the H.A.C.

To understand Harrah's rage to collect, you must visit sometime in the next year. Many think that the best of the current collection is in building No. 2, which includes immediate prewar and early postwar cars as well as racers, Packards, Rolls-Royce, Franklins, Bugattis and Kalifornia Kustom Kars—but don't pass up the Duesenbergs (18 of them), Stutzes, Auburns, Thomases and Mercers in No. 1. Every model of Ford ever produced—well, every model through 1954—is in No. 3.

Take comfortable shoes, don't try to do the whole collection in a day, stop from time to time for coffee or a Coke at the on-grounds cafeteria—and rest. The sensory onslaught of all that stuff on all those cars is more tiring than you can realize. There is free transportation from downtown Harrah's via vintage 5th Avenue doubledecker bus that's worth the trip almost by itself. Otherwise, take the Rock Boulevard exit from I-80 going east or Glendale Avenue from U.S. 395 north. Three blocks east of the Glendale-Rock intersection on Glendale is a curiously appropriate landmark at the entrance (if you miss the sign)—a Chinese restaurant. The collection is open seven days a week, 9 to 6. Fees: adults, $4.95, children 5 to 12, $1.75, and 13 to 20, $2.75.—*Maurice Garapedian*

Reno

Guns and Music

There are two top-notch collections on the mezzanine floor of Harolds Club. The large one is a gun collection that ranges in age and firepower from a wood-encased 16th century cannon to the shotgun of today. In between are Winchester rifles, Colt pistols and Smith & Wesson firearms, including elaborate presentation models. Among the curiosities are a sword gun used for hunting boar and a triple-threat weapon that combines a revolver, knife and brass knuckles.

Nearby is a collection of recording devices, including a 1920 Coinola that plays 10 instruments, a Duplex Disc Phonograph that was the first attempt at stereo, and early Edison Triumph and Arcade phonographs.

Spurs for Hanging

Mounted behind the bar of the Silver Spur in downtown Reno are 41 pairs of antique spurs dating from the 13th century to the 19th. Probably one of the largest and rarest collections of its kind, the collection includes the long, simple points of 16th century Morocco to the small rowels of 18th century France to the huge circle of spikes used by conquistadores in the New World.

Hall of Stars

For most of us, as close as we'll get to an Oscar is the "Hall of Fame" corridor at the MGM Grand in Reno. Only a pane of glass separates the masses from more than two dozen Oscars won by MGM studios over the years. The glass case full of Oscars is only one of many bits of movie memorabilia, which include large back-lighted posters of MGM stars like Fred Astaire, Jimmy Durante, Joan Crawford, Elizabeth Taylor, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy and Frank Sinatra, whose films are shown regularly at MGM's movie theater. Also exhibited in the Hall of Fame are stills from MGM hits like "Ben-Hur" and "Wizard of Oz."

Colts, Earp and Elvis

At Interstate 80 and McCarran Boulevard in Sparks is the sprawling complex of Sierra Sid's. The highway landmark is best known for its casino, restaurant and truck stop, but owner Sid Doan's penchant for guns has given it another distinction: the home of a collection of Colt commemoratives billed as the world's largest.

The Colts are displayed near the Round Up Room Steak House and Sid's Gun Corral, a mini pawn shop. In glass cases you'll find pistols dedicated to frontier legends and events like the Arizona Rangers, the Pony Express and Oklahoma statehood. There's a handgun honoring Nevada's 1964 centennial and three versions of Wyatt Earp's Buntline Special, which have billyclub-sized barrels 14 to 16 inches long.

Many of the limited editions are gold or silver plated with pearl handles and hand engraving. And a vast variety of Winchesters and Remingtons and other guns line the casino walls.

Another recent Doan acquisition is on display: three guns once owned by Elvis Presley. The special exhibit presents Elvis' favorite fast-draw gun and monogrammed holster, plus two other pistols, a Colt and a Smith & Wesson with silver and gold inlays and ivory handles.

The Colt collection, which has 117 pieces, was acquired last spring by Doan, a longtime gun collector. The commemoratives are worth half a million dollars, and his entire collection is valued at $850,000.

Liberty Belle

You enter from a wooden sidewalk, through brass doors that were once part of San Francisco's elegant Palace Hotel. Once inside, you are face to face with two old-fashioned rotary crank slot machines that stand six feet tall. It's not a museum, or a casino. It's a restaurant and bar, but the antique slot machines in the Liberty Belle are certainly museum quality.

There's one of Charlie Fey's original Liberty Bell slot machines. Invented by Fey in the 1890s, the slot's biggest "jackpot" was worth 10 drinks. In all, more than two dozen antique slot ma-

chines are on display. The Liberty Belle, at 4250 South Virginia in Reno, is open for lunch and dinner. —*Fred Hinners*

Las Vegas

Marble Collection

If you were visiting Italy instead of Nevada, you'd have to travel many miles to view all the famous statues Caesars Palace has reproduced and gathered under its roof.

Such celebrated works as Canova's "The Three Graces," Praxiteles' "Aphrodite of Cyrene," Myron's "Discobolus" and Bernini's "Apollo and Daphne" have been faithfully duplicated in marble from the same quarry Michelangelo used.

One of the best known statues, "Winged Victory of Samothrace," stands in front of the hotel's fountains. (The original is in the Louvre.) More statues are scattered throughout the hotel where they're easy to overlook, blending as they do into the general opulence.

Impossible to miss, however, is the Goliath-sized version of Michelangelo's "David" located among the fancy shops of the hotel's Appian Way. Standing 18 feet high and weighing nine tons, the statue is an exact replica of the original in Florence.

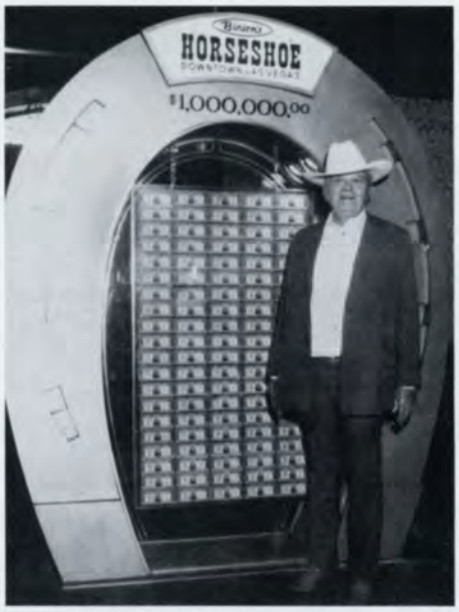
Caesars also recently unveiled a marble statue of modern-day hero Joe Louis, for many years a Caesars casino host. The statue of the Brown Bomber stands in the new Fantasy Tower.

By the way, contemporary art fans might want to check out the large original oil paintings by LeRoy Neiman of 11 beautiful Caesars Palace employees. They decorate the Wingy's Place restaurant in the Fantasy Tower.

Mask Parade

Grauman's Chinese Theater may have movie stars' footprints, but the newly reopened MGM Grand Hotel has a collection of stars' *faceprints.* The masks are plaster-of-paris molds made by a special hot wax process, according to the hotel's interior designer, Jim Berendji, who brought them from the MGM studio in Culver City. Every wrinkle and bump is there for all to see on these bald-faced busts of the great stars of the days when the only "Grand Hotel" MGM was interested in starred Greta Garbo.

In the same corridor, which leads to the jai alai area, are huge photographs of MGM stars, mostly in pairs—Tracy and Hepburn, Fred and Ginger, Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh. Movie fans can sit in comfort and watch MGM's great films of yesterday but will also appreciate the large oil paintings decorating the casino with scenes from "The Wizard of Oz," "Gone with the Wind," "An American in Paris" and other MGM classics.



Dollar Daze

It's one thing to frame the first dollar you ever earned—but your first million?

Old-time gambler and Horseshoe Casino owner Benny Binion has collected one hundred $10,000 bills and put them on display in his casino. Considering the interest the million could be earning in a bank, you can imagine how much interest it must be earning from passers-by who stop to have their pictures taken, for free, with the bills. The catch is the subjects have to cool their heels at the Horseshoe for a while before their photos are ready. (Benny is no one's fool.)

If you've always wondered whose picture graces the $10,000 bill, wonder no more. It's Salmon P Chase, U.S. secretary of the treasury from 1861-64 and Supreme Court chief justice from 1864-73. If you put a cowboy hat on him, he could pass for Benny Binion.

Binion doesn't have to worry about anyone stealing the bills, by the way. They're registered to him and would be practically worthless to anyone else.

Gold Rush

If you'd like to see a million dollars in gold, just amble across the street from the Horseshoe to the Golden Nugget, which has the world's largest golden nugget on display along with some 50 other large and unusual nuggets.

Found in 1980 under six inches of earth in Wedderburn, Australia, by a poor couple using a metal detector, the world's largest nugget weighs 61 pounds, 11 ounces.

Old Bandits

The Maxim's typical customer rarely gives the hotel's fine collection of antique slot machines more than a quick once-over because they're too busy with the modern versions. While the Maxim probably wouldn't have it any other way, the rare machines in this $500,000 collection surely rate a second look.

The prizes are three $40,000 "woodies" made at the turn of the century. Carved out of mahogany and oak and trimmed in nickel, brass and gold, these large machines are works of art.

Beautiful in their own brassy way are the 20 or so slot machines made during the 1920s and 1930s—small and portable for easy stashing during raids.

Kings of Sport

Las Vegas Club owner and self-avowed sports nut Mel Exber hopes to turn his little corner of Fremont Street and Main into "Cooperstown West."

His collection of sports memorabilia became so extensive that he literally built his club around it. The walls are decorated with blow-ups of rare photos and posters. One corridor is filled with some of the best of his collection—autographed World Series bats, the bat Hank Aaron used to hit his 600th homer, balls signed by Sandy Koufax, Don Drysdale and Whitey Ford, and autographed Superbowl footballs.

A close friend of Dodger great Maury Wills, Exber displays many of Wills' awards. The prize of the collection, Wills' jewel-studded S. Rae Hickok belt, was recently stolen from the club. Exber is offering a $2,500 reward for its return.

As an added bonus to the eagle-eyed, Exber says sports figures are fond of dropping in his club, where they feel at home among their comrades on the wall.


LAS VEGAS NEWS BUREAU

Car Game

Imperial Palace owner Ralph Engelstad, an avid antique auto aficionado, is currently building a 51,000-square-foot hall to house his $10 million collection of 300 classic cars.

Among the most notable are FDR's 1936 Ford, Al Capone's 1925 Packard Phaeton, a 1909 Hupmobile and one of only five Model K Fords in existence. Engelstad also has several unusual motorcycles and trucks.

Until the exhibit opens in January, fans can feast their eyes on a gorgeous 1907 Franklin currently on display in the casino.—*Jan Plowman Seagrave*

Lake Tahoe

Silver Cartwheels

Filing out of the Timber House Restaurant at Harvey's Inn at Stateline, you're not likely to give more than a glance at the four large display cases of coins along one wall. That's a shame, because Harvey's has collected one of the best silver dollar and commemorative coin sets outside of mints and museums. From Spanish milled dollars or pieces of eight, to Continental and Flowing Hair dollars of the late 18th century, to Draped Bust to Liberty, trade, Morgan and peace dollars, every type is represented. The Eisenhower "sandwich" dollars and the Susan B. Anthony "quarters" of today are a poor substitute both in content and beauty to these old coins.

A second display case is dedicated to Carson City dollars and other coins with the coveted "CC" mint mark, while another has all the U.S. commemorative coins minted between 1892 and 1954. The fourth display is devoted to Benjamin Franklin, featuring one of the books produced on his printing press and Franklin half dollars from 1948 to 1963.

—Fred Hinners

Cow Counties

The Nugget's Nuggets

The Carson City Nugget bills its display of gold nuggets as "the world's rarest gold collection." The oddly-shaped specimens of leaf, ribbon, wire, thread and crystallized gold reflect their formation in veins and stream beds. The collection is valued at $500,000.

Prize Saddles

In Gardnerville, Sharkey's Nugget exhibits 12 fancy saddles, including those

(Continued on page 54)

Horse Sense & Nonsense

Jim Guthrie & The Barkeep

Jim wouldn't let a man die of thirst, but he might let a certain so-and-so *think* so.
As told to Harry E. Webb

Did I know old Charley Kilpatrick? Ha! I'll say I knowed him! Me and him drove ever-thing from a span o' jackasses to a twenty mule string team! Freighted t'gether fer years.

Funniest thing, though, was when we found that rock right where me and him'd camped a hundred times. That's a fact. He was choppin' some firewood that noon day while we was camped 'tween Pioche an' Eureka. Had a load o' ore on fer the smelter in Eureka. Axe flew off the handle an' knocked a chip off a rock I'd set a sack o' rolled barley by fer our teams.

You guessed 'er. That rock was dang nigh pure gold! Fetched us eight thousan' an' fifty four dollars in Eureka. Fact. She sure did. What'd we do with all that money? Foolishest question I ever heered. Got drunk, o' course! Not only *got* drunk, we stayed drunk fer two solid years! Sold our teams an' drank *them* up. It's a fact. Been drunk yet I reckon if our money'd held out. Still had a few dollars so went back an' prospected where that boulder'd been, but found nothin' That rock prob'ly skidded there in the ice age. Leastwise that's what a minin' expert said prob'ly happened.

Woke up colder'n a miner's lunch one mornin' in Pioche without a red cent. Layin' in an alley, we was. Tried t' rouse Charley an' found he couldn't git up. His long whiskers had froze in the ice. Often laugh 'bout that. Had t' get a hatchet an' chop him loose. Fact. Never needed a drink more in our lives but yuh think that skunk of a Frank—Oh, shucks now, what is his name. No matter. Anyway he wouldn't jar loose with a drink.

Says he, "Decorate the mahogany or no drink."

Says I, "We're broke. You got all our money. Leastwise most of it."

"Then get t' hell out," he says. "Go find another boulder, then come back!"

"I will," says I. "But it won't be t' this joint!" Didn't either. Me an' Charley hitched a ride t' Eureka where Charley went workin' in a smelter. Huh? Me? Went prospectin' an' found some surface silver. Not much. Just a surface spot. But sold it to a feller fer twelve hundred. Funniest thing happened, though. No more'n had my money when a cloudburst come down the gulch an' swiped 'er away cleaner'n a houndog's tooth! A fact.

Couple years later me an' my jackass team was moseyin' along towards Bodie when I sees somethin' movin' off t' my right. A bit later I sees it's a man. Sorta stagger'n along, he was. "Whoa," I say an' stops. When he's near abreast o' me I hear him mumblin' "Water. Water." Had me two kegs, one each side an' I was 'bout t'git off when I reco'nizes him. Damned if it wasn't this barkeep! It's a fact. 'Twas this *Frank what's his name.*

"Git up," I says, an' hits ol' Spot a cut with the whip. That's the spotted one so I calls him "Ol' Spot."

"Oh, God!" this Frank mumbles. "Mercy help me!" I was just movin' slow an' he staggers after me. "Help me," he keeps beggin' "I'm dyin."

"Yuh didn't help me an' Kilpatrick when we was dyin' fer an eye-opener," I tells him, an' flicks Ol' Spot again.

"Oh, God, Guthrie," he whines, "you wouldn't see a man die, would you?" I could see his tongue was bulged out.

"See 'em ever' day," I says. "So long an' good luck. She's only twenty miles t' Bodie an' on a nice warm day like this you'll maybe make it." Must o' been a hundred an' forty in the shade if there'd been any. Course I wasn't goin' t' leave him. Just learnin' him a lesson. I hauls him into Bodie, which I shouldn't o' done. Should o' left him right where I found him. Found out why he come t' be in the desert. Quit tending bar an' went prospectin', thinkin' he'd strike 'er like me an' Charley had an' be a *Jay Gould* like we was fer a while. Took a couple mules an' they'd run off an' left him. Do it ever' time, a mule will.

Didn't tarry long in Bodie, though. Heard of a lease I could git in Mineral Hill. There was the greatest camp of all! That is, while she lasted. Filigree silver hung in some o' the tunnels like lace curtains! A fact! Scratched around that lease fer a while on a knife-blade streak o' silver an' finally sold 'er fer two thousan' If I recollect rightly that was the summer o' nineteen eight or maybe nine. Makes no difference. Must o' been later, though, 'cause George Wingfield wanted me t' take a lease on a claim o' his'n over in Goldfield.

Lease didn't pan out so I headed fer Tonopah. Big country around Tonopah an' lots o' chances t' find a mine like Ol' Jim Butler did. Ever hear how Jim discovered that first mine there? No? Well I'll tell yuh. Seems Jim was out huntin' his jackasses one mornin' an' saw where a badger had throwed out some likely lookin' dirt. That dirt turned out t' be one o' the richest strikes ever made this side o' hell. A fact! Speakin' o' Tonopah, did I ever tell yuh 'bout that feller I met in Tonopah? No? Got t' tell yuh, then. Charley Krouse was his name.

Met him in the Mizpah Bar. Nice appearin' chap, an' we git talkin' mines right off. Said he was workin' a lease. Leastwise tryin' to. Thinks she's a lollapaloozer so takes me out t' look her over an' give him my opinion. I see right off what he's up against. "What you need here," I tells him, "is a three-legged jackdrill. This rock's harder'n the hubs o' hell an' hand drillin's too slow a process these days. Git yourself a little compressor an' I think yuh got a mine."

"Just what I think," he says. "But I just don't have the funds."

"Well," I tells him, "By God *I* do! Providin that is, yuh let me in as a pardner."

"You've got yourse'f a pardner!" he says an' we shake on it. That night me and him has a few drinks an' does some inquirin' aroun' as to who's got a compressor an' an air drill they might sell. A feller tells us he knows of one he thinks we c'n git fer around four hundred dollars. So come mornin' we're in business if we c'n latch on t' that compressor.

Me an' Krouse takes a bottle with us t' our room an' sets up half the night drinkin' an' layin' plans.

Now just t' show yuh all the swine ain't cooped up in pig-pens, when I wakes up in the mornin' my pants an' twelve hundred dollars is gone. Oh, sure! Krouse, too. Come t' find out he didn't have no more rights t' that mine than a packrat. But—just you set right there a spell. I ain't finished with Krouse, yet. Not by a jugfull.

Reckon it was four or five years later I'm goin' along a sidewalk in Jerome, Arizony—hadn't worked fer quite a spell 'count I'd got leaded workin' in a white-lead mine. Worst kind, white lead is. Anyhow I was goin' along when I sees a woman stop an' drop a couple coins in a tin cup where a feller with no legs from the pockets down sets flat bottomed.

I on'y got maybe a couple, three dollars so I says t' myself, What the hell! I might's well be broke as the way I am, so I plunks two o' my cartwheels in the cup.

"Thank yuh," the feller says, "an' God bless yuh." Thought I'd heard that voice before so I stops an' looks. Damned if it ain't that Krouse! Blinder'n a post, too. A God awful fact!

"What happened t' the eyes an' legs, Krouse?" I says.

"Got Blowed up in a mine," he says. "Drilled into a missed hole." Then he says, "Say, mister, you seem t' know me! What's your name?"

I was 'bout t' say, "Damn tootin' I know yuh! I'm *Jim Guthrie.* But I didn't. "Hank Mudd's the name," I says, just grabbin' at a name.

"Reckon I don't remember," he says. "Where at?"

"Over in Globe," I says, an' reachin' down I takes my two dollars back an says t' myself, "Now, Mr. Krouse, this sort o' makes us even!" I didn't take it back? The hell I didn't! Young feller you better remember that that feller not only took all my money but he took my pants besides! Guess he feared if he went fishin' in my pants I might wake up an' catch him.

I know, I know. But I ain't finished yet so you just keep your shirt on. Guess when he heard that cup rattle, when I took my two dollars back, he thought I'd donated again 'cause he says, "The Lord will bless yuh, sir, fer yer kindness."

That sort o' got me, an' easy like I put the dollars back. "Yuh makin' out all right are yuh?" I says.

"Fine," he says. "This is a good spot."

Yuh know, young feller, when I tells this Krouse "So long," an' goes my way I git thinkin' o' somethin' my mother used t' say t' me when I was a kid. "James," she'd say, "allus be *kind* t' folks, an' *honest.* For as ye sow, so shall ye reap!" She was allus preachin' that. An' whenever I git thinkin' o' that bar-keeper an' Charley Krouse I allus think o' that sayin' o' hern.

Ol' timers 'bout all gone, now. Mines worked out an' towns all dead. Minds me of a sayin' some feller got up 'bout Eureka. Her drills are rust, her bones are dust. 'Tis forty years since she went *bust.* That's a fact. Yessir, a God-awful fact. □

Harry E. Webb, who once rode with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, has been a cowboy, trapper, actor and author. In 1972 he received the Gold Spur Award of the Western Writers of America for his story "Call of the Cow Country." His Nevada stories are presented in each issue.

Dining

Showguide

Roy Clark, country's 7 million dollar man, shovels corn and laughs all the way to the bank.
By Ann Henderson

King of the Middle of the Road

Roy Clark says he's not the greatest singer in the world. Or the greatest guitar player. Or joke teller. But the country-western star earned a reported $7 million in 1980, and he didn't do it just by shoveling corn on "Hee Haw."

Clark's success comes from the fact that he is a musical virtuoso who is very real to his audiences—from the top of his newly transplanted hair to a continuing battle against an overactive knife and fork. In a business where plastic perfection is expected, Clark's cherubic warmth is refreshing.

"What I do onstage is just an extension of me," says Clark. "I've been asked if I had to choose between singing, instrumentals or comedy, which I would choose? I couldn't pick one because although comedy is the basis of me, I love beautiful lyrics, beautiful melodies."

That's what you'll hear in Nevada showrooms when the 48-year-old Clark laments the passing of time as he sings, "Yesterday When I Was Young," and then introduces the finger-numbing "Malaguena."

"I would now like to do an instrumental," he tells his audience. "Instrumentals don't have words, you know. I didn't know that for a long time. I used to sing my instrumentals."

While he may joke about his musical abilities, Clark has won just about every country music award given, including Entertainer of the Year in 1972 and '73. He has come a long way from his first performances in the Meherrin, Virginia, grade school band on a cigar box ukelele fashioned by his father. The cigar box was replaced on Roy's 14th Christmas with a "dee-luxe" Sears guitar.

"I practiced that guitar so long," Clark says, "that my fingers got sore and bled. I didn't want to go to school or anything."

In those days Clark had two passions: music and baseball. In 1951, at age 18, he was offered a tryout with the St. Louis Browns, one of the worst teams in baseball history. It was a great opportunity—but he didn't have enough money to get to training camp.

Roy Clark began to covet caps while he was having a hair transplant, and he bought more than 200 for comfort. Now he's thinking of having a sale.

In music Clark established his talent early—he won the Country Music Banjo Championships at ages 16 and 17—but his career didn't take off until he found himself in Las Vegas in 1960.

Vegas was a boom town. During the previous decade the population of the desert city had more than doubled, as had the number of gamblers eager to wager at the tables. Between bets, tourists crowded into the Fremont Hotel's Carnival Lounge to listen to teenage singer Wayne Newton and his brother Jerry. Across the street at the Golden Nugget, Clark played backup guitar for singer Wanda Jackson. The entertainment for the price of a drink was great, according to Clark. It was his first appearance in Las Vegas, and he wasn't disappointed.

"It was everything I heard it would be and more," he says. "Las Vegas is a one of a kind, an experience that everyone should have at least once—you just walk around lookin' up and scratchin' "

Clark broke into the Vegas big time when he shared top billing at Caesars Palace with British invader Petula Clark in 1970. Today he's a firm believer in big name entertainment. "You can see revues and plays in other towns, but you cannot see Nevada anywhere else except here," he says. "I think it should be the big adult Disneyland, the real glitter, the class carnival atmosphere—the way that *only* Nevada can do it."

To get to his appearance dates, Clark pilots his own prop jet. He owns three airplanes and has been hooked on aviation since he was 12, when he tried to build his own glider out of heavy oak boards and bedsheets. "If it had ever gotten off the ground it would have killed us," he laughs.

When he was appearing last fall in Sparks, Clark became a Reno Air Races fan. "I wouldn't get up at 7:30 in the morning for many things, but it was my first time at the races. It was out of sight. I got to fly with the Blue Angels—one of the

(Continued on page 54)

Las Vegas

Aladdin, 786-0111: Wayne Newton, Dave Barry, thru 2/3; 8pm & midnight, $30

Barbary Coast, 737-7111 Royal Dixie Jazz Band, indf.

Caesars Palace, 731-7333: Ann-Margret, thru 1/6, 9pm and 12:30am

ERNI CABAT PAINTINGS

Circus Circus, 734-0410: Internationally celebrated circus acts, 11am-midnight, free

Desert Inn, 733-4444: Dionne Warwick, Joan Rivers, thru 1/8

Dunes, 737-4110: Fabulous Follies, indf.; dinner show $17.50 to $22; cocktail show $12 includes 2 drinks

Flamingo Hilton, 733-3333: City Lites, revue, indf.; 8pm dinner show from $14.50, midnight cocktail show $10

Four Queens, 385-4011: Nightly entertainment

Frontier, 734-0240: Beyond Belief, starring Siegfried & Roy, indf.; 8pm & midnight Sun. & Tues.-Thurs; 8pm, midnight & 2:30am Fri. & Sat.; $18

Hacienda, 739-8911 Nightly entertainment

Holiday Casino, 732-2411: Wild World of Burlesque; 10pm & 12:30am Mon.-Fri., 8pm, 10pm, 12:30am Sat., dark Sun. $6.95 includes 2 drinks

Imperial Palace, 731-3311 Bravo Vegas, revue, indf.; 9pm & midnight, $15. *Geisha Lounge:* Hands Off! revue starring Gene Marvin and Rene DeHaven Dancers, 8pm, 10:30pm & 1:30am

Landmark, 733-1110: Nightly entertainment

Winter is bargain time in Nevada's casinos. Low room rates allow you to rent a fancier room than you might normally or to devote more money to amusement. Some casinos offer package deals through travel agents, which include room, show, and gambling and drink coupons for one or two nights.

Stage shows cost about the same in winter as in summer, but it is far easier to get the seat of your choice in the show of your choice. Even some big casinos (Caesars Tahoe, for instance) close showrooms for the winter, but you'll still enjoy plenty of good music, dancing and comedy in lounges and cabarets.

Las Vegas Hilton, 732-5111: Captain & Tennille, thru 1/7; David Copperfield, Tony Orlando, 1/8-25; TBA, 1/26-2/8; Bill Cosby, 2/9-3/1, 8pm dinner show from $17.50, midnight cocktail show $14.50

Las Vegas Inn & Casino, 731-3222: Entertainment Tues.-Sun.

MGM Grand Hotel, 739-4567: *Ziegfeld Room:* Jubilee! 8:15pm & 11:45pm Sun.-Fri.; 6:30pm, 10pm & 12:30am Sat.

Marina, 739-1500: 24-hour entertainment

Maxim, 731-4300: Olde Tyme Burlesque; 8pm, 10:15pm & 12:30am, $9.75 includes 2 drinks

Riviera, 734-5110: Shirley MacLaine, David Brenner, thru 1/6; Liberace, 1/7-27· Neil Sedaka, 1/28-2/10; Ann Murray, 2/11-24

Royal Americana, 734-0711: Dondino, indf.

Royal Hotel Casino, 734-4000: Burlesque Burlesque, indf.

Sahara, 737-2111 Jerry Lewis, Carol Lawrence in dinner show, and Flip Wilson, Vic Damone in midnight show, thru 1/2; TBA, 1/3-6; Don Rickles, 1/7-13; musical revue, 1/14-2/10

Sam's Town, 456-7777· 24-hour entertainment

Sands, 733-5000: *Copa Room:* dark. *Lounge:* continuous entertainment

Showboat, 385-9123: Entertainment and dancing nightly

Silver Bird, 735-4111 *Continental Theatre:* The 5th Dimension, Howard Itzkowitz, thru 1/14; TBA, 1/15-28; The 5th Dimension, Marty Cohen, 1/28-2/14; 9pm, $10, midnight, $8

Silver Slipper, 734-1212: Boy-Lesque, revue; 8pm, 10pm & midnight Fri.-Wed., $4.95. Branded, revue; 9pm, 11pm Thurs.-Tues., 1am Fri. & Sat., $4.95

Stardust, 732-6325: Lido de Paris 82; 7pm & 11pm Sun.-Thurs.; 6:15pm, 9:15pm & 12:15pm Sat; $22.50 includes 2 drinks

Treasury, 739-1000: Horsin' Around, revue starring Bonnie Graham; 8pm & 11pm Sun.-Thurs.; 8pm, 10pm & midnight Fri. & Sat.

Tropicana, 739-2411: Folies Bergere '82, indf.; 8pm dinner show from $21 midnight cocktail show from $15.95

Union Plaza, 386-2444: "I Love My Wife," Broadway musical; 8pm dinner show from $9.95, 11:45pm cocktail show from $5.95. *Omaha Lounge:* continuous entertainment

Lake Tahoe

Caesars Tahoe, 588-3515: Showroom dark

Cloud's Cal-Neva Hotel, 832-4000: Paul Ray Show thru 1/4; Cornell Gunther & the Coasters, 1/5-31 Bill Pinkney & the Drifters, 2/2-21; Danny & the Juniors, 2/23-3/14

Harrah's Lake Tahoe, 588-6611: Tony Orlando, thru 1/3; Roy Clark, 1/4-8; TBA, 1/9-18; Willie Nelson & Family, 1/19-28; Don Rickles, 1/29-2/4; Melissa Manchester, 2/5-11 Mickey Gilley, Johnny Lee, 1/12-18; Peter, Paul & Mary, 2/19-22

Harvey's, 588-2411: *Top of the Wheel:* Tunes Plus One, thru 1/1; Ed Diamond & Co. thru 1/3. *Harvey's Inn Casino Lounge:* Whiskey Ridge, thru 1/10

Hyatt Lake Tahoe, 831-1111 Garfin Gathering, thru 1/10; Bach, 1/11-31 Penny Lane, 2/1-14

Sahara Tahoe, 588-6211: Continuous entertainment

Flash Without Flashbulbs

Painting the flash and color of MGM Reno's "Hello Hollywood Hello" was one of artist Erni Cabat's biggest challenges. The watercolorist is best known for his gambling and street scenes, but one evening he spread out palette and paints to capture the show in progress. The bold squiggles made in the darkened Ziegfeld Theatre were enhanced later in his Tuscon studio. The result is a lively tribute to Nevada's entertainment.

Reno, Sparks, Carson City

Carson City Nugget, 882-1626: Hot Lava, thru 1/3; Jerry Sun, 1/5-2/7 Hot Lava, 2/9-28

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

Eldorado, 786-5700: Jerry Sun, thru 1/3; Freddy Powers, 1/5-31; Kelly & the Kids, 2/1-28

Fitzgerald's, 786-3663: Ink Spots, thru 1/17 Dan Miller, 1/19-2/7; Four Tunes Plus One, 2/9-28

Harrah's Reno, 329-4422: Sammy Davis, Jr., 1/1-14 (except 1/6 & 7); Dionne Warwick, 1/15-28; Tony Orlando, 1/29-2/10

Mapes, 323-1611 *Safari Lounge:* Nightly entertainment

MGM Grand Hotel, 789-2000 (800-648-3568 toll free CA, AZ, OR, ID, UT): *Ziegfeld Theatre:* Hello Hollywood Hello, indf. *Lion's Den:* Goofers, 1/6-2/2; Vince Cardell, Sam Butera & the Wildest, 2/3-3/6. *Leo's Lair:* Cub Hayden, thru 1/5; Tony Austin, 1/6-2/26

John Ascuaga's Nugget, Sparks, 358-2233: *Convention Center:* Nelson Riddle & His Orchestra, New Year's Eve. *Celebrity Room:* Merle Haggard, thru 1/2; dark, 1/3-2/3; Roy Clark, 2/4-6 and 2/11-14. *Casino Cabaret:* Lelands, thru 1/2; TBA, 1/3-2/3; Montana, 2/4-24

Onslow, 786-7310: Nightly entertainment

Ormsby House, Carson City, 882-1890: Nightly entertainment

Riverside, 786-4400: Dancing to the music of the '40s, Tues.-Sun.

Sahara Reno, 322-1111: *Opera House Theatre:* Bal du Moulin Rouge, musical, indf. *Gilded Cage Cabaret:* Best of Burlesque, indf.

Rural Nevada

Elko: Commercial Hotel, 738-3181 and 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 and Horseshu Casino, 755-2331

Laughlin: Riverside Resort, 298-2535, and Del Webb's Nevada Club, 298-2512

Tonopah: Mizpah Hotel, 482-6202

Topaz Lake: Li Briandi's, 266-3321 and Topaz Lodge, 266-3339

Wendover: Stateline Casino, 668-2221

Winnemucca: Winners Inn, 623-2511

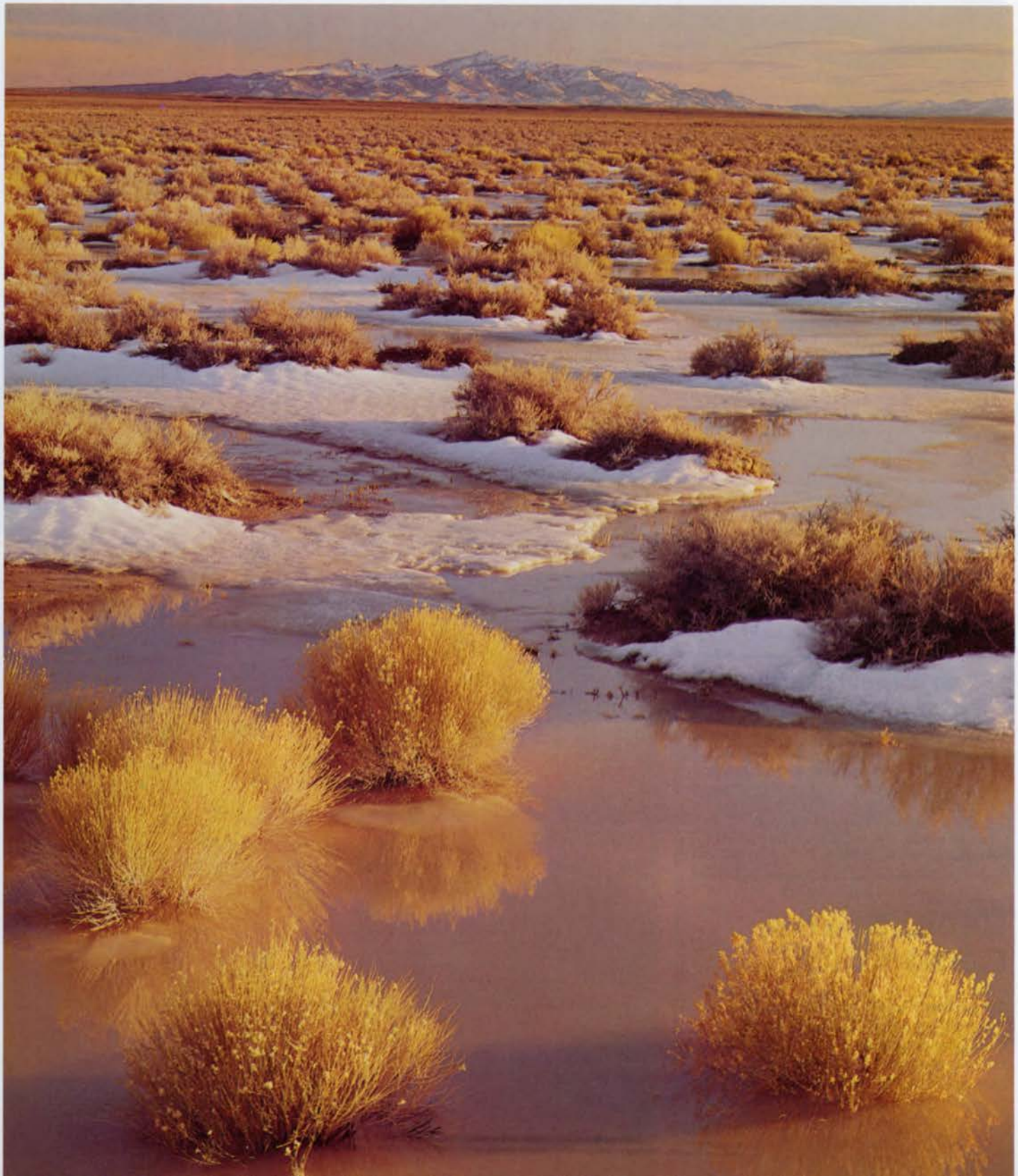
Yerington: Casino West, 463-2481 and Lucky Club, 463-2868

All dates, performers and prices are subject to change. At press time, many casinos had not completed Jan./Feb. bookings, so we recommend calling ahead to confirm entertainment schedules. For readers phoning from outside the state, Nevada's area code is 702.

Muench's Gallery

The domination of snow ends quickly in the high desert of Antelope Valley, near Lake Topaz, as captured by famed landscape photographer David Muench. As spring days grow warmer the snow melts to milky ice and then to pools of sand-colored water. Where once was a down-white field mottled with sagebrush, a marsh prevails.—*RS*

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



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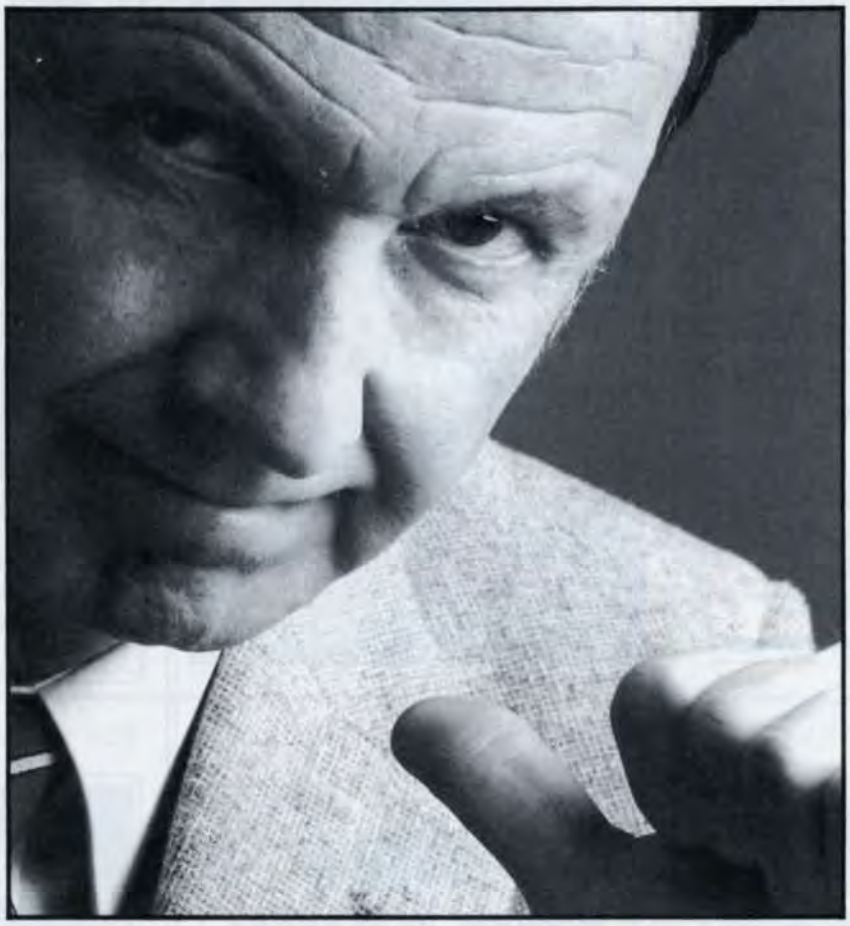

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HIDDEN CASINO TREASURES

(Continued from page 43)

that Casey Tibbs won in world championship rodeos in 1951-54 and a silver-mounted saddle originally owned by Bob Wills of Texas Playboys fame.

Framed Gunslingers

Elko's Commercial Hotel displays 20 large oil portraits of the West's most famous quick-draw outlaws and lawmen, including Wyatt Earp, Jesse James, John Wesley Hardin, Billy the Kid and Calamity Jane. All are the work of Lea Franklin McCarty, who painted some using descriptions given by A. M. King, a former Earp deputy.

Fish That Were Shot

Hawthorne's El Capitan preserves in photographs some of the largest trout and bass ever caught in Nevada. The Walker Lake lunker collection is one of the state's finest schools in photography.

Mining Museum

Tonopah's Mizpah Hotel maintains a small museum of antique mining artifacts, including gold scales and an early version of the Teletype.

Fast Cars and Old Slots

At Wendover on the Nevada-Utah border, the Stateline Casino pays tribute to the race cars that set speed records on nearby Bonneville Salt Flats with a collection of scale models up to 16 inches long. A collection of 40 restored antique slot machines is scheduled to go on display when the casino completes its expansion in 1983.—*Roger Smith*

Amazing Saguaro Skeletons

One of the most elegant decorations in the brand-new Cactus Pete's resort is a collection of two dozen saguaro cactus skeletons. The dead cacti are prominent in the restaurant of the casino, which has used a saguaro on its logo since its founding in 1956.

The saguaros came to Jackpot from a burned area in Arizona. "We had to have some very, very special permits to export them," says publicist Carl Hayden. "It's the largest collection of that size cactus I've seen."

Cactus Pete's has had previous collections, he says. "I had engineered a hell of a collection of ink wells, but they went when the entire building was converted into a country store." He recalls that the casino also once housed a group of antique slots. "But we needed the space so badly that we replaced them with operative ones."—*David Moore*

Jan Plowman Seagrave is a freelance writer who lives in Las Vegas. Fred Hinners of Reno is editor of Nevada Outdoor Adventure. *Roger Smith is associate editor of* Nevada Magazine.

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ROY CLARK

(Continued from page 47)

highlights of my life—and when I got out of that jet, I said 'Where do I sign up? I gotta join.'"

Back home Clark likes to take impromptu barnstorming tours around Oklahoma in his old Stearman biplane. Indeed, his love of flying moved the town fathers of tiny Skiatook, Oklahoma, to name their municipal airport after the country singer. But since they failed to notify the FAA, you won't find Roy's name in the official directory.

And he still indulges his passion for baseball. The would-be St. Louis Brown is now part-owner of the Tulsa Drillers, the slugging AA farm team of the Texas Rangers. He doesn't picture himself a Southwestern George Steinbrenner, but rather a front-row rooter for his hometown team.

During baseball season, however, Clark is usually on the move. For all his talent, fame and love of a good time, he's a model of the American work ethic, traveling and performing about 247 days a year. He knows his limits and his audience, so if you're expecting "Hee Haw" at Harrah's, you won't get it.

"'Hee Haw' is an extreme—a giggle. I love to do it, but I'd hate to do just only that," Clark says. "Middle of the road is me." □

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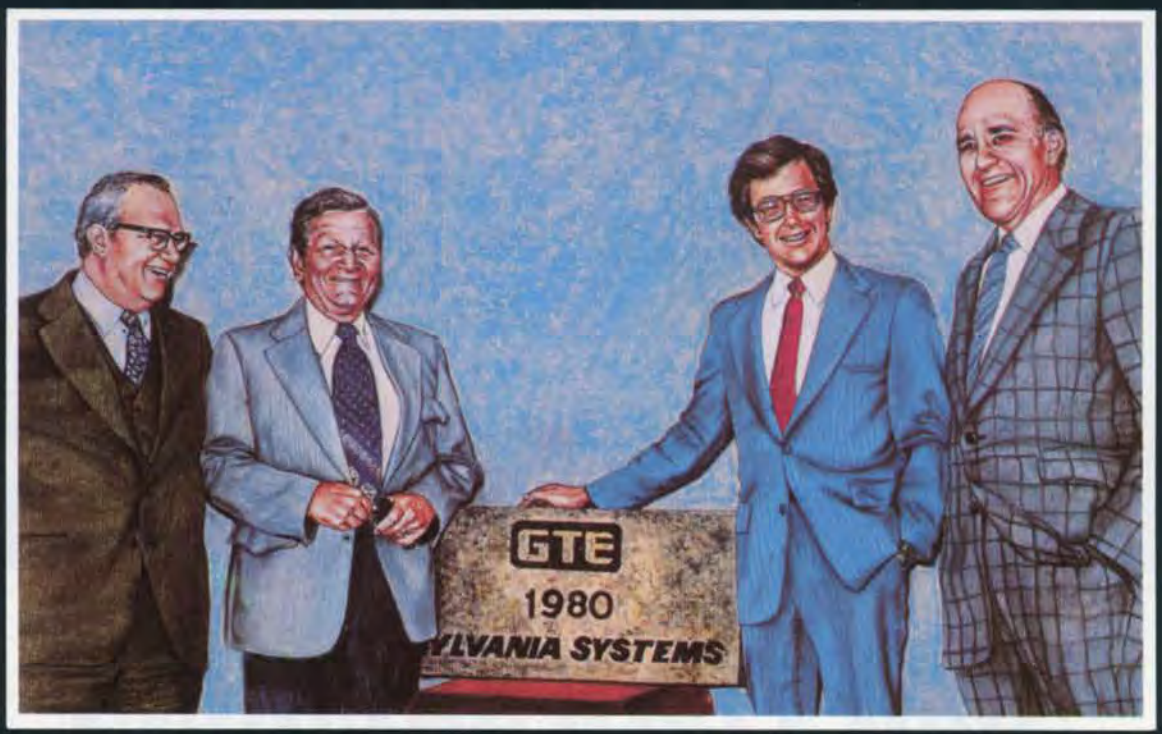

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OLD TIME SALOONS

Part IV: A brief guide to 15 roadside attractions you'll find in the western cow counties.

Since winter can be blustery on the east side of the Sierra, many travelers and local citizens find the best roadside attraction is an old saloon. There they can thaw out before a stove, enjoy the finest in refreshments (as long as the order isn't too fancy) and discover good company, strange hat collections and seldom-seen reminders of local history. So, to beat the cold, here's a brief guide to 15 old time saloons in Nevada's western cow counties.

Carson City

JACK'S BAR—This downtown saloon claims a history of serving customers since 1859 when the site was a dancehall. Over the years the bar has been operated by local figures such as Virgil Bucchianeri, co-owner of the Old Globe, and Jack Fowler, who favored shocking pastels for the bar's exterior to catch the attention of passersby on Carson's Highroller Corner, where the Ormsby House and the State Legislature also are located. When Doug and Marian Addison took over Jack's in 1978, they kept the name but painted the outside a sandy color. Inside, you'll find one of the town's longest bars—32 feet long—as well as a large collection of decanters, hunting trophies, a pool table and juke box that runs from Frankie Laine to Janis Joplin.—*David Moore*

OLD GLOBE SALOON—Most Silver State bar experts rank this establishment as one of Nevada's top old time watering holes. There are no slots—a poker table is out back—and pouring your own was a longtime custom. The Globe dates back to the 1880s. The main street saloon was closed down by Prohibition but revived in 1951 by Virgil Bucchianeri and Pete Pierini. Twenty years later Bucchianeri and partner Larry Giurlani moved the Globe around the corner to its present site. You can expect to meet anyone there. Recalls one regular, "The first time I was in there was Nevada Day. It was real crowded, and when I got to the bar I realized the guy I was elbowing out of the way was the governor." It's a local saloon in the best sense of both words.—*DM*

Carson Valley

OLD GENOA BAR—Appropriately, Nevada's oldest town has what is said to be the state's oldest thirst parlor. Originally called the Monitor Saloon, the Genoa Bar is little changed from the day it served its first shot and chaser 122 years ago. The huge diamond-dusted back bar mirror is still there, as is the worn, bare plank floor. The walls are covered with ancient steel engravings and Nevada memorabilia; in winter a pot-bellied stove heats the place. The bar is owned by Bob and Betty Carver, with bartending assistance from their son Torke. If saloonkeeper Bob Carver is grumpy, pay no attention. He seems to enjoy being unpleasant and his attitude is just part of the flavor of this fine old Nevada landmark.—*Roberta McConnell*

PINK HOUSE—This refined saloon occupies the honeymoon cottage of Territorial Judge D. W. Virgin's daughter Lillie Finnegan in Genoa. The Pink House has been expanded by owners Walt and Nora Merrell to include a parlour cocktail lounge furnished with the judge's original furniture and a romantic, candle-lighted dining room with excellent food.—*RM*

OVERLAND HOTEL—Operated by Eusebio Cenoz and his wife Elvira, who cooks the miraculous Basque food at the

family-style Overland in Gardnerville. Eusebio builds a fine picon punch, the most popular of the Basque house drinks. Better known as the Basco Bomb, it's composed of a touch of grenadine, French picon liqueur, brandy, a dash of soda and a twist of lemon. Novitiates should limit themselves to one.—*RM*

FRENCH HOTEL—The French Hotel and Bar in Gardnerville is a tiny 12-stool place that no longer serves food but is a favorite for picons. Owned by Ray Borda, the French has many Remington and Russell western prints and an impressive collection of old beer bottles. There are also several old-time slots.—*RM*

J-T BAR—Another Basque saloon-restaurant in Gardnerville, owned since 1960 by Jean Lukemberry. The building, today with hotel rooms reserved for employees and traveling sheep-shearing crews, was hauled from Virginia City in sections before the turn of the century. The J-T got its name from former owners Juansaras and Trounday. John Juansaras still tends bar on occasion or stops for a game of Pedro, the Basque version of poker and an occasion for great camaraderie and guffawing. The bar walls hold an amazing collection of hats, all left by customers, including the campaign hat of General William Westmoreland, Judy Lynn's jeweled cowgirl hat, and dozens of autographed Stetsons and straws from ranchers, cowboys and herders.—*RM*

VALLEY BAR—Located at the crossroads town of Centerville south of Minden, the Valley Bar is an oldtime hangout favored by ranchers, travelers on the road to Markleeville and citizens of Minden and Gardnerville who drive the four miles to Centerville to get away from it all.—*DM*

Smith Valley

C-G BAR—Wellington's main street has a filling station, general store, post office and the C-G Bar. The old saloon, presided over by Charlie Grosso, is a favorite stop of local ranchers and miners, and after work the conversation can be pleasantly rowdy.—*DM*

D&J CENTRAL BAR—Four miles up the road to Yerington, at Smith, the highway forks conveniently at the tavern named for owners Dale and Judy Shope. The 10-stool saloon features the usual pool table, juke box and slots. Like the C-G, the Central Bar is where locals come to drink, talk and relax.—*DM*

Yerington

LUCKY CLUB—This downtown saloon and casino is known locally as The House That Jack Built in tribute to the story that boxing champion Jack Dempsey as a young man laid the establishment's tile floor. Owned for many years by state assemblyman Joe Dini, the Lucky Club is a good-humored place with a long bar area, restaurant and music for dancing most weekends. The club was recently remodeled, but Dempsey's tile and spirit are still there.—*DM*

Dayton

END OF THE TRAIL SALOON—You're liable to get caught in the crossfire of a fiercely competitive Trivia quiz, or be invited to don a pair of roller skates and join an exuberant group as they whiz around the pool table at the End of the Trail Saloon. The clientele is a cross-section of ranch hands and urban cowboys, housewives and hippies, the local intelligencia, and now and then, an astonished traveler who missed a turn on the highway to Virginia City. Dinner is served at a more serene pace in the quiet, excellent restaurant adjoining the saloon.—*Barbara Herman*

OLD CORNER BAR—A number of Dayton's old-timers congregate daily at the Old Corner Bar, located in the heart of the town's two-block business district. The hangout is a one-woman operation; proprietress Margaret Wagner swings open the heavy iron doors every day except Monday at noon and serves customers "until"—usually nine or ten at night. The bar also is an afternoon hideout for members of Dayton's cafe society looking for a quiet drink. The Old Corner served as background for "The Misfits," the 1961 film that starred Marilyn Monroe and Clark Gable, and yarns continue to abound about the Hollywood legends and their stay in Dayton.—*BH*

Silver City

GOLDEN GATE BAR—The Gate was founded in the 1930s, its name taken from a sign the owner found one day at a Reno junkyard. Owned by Grahame Ross since 1973, today the main street saloon features a juke box, electric sandwiches, pool table and a usual gathering of locals and city folk on a day in the country. The photograph collection is among the Comstock's finest and includes eyewitness photos of the Silver City Guard's daring attack on the bicentennial Wagon Train.—*DM*

Hazen

HAZEN BAR—For 40 years this saloon on U.S. 50 has been serving railroad workers and travelers plying the highway between Fernley and Fallon. Owned for the past two years by Dory and Kay, two refugees from city life, the Hazen Bar is also the center of activity each spring when Hazen Days is celebrated by the tiny town. "The population here is 10 to 20 if you count all the animals," says Dory from her perch behind the bar, which is imbedded with 5,000 pennies. She says the place is "primarily a daytime bar," opening about 10 a.m. and usually closing in early evening. Be sure to ask about the Hazen Preservation Society.—*DM*

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KEN CASE COLLECTION

ATOMIC COWBOY

Test Site buckaroo Ken Case had another hazard besides broncs and blizzards. It was radiation.

By Brad Peterson

A cowboy's life is rough enough. In winter he freezes, in summer he fries. An angry bronc might throw him or a 2,000-pound bull stomp him.

But government cowboy Ken Case had an additional hazard. Radiation.

Case has the distinction of being known as the "Atomic Cowboy"—the first man hired by the Atomic Energy Commission (AEC) to herd cattle near highly radiated sections of the Nevada Test Site. According to Case, once he was ordered to take his herd a half mile from Ground Zero within 24 hours of an above-ground blast.

In 1957, AEC scientists decided to test the effects of radiation on animals, and so they bought 47 Hereford cows for the purpose. But someone was needed to water and feed the cattle. Case, a former Montana wrangler, had been working as a radiation monitor for several months at the Test Site, and he became the natural choice. Although another hand (usually a government veterinarian) would sometimes help him drive the cattle to new pasture when feed and water ran low, most of the time Case was on his own.

The cattle roamed the atomic range during the Cold War and the height of the United States' above-ground test program. At times, Case recalls, "(The AEC) would have me move the cattle away from the shot and then move them right back in after the shot to see what radiation they would pick up."

The AEC also purchased a number of dairy cows and kept them separate from the range herd at Well Three, approximately three miles north of the site's headquarters at Mercury. Scientists tested the amount of radiation that the dairy cows picked up in their milk following nuclear tests.

Case lived in Las Vegas, 65 miles south of the Test Site, but his chores often kept him on the range from several days to two weeks. Then he would stay in a tent on Bald Mountain. "It was kind of messy when the wind got to blowin' It would rain a lot of times. It would snow sometimes It wasn't very easy living up there." Even when he could go home, he was on 24-hour call. The cattle had a habit of wandering in where the government scientists didn't want them, and Case would have to go in and move them out.

Case didn't mind the cowboying. "I liked to work with cattle," he says. "I'd been around cattle all my life. It was interesting."

Interesting with an eerie twist. Two head of cattle were selected from the range herd twice a year—once in the spring and again in the fall—for slaughtering. Tissue, bone and blood samples were sent to laboratories in Nevada, New York, New Mexico, California and Tennessee for testing. But Case says the government never told him the results of the tests. "The only reports that I ever got back from them was there was nothing to worry about," Case says.

Case gradually came to believe the government was not dealing straight with him. On two occasions while hunting, as he was allowed to do, he says he shot deer that were nearly too sick to move. And one time he was slaughtering a yearling calf, which also was sick, when his right arm became covered with blood from wrist to elbow. "Every place I got blood," he says, "it looked like I had dipped it in pure acid."

Case believes the calf had become sick from radiation. The places on his right arm touched by blood eventually developed skin cancer. He is sure other illnesses —gall stones and a disease of the prostate —resulted from his job with the range-herd program on the Test Site.

He stayed on the job seven years. In 1964, he quit following a dispute with a government veterinarian over the latter's use of Case's horses.

Dave Miller, information officer for Nevada Operations of the U.S. Department of Energy, has doubts about Case's story, especially since Case worked as a radiation monitor. According to Miller, monitors are put through a strict training program which, among other things, makes them aware of all the dangers of radiation. "I don't see how that squares with saying that he was never informed of the radiation hazards," Miller says.

Besides, Miller adds, the government "prohibits anyone from entering into highly radioactive areas" unless absolutely necessary. He wonders if Case really went close to a very hazardous spot.

Jack Cougan, now radiation safety officer for the Las Vegas branch of the Environmental Protection Agency, worked with Case on the cattle program as head of a field radiation testing group. Cougan says he doesn't believe Case's various illnesses were caused by his work at the Test Site: "Ken Case is in the age group where things start going wrong with people. Skin cancer is very common cancer, especially among people in the Southwest." Furthermore, he doesn't believe Case was burned by blood from the calf he butchered. "Ridiculous. That's my only comment," he says. "Skin cancer is not produced that way."

"Cougan and the rest of them can say what they want to," says Case in rebuttal. "I've got witnesses." One is his brother Harold, who worked with him on the radiation range. Another is Case's wife. "My wife seen my hands when I come in from work out there. She wanted to know what had happened, and I told her."

Case, now 70, is retired in Las Vegas. On the walls of his trailer are color photographs of two of the above-ground tests at the Test Site. His illnesses have moved him to join the Nevada Test Site Radiation Victim Association, a 100-member organization made up of former Test Site employees and their relatives. The group is trying to win government compensation for the families of men and women who died of various diseases—mostly cancer —after working on the site.

Through it all, however, the jovial Case has kept a glimmer of his sense of humor. He still chuckles about the lead of a 1960 *New York Times* article about him and his cattle:

"A herd of cattle has grazed on the world's worst fall-out area for two years with no ill effects, the Atomic Energy Commision reported " □

Brad Peterson is a staff writer for The Nevadan *of the* Las Vegas Review-Journal.

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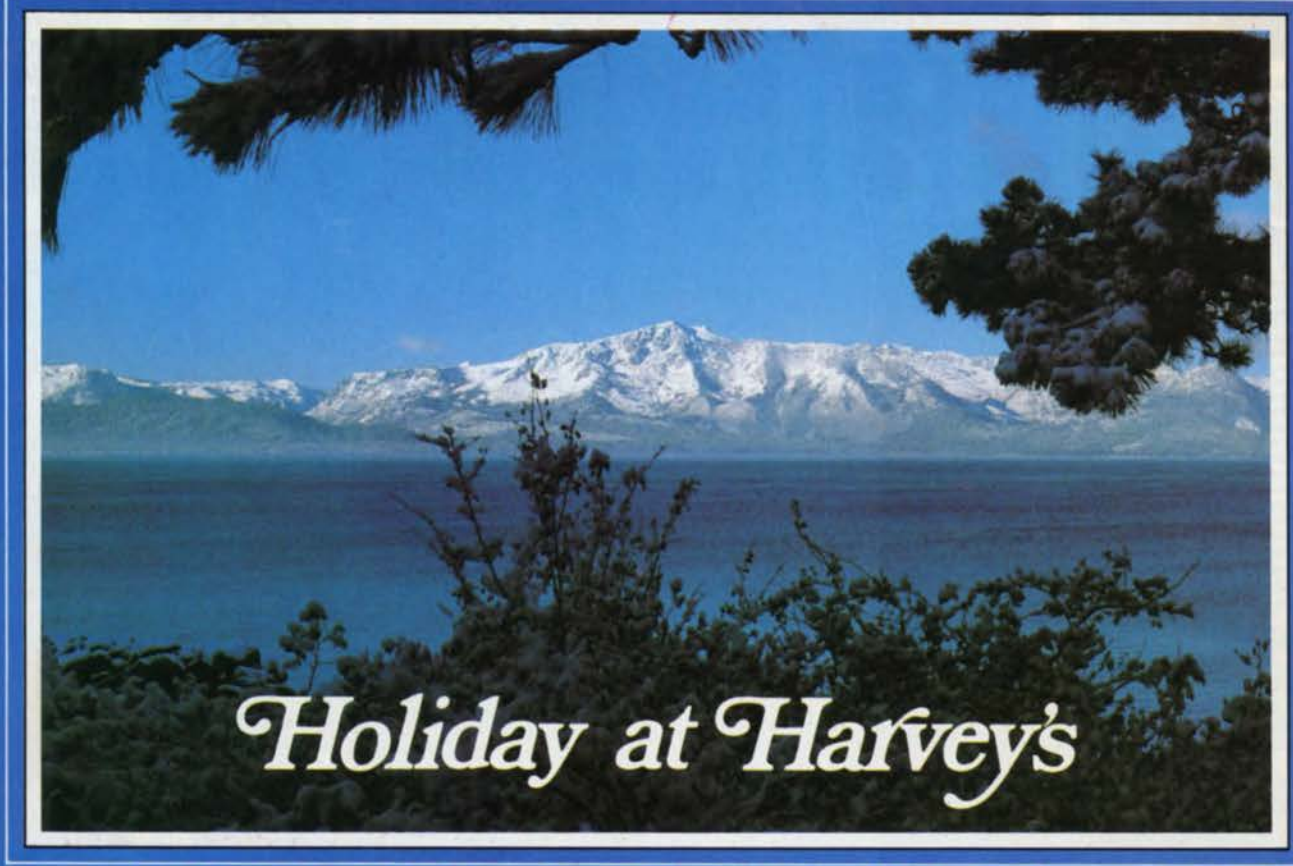

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