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# NEVADA

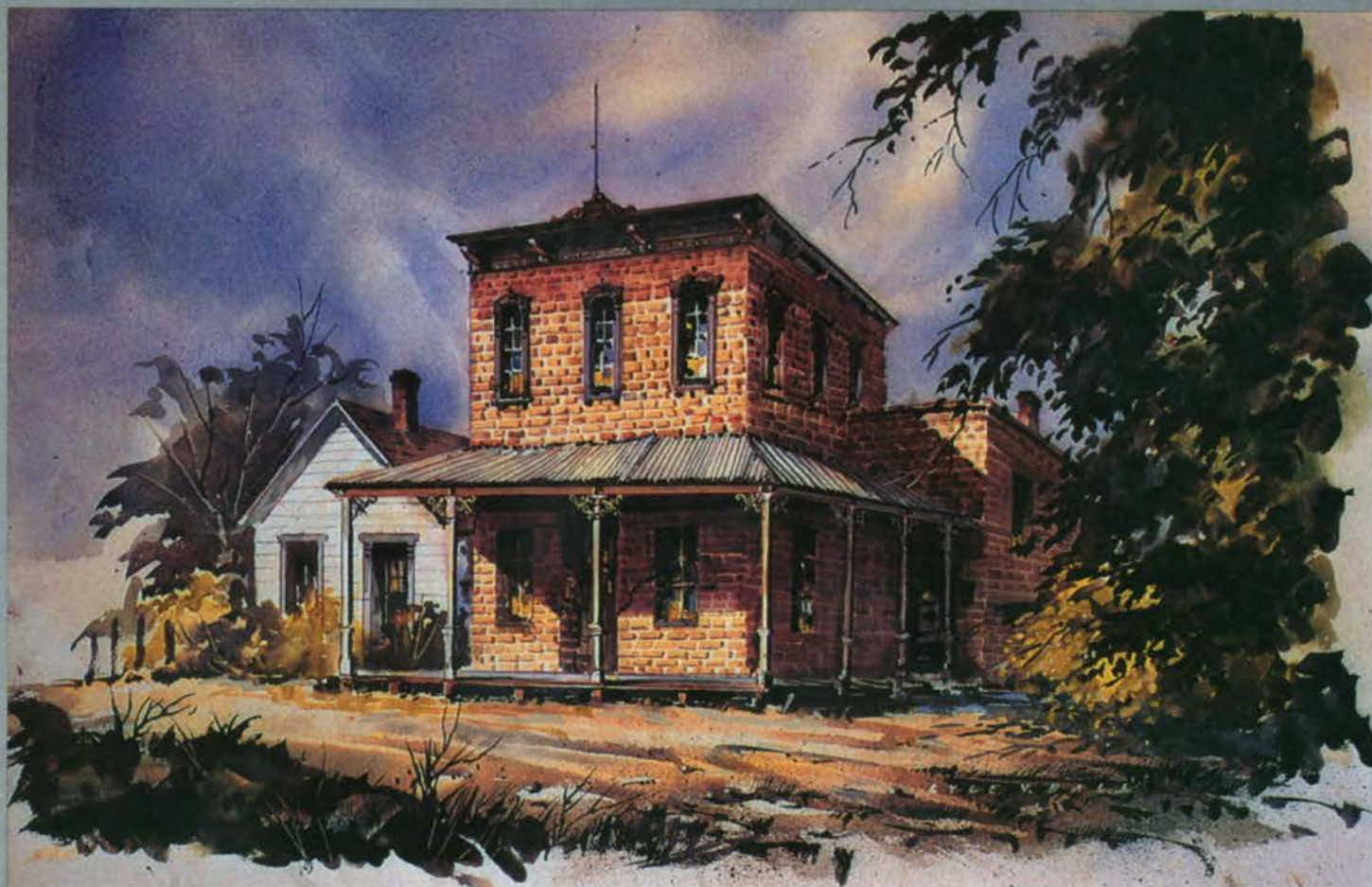
The Magazine of the Real West

April 1982/\$1.50

**Laughlin: Boomtown With No Place to Go**

**Golf: A Complete Statewide Guide**

**Sam Davis: Tales of a Frontier Editor**



Old Nevada Hotel by Lyle Ball





Lake Tahoe



Reno



Atlantic City

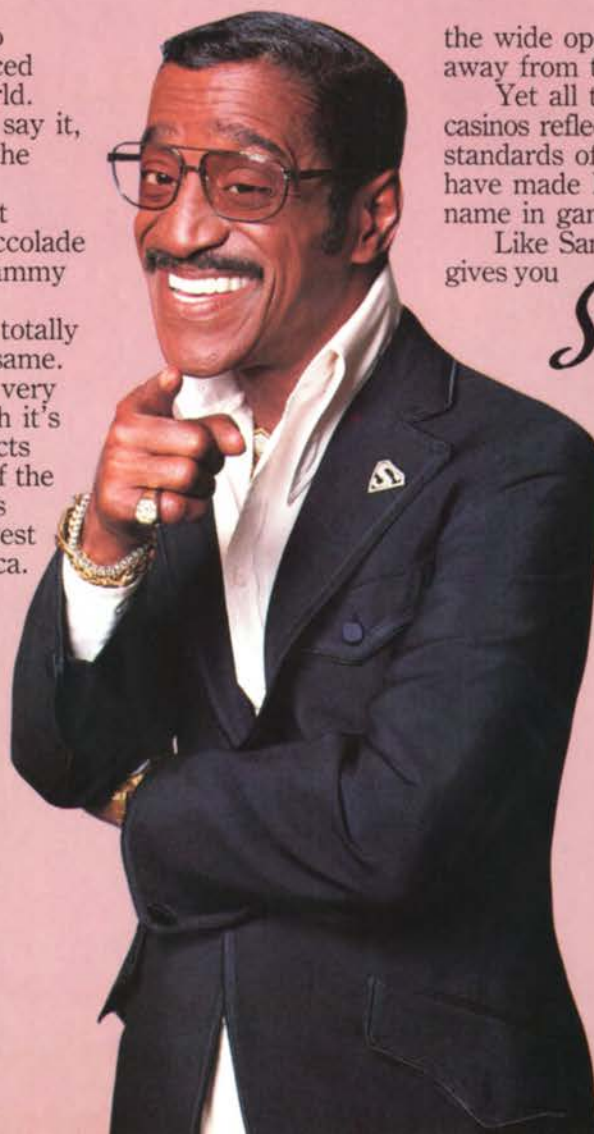
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# NEVADA

March/April 1982

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## NEVADA MAGAZINE

Capitol Complex  
Carson City, Nevada 89710  
702-885-5416

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### ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES:

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

**California, Oregon & Washington:** Jay Eisenberg, JE Publishers' Representative, 8732 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA. 90069. (213) 659-3810.

**All Other States:** Caroline J. Hadley, Nevada Magazine, Capitol Complex, Carson City, NV. 89710. (702) 885-5416.

NEVADA MAGAZINE (ISSN01991248) is published bimonthly by the State of Nevada at 101 South Fall Street, Carson City, Nevada. Second-class postage paid at Carson City, Nevada with additional entry in Denver, Colorado. **POSTMASTER:** Send address change form 3579 to: NEVADA MAGAZINE, Capitol Complex, Carson City, NV. 89710.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES:** \$7.95 for six issues, U.S. and Canada; \$9.95 Foreign. Please allow six weeks for delivery.

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

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

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Printing: A. B. Hirschfeld Press  
Type: Sierra Graphics

COVER: Painting by Lyle Ball



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# Editorial

## Of Boomtowns and Birdies

In this issue *Nevada* explores two subjects that are new to the magazine and probably to many readers as well.

One is the tiny river town of Laughlin, Nevada's southernmost settlement. Laughlin is named for its modern-day founder, Don Laughlin, who in 15 years has turned a small tavern into a giant gambling resort and, in the process, gained six other casinos as neighbors on the riverbank. For all its upward intentions, Laughlin has less than a hundred residents; there just isn't any more room, for the town is surrounded by government land.

Whether or not Laughlin gets more elbowroom, its story is uniquely Nevada. See page 15 for "The Boomtown With No Place to Go" by Bill Willard, a Las Vegas writer, actor and artist who has observed Laughlin, man and town, for many years.

Another visit to terra incognita begins on page 22. This is a guide to Nevada golf, a game at first glance that seems out of place in the land of desert rats, hardy pioneers, cowboys, miners and no-rust automobiles. Golf usually brings to mind country club awnings, polite gallery applause, officials in green blazers—in short, manners and money. But on the majority of Nevada courses, the main financial consideration is at the post-round bet tally, and manners, as any duffer knows, usually don't last beyond the parking lot and cause ulcers anyway.

Indeed, in many ways golf is perfectly suited to Nevada. Blue is the official color, but our state is best known for the green felt of its gaming tables. Thus golf has a strong claim to being as true a Nevada game as craps, which has a much smaller playing area. Nevada is, at its best, an outdoor state. Golf's attraction is just that—the chance to enjoy fresh air, exercise and even observe the vast assortment of desert wildlife that lurk beyond the fairways.

Golfers are often criticized for their clothes. But long before "Urban Cowboy," linksters pioneered modern western clothing. Polyester pants, shoes with cleats, rain jackets with names on the back, all in bright, sunny yellows, pinks and blues. And headwear. Look at the guys at any truck stop, construction site or ranch. They're all wearing golf hats.

We Silver Staters take pride in our rugged individualism. Few sports require the true grit that golf does. Take the 18-



How do you play this? See page 15.

handicapper on the tee. Trying to forget he's four-putted the last hole, he slams his ball to kingdom come—250 yards into the waist-high sagebrush on the right side of the fairway.

But aside from golf's credentials as a true macho sport, it is indeed a great game to play in Nevada. There are more than 40 courses, from the elegant layouts of Tahoe, Reno and Vegas to the super nine holers of Jackpot and Hawthorne. At a conservative estimate, more than 1.2 million rounds were played last year by residents and visitors. Among those players were Craig Stadler, this year's Tucson Open winner and Incline resident, and Patty Sheehan, the Reno woman who in 1981 was the LPGA's rookie of the year (see page 34).

Golf's widespread if low-key popularity was reflected in a recent poll of *Nevada* readers. Of outdoor activities, golf finished a strong second to fishing. Of course there are a number of lakes where you can also play golf, but we neglected to include that in this issue's guide.

You will find stories by golfers and observers James McKimmey, Don Digilio, Frank Dell'Apa, Peter Benton and Jim Crandall. Associate editor Crandall barnstormed northern Nevada with two friends in a motorhome, playing 10 courses in eight days. He says, "Somebody had to do it." That's surely the Nevada spirit.

Now if Laughlin could just find room for a golf course.—David E. Moore

### Special Note to Photographers:

The Fifth Annual Great Nevada Picture Hunt entry blanks, rules and list of terrific prizes (some cash) will be included in the May/June issue. Shoot now, get paid later.—CJH

# Letters

## Subs, nukes and Alice

Patrick O'Driscoll's story (The Great MX Dis-Missile, Jan/Feb '82) explaining how the missiles would shuttle around sounds like the fantasy of "Alice in Wonderland."

A lot of us on the Mendocino Coast are disenchanted with the Navy wanting to "bury" their obsolete nuclear subs off our coast. Somehow, we don't like the idea of our (and future generations') food contaminated by radioactive subs.

A. J. Filmer  
Westport, CA.

It seems you got carried away in the Jan/Feb issue. The Editorial on Atomic Tests plus six pages on the controversial MX Missile question was quite enough; but then we finish with the Atomic Cowboy, another controversial issue.

I say find another soap-box for these issues and make Nevada Magazine "packed with features on travel, history, people, entertainment and western humor" (quotes are yours).

Ed Von Tobel, Jr.  
Las Vegas, NV

## Sub Saved

I had decided not to order again until I received the Jan/Feb issue. This is an excellent number, exactly as I like it to be.

Mrs. Zelma Hardison  
Reno, NV.

## Insult to Gable

I have been subscribing to Nevada Magazine since the '40s and never in all that time have I seen such a horrible cover as on your Nov/Dec '81 issue. This belongs on a two-bit rag, not on our beautiful magazine. Even if it was good art, which it isn't, it's an insult to the memory of both Gable and Lombard. Her face is distorted out of all proportion in ugly airbrush technique. Please, no more of such trash, you'll ruin the best magazine ever published by a state. I'm ashamed to see this monstrous thing in magazine racks across the country.

Jean Hubbard  
Artist and native Nevadan  
Reno, NV.

*John Bardwell, an award winning artist, illustrator and former art director of Nevada Magazine, chose the airbrush technique because it is a style that is strongly associated with the period. Bardwell says he doesn't mind descriptions such as "ugly" or "monstrous" as long as his work remains in demand.—Ed.*

I really appreciate the layout you gave my article, "Gable vs. Gable," in the Nov/Dec issue. The cover was especially good.

I would like to point out, though, the edited version of the story had Clark serving in the Army Air Corps at the time of Carole's death in January 1942. I did not make this statement in the original manuscript. For the sake of accuracy, Clark joined the U.S. Army Air Corps in August 1942.

Guy Louis Rocha  
Reno, NV.

## Cactus for President

Just a note about A.D. Hopkins' "Mayor of Searchlight" story about Cactus Web in the Jan/Feb '82 issue. Make him governor! Hell, on second thought make him president! Cactus Web should be awarded the Austerity medal for 1982. We need him.

Michael C. Little  
Fairfield, OH.

## Who really pays?

I note from the Letters column that some people object to the advertising as part of the format of our state magazine. Couldn't help but notice that they are from out of state and don't have to help pay for its publication! It is a good magazine, the steady improvement in materials published is appreciated, the quality of the color printing is excellent, and I even like the advertising.

R. E. Robinson  
Las Vegas, NV.

*Each one of our subscribers, advertisers and newsstand buyers pays for Nevada Magazine. Although tax dollars were used in past years to help support the magazine, this can no longer happen. The magazine must pay its own way and not be a burden to taxpayers.—Ed.*

Our magazines arrive in torn condition due to the absence of an outside wrapper. Any chance for improvement on a magazine protector? I will not subscribe again if condition does not improve.

A. J. Cason  
Wheeling, IL.

*For an extra 10 cents per magazine, we can do it. Stick with us, it'll happen soon.—Ed.*

## A Pint's a Pound . . .

The article on stoves by Jim Crandall (Nov/Dec) was very interesting, but I think a BTU is the amount of heat required to raise the temperature of one

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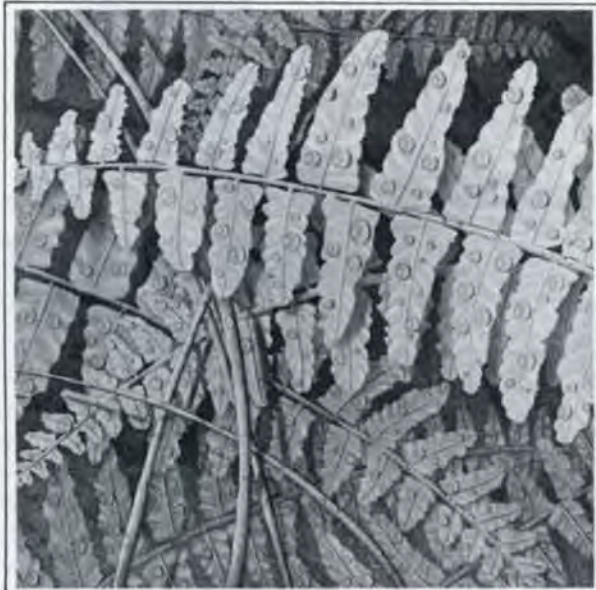
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pound of water (not pint) one degree Fahrenheit at sea level.

Harry J. Walker  
Dunellen, N.J.

According to UNR Physics Professor Vernon Frazier, "A pint's a pound the world around."—Ed.

### Mead for Months!

We love Nevada. Stayed at Lake Mead several times and plan to come soon but would like to find out about camping there. We'd like to get details on spending several months there soon.

Tim Lee  
Eau Claire, WI.

Watch for the special features on camping and watersports in the next issue.—Ed.

### Cheers for the Duke

I liked very much the article on Norman Biltz, "The Duke of Nevada," in your Nov/Dec issue. He was not only a successful businessman but an extraordinary friend and human being. Let's have more stories about the men and women who are an important part of Nevada history.

V. Schlecht,  
Las Vegas, NV

I received my first issue and I really enjoyed it. I had worked for Norman Biltz on a ranch in Lovelock so enjoyed Guy Shipler's article.

M. Esther Elder  
Susanville, CA.

### Nevada a "10"

I'm enclosing check for three gift subscriptions to your interesting magazine. In May of last year we visited our daughter who lives in Las Vegas and fell in love with it. Reading your magazine makes us anxious to see even more of your beautiful state hopefully next year.

Opal Ronemus  
No. Syracuse, N.Y.

A great calendar, a great magazine!

M. Pearl Cartwright  
Reno, NV.

I like Nevada Magazine the way it is now including your bimonthly publication schedule. The contributing photographers and Harry Webb all get a "10" in my book.

Dave Warren  
Elko, NV

A year in Reno as an exchange student introduced this Kiwi to your amazing state. Your magazine sharpens fond memories—a magnificent publication.

Ed Franklin  
Lower Hutt, New Zealand

I appreciated seeing the Nevada Magazine. You sure have a selection of

(Continued on page 74)



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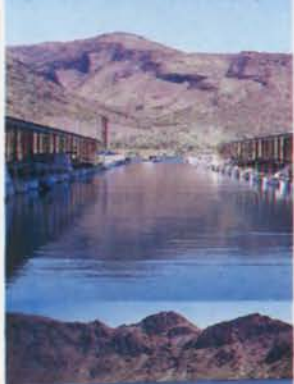
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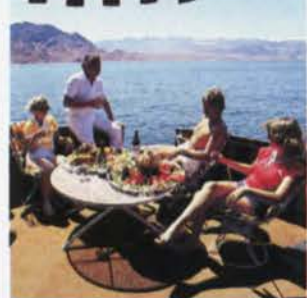
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# Muench's Gallery

A congregation of boulders with snow skullcaps stand in a small inlet on the Nevada side of Lake Tahoe. The granite, elephant-colored rocks crowd the shores of the entire lake. But in most areas, less than 100 yards into the lake, the boulders give way to smooth white sand that slopes unmarked to Tahoe's darkest depths.—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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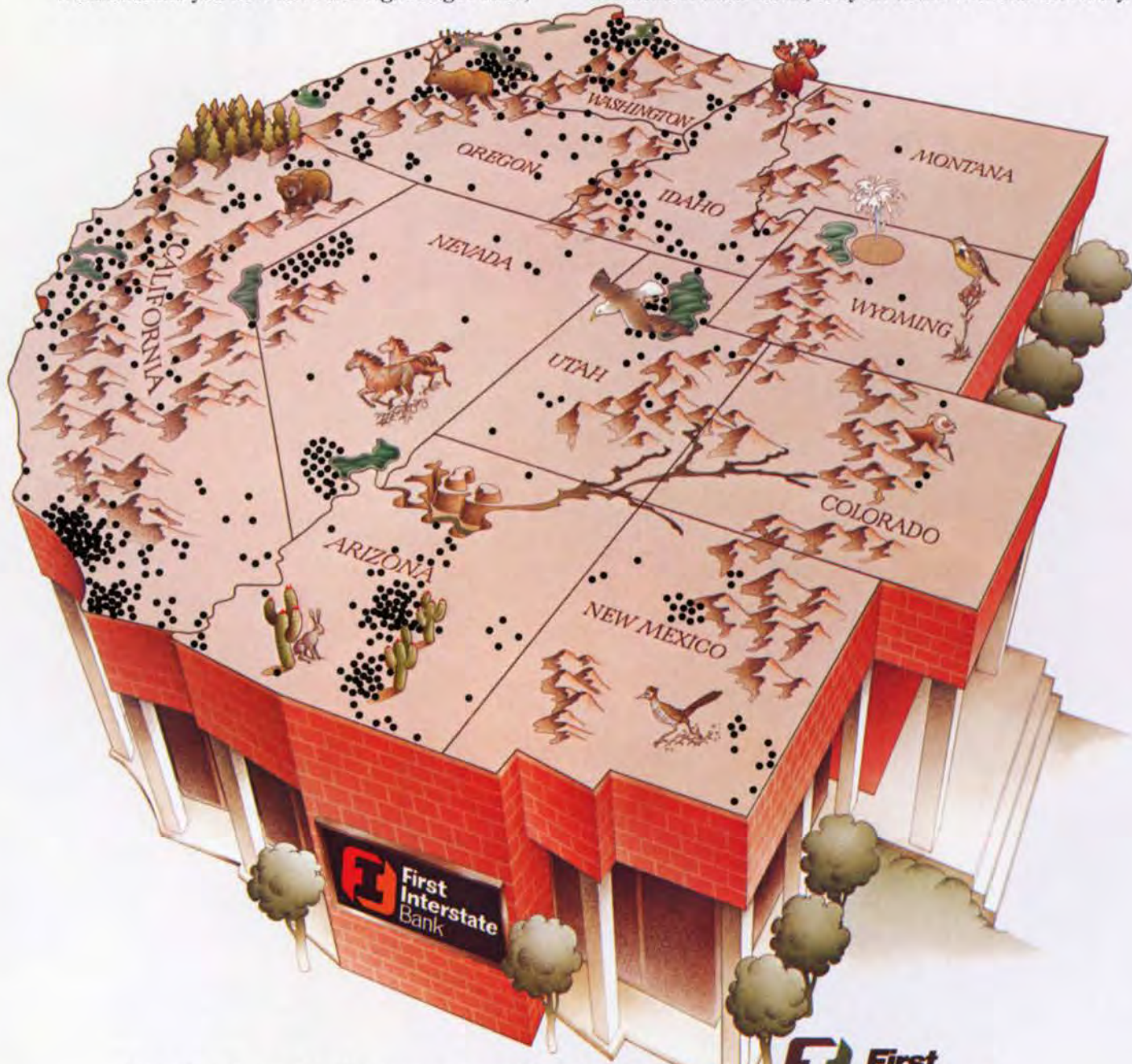
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YESTERDAY

# Sam Davis and The Ormsby Boodle Ring

**Sam Davis loved to tease his readers with fabricated news stories, but when public officials tried to hoodwink the public, he would go to court—even to jail—to stop them.**

**By Roger Smith**



SYLVIA CROWELL STODDARD COLLECTION

**Sam Davis rests in a royally carved chair in 1897. A year later the Carson newspaper editor was elected state controller on the ticket of the Silver Party, a party he helped form in Nevada.**

It was July 28th, 1892, and very hot for Sam Davis. For the second time that day, the Ormsby County grand jury ordered Davis, feisty editor of Carson City's *Morning Appeal*, to divulge the source of his information. For the second time, he refused. He had received the information, he told the grand jury, as a confidential communication in his capacity as a journalist. To name his informant would bring him "into contempt and disgrace among members of his profession."

He had been warned. Judge Rising banged his gavel and delivered Davis into the custody of the county sheriff, who led him away to jail.

It is easy to overdramatize minor injustices, especially when such a man as Davis is the victim and when the issue resembles current controversies over freedom of the press and the right of reporters to professional confidence. But Davis' incarceration contained drama enough, for intrigue and corruption were his real jailers and the pursuit of truth was his only crime. That was how Davis saw his plight, and he understood the seriousness of it well.

Exactly what Davis might have thought as he looked between the cell bars into the bright summer afternoon, while the grand jury continued an investigation that had nothing to do with him directly and while his enemies laughed at him because he had been "jugged"—what he thought is not known. He wrote little about it. But surely the mysterious informant whom he was protecting occupied his mind. And so did the county officials whom Davis had accused in the *Appeal* of accepting bribes and arranging kickbacks. Most probably of all, he pondered the machinations of his arch-enemies, "the ring," and how they could have caused his troubles. Nevada of the 1890s was no longer the lawless frontier it had been in the 1850s and 1860s, but it was still wild enough; and free-spirited, scrappy enterprise still enlivened many areas of Nevada life. Journalism was one. Davis' career proves it.

Davis probably would not survive in today's journalism. His conception of news would horrify editors and scandalize readers. There would be accusations of unprofessional conduct, lawsuits for

libel, a lot of mischievous fun and undiluted candor. His prose style would mark him as an individual, his spelling as an illiterate. He wouldn't last. Personality and training would defeat him.

Born in Connecticut April 4, 1850, to Episcopalian minister George Davis and his wife Sylvia, Samuel Post Davis soon moved with them to Wisconsin and later to Nebraska. He grew up a westerner in a family confident with morality and faith. His father, descended from seafarers, was well to do, and he made sure that Sam received a sound education. As a secondary student, he studied religion and "dead languages," as he later termed Latin and Greek, and considered becoming a minister himself.

After leaving school, however, Davis worked as a reporter for his hometown newspaper, the *Brownsville Advertiser*. He soon moved on to the *Omaha Herald*, the *Lincoln Statesman*, the *Nebraska City News* and the *St. Louis Republican*. But he had a curious tendency that caused him trouble with editors. When he couldn't rustle up enough news to write his daily story, he invented it and wrote pure fiction. The

editor of the *St. Louis Republican* fired Davis for creative news writing. He drifted up to Chicago and found employment with the *Chicago Times*. The owner was delighted with Davis' concocted stories and told him to keep writing them when genuine news was scarce—but perhaps he did so because Davis was assigned to the political desk and it made no difference.

With a thoroughly religious upbringing and a penchant for lying in print, where could such a man as Davis go next? Farther west. And west he went in 1872 to edit and report for a series of California newspapers, including the *Vallejo Independent* and the *San Francisco Chronicle*. It was good experience, but he might have found even California a bit too proper for the contradictory traits that simmered in him. When strong moral beliefs clash in a person with an equally strong imagination, he does not feel comfortable in any area where refinement, culture and uprightness determine virtue. Nor is such an area comfortable with a man like Davis.

So after three years in California, Davis went over the Sierra to Virginia City, Nevada. The great fire of 1875 had just leveled the city. It was hardly an auspicious time to find employment. But Davis joined the *Evening Chronicle* and soon made himself popular with owner Dennis McCarthy and the readership as he helped put the paper back into regular circulation. He must have found the Comstock journalistic atmosphere congenial and inspiring, for the newspapermen there had long practiced just the sort of blood and vinegar writing that Davis preferred. Better yet, the likes of Mark Twain and Dan DeQuille had turned the tall tale news story into a popular art form.

In fact, Davis himself became the object of journalistic jokes. The *Territorial Enterprise* usually perpetrated them and always in good humor. But the sting of satire was often there as well—and justifiably, one suspects. On April 10, 1877 the *Enterprise* reported:

"A rumor prevails that Samuel Davis, Esquire, the talented local reporter of the *Chronicle* and champion speller of the Comstock, will soon take unto himself a wife. Sam is now in training at a gymnasium slings dumbbells, and Indian clubs in the most reckless manner, and from the wicked expression of his eyes as he punches the sand bag, we predict he'll make it very warm for the future Mrs. Davis on the first outbreak or symptom of rebellion."

The story was pure invention. Davis did not marry until three years later and was thought to be almost too considerate a husband.

Early in November 1879 Davis descended to Carson City to become local news editor for *The Morning Appeal*, which had been managed during the five

previous months by Nellie Verrill Mighels, Nevada's first newspaperwoman. By October of the following year, he assumed editing duties for the entire paper. His remarkable facility in writing surely contributed to his promotion, but one suspects that his marriage to the widowed Nellie Mighels on July 4, 1880, also helped.

Both marriages—to the *Appeal* and to Nellie—lasted happily. He edited the paper for nearly 20 years. He remained with Nellie and their six children (four from her first marriage) until his death in Carson City on March 17, 1918.

During his 43 years in Nevada, Davis enjoyed many friends—some of them, like Comstock tycoon John Mackay, among the most famous figures of Nevada history. He ran successfully for the office of state controller. He invented a process by which a rubber substitute can be refined from sagebrush. He edited a two-volume history of the state; he wrote short stories. His opinion swayed

“

**The Lyon County Times called Davis 'one of the most unmitigated liars on the coast.' He undoubtedly grinned proudly over the Times' judgment.**

”

political leaders. But his forthright manner also made him enemies. Unavoidably.

He grew to be respected, trusted and liked as editor of the *Appeal*. Reputation didn't change him, though. He still couldn't resist a well executed hoax or a skillful white lie. He reported the discovery of an underground tunnel connecting Lake Tahoe and the Pacific Ocean; there was none. He warned readers of dangerous "blanket fish" lurking in Tahoe, fish that wrapped themselves around their victims until the victims drowned; such fish existed only in Davis' shameless imagination. He invented a newspaper, the *Wabuska Mangler*, so that he could rail at the fabricated rascalities of a fictitious editor.

When readers believed his specious stories, Davis was amused. When other papers believed them and reprinted them as factual, he was delighted. Once they were on guard, readers usually forgave him and came to enjoy his inventions. Editors of other newspapers did not often behave as agreeably. The *Lyon County*

*Times* called Davis "one of the most unmitigated liars on the coast." He undoubtedly grinned proudly over the *Times*' judgment.

Let there be no doubt, however, that Davis treated the larger issues of the day seriously. The people's right to learn the truth remained sacred to him, and he endeavored to tell the truth as he saw it. His aggressive exposure of corrupt officials sometimes brought reprisals, but he appears not to have worried much. When a U. S. attorney pummeled him with brass knuckles, or a commissioner challenged him to fisticuffs on the street, Davis, though often injured, had the satisfaction of knowing his editorials had hit home. And it gave him plenty of grist for further editorials on the incompetence and misbehavior of government workers.

If you believe Davis—and it seems reasonable to do so—corruption and incompetence permeated Ormsby County. A conspiracy existed. The "haves" diligently were ensuring that they remained the haves by circumventing the rights of the "have-nots." But when you read of the doings of that small group of businessmen and politicians—the "haves" who ran the county by the old boy system, accepted and offered bribes, and ignored laws that stood in the way of personal profit—it sounds small-time, innocuous and almost comical. Everybody knew about the grafters. They were often accused. And grand juries often acquitted them after laughably perfunctory hearings.

Sam Davis didn't laugh, however. That businessmen and elected officials were illegally in cahoots was an outrage. They were the "Ormsby Boodle Ring" to him. He wanted them exposed and punished. In the early 1890s, the *Appeal* called for reform fearlessly and suffered the consequences. The ring boycotted the paper.

Davis continued his attacks, at first with indignation: "People have labored under the impression that the word of these people was the law and the gospel and that no man could sneeze on the street or hold office without he first had their permission."

But also with scorn: "The threats of the outfit remind one of the old illuminated pumpkin heads that boys used to stick up in a cornfield to frighten people with at night. As soon as the inch of candle burned down, that was the end of the whole thing. There was nothing left but the smell of the wick. They have been boycotting the *Appeal* for a year, and the result is a steady increase of business. Their boycott is worth money to anybody they start in on."

His archenemies might have been enriching themselves illegally, but they still were bunglers.

Or were they bunglers? Davis was in jail. Had the ring won? Had he mis-

(Continued on page 71)

# The Mystery of the Savage Sump

The truth revealed  
about high finance  
in San Francisco,  
an underground passage  
linking Lake Tahoe  
with the Comstock, and  
murder most foul.  
By Sam P. Davis



ILLUSTRATION BY KATIE GROTEGUT

*In the late 1860s, miners in the Comstock's Savage Mine struck a large volume of scalding water near the 3,000-foot level. Where the troublesome water came from no one knew with certainty. The most popular theory proposed that the water flowed into the mines through fissures connecting Lake Tahoe, 20 miles away. The mystery gave Sam Davis the inspiration for the following story, which first appeared in Carson City's Morning Appeal in July 1883 and was frequently reprinted in frontier journals and newspapers.*

It was more than twenty years ago that Virginia City, Nevada, first wrestled with what was known as "The Mystery of the Savage Sump."

The sump of the Savage mine is an excavation at the foot of the incline where the hot water of the mine collects in volume, and from whence it is pumped into the Sutro tunnel, steaming, scalding hot. The Sutro tunnel strikes the great Comstock ledge 1,750 feet below the surface, and is the drain pipe through which all the water in the Comstock

mines is discharged. It runs through the boxes in the tunnel nearly five miles before it reaches the lower mouth of the tunnel and from thence finds its way into the Carson River. The sump is more than three thousand feet below the surface, and when this point was reached it marked the limit of man's ability to pierce the depths of the earth on the Comstock ledge.

The water came in so fast that the big pumps had to be kept constantly at work to prevent the flooding of the lower levels.

One morning the miners who came off the three-o'clock shift reported the finding of the body of a man in the sump. It was a horrible, shapeless thing, with the flesh cooked in the hot water and the features unrecognizable. The body, what was left of it, was exposed in the morgue for more than a week, but not identified. Several thousand men were working in the mines at the time, but the roll of the Miners' Union and the tally sheet of the Savage mine showed no one missing.

Besides this it was noticed that the corpse had on fine boots with high heels.

It also had on remnants of clothes, and portions of a broadcloth coat were fished up from the sump. It could not have been a miner, and those who had charge of the incline leading to the sump were positive that no such man had ever gone down. There was but one way of reaching it, and that was by riding down on a sort of cage known as the "giraffe," let down and pulled up by a cable worked by machinery running in the hoisting works above ground.

The men who were employed in the responsible positions about the mine were all of the most trustworthy character, and had been employed there for years. No one could enter the mine without a permit from the superintendent, and even then no visitor ever went into the lower levels, where the hot water dripped from the rocks and the heat was sometimes as high as 140 degrees in places where the half-naked men worked with cold water playing from a hose on their bodies.

If it were murder, who could possibly be implicated? The authorities and the newspapers and the officers of the

Miners' Union and the superintendents of the mines investigated the mystery on separate lines, and after a year of probing it was as much a mystery as on the day the body was discovered floating about, swollen and distorted, in the foul and steaming waters of the sump.

As the years passed the incident was well-nigh forgotten, but now, at this remote time I am able to furnish the world with a complete solution.

If the reader will take the pains to look over the files of the San Francisco papers during the latter part of 1869 and the spring of '70, some of the most violent fluctuations that ever occurred in the mining stock-market will be noticed. One and the same narration tells the story of the death of the unknown man found in the Savage sump and the rise and fall of mining stock at the time mentioned. In the fall of '69 a San Francisco stock speculator was spending a few weeks at Lake Tahoe, the summer resort in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, which lies partly in Nevada and partly in California.

Wishing to be out of the way of the world as much as possible, he engaged quarters at a little secluded place on the Nevada side of the lake, known as Carnelian Bay. It was a cheap and out-of-the-way place, and not over a dozen guests were there at a time, but the fishing was excellent and the surroundings pleasant. The tourist's name was William Meeker, and he had lost a large fortune in the whirl of stock speculations on California Street.

One morning, while fishing about a mile from the hotel, he noticed that his boat began slowly turning, and in a few minutes described a complete circle in the water. Some chips and debris were collected about the boat and they seemed to stay there. He studied the situation carefully and reached the conclusion that there was a subterranean outlet which caused the eddy.

He was a man of quick action, and that night he carved his initials W. M. on a piece of pine, and next morning rigged up a weight at the end of a line and, fastening the stick to the weight, rowed out and lowered it into the water where his boat had been affected by the currents. It went down in about a hundred feet of water and then something began bearing it down. There was a succession of tugs and the line began spinning over the edge of the boat with rapidly increasing speed. Then the line caught in the boat and snapped with the strain. This made it clear to him that the water was surging through an outlet in the lake bottom. That night he settled his bill and started for San Francisco.

He took but one man into his confidence and that was Colonel Clair, one of the heaviest and most unscrupulous operators in the market and a member of the biggest firm on the street. They figured for more than a week with maps

and surveys and reached the conclusion that the water making its exit from the lake was finding its outlet in the lower levels of the Comstock mines.

They pored over statistical tables showing how the lake had been, on an average, at least one foot higher before the mines in Virginia City had encountered water in the lower levels, and to them the mystery of the fall in the water of the lake was explained.

It was decided to send a man into the Savage to watch for the piece of pine with Meeker's initials on. But why trust it to a third party? Meeker himself went to Virginia City, and on a letter of recommendation from Colonel Clair was given work in the Savage and placed at the foot of the incline as a station tender.

He had not been long at his post when the little piece of wood with the initials W. M. came up on the surface of the waters of the sump, and his heart gave a great bound of joy. That night he was flying to San Francisco on a fast train, and next morning was closeted with Colonel

“

**The word went out that the water had been conquered at last and now the big bonanzas were going to be uncovered. Virginia City was happy, and the Stock Exchange in San Francisco was a whirl of speculation.**

”

Clair, the mining operator and millionaire.

The plan these two men fixed on was the boldest ever conceived in the annals of stock speculation. It was nothing less than a method by which the hole in the bottom of Tahoe might be stopped by a mechanical contrivance and then opened and closed at will. By this means the mines might be cleared of water or flooded, to suit the convenience of the two operators, and this condition, having its influence on the stock-market, would make millions of money for the men who had conceived the bold design.

Before the week was over, Meeker, backed with the money of Colonel Clair, was back at Lake Tahoe. He ordered a large flatboat built, ostensibly for fishing purposes. It was completed in a couple of weeks and fitted with a good cabin, and here he took up his abode. From then on a lot of mysterious consignments reached Tahoe for Meeker, and he received them on his flatboat at Tahoe City and moved the boat from place to place by the aid of a small steam-launch.

To all intents and purposes it was an angler's craft, the mere pastime of a man who had the money at his disposal to catch Tahoe trout in his own way.

It proved really a simple matter to stop the hole in the lake. Careful investigation showed it to be nearly circular and about four feet across. The dimensions of the hole being known approximately was sufficient. The butt of a log about five feet in diameter was given a conical shape, and bolts were sunk into the end, to which a heavy chain was attached. This was connected with a windlass and let down through the "well" in the bottom of the boat. The well was enclosed in the rough-boarded house built on the boat, and on a calm day, when the water was still, Clair and Meeker could see a long distance into the depths of the water, by the aid of a large mirror and the sunlight which came in through a hole in the roof of the house, reflected down the well.

Then came the grand test, when they let down the big plug. Slowly it was lowered until it caught in the suction and the chain showed the enormous strain. Then down, deeper and deeper it went in the mighty current, taking the handles of the windlass from the hands of the men and sending it whirling. It revolved like a buzz-saw for a few seconds, and then came to a standstill. It was evident that the plug had settled into the hole as far as it would go, and that the pressure of the water was keeping it there. The deflected light thrown down by the mirror showed that such was the case.

Could the plug be lifted back? The fate of their plot depended on the answer. The two men threw their weight on the handles of the windlass, but they could not budge it an inch. That night they bored holes in the windlass shaft and inserted long crowbars. With this improved leverage they succeeded with comparatively little trouble in drawing the plug out of the hole and lifting it beyond the influence of the suction. Several times they lowered and raised it again. That night Colonel Clair was on his way to San Francisco, leaving Meeker to guard the boat.

During the next ten days brokers who watched the market noticed that the firm of Goodman & Crowley was buying Savage in any lots offered. There was nothing special in the way of developments in the mine, and those who had become tired of holding Savage began to unload on a rising market. Presently the brokers who had the handling of the deal were active bidders on the stock. The tall form of Joe Goodman was soon noticeable in the center of a gesticulating crowd, bidding up Savage. The price rose gradually, and still he stood calm and serene, as was his wont, and taking in all the Savage offered.

"Five thousand at twenty-six, buyer thirty."

(Continued on page 70)



GENE HERTZOG

Laughlin runs upstream from the Nevada Club to the Riverside, with Davis Dam in the distance and Bullhead ferry at right.

# The Boomtown with No Place to Go

Laughlin could become Nevada's newest resort city if it can find room for more than 93 residents. By Bill Willard

Upon first impression, the setting of Laughlin seems better suited to the mining camp it was long ago than to a water-lapped resort town that's swamped with 50,000 gamblers and recreationists on holiday weekends.

Driving down the steep grade of Nevada Highway 163, with ochre-tinted sawtooth ranges behind and strips of green vegetation and the mesas of Arizona straight ahead, you can just make out the semblance of a community on the river plain below. A tall chimney of the Mojave Generating Station spews pale yellow ash into the cerulean sky, and the angular bulwark of Davis Dam, which bottlenecks the Colorado to form Lake Mohave, adds another oddity to the desert landscape.

Near the dam the two-lane road veers right and meanders beside the river until, suddenly, there appears the Riverside Hotel-Casino with its bright yellow, red and black Best Western sign hanging high on the marquee.

The tiny, high-rolling town of Laughlin (pronounced Loff-lin) spreads southward from the Riverside, the colonial-front resort that was the site of a bait shop converted into a six-stool tavern when Don Laughlin acquired it 16 years ago. Back then people called the place Southpoint, or Davis Dam, or Bullhead City, Nevada. Ninety-five miles south of Las Vegas, it had the lowly rank of postal substation of Searchlight.

But visit Laughlin today and you'll find the town's 93 residents restlessly awaiting an explosion they say is long overdue, a boom that could knock its population into the tens of thousands and turn its seven gambling halls into a closely-aligned collection of riverfront highrises.

The anticipation of a wild surge to the southernmost tip of Nevada is not due simply to the vaunted Sun Belt drift. For years tourists and southern Nevadans have been inundating this extension of the Lake Mead National Recreation Area

for sunny, year-round camping, fishing, water-skiing, powerboating and related water fun.

There's also the attraction of the long rows of slots and busy gaming tables of Laughlin's seven casinos. Indeed, Laughlinites can claim one casino for every 13 residents, a ratio even Monaco can't touch.

Of course the town's gambling halls don't have to depend on the action generated by 93 locals. A 1978 Clark County survey revealed that 50,000 visitors take over the wee village on an average busy weekend. Year-round, the number of visitors averages about 15,000 per week. The folks who come to Laughlin are mobile people, wanderers in automobiles, RVs and private planes, and they come from all parts of the West. Some drive up from Needles, California, or down from Las Vegas to find relaxation on the river.

Many visitors take the ferries across the river from Bullhead City, Arizona,



GENE HERTZOG

Two anglers enjoy the fishing above Laughlin on Lake Mohave. The best time for catfish is summer, but you can catch trout, striped bass and crappie in all seasons. The marinas at Katherine, Cottonwood Cove and Willow Beach have supplies and boat rentals.

which was created in the late 1940s to provide housing for Davis Dam construction workers. The dam was topped off in 1953, and somewhere under the waters of Lake Mohave is the huge rock shaped like a bull that gave the town its name.

Today Bullhead City, with 20,000 citizens, is a bedroom community for Laughlin's 3,000 casino employees and for workers at the Davis Dam power plant. They take the ferries or drive the 15 minutes over the dam to Laughlin each day. There are others who refuse to live in Arizona and commute from as far away as Las Vegas.

Some people manage to commute from Bullhead City and reside in Laughlin. They rent one of the 800 boxes in the Riverside's post office, which, crowded by nickel slots, is one of just two U.S. post offices—the other is at Jackpot—located in a casino. There is a long waiting list for the mail cubicles. With only 93 Laughlin residents, the other boxes are rented by Bullhead City renegades and casino workers who list their P.O. numbers as permanent addresses to avoid paying Arizona income tax.

With the water, gaming tables and all those people in Bullhead, the original Laughlin "jackpot" master plan does not seem that farfetched. The plan forecasts more than 1,500 hotel rooms, more than 1,200 RV spaces and at least 7,000 residents on the Nevada side of the river. There is a potential, so the treatise goes, of attaining 35,000 year-round Laughlinites in the next 15 years.

There is, however, a big *if* connected to this boom.

The town of Laughlin is landlocked, literally surrounded by the federal government. The town consists of only about 1,200 acres, most of which are taken up by casinos, motels, RV parks and uninhabitable gullies and desert hillsides. There's simply nowhere to grow unless a

deal can be made with the feds. Residents are crossing their fingers that that will happen.

But whether the boom comes or not, Laughlin remains a relaxed desert burg. The climate is typical of the Southwest's low country. Laughlin in the summer is one of the hottest spots in the nation with temperatures up to 120 degrees, while winter lows hardly ever drop to freezing.

Between Davis Dam and the Riverside is Department of Wildlife territory, where serious anglers gather to fish for large stripers, trout and crappie. In a pastoral setting among the willows and tall shrubs, the Colorado is peaceful and

#### Waterskier Debbie Christensen skips in the wake of a powerboat below rust-spotted desert hills.



CHARLES MCMANIS

calm as it flows by the town, once the site of Tristate City, a mining town that thrived briefly in the 1920s. Upriver, on Lake Mohave, are excellent areas for waterskiing, boat camping, fishing and exploring, not to mention the marinas at Katherine's Landing, Cottonwood Cove and Willow Beach.

Back at Laughlin, day or night, it's bedlam inside the casinos. There you encounter the tintintabulation of the slot machine bells, the shouting of players tossing dice on the craps tables, and the low, steady shuffling of cards and people—a sensation more or less like Reno or Las Vegas on New Year's Eve.

On the river there is constant movement between Bullhead City and the gambling halls. The little pontooned ferries dart like waterbugs to parking lots on the Arizona side and back across to the casino and motel docks. You can ride the jitneys free back and forth for kicks and, of course, for a change of luck, watching the swift, dark green water flow by, the broiling surface marred by occasional plops of leaping fish.

Don Laughlin, the town's namesake and pioneer, is fond of saying, "Laughlin may lack entertainment, but water draws better than any name act. It entertains everybody because water is so scarce in this part of the world."

While name acts generally remain the wave of the future, you'll certainly find lounge entertainment in Laughlin. Most of the river resorts are keeping their show budgets at modest levels, featuring pop groups, combos and mini-revues. Only Don Laughlin has ventured into the upper plateaus of name headliners. The wide windows of his brand-new 850-seat showroom overlook the river with Eddie Peddie, former member of the comedy-song foursome the Vagabonds, presiding as entertainment director.

As the Riverside grows outward and

upward into a 17-story tower containing more than 500 hotel rooms, its neighbors are in full agreement about the town's future. Enthusiasm for a glowing tomorrow resounds up and down the small resort strip, which runs from the Riverside on the north to the Nevada Club on the South. Between them along the river are the Regency, Colorado Belle, Edgewater and Pioneer. Across the road is the Crystal Palace.

It was Del E. Webb Corporation's purchase in 1979 of the Southpoint Nevada Club from longtime Nevada gambler John Jenkins that brought new attention to the river community. Along with the casino, Webb picked up valuable real estate nearby, making a total of 40 acres

for recreational development. After remodeling, adding 32 rooms and planning a 150-room high rise, the firm became stymied by a shortage of cash brought on by its Atlantic City venture. The outlays were put on hold, but the Laughlin enterprises definitely were not for sale.

The Nevada Club's business has more than doubled in one year, according to general manager Bob Hunsucker. "The atmosphere has a lot to do with it," he admits. "It's a lot like Las Vegas was many years ago."

There may be a tendency to look upon Laughlin as a grind town, but already there are signs of high-rollers and those well-heeled persons who can fly their own airplanes into the Bullhead City air-

port. Don Laughlin himself has a Twin Navajo, a Cessna 210 and a helicopter to pick up guests, and his Rolls-Royce sits archly beneath the Riverside's heliport.

The plush Edgewater, the only high rise to date among the bunch, with its snazzy top-floor river-view suites, is aiming for more high-rollers. A fulltime staffer is in charge of special events, and the resort plans to lure customers from throughout the Southwest—Southern California, Nevada, Arizona, Texas and New Mexico. After the Edgewater opened last November with 160 rooms, immediate plans were made to double guest accommodations.

John Fulton of the Colorado Belle is bullish about the surroundings. With the

# Laughlin Outdoors

In the Laughlin area you'll find excellent chances to fish, camp, water-ski and explore the nearby desert and mountains. Here are some outdoor suggestions.

**Camping:** With a camper or RV you can stay in Laughlin, where several casinos have "dry parking" for overnights. The Riverside's RV park has full hookups for \$6 a night. Just below Davis Dam is Sportsman's Park, operated by Clark County, with a \$2 overnight fee. On Lake Mohave, the RV-hookup nightly rate at Katherine is \$6.50, and at Cottonwood Cove it's \$7 for one or two people (75 cents each

for others over 12). You also can camp at the National Park Service campgrounds at both resorts for \$2 a night.

**Fishing:** Anglers can cast or troll for trout, crappie and the mighty striped bass both on Lake Mohave and in the river below Davis Dam. If you fish from shore, you need a fishing license from Nevada or Arizona. Boat fishing requires a license from Nevada or Arizona with a special use stamp from the other state.

**Houseboats:** On Mohave you can rough it in comfort on a houseboat, which can be rented at Lake Mohave Resort or at Cottonwood Cove.

**Davis Dam:** The earth- and rock-filled dam, which was completed in 1953, forms 67-mile-long Lake Mohave. Visitors can take a free, self-guided tour 11 stories down into the dam.

**Grapevine Canyon:** Six miles west of the dam on Nevada 163, a well-graded dirt road leads north into the picturesque Newberry Mountains. (Beforehand, especially during rainy periods, ask locally about the road's condition.) After about three miles a short spur to the left takes you to a parking area and a short trail into Grapevine Canyon. There you'll discover excellent Indian petroglyphs (rock writings) and a stream that flows year-round.

**Christmas Tree Pass:** Continuing north and west, the main graded road takes you into a pinyon-juniper forest 4,000 feet above the Colorado River. The high point is Christmas Tree Pass. Legend has it that one Christmas miners or cattlemen decorated some junipers there with tin cans and bottles, a tradition still carried on by holiday-spirited residents.

**Mining Towns and Chollas:** From the pass, the road winds down across the desert to join U.S. 95. To the north are the historic mining towns of Searchlight and, off Nevada 165, Nelson. Just east of both towns are impressive forests of teddybear cholla. These cacti are painful for anyone who backs into them but delightful for steady photographers.

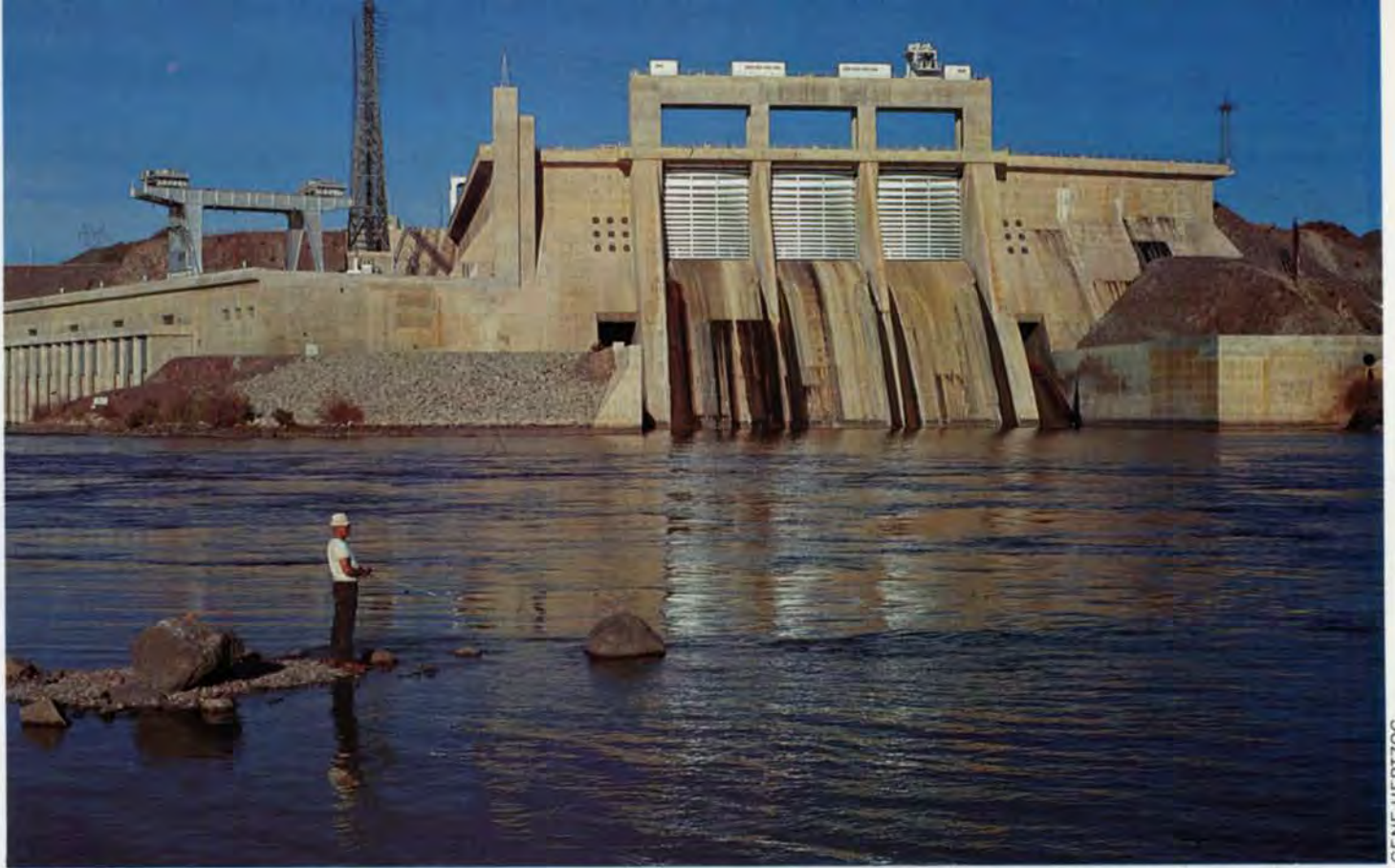
**Helicopter Rides:** For a view of it all from the air, walk up to the main desk at the Riverside Casino and ask for a helicopter ride. The sightseeing tours run about 10 minutes and start at \$10 per person.

—David Huntzinger and David Moore

Mild winters allow campers and dirt-road vagabonds to explore the Colorado all year long, but in the summer you'll be looking for air conditioning when the thermometer hits 120. Laughlin and Lake Mohave are part of the Lake Mead National Recreation Area.



DAVID HUNTZINGER



GENE HERTZOG

Just north of Laughlin a fisherman tries his luck in the river below Davis Dam, which backs up Lake Mohave. The dam was completed in 1953 as part of a massive reclamation project on the Colorado. Visitors can take a free self-guided tour of the dam.

Edgewater on one side and the smaller Regency on the other, the Belle has blueprints for a 10-floor, 158-room tower with casino expansion and penthouse suites. Fulton, as vice-president and general manager, installed the Bojangles Dining Room for moneyed tourists, matching the Edgewater's circumspect green and white

gourmet nook with its fine napery and crystal. He also points to the lavishly appointed Tamarack Lounge with stage built to entice a variety of shows.

Under Fulton the Colorado Belle is a tight ship. Angling for the entire customer spectrum, he declares, "Laughlin offers the other end of the 'what's missing in

Las Vegas'—a genuine concern for entertainment of guests in all phases of our operation."

Tom Eliardi of the Pioneer Hotel & Gambling Hall, located between the Edgewater and Nevada Club, has brought more than a whiff of Las Vegas to the river. His "minute-after-midnight 1982"



Casino ferries dart like waterbugs across the river day and night, carrying customers and employees between Laughlin and Bullhead City. The jitneys can make the 240-yard run from the Arizona side to the Nevada Club in less than a minute.



CHARLES McMANIS

# A Good Irish Name

Don Laughlin started with a rundown bait shop and built a \$50 million resort, so why shouldn't the town be named after him?

"Naming the town Laughlin wasn't my idea," says Riverside Casino owner Don Laughlin. "A lot of people look at it like, boy, you must be on a big ego kick. You got the town named after you. My answer is jokingly, 'No, they named it after my mother.'"

Laughlin wanted to call his Colorado River settlement Casino, copying that other Nevada border town, Jackpot. But the federal government changed his mind for him.

"The man that came down—I forget his title, postal inspector, I think—said no, we didn't like your suggestion of Riverside or Casino because they're too common. He said Laughlin's a good Irish name. His name was O'Neill. So, they named it Laughlin, substation out of Searchlight."

The latter-day gambling pioneer, slight and spare with piercing grey-blue eyes, is an energetic, no-nonsense originator. Besides his 92-acre Riverside hotel-casino and the "spillover" River Queen Motel across the river in Bullhead City, he owns a 61,000-acre ranch in Arizona's Hualapai Mountains that runs 1,400 head of cattle. About one third of the herd supplies beef to the Riverside and River Queen kitchens after processing at the slaughterhouse in Mesquite, Nevada. His Laughlin Land and Cattle Company also uses 520 acres of farmland near Needles to raise feed for the cattle.

Laughlin moved to Las Vegas in the early '50s. He bought a small bar in

West Las Vegas and filled it with slots. Later he sold it for a profit and enrolled in dealing school. After a series of odd jobs, he bought the 101 Club in North Las Vegas, made it successful, sold it and then took it back again.

By the mid-1960s he was looking around for fresh territory. He found a little bait shop, bar and five cabins on the Colorado below Davis Dam. So that he could work around the clock on his new property, he leveled a landing strip, bought a plane, learned to fly and commuted from Las Vegas. He sold the 101 at a big profit and ploughed all his money into his

Riverside expansion, now easily a \$50 million investment.

Although energetic and successful, Laughlin has not forgotten his home town, Owatonna, Minnesota, where he got his start in gaming by fooling with slot machines (permitted with no prize money) as a sideline to his watch business. Every August 13 he and his mother fly back to Owatonna for Don Laughlin Day. Naming a day after him wasn't his idea either.

And he has no current plans for creating Laughlin County, State of Laughlin, USA. Right now he's just too busy.—BW



Don Laughlin got a plane and learned to fly so he could commute from Vegas.

RENE GERMANIER

opening found not only the crush of usual Pioneer patrons but also well-wishers attracted from afar by a 97-foot tall "Howdy Pardner" cowboy sign that welcomes you to Laughlin with a taped message. The sign is just like its counterpart at the Pioneer on Fremont Street, which intones in deep, sepulchral tones, "Welcome to Las Vegas." Now, that's progress!

If Laughlin is the best kept secret in Nevada right now, it won't be for long. Official moves by the Colorado River Commission are working in favor of development action this year. Commission chairman Jack Lehman says his panel is seeking "the best for Laughlin," promising to unlock 1,000 acres and try for an additional 9,000.

A flurry of presentations by developers came to light last summer. Two proposals involved 3,000 homes and 2,800 mobile homes and condominiums. One developer, Clark Bingham, a partner in Laughlin Development Enterprises and former member of the Laughlin Town Board, has said, "Laughlin could become the model city of Southern Nevada, our Lake Havasu."

Last September the Riverside's not-quite-finished convention hall was jammed with 300 potential Laughlin residents when the CRC approved Clark County's tentative development plan for Laughlin. A couple of commissioners joked it was the first time they had seen the Colorado River.

"Let's empty Bullhead City," was the

locals' battle cry.

Later Jack Dotson, president of the Town Board, said, "By the 25th of March, it'll be like a starting line. Fire a pistol and they'll be off and running."

Despite potential problems with sewage and water, Dotson is certain of the boom to come. "I look for a growth in the next 10 years of 50,000. Right now, the people living on the other side of the river are being taxed out of their minds. Let the money stay in Nevada where it belongs!" □

Bill Willard, a longtime observer of the Laughlin scene, is a sculptor and newspaper columnist who has lived in Las Vegas for more than 30 years. As an actor he appears frequently at the Meadows Playhouse.

# Steamboats on the Colorado

For pilots and passengers, travel on the Colorado River was always an adventure, whether they were fighting heat, sandbars or modern times.  
By Jim Mack

The ferries that now cross and recross the Colorado River between Laughlin and Bullhead City have mighty ancestors—steamboats. They helped open up the entire Southwest during the 19th century, with the northern-most point of practical navigation for the river, Hardyville, lying close to the present site of Laughlin.

The first smoke-belching side-wheeler, the *Uncle Sam*, clanged its way up the muddy waters of the Colorado in November 1852 in an experiment to supply the military forts along the river's southern stretch. But miners and businessmen soon began to call for freight and passenger service, and riverboats ventured farther north.

With increasing trade there was mounting pressure to explore the Colorado's navigable channels. Joseph C. Ives, a young Army lieutenant, was given command of a small stern-wheeler named the *Explorer*, and he left from Robinson's Landing, 60 miles below Yuma, on December 31, 1857. He ascended the

river 400 miles to the mouth of Black Canyon, near the present site of Willow Beach. There he hit a submerged rock and damaged the riverboat. Afraid to take the steamer farther upstream, Ives set out in a small skiff and reached what he called the Virgin River. The river he found was actually Las Vegas Wash. He returned downriver to indicate that the "Virgin River" was the uppermost point of practical steam navigation.

The biggest boost to the Colorado's steamboat trade came with discoveries of gold and silver along the river, particularly at Eldorado Canyon, Nevada, in 1861. Hundreds of people—miners, merchants and their families—sought their fortunes in the hills around the boomtown. The steamboats were busy during the next few years hauling freight and passengers upriver and carrying sacks of ore to downriver mills.

Fortune seekers could travel aboard the ocean-going steamers of the Colorado Steam Navigation Company. From San Francisco they sailed down the coast of

California and Mexico, around the Baja Peninsula and up the Gulf of California to the mouth of the Colorado. There they transferred to the ungainly river steamers for the upstream journey. Travel and accommodations on the steamers were not at all like those of their eastern counterparts on the waters of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. One traveler, Martha Summerhayes, left an account of her trip on the Colorado in the early days:

*"We had staterooms, but could not remain in them long at a time, on account of the intense heat. I had never felt such heat, and no one else ever had or has since. We wandered around the boat, first forward, then aft, to find a cool spot."*

First class passage was \$135 from San Francisco to Eldorado. Passengers had to schedule their trips to upriver ports for the summer months, when the water ran highest. For most of the year the town of Hardyville, just south of modern Bullhead City, was the head of navigation. The rapids of Black Canyon, above Eldorado, were at times an obstacle to steamboat travel. In answer to this problem large ringbolts were driven into the canyon walls, and with the aid of a steam winch the boats pulled themselves through the most difficult places. Lake Mohave visitors today can see a few ringbolts, and one is on display in the ranger station at Willow Beach.

Navigation on the river was challenging. Fluctuating water levels, floating debris and shifting sandbars made for slow progress during the day; at night travel was impossible. Martha Summerhayes talked of this also:

*"Our progress was naturally much retarded, and sometimes we were aground an hour, sometimes a half day or more. Captain Mellon was always cheerful. River steamboating was his life and sandbars were his excitement."*

Captain Mellon once enjoyed himself on a sandbar for 52 days before the river rose and freed his boat and passengers.

The riverboat trade suffered after the Southern Pacific Railroad completed a line from San Francisco to Yuma in 1877. But the Colorado Steam Navigation Company continued to operate until 1916, when the last steamboat, the *Searchlight*, mysteriously disappeared in early October. But railroads and automobiles had long since freed prospectors and merchants from dependence on the river to transport ore and goods. Although the twilight years saw some experimentation with gasoline-powered riverboats, the romance of steam navigation quietly slipped into the pages of history, just as the echo of their whistles has faded from the canyon walls. □

*Jim Mack is a former district interpreter at Lake Mead National Recreational Area and now serves as chief interpreter at John Day Fossil Beds in Oregon. He is author of Haleakala: The Story Behind the Scenery.*



The *Searchlight*, the last of the Colorado steamboats, was listed as "lost" in October 1916, ending more than 65 years of steam navigation on the river. Other boats had mysteriously disappeared before. One was later found buried in an abandoned river channel.

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# The Complete Nevada Golfer

From alpine meadow to dry lakebed, Nevada's 44 courses try the skills of hackers and pros alike with cunning layouts, year-round play and club-stopping scenery.

**T**hat addictive weekend sport known as golf has a special flavor in Nevada. Where else can you find elegant country clubs forming park-like islands among the roots of the great Strip hotels. Or the emerald-green fairways that flow between the tall pines of Lake Tahoe. Or the backcountry courses of rural Nevada, where coyotes sometimes outnumber the golfers.

The following guide to golf in the Silver State separates myth from mulligan as *Nevada* explores 44 courses in Tahoe, Reno, Las Vegas and the cow counties.

## Tahoe: Playing the High Country

Golf balls fly farther and even the martinis have more zip at 6,500 feet.

By James McKimmy

**T**he scene is the first hole of the Championship Course at Incline Village, rated by *Golf Digest* as one of the best five courses in Nevada.\* Altitude: 6,500 feet. Standing at the blue tee with driver in hand is George Bayer, professional golfer's premier long-hitter, famous for his 300-plus-yard drives. He looks down the fairway to the green lying just beyond a wide water obstacle created by a mountain stream. It's a demanding par 4 to reach the cup 416 yards away.

Bayer tees up as a cool breeze comes off the rugged terrain with its massive boulders and ponderosa pines. He's a pro here now, away from the constant pres-

sure and travel of the PGA circuit. He has been hearing comments lately:

"You're getting older, George."

"You're getting stiff, George."

"You're not hitting them so far anymore, George."

He addresses the ball, concentrating. He swings, and there sounds the solid click of a well-hit shot. The ball flies above the fairway. When the flight ends, the ball drops into a sand trap.

Next to the green.

"I finally carried that damned creek!" Bayer shouts ecstatically.

With a 400-yard drive.

Proving he is still a premier long-hitter. But he had a little help from the altitude.

That happened several years ago. Lake Tahoe's golf-playing conditions remain the same, differing measurably from those on the Monterey Peninsula, for instance. A golfer playing in the High Sierra for the first time will find his or her shots getting an extra six to 10 percent carry, an advantage a native Tahoe player, in a reverse situation, misses at sea level.

At Lake Tahoe even the martinis have an extra jolt because of the altitude.

Dave Beeman, co-owner of Tahoe Paradise, a par-66 executive course peppered with trees, says, "The air is thinner here, and so there's about a one-club difference in your approach to shots between Lake Tahoe and Pebble Beach. If, say, you used a five iron to reach a green there, you'd probably use a six iron here.

"People who are new to playing up here question the distance of our course," Beeman says. "They really do think it's shorter than it is. But the yards indicated are honest. We have maximum par-4 holes at Paradise. But assume you're playing a course at Tahoe with par fives. You can get to the green in two so much easier. Then you can make that par, and some birdies, too."

Lane Christiansen is the former head pro at Incline, on the north shore, the site of two top courses. The championship course, a par 72 at 7,138 yards, was designed by Robert Trent Jones and built in the early sixties. The Incline Executive Course is a challenging par 58, with 14 par 3s and four par 4s, and has been the site of the National Championship of Executive Golf Courses for the past three years.

Christiansen says, "This is an attractive area for golf because everyone thinks he's playing better. But some players have a stronger advantage than others at this elevation. Someone who hits a high-flying drive, for instance, will carry longer than someone with the long, low drive. And testing of compression at this elevation proves that everyone hits the 100 compression ball farther than the 90 or 80, no matter the ability."

Edgewood Tahoe, on the south shore at Stateline, has been rated by *Golf Digest* as one of the top 10 public courses in the nation, in addition to being ranked in Nevada's top five.

Like Incline's Championship Course, it's a par 72. But Edgewood is slightly longer and was designed to make extra-distance shots created by thin air no real advantage. The 1980 USGA Amateur Public Links Championship was held there, the first USGA tournament to be held in Nevada. It's a contender for the site of a future U.S. Open. Craig Stadler, winner of the Kemper Open and more than \$200,000 in 1981 and the going-away winner of this year's Tucson Open, is an Incline resident and the touring pro at Edgewood. The clubhouse and several holes border the lake.

Orrin Vincent, the course's director of golf, agrees that the high-ball hitter will gain the most advantage from the altitude.

**Two pro-rated courses offer challenging, picturesque golf at Incline.**

\* The others are the Desert Inn, Las Vegas Country Club, Lakeridge and Edgewood.



"A hard wind off the lake isn't really a factor," he explains. "The air's just too thin to allow it to affect the flight of a ball."

"But then there are some minor disadvantages because of the location. Such as new players finding their concentration levels lowered on account of the terrific views."

Other golf courses around the lake offer varied measures of that same distraction.

On the west shore is the Tahoe City Golf Course, built in the 1920s. At Truckee is the lush Tahoe Donner Golf & Country Club. Northstar-At-Tahoe is in this area, a gorgeous 18-hole course which has been given a Northern California Golf Association rating of 72.4, making it the 14th most difficult in California. The Ponderosa Golf Course is also in the vicinity. On the north shore is Woodvista (formerly Brockway) Golf Course at Kings Beach. None of its fairways touch one another, giving each hole a separate personality.

Glenbrook, on the east shore beside Glenbrook Bay, also a course built in the '20s, possesses its own stunning lakeside views and offers exacting play despite its relatively short 9-hole length.

On the south shore is the small Bijou Golf Course in South Lake Tahoe and the 6,000-yard 18-hole Lake Tahoe Country Club near Meyers, where the Upper Truckee River winds.

Waiting isn't much of a problem at Tahoe courses. Says Ralph Bowcutt, one of the better local amateurs, "A 10-minute wait to start is usual. Twenty minutes is unusual. But make reservations."

All courses offer challenges unique to Lake Tahoe, in addition to the distraction of its beauty.

Cold early mornings turn dew to frost, which slows the ball notably, especially on greens. Walking one hill too fast can leave you weak. Dave Beeman suggests playing nine holes the first day, in order to experience the changes made by the altitude, then 18 the next. The cart is a special advantage, even where it's not mandatory. The toughest tests can be met even by a vacationing golfer, but Beeman advises that it can be done with a little extra care.

"The long, difficult courses are made precisely for good golfers," he says. "Edgewood's one of those. And it's a course that those golfers should play at least once, to own the experience."

The smaller courses at Tahoe present a variety of natural hazards as well. At Paradise, for example, there exists one of the most wicked golfing adversaries around—a large brownish-cinnamon cedar tree at a gentle dogleg of the 18th fairway, directly in line with the green. If a ball hits that tree, as so many do, the ball is likely never to be seen again. "That cedar absorbs balls," Beeman says.

Yet, he explains, there are non-frustrating pleasures, too. "Smaller courses take less time, so you can start playing late in the afternoon. With the dew off the grass, conditions are at their best. You can enjoy the whole experience, including the setting of the sun—it's a great time to play."

If hard challenge is the name of your golf pleasure, you'll find it. If an easy, casual 9-hole round of golf is the name of yours, you'll find it as well.

But you'll have to handle the pleasure of either with that continuing distraction of Lake Tahoe's lofty splendor. □

*James McKimmey is an author and freelance writer living and golfing at South Lake Tahoe.*

## Vegas: A Swinger's Dozen

Thirteen southern courses,  
from the Strip to Pahrump.  
By Peter Benton

The 13 golf courses in and around Las Vegas tend to spoil players. They can play pro tournament courses, like the Desert Inn and Sahara, that have posh accommodations and green-side restaurants. They can play fine out-of-town links like the Calvada layout in Pahrump, which uses a world-record 1,900 sprinkler heads to keep the new desert course lushly green. The year-round play can be challenging and humbling on these layouts, each one with special holes that are memorable for beauty and bogeys.

The Tropicana, located on the south end of the Strip, has an excellent restaurant where you can enjoy views of the course over breakfast. The course is tight and bisected by a huge drainage channel, the Tropicana Wash, that creates strange and varied stances. With a number of elevated greens, it's the most undulating layout in town. Perhaps the toughest hole is the 2nd, a par 3 that measures 219 yards from the championship tee. It's a straight shot to the well-trapped green, but the green is long and narrow, running east to west—while you're playing north to south.

Across the Strip is the Dunes Country Club, whose long course favors the strong hitter. But beware: there are some water hazards, and more than half the holes have out-of-bounds. One memorable hole at the Dunes, which is sometimes called the Emerald Green, is the 2nd, a 585-yard par 5. Even with a 250-yard drive on this dogleg-right hole, the golfer has to make a decision: to go over the lake with a hit of 200 yards, or to take the long way around and say farewell to par.

Del Webb's Sahara Country Club in the 1960s was the site of the PGA Sahara Invitational. The course is tree-lined, full of fairway and green-side traps and has many water hazards. The long par 3s are considered by pros to be the toughest you can find on a single course. The most difficult hole is the picturesque 6th, a par-4 dogleg-left of 442 yards. Trees border the fairway. To the left it's out of bounds. Too far right and you'll catch a downhill roll to a creek that meanders from the tee to the well-trapped green. The 6th justifies its hardest-hole rating.

The Desert Inn Country Club, original site of the PGA's Tournament of Champions and now home of the LPGA J&B Scotch Pro-Am, is a thinking man's course. The layout, one of the area's

Players must swing for accuracy to avoid Calvada's 11 lakes.



JOHN CURTIS



One of several championship courses in Las Vegas, the Desert Inn is the original home of the PGA's Tournament of Champions. This aerial view shows the Strip and, on the right, the Landmark and Hilton, with downtown's skyline in the distance.

oldest, has a profusion of mature trees and oleander bushes. The unanimous choice for toughest hole is the 5th. The 568-yard par 5 is trouble all the way. With trees on both sides and out-of-bounds on the right, you may hit a good drive with a slight fade—and land right in the dreaded oleanders. Land short, and trees and rough interfere. There's no relief at the green, which is nearly surrounded by traps. In the clubhouse you'll find an unusual slot machine, one that pays out in golf balls, of course.

Another Strip course, the Las Vegas Country Club, is a private club and open strictly to members only. A long layout, it's rated by pros as one of the state's best.

The old municipal course on the west side of town is now the Las Vegas Golf Club, operated under contract for the past year by two pros, Jim Colbert and Ron Fogler. They already have greatly improved the course, adding a course-wide watering system, renovating the clubhouse and pro shop and acquiring 72 brand-new electric carts. Probably the toughest hole is the 17th, a 218-yarder whose green has two levels and traps ready to snare errant drives.

Winterwood, on the east side, presents an unusual problem; nearly all the greens are elevated, and even the best players may have problems with depth perception. The level course measures only

6,507 yards from the championship tees, but it's far from the breeze many people think it is. For instance, you'll walk away from the 227-yard 3rd hole quite happy with a bogey. The stamp-sized green is well-trapped in back, surrounded by rough—and your drive must carry a lake that extends from tee to green.

North Las Vegas has two interesting layouts. Craig Ranch, located north of town on Craig Road, is a flat desert course with no houses in sight. It has a course-estimated 4,000 trees, no traps and many live-in quail, rabbits and road runners. Next to City View Park is the nine-hole North Las Vegas Community Golf Course, the area's only par-3 layout. Fees are particularly low—\$3 for 18 on weekdays, and \$1.50 for club rental and pull cart.

In Henderson, 13 miles south of downtown Vegas, is the Black Mountain course, named for the 3,634-foot peak that looms above. The course is flat and wide-open. The most difficult hole, the 539-yard 5th, gets its rating from the long hits required to reach the green in three.

Paradise Valley Country Club, recently purchased by the Showboat Hotel, is four miles east of McCarran airport. The desert course, overlooked by a comfortable lounge and bar, has all the ingredients of trouble: uphill and downhill lies, rock-hard desert off some fairways, trees

and out-of-bounds markers. The wickedest hole is the 619-yard 2nd, which angles right and then left. The secret is to sacrifice distance and stay on the fairway.

The area's only regulation nine-holer is in Boulder City, 24 miles south of Las Vegas. The Boulder course is deceiving. Take the first hole, for instance. It's 408 yards, not long for a par 4. But because of the fairway traps and a small valley, no tee shot is safe. Hit short and you're looking a bogey in the eye.

Calvada Valley Country Club, located in Pahrump, 55 miles west of Las Vegas, has to be in the top three of every local's list. The course, designed by William Bell, has possibly the best greens in the state; they are large and immaculate and reward the player with a good putting touch. The front nine was built on an alfalfa field and the back nine on a wooded area, where mesquite, tamarisk and salt cedar trees provide appealing views and hazards. An ambitious irrigation project has created 11 lakes that come into play on 13 holes. One such hole is the 17th, a 546-yard monster with a lake breaching the fairway. Luckily, after one more hole you'll be in the clubhouse. □

*Peter Benton is a golf columnist for the Las Vegas Sun.*

## Reno: Clubs on the Range

The desert and wildlife are part of the challenge on Reno-Sparks area courses.  
By Frank Dell'Apa

**R**eno courses are known for their variety of layouts, wide-open play and an abundance of desert wildlife that keep golfers awake no matter how early their tee times.

They are links built in the desert, "cut through the sagebrush with its rocks and snakes instead of being like parks," says one pro. You won't confuse them with Brookline, Merion or other famous clubs. But with numerous water and sand hazards and imaginative layouts, Reno courses are among the most challenging in the state. Here is a look at each one:

Brookside, Reno's only nine-holer, is favored by many of the area's senior golfers. "It's an easy course to walk," pro Dave Warez says, "and we have the best greens in the area." Built in 1959 by a private corporation, Brookside was taken over by the City of Reno in 1968. But the course's land was leased on a year-to-year basis from Reno Cannon International Airport, which two years ago turned the back nine into a landing strip. Airport expansion probably will swallow the rest of the course by the mid-'80s. "I've been in golf 32 years and it's the first time I've heard of something like this happening," Warez says.

Sierra Sage, nine miles north of Reno at Stead, is not a difficult course—if you stay in the fairway. The rough, which consists of sand and sagebrush, is the toughest in the area, and scatter-shot hitters also have to contend with 37 bunkers. The course is home for a

number of bull snakes, which are harmless but sometimes cause a stir when they're discovered on the greens.

Open to members only, Hidden Valley Country Club in Reno plays host to the annual St. Mary's Hospital Guild exhibitions, which feature famous pros like Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus and Lee Trevino. It's also the home course of Patty Sheehan, the 1981 LPGA rookie of the year. A wide-open course, Hidden Valley is 7,054 yards from the championship tees.

Lakeridge, built on ranch land in southwest Reno, is famous for two holes—the 15th, with its elevated tee and island green, and the 19th Hole, one of Reno's best restaurants. The course was designed by Robert Trent Jones and built by Bill Hull, who left Jones' organization to work for Lakeridge in 1968. Hull, who is director of golf, made sure Lakeridge would be a challenge. There are 76 bunkers and 12 lakes, not to mention 2,500 wild geese that drive the greenskeepers crazy. The par-3 15th hole has a 140-foot vertical drop. "There's not a dozen courses in the U.S. with a hole like it," Hull says. Lakeridge's 15th has never been aced.

Washoe County Golf Course was built in 1936 on the site of Reno's original airport. The town's first golf course, Washoe is flat and wide-open. The third hole, 121 yards, is known as the easiest hole to ace in the area. But the 11th, at 173 yards with a blind shot to an elevated green, is one of the most difficult. Washoe was the home of the Reno Open, a pro tour event of the 1950s. Now it caters mostly to locals.

Wildcreek, Sparks' only golf course, is the home of the Women's Pro Golf Tour Reno Open. Wildcreek also will host a PGA Seniors stop in 1983. With a competitive record of 73, Wildcreek is considered the area's most challenging course. The championship course has seven lakes and 28 bunkers, and there are an

additional five lakes on Wildcreek's nine-hole executive (par-3) course.

Two of the toughest championship holes are the 614-yard, dogleg-right 18th and the 398-yard 11th, which has a ditch about 300 yards from the tee. "Only two people have driven over the ditch on 11," says pro Don Krivanek. "One was Pat McCleary (of Reno). The other was Willie Mays, who was playing in a pro-am."

"I bet him \$20 he couldn't do it—and he did."

Besides tough play, Wildcreek is also known for its coyotes and in particular one called Charlie, who sometimes walks up while players are putting and makes off with a golf ball. Krivanek says, "He has made himself right at home." □

*Frank Dell'Apa is a sports writer for the Nevada State Journal and Reno Evening Gazette.*

## Cow Counties: The Missing Links

We had 11 courses to play, 1,200 miles to drive, and nothing to do for eight days but play golf.  
By Jim Crandall

**"T**here's a golf course in Gabbs?" I asked during a Sunday outing at the Eagle Valley Golf Course in Carson City.

"Yeah, it's called Sandy Bottom," said my traveling geologist friend, Craig Hyde.

"Gabbs? I suppose the jackrabbits are all caddies, too," said Jim Allander.

Whenever Hyde would join Allander, myself and Dave Moore on our Sunday golfing jaunts, he'd bring tales of more golf courses hidden in the sagebrush of rural Nevada. At the Hawthorne muni-

*(Continued on next page)*

Barnstorming golfers Allander (left) and Crandall hole out on the 7th green at Hawthorne's Walker Lake Country Club.



# The Nevada Golfer's Scorecard

Where, how much, how far and par for the 44 championship and executive courses in Nevada and the Lake Tahoe Basin.

Course, Location	Phone (702)	Holes	Par & Yards		Green Fees† (9/18 holes)	Carts (9/18 holes)	Dates Open	Pro Shop	Driving Range	Restaurant	Snack Bar	Bar	Course Pro
			Men's	Women's									
<b>LAS VEGAS</b>													
Desert Inn Country Club	733-4444	18	72/6,666	72/5,797	\$20 g, \$30 n	\$6	all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Dave Johnson
Dunes Country Club	737-4746	18	72/6,571	72/5,982	\$15 g, \$23 n	\$16*	all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Don Welch
Las Vegas Country Club		18	72/6,730	74/5,777	mbr/guest		all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Bill Farkas, Jr.
Las Vegas Golf Club	646-3301	18	72/6,325	72/5,686	\$6 res., \$8 nonr.	\$10	all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Ron Fogler
Sahara Country Club	737-2870	18	71/6,418	71/5,761	\$20 g, \$27 n	\$8	all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Jim Spach
Tropicana Country Club	739-2579	18	70/6,647	72/5,897	\$18 g, \$24 n	\$8	all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Dick Huff
Winterwood Golf Course	452-3816	18	71/6,507	71/5,422	\$6 ss, \$5 m-f	\$12	all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Joe LePire, Jr.
<b>NORTH LAS VEGAS</b>													
Craig Ranch Golf Course	642-9700	18	70/6,001	70/5,432	\$5.50	\$9	all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Sam Camerano
North Las Vegas Golf Course	649-7171	9	27/1,128	27/1,128	\$4 ssh, \$3 m-f		all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
<b>HENDERSON</b>													
Black Mountain Golf Course	565-7933	18	72/6,397	74/5,866	\$8 ssh, \$6 m-f	\$12	all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	R. A. Stewart, mgr
Paradise Valley Country Club	451-2106	18	72/6,500	72/5,462	\$21	\$16	all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Joe Kelly
<b>SOUTHERN RURAL</b>													
Boulder City Municipal Golf Course	293-3536	9	37/3,463	37/3,027	\$3.50/\$5.75	\$6/\$12	all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Hugh Jefferies
Calvada Valley Country Club, Pahrump	727-5866	18	71/7,045	73/5,916	\$20 ss, \$18 m-f	(incl)	all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Paul Bullock
<b>RENO &amp; SPARKS</b>													
Hidden Valley Country Club		18	72/6,704	75/5,972	mbr/guest	\$12	all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Ed Jones
Lakeridge Golf Course	825-2200	18	72/6,352	72/5,430	\$15	\$14*	all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Cork Cori
Sierra Sage Golf Course	972-1564	18	71/6,618	72/5,551	\$8	\$12	all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Mike Mitchell
Washoe County Golf Course	785-4286	18	72/6,551	74/5,866	\$8	\$12	all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Barney Bell
Brookside Municipal Golf Course	322-6009	9	36/3,065	36/2,841	\$4 wtr., \$5 sum.	\$6/\$10	all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Dave Warez
Wildcreek Championship Golf Course	673-3100	18	72/6,783	72/5,718	\$17.50	(incl)	all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Don Krivanek
Wildcreek Executive Golf Course	673-3100	9	27/1,420	27/1,170	\$3/\$5	(incl)	all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Don Krivanek
<b>NORTH LAKE TAHOE</b>													
Incline Championship Golf Course	832-1144	18	72/7,138	72/6,697	\$36	(incl)	May-Oct.	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Bob Marshall
Incline Executive Golf Course	832-1150	18	58/3,505	58/2,875	\$24	(incl)	June-Sept.	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Bob Marshall
Northstar	†562-1018	18	72/6,890	72/5,518	\$14**	\$7.50*	May-Oct.	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Jim Anderson
Ponderosa Golf Course	†587-3501	9	36/3,000		\$7** all day	\$5.50/\$10**	May-Oct.	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
Tahoe-Donner Golf Course	†587-6046	18	72/6,631	74/6,020	\$18 ss, \$16 m-f	\$15	May-Oct.	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Fred Eliot
Woodvista Golf Course	†546-9909	9	35/3,057	35/2,804	\$8/\$12	\$8/\$12	spg-fall	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Richard Conroy
Graeagle Meadows Golf Course	†836-2323	18	72/6,678	72/5,654	\$15 ss, \$12 m-f	\$15	April-Nov.	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Ken Towns
<b>SOUTH LAKE TAHOE</b>													
Bijou Golf Course	†544-2120	9	33/2,400		\$3/\$5**		spg-fall	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	
Edgewood Lake Tahoe	588-3566	18	72/7,460	73/5,854	\$32	\$8	May-Oct.	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Orrin D. Vincent
Glenbrook Golf Course	749-5201	9	34/2,641		\$9		spg-fall	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Warren MacCarty
Lake Tahoe Country Club	†577-0788	18	71/6,133	72/5,556	\$16	\$14	May-Nov.	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Ron Parsons
Tahoe Paradise Golf Course	†577-0797	18	66/4,963	66/3,893	\$6/\$10	\$7/\$12	May-Oct.	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Dave Beeman
<b>WESTERN COW COUNTIES</b>													
Eagle Valley Golf Course, Carson City	887-2380	18	72/6,314	72/6,030	\$6.50	\$11	Feb.-Dec.	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Tom Duncan
Carson Valley Country Club, Gardnerville	782-3181	18	71/6,090	72/5,387	\$4/\$6	\$4/\$6	all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Bill Merrill, owner
Casa de Mar, Fallon	423-4616	9	36/3,138	38/2,767	\$4/\$5	\$5/\$10	all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Mitch Graham
Mason Valley Country Club, Yerington	463-3300	9	36/3,176	37/2,901	\$6 ss, \$5 m-f		all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	George Dini, owner
Walker Lake Country Club, Hawthorne	945-7705	9	35/2,700	34/2,562	\$3/\$5	\$3/\$5	all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Mike Fitzgerald, mgr.
Sandy Bottom, Gabbs		9	36				desert clay course						
<b>EASTERN &amp; NORTHERN COW COUNTIES</b>													
Winnemucca Golf Course	623-9920	9	36/3,250	37/3,250	\$6 ssh, \$5 m-f	\$11**	March-Oct.	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Bill Phillips
White Pine Golf Course, Ely	289-4095	9	36/3,278	38/3,072	\$6 ss, \$5 m-f	\$5/\$10	March-Oct.	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Joe Cullinane, Jr.
Ruby View Golf Course, Elko	738-6212	18	72/6,743	73/6,187	\$6 ss, \$5 m-f	\$12*	March-Oct.	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Lou Eiguren
Spring Creek Golf Course, s. of Elko	753-6295	18	71/6,242	71/5,492	\$5	\$12	April-Oct.	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Bert Inish
Jackpot Golf Course	755-2264	9	36/3,350	36/3,250	\$6 ssh, \$5 m-f	\$5/\$10	March-Oct.	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Bill Downs
Wells Golf Course	752-3928	9	35/2,930	37/2,840	\$6 ssh, \$5 m-f	\$5/\$10	March-Nov.	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Mike Ceriello

\*—mandatory

\*\*—1981 rate

g—hotel guests

n—non-guests

†—use 916 area code

‡—for 18 holes unless otherwise noted

# GOLF

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Every year Nevada has a full line-up of tournaments that you can enter as a local amateur for titles or for fun. There are also a number of pro-ams and opens where you can watch some of the country's best players. In March the women's pro tour visits the Desert Inn course in Las Vegas, bringing top swingers like Beth Daniels, Nancy Lopez and Reno's own Patty Sheehan. Events that often draw from the men's tour are the Nevada Open, at the Tropicana in June, and the Sierra Nevada Open, won by Craig Stadler in 1979 and 1980, at Edgewood and Incline in July.

Another highly popular but exclusive tournament form is the hotel invitational. Nevada's hotel-casinos hold pot scrambles and invitationals for regular guests and friends, giving players an extra dividend on their Nevada vacations. "Every major hotel in this town has held tournaments," says Gary Yelverton of the Landmark in Las Vegas. "Golf is really big in this town. You wouldn't believe how big it's getting, the golfers who come in."

From the Strip to Jackpot, here is a sampling of this year's events you can enter or watch.

\$200,000 J&B Scotch Pro-Am, women's pro tour event, March 18-21, Desert Inn and Las Vegas Country Club  
Nevada State Golf Assn. Championship, Southern Chapter, men's, women's and junior classes, April 24-25, Winterwood and Las Vegas Golf Club  
Ely Amateur, May 15-16, White Pine  
Northern Nevada Seniors Tournament,

May 22-23, Washoe Women's National Public Links Qualifier, June 4, Washoe  
Elko Amateur, June 11-13, Ruby View  
American Cancer Society Tournament, open to amateurs, June 13, Washoe  
Nevada Open, June 14-18, Tropicana  
Men's National Public Links Qualifier, June 21, Edgewood  
Harrah's Pro-Am, June 29-30, Wildcreek  
Wells Pro-Am, June (tba)  
State Junior Championship, match play, July 7-9, Sierra Sage  
Ely Nevada Casino Amateur, July 17-18, White Pine  
\$50,000 Sierra Nevada Open, July 19-22, Edgewood and Incline  
Graeagle Invitational Pro-Am, Sept. 9-11  
\$20,000 Cactus Pete's Open, pro-am, Sept. 9-13, Jackpot  
White Pine Pro-Am, Sept. 25-26  
\$15,000 Winnemucca Pro-Am, Sept. (tba)  
National Championship of Executive Golf Courses, Sept. (tba), Incline Executive  
Elko Pro-Am, Oct. 4-5, Ruby View  
Sands Slam-Am, world's longest hitters in driving contests, Oct. 4-7 Paradise Valley  
Riviera Hall of Fame Golf Classic, sports heroes tournament, Oct. 6-8, Las Vegas Country Club  
Clark County Women's Amateur, Oct. 25, Winterwood  
Calvada Valley Pro-Am, Oct. (tba)  
Clark County Men's Amateur, Nov. 13-14, Winterwood  
PGA Seniors Tour Event, June 2-5, 1983, Wildcreek □

## The Experts' Top Picks

Nevada golfers have an insatiable urge to explore new courses. Wherever players gather, it seems, conversation will turn from slices, hooks, bad luck and water hazards to the characteristics and playability of faraway links.

To separate fact from fiction, Nevada asked the state's golf pros (and managers at courses without pros) to name their five favorite courses in Nevada and the Tahoe Basin. Of the 40 people contacted, 27 pros and two managers responded. Overall, the voting was surprisingly impartial; if a pro in Vegas liked Edgewood at Tahoe, for instance, that's how he voted.

Followed by the number of votes received, here are the experts' top choices:

- Edgewood, Lake Tahoe (24)
- Incline Championship, Lake Tahoe (21)
- Desert Inn, Las Vegas (11)
- Dunes, Las Vegas (10)
- Las Vegas Country Club (7)
- Paradise Valley, Henderson; Sahara, Las Vegas; and Wildcreek, Sparks (6 each)
- Calvada Valley, Pahrump, and Tahoe Donner, Truckee (5 each)
- Hidden Valley, Reno (4)
- Eagle Valley, Carson City; Lake-ridge, Reno; and Tropicana, Las Vegas (3 each)
- Northstar, Lake Tahoe (2)
- *Honorable Mention:* Sierra Sage and Washoe County, Reno; Ruby View, Elko; Walker Lake, Hawthorne; and Graeagle Meadows □

(Continued from previous page)

tions dump. The railroad town of Wells. The gambling town of Jackpot. And more. It was zany.

Then, while tipping beers after a late autumn round at the Carson Valley course in Gardnerville, the grand idea struck.

"Let's plan our week's vacations for spring," Moore said after a long pull on his beer, "and play every cow county golf course in Nevada."

"They're all within a few hours' drive of each other," Allander said. "I can borrow my mom's motorhome, and we'll only have to play 36 holes a day!"

Through the long golfless winter we joked about our Sagebrush Open, but by spring we were polishing our clubs, calling golf courses and scanning maps. There were 11 courses scattered along U.S. 50 and Interstate 80. It would mean driving 1,200 miles and playing nearly 200 holes of golf. But we had eight whole days to do it.

At dawn on Sunday, Memorial Day Weekend, I bid adieu to my disbelieving wife on the doorstep of our Silver City home, and the three of us were off at last, pockets stuffed with cash and nothing to do but golf our brains out.

**1** The first stop was the ranching community of Yerington. Just south of town, below the giant, abandoned Anaconda copper pit, is the Mason Valley Country Club. Off the first tee my drive strayed to a neighboring fairway, and on the second shot I blocked a local player. He came up afterward and said, "Hey, I'm really sorry about getting in your way back there. If that happens again, just take your time. We're in no hurry here."

We knew these were going to be our kind of courses.

The nine-hole course—played twice to make an 18-hole par 72—was flat and lined with evergreen trees. An irrigation ditch ran through the middle—a pesky hazard.

The toughest hole was the 8th. From the tee, the path through the brush and over the ditch is marked by two 10-foot steel posts set 30 feet apart. Shoot between them and you are in position to chip to the green. But miss and you may find your ball stuck in the rusting remnants of farm equipment abandoned in the rough. All of us hit well on the first nine; on the back nine we were 0 for 3.

The round completed—and bets settled for pars, birdies, greenies and low gross—we drove madly east and then down the east shore of Walker Lake to Hawthorne.

**2** The scrub-brush desert around Hawthorne is marked by countless rows of brown dirt mounds built by the Feds to house munitions. A private firm now runs most of the operations, including the Walker Lake Country Club on the old Army base at Babbitt.

(Continued on next page)

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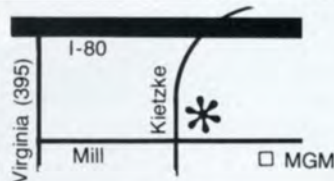
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## THE MISSING LINKS

(Continued from previous page)

At the main gate a woman with a .45 on her hip directed us to the course. Turning the corner of the clubhouse, we beheld a sight we'll never forget.

A canopy of spring rainclouds was held aloft by rows of towering trees. At their feet spread fairways. The greens were of an exotic weave, floating in elevated pools at each fairway's end like green satin pillows on a velvet bed.

It was Sunday, and there was only a handful of people on the nine-hole course.

"Where is everybody?" we asked the manager.

"I don't know," he said. "It's always like this out here." I thought he was going to add, "in heaven."

The course was flat and extremely well tended. As we approached the 7th green, the clouds parted and the green was bathed in golden sunlight. Trees swayed in quiet harmony. A rainbow fell earthward, landing on a two-story colonial mansion, the lawn of which seemed to be an extension of the green. "God must live there," said Allander. He was almost right; the home was the base commander's. Finishing our 36th hole of the day, we camped at Walker Lake.

**3** In the morning it was a quick pot of coffee and a 72-mile drive north to the Casa de Mar Golf Course in Fallon. The nine-hole course uses a number of hills and wicked water hazards. The tee positions are staggered for each nine, so the yardage and hazards change with each round.

The 2nd hole, a 109-yard par 3 (150 yards on the back nine), should be on Wide World of Sports. The approach must be made through huge, overhanging cottonwoods. The green's front lip drops four feet to a riverbed. The back and left aprons meet a chain link fence. The right side falls into a tangle of willows. Keeping the ball low while giving it enough bite to hold had us switching clubs in mid-swing.

After reaching the green a few balls poorer, we waved on a pair of locals. One guy grabbed a wood and swung hard. His ball stopped dead eight feet from the hole. "The old nine wood works every time," he said.

**4** Late that afternoon rain drops began to splatter the dust on the windshield as we drove down the rutted dirt road that leads from the mining town of Gabbs to the clay links known as Sandy Bottom. At the clubhouse—the only building for miles—the door yielded to a good shove.

Inside the darkened, mildewed room, ancient trophies sat on a cobwebbed shelf. We found a faded scorecard, took our five irons and one putter, and marched off in the cleatmarks of earlier Gabbs golfers—Nevada's true golfing pioneers.

The first tee was a rubber mat. Spreading before it was the lakebed fairway—hard, sandy clay, cracked like dried leather but softened by spring rains. We chose our oldest balls and hit away.

There was no green in sight, so we chipped our second shots toward a mound of sand with a hole on top, which proved to be the green.

Two holes later the rain began to pour. As we slogged back to the camper, the lights came on at the Basic Mining Corporation's massive magnesite processing plant in the hills above Gabbs, illuminating the thick smoke that poured from its chimneys into the dark sky.

**5** At 10 the next morning we were 250 miles away in Ely, pounding on the motel door of fellow linkster Terry Seelinger, who joined us for a round on the White Pine County course. It was a good one. With wide fairways and tight-knit greens, the smooth, rolling course was great for improving drives. Like Fallon it uses staggered tee placements to

(Continued on page 33)

## Mulligan Stew

**M**ore than 12 million Americans are playing golf today, and most of them would like to tee up in the kind of year-round golfing weather they'll find in Las Vegas. Rain is seen less frequently than a losing weekend for a casino. The sun shines brightly nearly every day. The climate offers everything for a golfer except a cure for the slice.

But for those of us who play golf in such an area, there also are some drawbacks.

For example, if your wife won't stand for golf on both Saturday and Sunday, you cannot offer an excuse like "I can't play in this weather." The boys *know* why you can't come out to play.

Constant good weather also prohibits the golfer from complaining that drives do not go as far in the winter as they do in summer.

Continued sunny skies also make it easy to point out the golfers who have a drinking problem. In other areas, when a chilling wind whips through the fairways, the sight of a fellow duffer pulling out a flask of brandy from his golf bag is a welcome sight. But here in the warm climes, only Dean Martin can get away with it without raising eyebrows.

Because of the Las Vegas weather, excuses like, "I haven't touched a club all

## Nevada offers not only year-round golfing weather but also a great variety of excuses for missed shots. By Don Digilio

winter," will not be tolerated or believed.

But, although the weather cannot be used as an excuse, there *are* other distractions that the Las Vegas golfer can rely on for good excuses. After all no one should have to play this game without the benefit of an alibi.

At the Sahara Country Club one might be distracted—should they be the star-struck type—by comedian Jerry Lewis zanily walking and singing down the fairway. An even bigger hindrance to a golfer's concentration would be the sight of comic Buddy Hackett trying to fish balls out of one of the many lakes on this beautiful course, as is his habit.

The Sahara course is also the home of Donna the Duck. Donna attracted national publicity last year when she was spotted hanging around the 13th and 18th holes with an arrow through her. Although arrowless now, Donna still resides on the course. Perhaps that explains why so many golfers look up when they play there.

For example: "You looked up on that shot, Hank."

"I know, I thought I saw that damn duck flying over."

Don Rickles can make people in his audiences nervous while they are safe relaxing in their seats. Imagine having the

Merchant of Venom in the foursome right behind you on the number one tee, while you're trying to find the grip to smash a four iron to the green. Making the shot, of course, is impossible.

Keeping your eye on the ball while playing in Vegas is tougher than most people realize. Many of the courses are ringed with beautiful homes, apartments and condos. Since the sun is nearly always shining, the residents often swim in the pools and bathe in the sun.

They include those flashy showgirls that you see in all the spectacular revues. Since many of them go topless on stage, you can imagine what they are wearing when they are lounging around their pool or trying to catch a few rays of the sun. If you think this isn't a handicap for a Las Vegas golfer, you are sadly mistaken.

Golfers in Iowa don't have that problem.

Thus Las Vegas not only offers year around weather for the golfer, but it also offers a new variety of excuses for missed shots. And any golfer worth a mulligan knows how important excuses are on a golf course. □

*Don Digilio is director of publicity at the Aladdin Hotel and an avid (year-round) Las Vegas golfer.*

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Tim Carlson, Executive Director

## THE MISSING LINKS

(Continued from page 30)

make a challenging 18 holes.

Moore, shooting his best game yet, had just dropped a birdie putt on the 14th when a raincloud, its skirts dragging across the desert floor, engulfed us. We consoled him during the wet race to the clubhouse. All bets were canceled.

That night, 137 miles north, we parked on a dirt road outside Wells and were asleep in five minutes.

**6** On Wednesday morning we followed a truck-stop breakfast with a quick nine on the Wells course. The layout, just four years old, was surprisingly green and well tended. Fairway traps and water hazards had us checking wind velocity and scanning the fairways for surprises.

One unforeseen hazard appeared on the 7th tee. Allander was in mid-swing when the automatic sprinklers erupted. Soaked, we played through the showers as best we could. Afternoon was clearly the safest time to play.

**7** By afternoon we were 65 miles north in Jackpot. That gambling town's challenging nine-hole (soon to be a full 18) is impeccable, with lush fairways and large greens draped over high rolling hills. After an enjoyable round, we stopped into the clubhouse to compliment the pro, Bill Downs.

"You didn't have any balls stolen, did you?" he asked as he pointed to a large stuffed raven with a golf ball in its beak perched on a trophy case. Downs explained that local ravens, thinking each Titleist is an egg, have been known to swoop down and carry away players' balls and particularly those on the driving range. He said that he fooled the wily birds for a while by painting the range balls yellow, but the pilfering hasn't completely stopped.

**8** After a night at Cactus Pete's we drove to Elko. The 18-hole Ruby View course, built on rolling terrain north of town, was jammed, but the crowded play moved smoothly. We noticed the tournament players had a golf marshal running hither and yon settling disputes. "This happens every time we have a lawyers tournament," a local player explained.

**9** From Lamoille, where we stayed at a friend's ranch house, we drove four miles to the Spring Creek Golf Course. The course is fastened to the steeply rising foothills of the Rubies, and the clubhouse offers a spectacular view of the mountains and valley.

The trip was taking its toll: we rented carts. The 18th hole, a rising dogleg right, was the most challenging. We prayed our drives would land on the slanting fairway, rather than roll off into the sagebrush. It was also challenging to drive the gas-powered golf carts up the steep, graveled cart path. The pro, who joined us later in the clubhouse, said they had

used electric carts when the course was built in the early '70s, but had to switch to gas carts to pull the hills.

**10** At 2 p.m. the seventh day, Saturday, we were warming up on the first tee at Winnemucca. The municipal layout was our first "city" course, surrounded by streets on three sides and a playground on the fourth.

It wasn't always so hemmed in. In fact, it was once an airfield. Thirty years ago the Winnemucca Men's Club laid out a course on the old dirt runways and began playing. The members planted trees, got in some grass and dedicated the property to the city in the early '50s.

The course was fun to play with its tall trees and wide fairways, but our aching legs and blistered hands prevented us from finishing a full 18. We wearily played one nine, lugged the clubs back to the camper and had steak dinners at the Winner's Inn.

It was 10 courses down, one to go. **11** On Sunday morning we stopped in Lovelock at Brenda's Cafe for eggs and sausage. When the bill came, I found my funds depleted and had to borrow from Allander.

The plan was to drive 130 more miles to play a nine-hole course in Empire, near Gerlach. The trip would take us within 40 miles of home, and then jag north another 70.

I squared my shoulders, but they

slumped. I mustered my courage, but it melted. All I could envision was another day's march, another night on the road and the impending doom of work on Monday.

"I wouldn't mind skipping Empire," I said meekly.

Allander, eyes straight ahead as he accelerated toward Fernley, said, "Well, it's not really that far."

Moore, pouring coffee and opening another pack of cigarettes, said, "But we'd get back pretty late tonight."

Soon we reached a consensus: it was time to go home.

We drove back to the Comstock with hardly a word spoken. I greeted my wife, patted the children on their heads, crawled into bed and slept for hours.

That summer, our weekend threesome briefly dissolved. But it wasn't long before the lure of the links had us hacking away once more.

"Did you guys get to play Gabbs?" asked Craig Hyde when he joined us one Sunday.

"Yeah," I said, "we played old Sandy Bottom."

"Well, did you ever get down to Mina?" asked Hyde. "I heard about this great little course down there" □

*Jim Crandall's favorite course is Eagle Valley when he's slicing and Carson Valley when he's hitting straight.*

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# Patty Sheehan: Red-Hot Rookie

Since she was named LPGA Rookie of the Year, Reno's Patty Sheehan has had sportwriters clustering around her like broken tees.  
By Buddy Frank

In December, Patty Sheehan was named the Ladies Professional Golf Association's Rookie-of-the-Year. Shortly before the award was presented to her in New York, Sheehan returned to her family home in Reno. Naturally, she held a press conference.

The setting at Hidden Valley Country Club was more carnival than golf. By the time Sheehan lined up her first shot, the news photographers were jostling for position. Friends were firing flash-Polaroids. Not surprisingly, her initial drive hooked to the left. But there were no complaints from Patty. This morning was her homecoming. Her day of triumph. Her revenge.



Patty started her career right on course.

For the woman amateur, golf is a lonely pursuit. While the likes of Nancy Lopez and Donna Caponi have put the pro game into the media spotlight, the younger players still play in obscurity.

Except in Olympic years, the few lines sports writers spare from the ballparks, gyms and football fields are assigned to boxers and hockey players. At least that's how it seemed to Sheehan. "They just didn't take me seriously in Reno," she recalls.

That situation has changed. By placing second in the \$100,000 Las Vegas Putt-Off and winning the tour's 1981 finale in Japan, Sheehan, 25, jumped from the back pages of the *Nevada State Journal* to the feature section of *Sports Illustrated*. Patty is now a bona fide sports celeb, and it is sweetest at home. "I'm a little creep sometimes, but I really enjoyed the press conference," she giggles. "I liked rubbing it in just a little bit. And while I was doing those interviews, I said to myself, 'I've got you guys now!'"

That's a feeling she may enjoy for years to come. After her pro debut in 1980, Patty quickly became a respectable tour player. Good, but not great. It took a setback to get her game under par. During the prestigious LPGA Championships last June, she missed the cut. For the first time she was on the sidelines, and that hit her hard. "I couldn't even stand to be around myself. I made a promise to never let that happen again."

As everyone in women's golf is quickly learning, a Sheehan pledge is a serious matter. From that day, Patty was never out of the top ten.

The secret of that comeback was her ability to hit long drives. There's power to her tee shots that's hard to explain. Lee Trevino was one of the first believers. During a Reno exhibition in 1976 he was paired with Patty, then high school junior, and found himself lagging a few yards behind on every fairway.

You might expect booming drives from lanky Carol Mann or Kathy Whitworth, but from 5-foot-3 Sheehan? She credits her power to timing and coordination, skills inbred from being on the golf course as a toddler.

Golf was always a family sport for the Sheehans, but skiing was the serious clan endeavor. Her father, Bobo, was the ski coach at Middlebury College in Vermont and the Olympic mentor for the '56 games in Cortina. It simply was assumed that Patty, like her three older brothers, would become a Junior National ski champion.

Everything was on schedule until Bobo made a mistake. When he retired from collegiate coaching, he moved the family to Nevada so the new home would be near skiing, but with winters mild enough to allow him year-round golfing. Inadvertently, he launched Patty's career.

Patty had grown up on the rock-hard slopes of New England and liked them, but the packed-powder downhill near Reno meant work. Before each event, racers in the West have to boot-pack the courses to get them firm. Patty balked. "I

(Continued on page 75)

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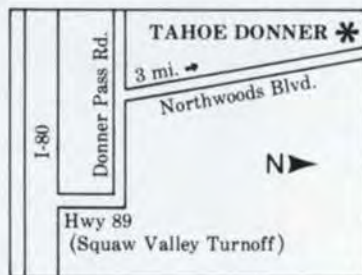
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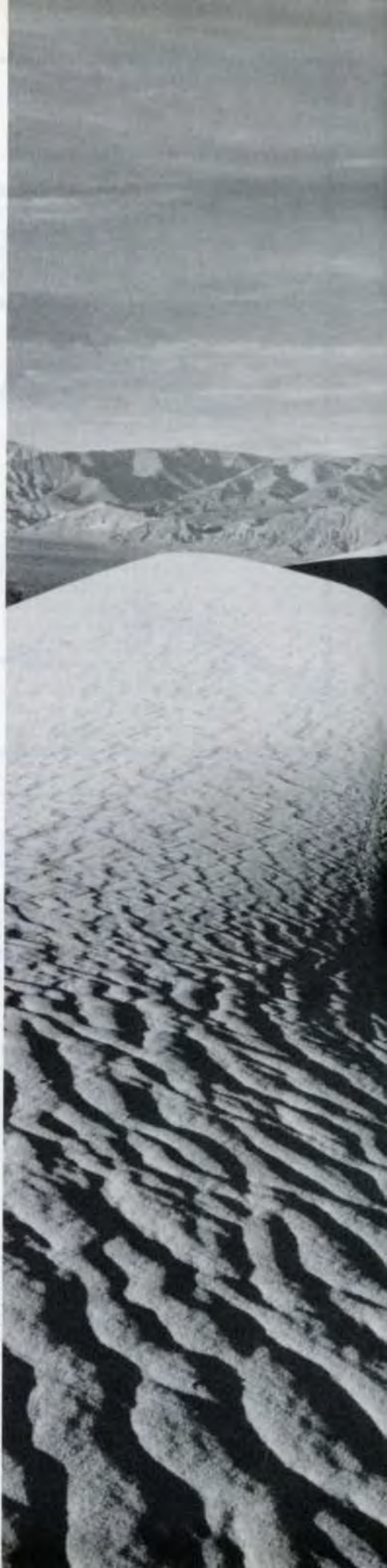
# DEATH VALLEY

Photographs by Steve Kiser



**D**eath Valley inspires more awe than confidence. Its place names warn of infernal hazards—Devil's Golf Course, Funeral Peak and Nemo. Cataclysmic violence has been its natural history, as the earth's surface lifted, folded and eroded through ages that saw seas appear and dry up, volcanoes erupt and cool, mastadons flourish and vanish.

Nosing into Nevada from Southern California, Death Valley exists by extremes. From a vantage on the bordering Panamint Range you can see the highest point in the contiguous United States—14,494-foot, snowcapped Mount Whitney



PHOTOS COPYRIGHT © STEVE KISER





—and the lowest—Badwater, 282 feet below sea level, where temperatures can climb into the 130s. Anything that can survive in Death Valley is a miracle of adaptation.

But if Death Valley's names and natural facts sound threatening, they also promise color and spectacle—Mosaic Canyon, Artists Palette, Marble Canyon. The area is a tourist's delight and an artist's study. Photographers especially have discovered wonders in the tortured scenery.

Most Death Valley photographers work in color. The variegated rock, sand and sky almost demand it. But Steve Kiser prefers black and white film, and he hunts for contrasts and arrangements not of color but of texture and light.

"To me, Death Valley is an extremely magical place—one of the spiritual places of the world," says Kiser. "I find the struggle for life there fascinating."

Color can be too pretty, he thinks, and obscures the essence of a subject. "Black and white speaks more about the inner life of the image. I like





to get into the actual image and tell what it's all about, how light reacts with the material it's illuminating and reveals its character."

A spire of light on a furrowed dune, a bird-like mark in the sand or a small boulder on the salt pan flats—these surely reproduce the facts of Death Valley. But in Kiser's prints, reality regresses to abstraction as emphasis on lines, heightened tones, texture and informed lighting makes the structure of his subjects more noticeable and interesting than the subjects themselves. "I look for how the light encroaches on the shadow area—how it creates abstraction," he says. Living and teaching in Palo Alto, Kiser has been leading students through Death Valley for eight years. He also leads workshops in Virginia City.

He often waits hours, with camera, for the proper instant. In that instant, he captures the wilderness both as a record and as a work of imagination. The baked reaches of the valley still seem inhospitable, but you feel their striking magnificence, too.—RS

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**M**ayor Dorothy Porter was a riddle. North Las Vegas in the early 1950s was a tough town for any politician to run, but for a politically inexperienced ex-Ziegfeld girl to slip into the city council, straighten out the town's tangled finances, and then become a tough, innovative mayor—all within two years—well, it didn't seem possible.

Porter made it possible. She was not only a good mayor, she was the state's first woman to run a city. She took office in 1954, when a woman in politics was like a talking dog. Porter was all the more a curiosity because she had danced in the Follies. Critics disparaged her as a burlesque queen and a "chorine," expecting her to collapse under pressure.

And there was plenty of pressure on her. Civic woes plagued North Las Vegas. Utilities were inadequate. Recreational facilities were almost nonexistent. City Hall itself was just an old garage, shared with the police and fire departments. But the biggest problem she faced was the town's desire to remain a freewheeling and boisterous place. Many powerful residents wanted freedom from regulation and, most of all, freedom from dominance by Las Vegas, less than a mile away.

"I never tried nor wanted to alter that concept of North Las Vegas," says Porter. "It was and is an essential part of that city. However, freedom from restriction also meant at that time freedom from conveniences. Since that is not a pattern of growth, I sought to bring in order and direction. I felt I had to do the job—and I even survived it. It was not the easiest time of my life."

Porter's golden hair is now flaxen, but time has been gentle to her fair complexion, and her blue eyes sparkle with the same sharp wit which once demolished many an adversary. Her years as a dancer still show in her trim figure and erect posture. Also the forthright determination which enabled her to hold together a wild frontier city and fight for growth programs still shows too. It shows not as toughness and acerbity but as a combination of humor, firm diplomacy and honesty—mixed with a dash of feistiness.

Such qualities disarmed some and dismayed many of the rugged citizenry of North Las Vegas in 1953. When she ran for city council that year, local newspapers could find nothing better to carp about than her background in show business.

"Ironically, my training in the Follies helped me," says Porter. "Being a Ziegfeld girl might sound glamorous, and indeed it was. It was also exacting. I learned how to stand straight for hours on end in heavy costumes, to dance until I was about to drop and to take defeat as well as adulation. When people later said I had 'spirit,' I would think of Mr. Ziegfeld."

North Las Vegas elected Porter as councilwoman—Nevada's first in a major



PHOTOS: DOROTHY PORTER COLLECTION

Dorothy Porter learned "spirit" in the Ziegfeld Follies and used it well in politics.

## The Ziegfeld Girl in City Hall

When North Las Vegas sharpies wanted Dorothy Porter's home for a brothel, she fought back—and became the state's first woman mayor. By Georgia Lewis

city. Many endorsed her platform to make their town a decent family place by bringing there the basic elements of civilization, such as water, power, roads, civic ordinances and better fire and police protection.

It was a new approach. The town had been founded by the Tom Williams family in 1919 as a wide-open town, free of restrictions and public conveniences. But there was a plentiful supply of liquor. It was no accident that the town began the same year that Prohibition was enacted. It was a bootlegger's haven. Even after Prohibition was repealed in 1931, the town chose to keep its ungoverned style, which, as population increased, resulted in chaos.

Porter had arrived in North Las Vegas in 1949 with her husband, Jim Greco, a Pittsburgh businessman. The couple bought a motel, the Airway Court, and she looked forward to a quiet, settled life. She had been working for 27 years.

Born Dorothy Howell in 1907 in Avalon, a town near Pittsburgh, she showed musical talent by the age of three. Visits to Pittsburgh theaters, where she saw performances by Anna Held and Pavlova, enforced her determination to be a dancer. She trained and practiced arduously, and the work paid off. Florenz Ziegfeld, always on the lookout for fresh talent, invited her to New York.

"Once there it wasn't easy to see him, for there was a long line ahead of me," Porter says. "Eventually an elevator boy got me in the same car as Mr. Ziegfeld. But I was too shy to speak or even look at him. He, however, tapped me on the shoulder and without formality asked if I would like to be in the Follies. I almost died, but instead managed to gulp out, "Yes."

In January 1922, Porter became a Ziegfeld girl. She was 15. "I envied the older girls like Marilyn Miller and Gilda Grey in their brief costumes. The young girls like myself wore our hair in long ringlets and were dressed as shepherdesses or as heavily powdered and bewigged Japanese girls. The costumes were beautiful, but enormously heavy. I could hardly walk in them, let alone dance. But it was very exciting."

After the Follies, Porter played on stages with Will Rogers, Eddie Cantor, George Jessel, Al Jolson and many others. Throughout the 1920s she danced and was happy. Her golden curls, blue eyes and lovely face caused Clarence Underwood to choose her as the model for his portrayal of the Palmolive girl. Her face appeared on billboards and postcards across the country, and the latter are collector's items today.

Then came the stock market crash of 1929. Theatrical producers went broke, and Ziegfeld died in 1931. "There were a lot of pretty girls out of work, and I was over the hill at 26," sighs Porter. She went to Hollywood and appeared briefly in several motion pictures, including "Alexander's Ragtime Band," with Tyrone Power.

Porter never watches herself on the late night reruns. "I wouldn't have the nerve," she laughs. "The Hollywood make-up man was always telling me what was wrong with my face. I thought I'd have to have plastic surgery to please him."

After a series of small roles she decided it was time to give up show business and returned to New York to take courses and work as a bookkeeper. "I was surprised to find I not only liked business but I had the head for it," she says.

After her marriage to Jim Greco and the move to North Las Vegas, Porter anticipated domestic tranquility. But with the reopening of Nellis Air Force Base in the spring of 1950, Las Vegas came under more federal scrutiny. In November the Kefauver Senate committee arrived in Las Vegas to probe political and gambling interests. The local red-light district, which had operated openly for 45 years, was closed down. Brothel owners moved into the open territory of North Las Vegas. The Airway Court, close to the new base, appealed to those interested in the brothel business, and Dorothy and Jim were submitted to increasingly strong pressure to sell out. It was during a



**Porter (left) rides in a 1953 parade, a year before she became mayor. Three other Nevada women have been mayors: Reno's Barbara Bennett, elected in 1978; Carlin's Wanda Borden, 1974-78; and Caliente's Doris McGee, 1976-77**

particularly brutal siege of harassment that Jim died of a heart attack.

At first she wanted to give up and return east. But seeing that the influx of bars and brothels were further downgrading North Las Vegas, the spirited woman got angry and decided to fight to keep her motel.

"When I wouldn't sell, some so-called officials told me my motel did not comply with building standards. Or that something was wrong with the water supply or sewer system or even that the trees were too close. I spent a lot of time going over the city books and found there were no restrictions. It was then that I determined to do something about the system in North Las Vegas."

**I**n 1952 she married local attorney John Porter and ran for city council the following year. She won, defeating three male candidates. Her opponents smirked and waited for her to reveal herself as a typical dumb blond. On the council, Porter confounded them by showing her financial and business acumen. Her amazed colleagues wasted no time in appointing her finance commissioner and vice president, and she set about putting in order the city's finances. Less than three years later the *North Las Vegas News* could boast that the city was "in as sound a financial shape as any city in Nevada."

Meanwhile, she became mayor. In January 1954 the city was rocked by the indictment of the mayor and three council members by the Clark County grand jury on charges of malfeasance. Porter was left to carry on most of the business of government. By late summer of 1954, new council members had been named, and after the resignation of Mayor Earl Webb, the new council elected Dorothy Porter mayor.

She then took up the gavel and declared: "Let's get down to work and

show everyone in the state we can do better. Let us restore to North Las Vegas the good name that it deserves."

It was not to be easy. City Hall was shared by all city entities. Fire engines were kept in the building. "They had to be moved outside at council meetings so the public could squeeze in," says Porter. "We had no jail, so unless Las Vegas made room for our prisoners, they went free."

Furthermore, City Hall was opposite the Tower Club, a hangout for rowdies in those days. So it was a rare council meeting that was not disrupted by rancorous, tanked-up dissidents. Council sessions often went on into the early hours of the morning.

Mayor Dorothy, as she was called, started initiatives to get a water system, a post office, paved and lighted streets, and playgrounds for children, and she fought to get money to help the city grow.

"Those were long days," recalls Porter. "I was in the office by 8 a.m., and we had several council meetings a week at night. But I continued to do my own grocery shopping, for that way I got to hear people's opinions. I kept open house and encouraged people to drop by anytime. I loved to cook anyway. Later it got too hectic to cook for the flow of visitors, but they still came."

Porter acquired \$50,000 from the federal government to repair flood damage and to organize a \$500,000 county bond issue. Porter also arranged for the building of the most modern city hall in southern Nevada, a fire and police station, and a new water works, including a three million gallon reservoir and flood control system. She also got an allocation of \$90,000 from a \$4.5 million Clark County recreation bond issue to build a recreation center and swimming pool for her city.

Porter's most outspoken foes gave her credit for these accomplishments. But her

attempts to remove police chief Clarke Davison and city attorney George Franklin, both of whom left their jobs under pressure, were unpopular. With Franklin's help, a recall movement began late in 1955.

"Many men felt I should have stayed in the kitchen at home and that if I had to be mayor at least I should have left the men to their own affairs. I fired the officials because as mayor I didn't think they were doing their jobs properly. But I was severely criticized for this. I felt it was my place to do it, and I'm glad I put up such a fight," she says.

By May of 1956, Porter, exhausted, was glad to retire. She had played the most demanding role of her life. Her health had suffered and her marriage was deteriorating. "I had done what I set out to do. The budget was balanced and the new city hall was being built. It was time for me to go home, salvage my marriage and return to my own life." And she did.

In 1959 John Porter was appointed deputy to Attorney General Roger Foley, and Dorothy went with her husband to Carson City. She continued to support the Las Vegas Convention Center, which had opened that year. She is the only woman named on the commemorative plaque at the Center.

Porter enjoys the activities in the California chapter of the Ziegfeld Club and attends the reunions. "I get embarrassed at reunions," she says, "when it is always brought up that I'm the only Follies girl to have become a mayor, for it wasn't that big an achievement. I don't think the other 'old girls, including Ruby Keeler, would be very thrilled if I told them how much time I had spent as mayor plotting sewer and water systems and sidestepping the burlesque queen remarks," she laughs.

The Porters live quietly today in a delightful, rambling old home in a residential section settled by Las Vegas pioneers. She watches events in North Las Vegas closely and was disappointed when Mary Kinkaid lost in her bid for mayor in May 1981.

"It would be an easier time for a woman today. People would readily accept her," Porter says a little sadly, perhaps thinking of her own battles and occasional defeats.

Her tenure as mayor was controversial and difficult, but her place in Nevada history is secure—not simply because she was Nevada's first woman mayor or because she is the only Ziegfeld girl to become a mayor. Because she was an effective mayor, helping transform North Las Vegas from a frontier community into a strong, expanding modern city, she deserves to be remembered and emulated. □

*Georgia Lewis is a Las Vegas writer and historian and a regular contributor to Nevada Magazine.*

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## Good Times & Great Events in March & April



MARILYN NEWTON

### Scat Cats in Reno

What happens when thousands of music students meet international jazz stars in Reno for four days of instrumentals, singing and dancing? The Reno International Jazz Festival—and some of the swiftest music you can turn an ear to anywhere. The 20th edition of the festival, March 11-14, promises another round of virtuoso, multi-style jazz when drummer Art Blakey, the avant-garde band Kinesis, the L.A. Jazz Choir, the Swiss Romande Instrumentale of Geneva, and the Waseda High Society Orchestra of Japan perform. They will also conduct workshops at the Pioneer Theatre for elementary, middle school, high school and college

bands from throughout the West and Midwest.

But the festival is not just for students. All music lovers will enjoy turning out and tuning in to the four days and nights of jazz.

John Carrico, music professor at the University of Nevada-Reno, founded the festival in 1962 to bring jazz education to students of rural western schools and to expose them to professional guest artists. "We want to keep abreast of the changes in jazz by presenting music in the jazz tradition, but including elements of rock, electronic music, student arrangements and compositions, and also swing choirs," Carrico once said.

That means you can buy concert tickets and hear international jazz Friday evening and the headliner American artists Saturday evening or buy day passes and listen to student bands compete for festival awards, beginning at 8 a.m. each day. You can also wander into the instrumental workshops and vocal clinics that the pros hold for students and pick up some fine points on the art of jazz.

Strangely enough, the festival was the best kept secret in Reno until 1977. "Everyone all over the West Coast knew it existed, except the people in Reno," says Carol Pozzi, festival director since 1974. But that year the doors were opened to spectators for the first time, and the combination of big-name jazz performers and big-band student music attracted jazz fans by the thousands.

Among past guest stars are Ran Blake, a third-stream jazz pianist who combines traditional jazz and classical styles; Matrix, a jazz-rock fusion nonet; and John Handy, a tenor saxman of the improvisational school. Vocal innovators have included Eddie Jefferson, the first person to transcribe be-bop instrumental solos for voice successfully; John Hendricks, writer and singer; and Joe Williams, vocalist with Count Basie's big band.

Foreign jazz groups have come to Reno from all over the free world and behind the Iron Curtain. The festival's winning student bands, in turn, are invited overseas to Switzerland's Montreux Jazz Festival and Holland's North Sea Festival. For many contestants, the festival marks the beginning of a career in music—some, like Kinesis and jazz-fusion pianist Rodney Franklin, as recording artists.

Although John Carrico died in 1979, his innovative spirit continues to touch the festival under the guidance of his son, John Carrico, Jr., and Pozzi. This year they plan a concert of experimental jazz dance with live instrumentation in addition to the regular band and vocal music.

Students and jazz fans love it all. And professional musicians like it, too. Renowned tenor sax player Art Pepper has referred to the festival as "one of the healthiest, most vital events in student music."

Tickets (\$5-\$8) are available at the Youth Music Foundation, Box 6585, Reno, NV. 89513. For information call 329-1324.—Elzy Kolb





## Every Which Way But Schusse

You can watch Clint Eastwood speed down the face of a mountain or Barbie Benton buckle her boots at the John Denver Celebrity Ski Tournament March 13-14 at Heavenly Valley Lake Tahoe. This year's extravaganza promises to bring hoards of your favorite stars to race in slalom matches, hobnob with the crowds and discuss racing strategy with NBC television crews.

**UNLV v. Loyola-Marymont**, 16-18, baseball, 7pm on 16th, 5pm on 17th, noon on 18th, UNLV, Las Vegas

**Senior Olympics**, 16-25, UNLV Senior Center, Las Vegas

**Bottle Show**, 17-18, Las Vegas Convention Center

**Gems for the '80s**, 17-18, rock, mineral and gem show, Hacienda Hotel, 10am-8pm Sat., 10am-5pm Sun., Las Vegas

**"Shall We Dance,"** 18, dance film, Flamingo Library, 2pm, Las Vegas

**Afternoon in Old Vienna**, 18, polka and waltz music by Civic Symphony, 2pm, Whipple Cultural Center, Las Vegas

**Cantor String Quartet**, 18, Charleston Heights Arts Center, 2pm, Las Vegas

**Alan King Tennis Classic**, 18-25, Caesars Palace, Las Vegas

**"Wild Strawberries,"** 19, free movie, 7pm, Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas

**"What's New,"** 20, free dance movie, 7:30pm, Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas

**Italian Feast**, 20-21 Las Vegas Convention Center, info. 733-2335

**Henderson Industrial Days**, 21-25, beauty pageant, parade, carnival, bowling and golf tournaments, Henderson, info. 565-8951

**Tropicana Tiffany Golf Classic**, 21-25, Tropicana Country Club, Las Vegas

**Las Vegas Symphony**, 22, Ham Hall, 8pm, UNLV, Las Vegas

**Home Show**, 22-25, Las Vegas Convention Center, info. 733-2335

## Framed in Hazen

Talented amateur photographers from as far away as Monterey and as near as Fallon display their finest black-and-white and color prints on March 20-21 at the Hazen Community Hall, the former town jail. The Photo-print Show's entries and visitors each year far outnumber the residents of Hazen, which has a population of 20 and a history as a Southern Pacific Railroad stop.

**"Jesus Christ Superstar,"** 22-5/9, Judy Bayley Theatre, 8pm Thurs.-Sat., 2pm matinee 5/9, UNLV, Las Vegas

**"The Solid Gold Cadillac,"** 22-5/2, Las Vegas Community Theatre, 8pm Thurs.-Sat., 2pm Sun.

**Jaycees' Cycle Run**, 24, city park, 9am, Boulder City

**Nevada String Quartet**, 25, Flamingo Library, 2pm, Las Vegas

**Blackjack Invitational Tournament**, 25-29, Sands Hotel, Las Vegas

**"Death Trap,"** 25-6/19, Meadows Playhouse, 8pm Tues.-Sat., 2pm matinees Sat., Las Vegas

**\$225,000 Mint 400**, 29-5/2, off-road desert race, headquarters at Mint Hotel, registration on 29th, starts on 1st at Las Vegas Speedrome

**UNLV v. San Francisco**, 30-5/1 baseball, 7pm on 30th, 5pm on 1st, UNLV, Las Vegas

## APRIL

**"Twelve Angry People,"** 1-24, Las Vegas Little Theatre, 8:30pm Thurs.-Sat., 3pm matinee on 18th

**Pizza Hut Classic**, 1-3 basketball, Las Vegas Convention Center, info. 733-2335

**Spring Jamboree**, 3, downtown Boulder City, 8am-4pm

**Town & Country Flea Market**, 3-4, Las Vegas Convention Center, 9am-6pm

**Travel Fair**, 3-4, Las Vegas Convention Center, info. 733-2335

**Arts Fair**, 3-4, Paradise Park, 10am-5pm, Las Vegas

**Karate Tournament**, 4, Karate Assoc. of Nevada, Las Vegas Convention Center, info. 733-2335

**The Nevada Chamber Ensemble**, 4, Charleston Heights Arts Center, 2pm, Las Vegas

**Art-A-Fair**, 4-30, exhibits, Charleston Heights Arts Center and Flamingo Library, Las Vegas

**L.V.—Act 3**, 4-30, paintings by Richard Guy Walton of Virginia City, Whipple Cultural Center, Las Vegas

**Science Fair**, 5-7, Las Vegas Convention Center, info. 733-2335

**Fitzsimmons House Country Fair**, 8-10, Las Vegas Convention Center, info. 733-2335

**UNLV v. Univ. of Pacific**, 11-12, baseball, 3pm on 11th, 11am on 12th, UNLV, Las Vegas

**"An Evening with the Royal Ballet,"** 12, free movie, 7pm, Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas

**"The Scene Changes,"** 13, free dance movie, 7:30pm, Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas

**UNLV v. Grand Canyon College**, 13-15, baseball, 2:30pm, UNLV, Las Vegas

**Boat & RV Show**, 13-19, Las Vegas Convention Center, info. 733-2335

**"Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?"**, 13-5/8, Meadows Playhouse, 8pm Tues.-Sat., 2pm matinees Sat., Las Vegas



## Henderson: Town of Steel

If you visit Henderson during Industrial Days, April 21-25, don't be surprised if the residents celebrate as if there were no tomorrow. They know there will be, and that's why they rejoice with such fervor. Old timers remember when the mile-long iron and steel spires of the massive Basic Magnesium plant, whose construction in 1942 created Henderson, was to be sold for scrap iron after the war. Nevada's newest town seemed doomed. But the Nevada legislature bought the plant in 1947 and sublet sections to chemical companies. Workers were soon back on the job. By 1952 the population had doubled to 12,000, and the town's longevity was secure. Hence, the somewhat boisterous five-day celebration of life which features a beauty pageant, parade, kids' talent show, rodeo, carnival, golf and bowling tournaments and general hoopla throughout Henderson.

# Central

## MARCH

**Future Homemakers of America State Convention**, 17-20, Bristlecone Convention Center, Ely, info. 289-3720

## APRIL

**Episcopal Diocese of Nevada Convention**, 30-5/3, Bristlecone Convention Center, Ely, info. 289-3720

# North

## MARCH

**Sagebrush Spinners Square Dance**, 6-7 & 13, square and round dancing, Grammar School No. 2, Elko, info. 738-3666

**Shepherders Ball**, 13, Basque Club House, 9pm-2am, Elko, info. 738-3809

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

**Ronnie Brown Trio**, 23, Civic Auditorium, 8pm, Elko

**Intermountain Coaches Clinic**, 26-27 Cactus Pete's Convention Center, Jackpot

## APRIL

**Snake River Artisans Art Show**, 30-5/2, Cactus Pete's Convention Center, Jackpot

# West

## ONGOING EVENTS

**Dayton Flea Market**, weekends

**Nevada State Museum**, 8:30-4:30 Wed.-Sun., 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

**Nevada Historical Society**, 8-5 Mon.-Fri., 9-5 Sat., 12-5 Sun., exhibit, "The Union Movement in Nevada," 1650 N. Virginia St., Reno

**Stremmel Galleries**, 8-6 Mon.-Fri., 9-4 Sun., selected works by George Carlson, Mark Daily, Len Chmeil, Chen Chi, Stanley Bliefeld and Bruce Kurland, 1400 So. Virginia, Reno

**Reno Tahoe Visitors' Center**, 10-2 Tues.-Sat., art exhibit, 135 N. Sierra, Reno

**Atmospherium-Planetarium**, open daily, "Laser Light Show" & "Death of the Dinosaurs," UNR, Reno, show info. 784-4811

**Amateur Ski Races**, Sundays, 12:30, Sierra Ski Ranch, Echo Summit, info. 916-659-7475

## MARCH

**Art Exhibit**, thru 17 "New Work" by Paul Koss and "Large Minimalist Paintings" by Norma Cody, Sheppard Gallery, UNR, Reno

**Arts of Kenya**, thru 4/18, Sierra Nevada Museum of Art, Reno

**UNR v. UNLV**, 2, basketball, 7:30pm, Coliseum, Reno

**Reno Gem & Mineral Society**, 3, 480 S. Rock Blvd., 8pm, Sparks

**State High School Basketball Tournament**, 4-6, Coliseum, Reno

**Star Viewing**, 5, Atmospherium-Planetarium, Reno, info. 784-4812

**UNR v. San Jose State**, 5-6, baseball, 2:30pm on 5th, noon on 6th, Moana Stadium, Reno

**Backwoods Jazz**, 6, Cloud's Cal-Neva Lodge, 8pm & 11pm, Crystal Bay

**Young People's Performing Arts Series**, 6, Reno Jazz Dancers and Nevada Music Ensemble, 10:30am, Pioneer Theatre, Reno

**North Tahoe Snowfest**, 6-14, parade & ski jump 6th, mogul spectacular 7th, fireworks 8th, celebrity race 11th, pro freestyle, Stephen Stills concert 13th, NASTAR Race 14th and much more, Truckee, Tahoe City, Kings Beach and Incline Village, info. 916-583-2371

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

**Reno International Jazz Festival**, 11-14, band competitions, professional concerts, dance exhibitions, Pioneer Theatre, Reno, info. 329-1324

**Kronos Quartet**, 12-13, classical concert, 8pm, Granlibakken Resort, Tahoe City on 12th, Cloud's Cal-Neva Lodge on 13th

**"Man of La Mancha,"** 12-13 & 18-21 musical comedy, 8pm on 12-13 & 18, 7:30pm & 10:30pm 19-20, 2pm on 21st, Church Fine Arts Theatre, UNR, Reno

**Levi Strauss Ski Race**, 12-13, Alpine Meadows, N. Lake Tahoe

**Corbett-Fitzsimmons Fight Historical Marker Dedication**, 14, southeast corner of Pratt & Musser, 2pm, Carson City

**Equitable Family Ski Challenge**, 14, Heavenly Valley, S. Lake Tahoe



## Spring Cooking in Boulder

You're invited to help the residents of Boulder City quash the winter doldrums at their annual Spring Jamboree on April 3. From 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. the town will celebrate the sunshine with a parade, sidewalk sale, juried art show, arts and crafts demonstrations and a golf tourney. Above, cooks Fran Knauss and Bud Ripley get ready for the pancake breakfast that starts the festivities.



## Wimbledon in Vegas

Top tennis pros will vie for over \$250,000 in prize money at the Alan King Tennis Classic April 18-25 at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas. Past champions include Bjorn Borg, Jimmy Connors and Rod Laver. The pros are also joined by amateur stars who mingle and volley on the courts. It's Wimbledon, Nevada style.

**National Alpine Slalom Race for the Blind**, 14, Kirkwood Meadows, S. Lake Tahoe

**Students' Job Fair**, 16-17 Pioneer Theatre, 9am-4pm, Reno

**Sierra Mountain Race**, 17, cross-country skiing, running and bicycling triathlon, 10am, Nordic Center, Squaw Valley, N. Lake Tahoe

**St. Patrick's Day Powder Devil**, 17 Soda Springs, Donner Summit

**Mark Fisher Memorial Race**, 18-21 downhill skiing, Squaw Valley, N. Lake Tahoe

**Reno Boat & Sport Show**, 18-21 Coliseum, 5-10pm on 18-19, 11am-10pm on 20th, 11am-7pm on 21st, Reno

**Sweet Adelines**, 18-21 Pioneer Theatre, Reno, info. 786-5105

**National Freestyle Ski Competition**, 18-21 Squaw Valley, N. Lake Tahoe

**Star Viewing**, 19, Atmospherium-Planetarium, Reno, info. 784-4812

**Photo Realist Prints and Student Show**, 19-4/5, Sheppard Gallery, UNR, Reno

**"Once upon a Mattress,"** 19-4/3, musical comedy, 8pm Fri. & Sat., Carson City Community Center, info. 883-1976

**Star Party**, 20, Astronomical Society of Nevada, sundown, Palomino Valley, Reno, info. 747-5237

**Singles League Ski Race**, 20, Alpine Meadows, N. Lake Tahoe

**State Gymnastics Championships**, 20, Flips Academy Gym, Reno, info. 331-2200

**UNR v. Univ. of Pacific**, 20-21, baseball, 2:30pm on 20th, 1pm on 21st, Moana Stadium, Reno

**Thieves' Market**, 21 Nevada State Fairgrounds, 9am-5pm, Reno

**Family Ski Race**, 21 Soda Springs, Donner Summit

**Reno Chamber Orchestra**, 21, Masonic Theatre, 3pm, Reno

**World Airlines Ski Championships**, 21-22, Heavenly Valley, S. Lake Tahoe

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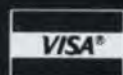
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(Continued from previous page)

**UNR v. Utah & Washington State**, 22-23, baseball round robin, 1pm, Moana Stadium, Reno  
**UNR v. UC Davis**, 25, baseball, 2pm, Moana Stadium, Reno

**Women's Week Conference**, 25-27, workshops, pianist Margie Adam concert, UNR, Reno, info. 784-4611

**Washoe County Community Concert**, 26, stars of the opera, 8:15pm, Pioneer Theatre, Reno



### King of The Mountain

Strap on cross-country skis and burn up the snow for six miles. Then slip on sneakers and run all-out for six more. When that's done, jump on a bicycle and pump your heart out for another 18-½ miles, and you just might finish the Sierra Mountain Triathlon April 17 at the Squaw Valley Nordic Center. But you don't have to do it all yourself. Besides the single entry triathlon, sports enthusiasts can pool their talents in all-men, all-women and mixed relay teams. Spectators and jocks will convene at the Nordic Center at the base of the Squaw Valley Ski Resort at 10 a.m. raceday.

**International Speed Skiing Competition**, 26-28, Squaw Valley, N. Lake Tahoe

**Reno Autorama**, 26-28, Coliseum, 5-10pm on 26th, 11am-10pm on 27th, 11am-7pm on 28th, Reno

**Seniors Slalom Races**, 27-28, Kirkwood Meadows, S. Lake Tahoe

**Gun Show**, 27-28, Coliseum, 9am-5pm, Reno

**UNR v. UC Santa Clara**, 27-28, baseball, noon on 27th, 2:30pm on 28th, Moana Stadium, Reno

**Soroptimist Sweepstakes**, 27, Ormsby House, dining & dancing 8pm, Carson City

**Pro-Family Seminar**, 27 Pioneer Theatre, Reno, info. 359-4181

**UNR v. Lewis & Clark**, 31 baseball, 2:30pm, Moana Stadium, Reno

**"The Boyfriend"**, 31-4/1 musical, Pioneer Theatre, 8pm, Reno

**NOR-AM Race**, 31-4/3, slalom, Squaw Valley, N. Lake Tahoe

### APRIL

**Star Viewing**, 2, Atmospherium-Planetarium, Reno, info. 784-4812

**UNR v. St. Mary's**, 2-3, baseball, 2:30pm on 2nd, noon on 3rd, Moana Stadium, Reno

**"Agatha Christie Made Me Do It"**, 2-10, Reno Little Theatre, 8:30pm on 2-3 & 8-9, 2pm & 7:30pm

(Continued on next page)

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matinee on 4th, 7:30pm on 10th

**Olin Ski Challenge/Citizen's Race**, 3, Echo Summit, S. Lake Tahoe

**Media Cup Race**, 3, Kirkwood Meadows, S. Lake Tahoe

**Barbershop Quartet Concert**, 3, Pioneer Theatre, 8pm, Reno

**Wave Camps**, 3-11 high altitude soaring workshops, Douglas County Airport, Minden, info. 782-8151

**Reno Philharmonic**, 6, Pioneer Theatre, 8:15pm, Reno

**UNR v. San Francisco**, 8-9, baseball, 2:30pm on 8th, noon on 9th, Moana Stadium, Reno

**International Gem, Mineral and Jewelry Show**, 9-11 Coliseum, noon-9pm on 9th, 10am-9pm on 10th, 10am-6pm on 11th, Reno

**Kids' Balloon Race**, 10, Soda Springs, Donner Summit

**Easter Children's Activities**, 11 egg hunt & Easter Bunny race, Alpine Meadows, N. Lake Tahoe

**Champagne NASTAR Race**, 11 Alpine Meadows, N. Lake Tahoe

**Rites of Spring Ski Tour**, 11, egg hunt, picnic & wine tasting, Big Chief, N. Lake Tahoe

**Crystal Chamber Soloists**, 13, Carson City Community Center, 8pm

**UNR v. Southern Oregon State**, 13, baseball, noon, Moana Stadium, Reno

**John Denver Celebrity Ski Tournament**, 13-14, Heavenly Valley, S. Lake Tahoe

**Star Viewing**, 16, Atmospherium-Planetarium, Reno, info. 784-4812

**Oakland Ballet**, 16-17, Cloud's Cal-Neva Lodge, 8 pm, Crystal Bay

**"Madame Butterfly,"** 16-18, opera, 8:15pm with 2:15pm matinee on 18th, Pioneer Theatre, Reno

**All Night Ski-A-Thon**, 16-17 Boreal Ski Resort, 9am, Donner Summit

**Art Exhibit**, 18-5/12, Renaissance art, drawings & paintings by Deborah Cofer & Vicki Erickson, Sheppard Gallery, UNR, Reno

**Saxophone Quartet Plus 2**, 20, Brewery Arts Center, 8pm, Carson City

**UNR v. Oregon Tech.**, 20, baseball, noon, Moana Stadium, Reno

**"Scapino,"** 23-25, musical comedy, 8pm Fri-Sat., 2pm Sun., Church Fine Arts Theatre, UNR, Reno

**"Dial 'M' for Murder,"** 23-24 & 30-5/1, mystery, 8pm, CVIC Hall, Gardnerville

**Star Party**, 24, Astronomical Society of Nevada, Palomino Valley, info. 747-5237

**Little Switzerland's Pole-Peddle-Paddle Race**, 24, Little Switzerland, Meyers, S. Lake Tahoe

**Young Audiences Concert**, 24, with Reno Chamber Orchestra, 10:30am, Pioneer Theatre, Reno

**UNR v. Fresno State**, 24-25, baseball, 2:30pm on 24th, noon on 25th, Moana Stadium, Reno

**World Wide Flea Market**, 25, Coliseum, 9am-6pm, Reno

**Reno Chamber Orchestra**, 25, with cellist Bion Yu-Ting Tsang, 3pm, Pioneer Theatre, Reno

**Annapolis Brass Quintet**, 28, Church Fine Arts Theatre, 8pm, UNR, Reno

**UNR v. Sonoma State**, 28, baseball, noon, Moana Stadium, Reno

**Planist Paul Schenley**, 30, Community Concert, 8pm, Pioneer Theatre, Reno

**Square Dance Weekend**, 30-5/2, Holiday Inn, downtown, Reno

**Gold Nugget Square Dancers**, 30-5/2, John Ascuaga's Nugget, Sparks

**Silver State Square Dance Festival**, 30-5/2, Coliseum, 8am-11pm on 30th, 10am-11pm on 1st, noon-5pm on 2nd, Reno

# Showguide

## Remember Walter Busterkeys

You take your chances in the lounges, but who knows? You might find tomorrow's Wayne Newton, or even Walter Busterkeys. By Guy Richardson.

Just about everybody thinks of Nevada-style entertainment as Liberace, Cher, glitter and fame. And if you want to see some of that glitter and fame, just deliver your warm body to a main room, pony up \$50 and you'll get the Mercedes of showbiz. No problems. But that leaves most folks with a bad case of Dreaded Skinny Wallet.

There is another, cheaper way to enjoy casino entertainment. Lounges.

Out there in the lounge, you pay your money and take your chances, too. You may see five guys in polyester suits and ill-fitting toupees croaking jokes old enough to scrape penicillin from. Or you may find a gem like blues musician B.B. King. Who knows? You might find another Walter Busterkeys.

Walter *who*?

A few years back, a budding concert pianist wanted to try the lounge circuit but didn't want to snarf his chances at playing classics. So, briefly, he changed his last name from Liberace to Busterkeys. (Right, *that* Liberace.) So popular was he that when he started using his real name, club owners for a while billed him as "Liberace—the former Walter Busterkeys."

Less than a decade ago, Kenny Rogers was in Harrah's lounge. You could see him up close for \$5. When Wayne Newton worked Harvey's, the Carson Nugget and the Fremont as a plump kid, you got a beer for under a buck and they'd throw in his brother and Tommy Amato. The Oak Ridge Boys were in lounges in the '70s. I thought they were better then, too.

The lounges are the places of the up-and-coming, the unusual, and former big names slipping down after a few years without a hit. The shows are 45 minutes to an hour long, and, depending on the club, the performer does from one to six shows nightly. The big lounges charge about \$5 for an act. The little lounges will let you sit for free. And you don't sit a hundred yards from the stage, as you sometimes do in the main rooms.

These days lounges are moving up in the esteem of pinch-budgeted entertain-

ment directors. The average Nevada main-room star demands and gets more than \$100,000 per week. Superstars—Willie Nelson, Wayne Newton and who'd've thought five years ago those two names would fit in the same sentence—get at least twice that.

So, many main rooms are converting to The Revue, which doesn't get sick or arrested and miss shows, is cheaper (50 performers at \$500 weekly is still a tenth of what a superstar makes), and doesn't buy rival casinos (see Wayne Newton).

But hell, that's *bookkeeping*. What's fun about lounges is the wide range of entertainment styles, the easy ambience (meaning you can swill beer, hoot and scratch) and, of course, the performers.

Tony Clifton, for instance, is one of the truly *strange* Nevada acts of recent memory. Tony Clifton is Andy Kaufman, the late-night comedian and "Taxi" star, in fake chin and dark glasses doing the world's most obnoxious lounge singer. He stays in character off stage, too. When

I asked "Clifton" about Kaufman, he threw me out of his Harrah's room.

Whatever your taste, somewhere in a Nevada lounge a performer is probably doing it. What I like may be anathema to you ("Gee, Billy Bob, I don't understand Tony Clifton at *all*") but I guarantee you'll find something to delight you.

Here are some good ones:

Maybe he's in the over-the-hill gang, but Paul Revere is my choice as the best lounge act around. The music is loud, the humor rowdy and the pace fast. Revere looks at his band done up in Revolutionary War getups and says to the audience, "Our Cuban drummer thinks this is Halloween and we're the Rolling Stones." The drummer sings like Janis Joplin, so why not? Revere, who says, "I want to be the George Burns of rock and roll," still chases the rainbow—he's re-recording again. "One big record and we're in main rooms." He's right.

Still, you've *heard* of Revere, the last madman of rock and roll. Down further

The Treniers delight audiences and critics with their fast-paced show. The family group has played the Nevada lounge scene for 34 years.



into the maw of loungeville there are acts you've never heard of. Calamity Jayne, who smokes cigars. Rose & the Arrangement. Kelly & the Kid. Freddy Powers. Sloopy. These are all talented and unusual people (Rose and her bunch had a record called "The Cockroach That Ate Cincinnati") and worth investing a buck to see.

Each of us who writes about this dim world has special favorites. Laura St. Romain, the 100-pound whirlwind called the Kid, dashes into the audience to join her own applause. She's so puppyish and cute you want to scratch her behind the ears.

Freddy Powers is a legend in outlaw country music, although he plays a style close to Dixieland. Powers was producer and other voice on Willie Nelson's 1980 "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" album, and was responsible for the record's bouncy Django Reinhardt sound.

Sloopy is a 4-foot-something redhead who started in showbiz at age three with a handstand on her father's hand in the family act. She's now a singer and comedienne who once wrestled me to the floor during an interview.

There are a couple hundred very talented little acts sweating away anonymously in little lounges. When one gets a break, anonymity will fly and so will money.

Sometimes it's not a break, but just a long haul. Elmo & Patsy Shropshire first appeared in Nevada as a duo because their band quit in panic after seeing Reno's lights. They've worked steadily upward, evolving what they call "punk bluegrass" (Patsy says "it's the ol' Bill Monroe and Sex Pistol sound") and last year had a regional hit with "Grandma Got Run Over By A Reindeer Coming Home From Our House Christmas Eve." She was found, the lyrics say, "with in-

criminating Claus marks on her back," and I flat fell onto Hyatt Tahoe's floor at first hearing it. However, California senior citizens' groups protested, saying the song glorified violence against old people. The claim was so outlandish—and the publicity so large, including wire service coverage—that I wondered how Elmo got 'em to do it.

So you can go to Nevada's posh main rooms and buy the Mercedes of entertainment if you want. But don't complain when you find out that lounges can take you just as far on much less.

Or that Sandy Selby sings better than Streisand.

Sandy who? □

*Guy Richardson is entertainment editor of the Nevada State Journal and Reno Evening Gazette.*

## Las Vegas

**Aladdin**, 736-0111 Roy Clark, thru 3/3; dark 3/4-10; C'est Magnifique, revue, 3/11-indf.

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

**Caesars Palace**, 731-7333: *Circus Maximus Showroom*: Tom Jones, thru 3/3; Frank Sinatra, 3/4-10; Cher 3/11-17; Willie Nelson, 3/18-31 *Cleopatra's Barge*: Laura Taylor, thru 3/10

**Circus Circus**, 734-0410: Circus acts, 11am-midnight, free

**Desert Inn**, 733-4444: "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas," Broadway musical, indf., 8pm & midnight

**Dunes**, 737-4110: *Casino Theatre*: Fabulous Follies, revue, indf.; 7pm dinner show from \$15.50; 11:45pm cocktail show from \$12; dark Mon. *Top of the Dunes*: Four Freshman, thru 3/6; Sal Richards, 3/8-4/3; Tony Darrow, Donna Cellini, 4/5-5/1 11pm and 1am, dark Sun.; \$7 includes 2 drinks

**Flamingo Hilton**, 733-3333: City Lites, revue, indf.; 8pm dinner show from \$14.50; midnight cocktail show \$10.95

**Four Queens**, 385-4011 Nightly entertainment

**Frontier**, 734-0240: *Beyond Belief Showroom*: Siegfried and Roy in *Beyond Belief*, revue, indf.; 7pm & 11pm Sun. & Tues.-Thurs., 6pm, 9:15pm, 12:15am Fri. & Sat., \$22.50. *Circle F Lounge*: nightly entertainment

**Hacienda**, 739-8911 *Fiesta Showroom*: Ice Spectacular, 3/15-indf., 8pm & midnight

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

**Imperial Palace**, 731-3311 Bravo Vegas '82, revue, indf., 8pm & midnight, \$15

**Landmark**, 733-1110: Nightly entertainment

**Las Vegas Hilton**, 732-5111 *Showroom*: Rainbow Fantasy, revue, indf., also Engelbert thru 3/1 Tony Orlando, 3/2-15; Engelbert, 3/16-29; Liberace, 3/30-4/19; Tony Orlando, David Copperfield, 4/20-5/3. Dinner show 8pm, from \$18.50; cocktail show midnight, from \$15.50. *Casino Lounge*: music and dancing 8pm-4am

## The Critics' Choice

Lounge hopping can be a chancy game. Acts are as numerous as near-winners at keno, and the quality ranges from magnificent to mediocre. So, to get the insiders' perspective on lounges, we asked several Nevada entertainment critics to name their favorites.

"The Treniers are far above all others," says Joe Delaney of the *Las Vegas Sun*, and the majority of the critics polled agree with him. The high-energy family group, which appears at the Frontier, zips through old oldies and great goodies in a show that is a bargain at the \$2.50 one-drink minimum.



The world's most obnoxious lounge star, Tony Clifton, a.k.a. Andy Kaufman.

A wacko comedian who appeared at Harrah's Tahoe with a disguise and alias runs a close second to the Treniers. "Tony Clifton can barely sing, but knows a few good jokes," says Gary Elam of the *Sparks Tribune*. Clifton's best joke was his other identity as Andy Kaufman, who plays the unintelligible mechanic on TV's "Taxi."

Elam also recommends Asleep at the Wheel, Sam and Dave, Delbert McCClinton and the star of TV record offers, Box Car Willie.

Forrest Duke, who has seen thousands of lounge acts in his 25 years as a critic for the *Las Vegas Review-Journal*, believes Peter Anthony, the Goofers, Freddie Bell and impressionist Babe Pier are all worth seeing.

The Royal Dixie Jazz Band, playing an indefinite engagement at the Barbary Coast, is a favorite of the *Sun's* Delaney, as are Hudson and Saleeby, Sonny King and Loretta Holloway.

Ralph Pearl, also of the *Sun*, predicts Marc Anthony Marakis, who appeared last at Sahara Vegas, won't be a lounge act much longer. "He's definitely a big room act," says Pearl. His other choices include Sam Butera, Denise Clemente and Glen Smith.

All of the critics pay special attention to the lounges because they know future stars are warming up in the small rooms, as are perennial greats.

"If you want the kind of gut feeling that comes from hearing a blues musician like B.B. King," says Reno critic Guy Richardson, "then you've got to go to the lounges."—AH



Gary and Sandy are one of Nevada's most popular lounge acts. Fans of Sandy Selby say she sings better than Streisand.

**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., \$22.50. *Celebrity Room*: Mickey Gilley & Johnny Lee, Rita Coolidge, thru 3/3; Melissa Manchester, 3/4-10; TBA, 3/11-17; Mac Davis, 3/18-31; Eddie Rabbit, 4/1-14; 8pm & midnight

**Marina**, 739-1500: *Mirage Showroom*: "Bloopers," starring Fay McKay, indf., 8pm & 10pm, dark Mon.; \$5.95, drinks not included. *Marina Lounge*: Billy Ledbetter

**Maxim**, 731-4300: *Cabaret Showroom*: Olde Tyme Burlesque, indf., 8pm, 10:15pm & 12:30am, dark Mon., \$9.75 includes 2 drinks. *Cloud Nine Lounge*: continuous entertainment

**Riviera**, 734-5110: *Versailles Theatre*: Wayland Jennings, thru 3/3; Buddy Hackett, Abbe Lane, 3/4-10; Neil Sedaka, Joan Rivers, 3/11-17; Neil Sedaka, David Brenner, 3/18-24; Charo, Alan King, 3/25-4/7; TBA, 4/8-21; Bob Newhart, 4/22-5/5. *Super Star Convention Center*: Dolly Parton, 4/8-10 & 4/15-17

**Royal Americana**, 734-0711: Dondino, indf.

**Royal Casino**, 733-4000: Rare & Bare Burlesque, indf., 8pm, 10pm & midnight; dinner show \$9.95

**Sahara**, 737-2111: The West Was Never Wilder, country & western revue, thru 3/10; Don Rickles, 3/11-24; Wayland & Madame, 3/25-4/15; Burlesque Scandals, revue, 4/16-5/23; 8pm dinner show & midnight cocktail show

**Sam's Town**, 456-7777: 24-hour entertainment

**Sands**, 733-5000: *Copa Room*: Top Secret, revue, indf., 9pm & midnight Sun.-Fri., 6:15pm, 9pm & midnight Sat., \$10. *Lounge*: continuous entertainment afternoons and evenings

**Showboat**, 385-9123: Entertainment and dancing nightly

**Silver Slipper**, 734-1212: Boy-Lesque, revue; 8pm, 10pm & midnight Fri.-Wed. dark Thurs., \$4.95. Branded, revue; 9pm, 11pm Thurs.-Tues., also, 7pm Fri. & Sat., dark Wed., \$4.95

**Stardust**, 732-6325: Lido de Paris '82; 7pm & 11pm Sun.-Thurs., 6:15pm, 9:15pm & 12:15am Sat., \$17.50 includes 2 drinks

**Treasury**, 739-1000: Horsin' Around, revue; 8pm, 11pm, Sun.-Thurs; 8pm, 10pm, & midnight Fri. & Sat., \$9.95 includes 2 drinks

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

**Union Plaza**, 386-2444: Continuous Broadway entertainment, 8pm dinner show from \$9.95; 11:30pm cocktail show from \$5.95; Mickey Finn Show, 2pm & 4pm. *Omaha Lounge*: continuous entertainment

## Lake Tahoe

**Caesars Tahoe**, 588-3515: *Lookout Lounge*: nightly entertainment

**Cloud's Cal-Neva Hotel**, 832-4000: Danny & the Juniors, thru 3/14; Shirelles, 3/16-4/4; Frankie Fannelli, 4/6-25; Cedro Willie Band, 4/27-5/9

**Harrah's Lake Tahoe**, 588-6611: *South Shore Room*: Captain & Tennille, 3/19-4/1; Bill Cosby, Leo Sayer, 4/2-4/15; Sammy Davis, Jr., Count Basie, 4/16-20 & 4/23-29; Loretta Lynn, 4/30-5/6. *Stateline Cabaret*: Tavares, 3/1-14; Hot Streak, continuous; Ajay & the Montana Banana Bunch, 3/4-17

**Harvey's**, 588-2411: *Top of the Wheel*: Ron Rose Sound, thru 3/14. *Harvey's Inn Casino Lounge*: continuous entertainment

**Hyatt Lake Tahoe**, 831-1111: *Sugar Pine Lounge*: Kelly & the Kid, 3/2-21; Motifs, 3/23-4/4; Garfin Gathering, 4/6-29; no cover charge

**Sahara Tahoe**, 588-6211: *High Sierra Theatre*: Pablo Cruise, 3/5-7; TBA, 3/8-31; Diana Ross, 4/1-7

## Reno, Sparks Carson City

**Carson City Nugget**, 882-1626: Jaguars, 3/2-5/30

**Circus Circus**, 329-0711: Circus acts, 11am-midnight, free

**Eldorado**, 786-5700: continuous entertainment

**Fitzgerald's**, 786-3663: *Emerald Room*: Bet. E. Martin, 3/2-21; Saint Elmo's Fire, 3/23-4/11; Ron Rose & Co., 4/13-5/2; buffet from \$5.95 (Fri, \$7.95), cocktails from \$1.50 minimum. *Cabaret*: The Boos Brothers, thru 3/14; Oldies But Goodies, 3/15-4/4; Ink Spots, 4/5-25; \$1.50 minimum

**Harrah's Reno**, 329-4422: *Headliner Room*: Hot Ice, thru 3/25 & 4/7-5/7. *Convention Center*: Willie Nelson & Family, 3/26-4/4. *Casino Cabaret*: Tavares, 3/16-21; Heats On, continuous; The Platters, 4/13-25

**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.; 8pm dinner show from \$21.50; midnight cocktail show from \$18.50. *Lion's Den*: Vince Cardell, Sam Butera & the  
(Continued on page 66)



Elmo and Patsy play everything from CW to Top 40 but started a protest among senior citizens with their spoof, "Grandma Got Run Over By A Reindeer."

# nevada 82

The state's best traveling photo show. By C.J. Hadley

For eight years Elko's Northeastern Nevada Museum, under the guidance of director Howard Hickson, has sponsored a photo contest and show that attracts photographers from throughout Nevada and the western states. The top photos—chosen for the ways they depict Nevada—then tour the state in a print, slide and sound show (see page 57).

This year's contest, Nevada 82, was recently judged by Hickson; Dick Snyder, city editor and photographer for the *Elko Daily Free Press*; and Elko photographer

Thomas Lee Clark. The large number of entries was a help, according to Hickson. "Having a choice from 641 entries made it a fairly easy chore to come up with an exhibit that reflects the personality of the Silver State," he says. "I feel the judges selected an outstanding show where every viewer will find something to honestly appreciate."

The judging was easier this year because of the types of photographs, too. Normally it takes many hours to pick the winners, but this year, with a few excep-

tions, there was a sameness to the entries. There were too many moonscapes, sunsets and scenics with poor light. Action photos were rare. There were no winning shots of rodeos, Basque dancers, Indians, miners or gamblers. There were only a handful of people photos and too few thoughtful images of our cities and towns.

A number of photos were outstanding, and others were "close," suffering from small but important mechanical slips. "The most common bad points were





mostly technical—focus, color and dust on the print negatives,” Hickson says. “Some photographers, possibly the less experienced, tend to put the subject smack-dab in the middle without regard for composition. Just a slight shift would have enhanced many prints to the point where they could have been award winners.”

Nevada 82 is the state’s most prestigious photo show. More than 60,000 people see it each year as it tours the state. For a photographer, a win is worth a great deal in recognition and glory; just to be included in the show is an enormous compliment.

**Bird in Window, Tuscarora (top)**

Joe Dixon, Roseville, CA.  
Best of Show, Color Slide

**Ron Healy from Ely**  
George White, Seattle  
Show Photo

**Virginia City Graveyard**  
Jerry Littlejohn, Oakland  
Best of Show, Color Prints







**Springtime Splendor,  
Independence Valley**  
Tracy Mori, Tuscarora  
Merit Award

**24 Antelope in the Fog,  
Bottle Creek, Nevada**  
Hank Dufurrena, Winnemucca  
Show Photo

### Where to See The Show

**Elko**, March 4-Apr. 3, First Interstate Bank Building

**Winnemucca**, Apr. 8-22, Humboldt County Library

**Lovelock**, May 1-14, Pershing County Library

**Reno**, May 24-June 24, Washoe County Library

**Carson City**, July 2-Aug. 4, State Museum  
**Genoa**, Aug. 7-17, Genoa Courthouse Museum

**Yerington**, Aug. 26-Sept. 8, Lyon County Library

**Hawthorne**, Sept. 17-28, Walker-Wassuk Arts Alliance

**Las Vegas**, Oct. 8-Nov. 9, Las Vegas Art Museum

**Overton**, Nov. 19-Dec. 1, Overton Community Center

**Ely**, Dec. 13-Jan. 5, White Pine County Library

### Nevada 82 Winners

#### SLIDES

**Best of Show:** "Bird in the Window, Tuscarora," Joe Dixon, Roseville, CA.

**1st:** "Skiers' Paradise," Sonnia Gore, Reno, NV.

**2nd (Tie):** "Fledgling Independence," Linda Bunch, Tuscarora, NV.

**2nd (Tie):** "Neon—Reno," Joe Dixon, Roseville, CA.

**3rd:** "Fall Colors & Shadows," Linda Dufurrena, Winnemucca, NV.

#### BLACK & WHITE

**Best of Show:** "Union Brewery Saloon," Reinhold Schable, Washougl, WA.

**1st:** "Old Henry," James Lawrence, Gardnerville, NV.

**2nd:** "Old Times Gone," Harry Upson Jr., Reno, NV.

**3rd:** "Mecca Saloon, Paradise Valley," Reinhold Schable, Washougl, WA.

#### COLOR PRINTS

**Best of Show:** "Virginia City Graveyard," Jerry Littlejohn, Oakland, CA.

**1st (Tie):** "Early on the Trail," Linda Dufurrena, Winnemucca, NV.

**1st (Tie):** "Mountain Monarch," Frank Walters, Boulder City, NV.

**2nd:** "Hitting the High Note," Tracy Mori, Tuscarora, NV.

**3rd (Tie):** "Gone but not Forgotten," Velma Smith, Carson City, NV.

**3rd (Tie):** "Colored Glass," Gary Rossiter, Fremont, CA. □

# EGG ART

**For Pat Quilici  
of Winnemucca,  
eggs nourish creative  
talent in an  
unusual way.**

**G**ive most people an egg and it becomes breakfast or something to hide on Easter Sunday. Pat Quilici can take that same egg and create a work of art.

Quilici specializes in egg art, a craft she discovered 10 years ago when she received an intricately designed egg as a gift. Now she is one of the world's most respected egg artisans with fans throughout the U.S. and several foreign countries.

Egg art is a part-time affair for Quilici, and her motivation is relaxation. A lifetime resident of Winnemucca, Quilici operates a day care center with an enrollment of 80 kids. "With the responsibility of so many children, naturally my job can create tension," she says. "Egg art is my tranquilizer."

With the care of a diamond cutter, Quilici carves the shells using an electric saw. And she works with all kinds of eggs, common and uncommon, including pigeon, chicken, quail, ostrich and emu.



This jewelry box made from a velvet-lined ostrich egg is now in a private collection.



Pat Quilici and one of her prize winning creations.

Quilici can spend as many as 200 hours making the cuts and detailing the eggs with rhinestones, Austrian braid and delicate miniatures. When finished, her creation may incorporate a clock, or have butterfly wings that move. It could be a music box or swirl open to reveal an imported, hand-carved Madonna.

Prices range from \$8 to \$500 for her egg art, which has won several awards at

“

**Quilici, who runs  
an 80-child nursery,  
says, 'Egg art  
is my tranquilizer.'**

”

the Western Egg Artists Exhibit in Palo Alto, California. In 1976 Quilici took second place for a goose egg music box, and a year later she won first prize for a deep-green emu with four working doors.

In addition to the California exhibit, Quilici shows frequently in Reno, and several pieces are on permanent display at the Winnemucca Fine Arts Gallery.

Those who see her Victorian-style creations can appreciate the skill and

delicate touch it takes to be an egg artist. "Yes," she says, "I break eggs." That could create supply problems for a less resourceful artist, but Quilici has developed her own supply.

"Coming from a farming community, you'd think eggs would be available," she says. But most of the local eggs were ending up on the breakfast table, so Quilici decided to raise her own chickens, ducks and geese. Is there an ostrich in Quilici's future? No, but she's thought about it. "At 250 pounds a day, they eat too much," she laughs.—Ann Henderson



The four petals of this revolving music box unfold, revealing a hand-carved Madonna and velvet interior.

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# A Tale of Two Cats

**They were both smart bobcats. After attacking the sheep they showed almost human cunning in escaping traps. I began to think the cats were human, and I was almost right. By Harry E. Webb**

It was in late August 1929 that Isadore Sara, a Basque sheepman, came to my ranch with a problem that neither he, his camp mover nor three herders could handle. He was "topping out" the lambs of three bands of ewes on a mountain east of my Pine Valley ranch.

"It's the cats!" Isadore began. "I tell you if you don't get them damn cats they'll ruin me. They've killed 68 lambs in two weeks and it's still two weeks before we can start for the shipping pens."

I didn't blame Isadore for being on the prod. We had about 200 ewes and lambs on the ranch in pasture and Isadore's loss of all those "black face" 90-pound lambs, at 12 cents a pound at the railroad, was enough to make a saint swear.

"Doesn't sound like cats to me," I told him. "I'd rather think it's the work of an old coyote that's lost two or three legs in traps. Or it's a lion."

"Hell, no!" Isadore fumed. "It's them damn cats! Two whoppers. My herders have seen them. I don't mind critters killing when they're hungry but these cats maybe eat the liver out of one and kill the rest just for damn meanness. It's like they was trying for a record or something. And don't tell me to try setting off bombs, either. My herders have set off enough bombs and dynamite to blow that mountain up if the powder was under it. And they set all day and half the night with their rifles but the cats make a joke of them. No matter where the herders are the cats know it. They're human, I tell you. Just plain human!"

Although we were crowded with work on the ranch I promised to take a looksee. When I reached the nearest band I found the herder, his carbine handy, making "bombs." These are made by alternating layers of powder and sulphur, the last layer being sulphur, in a tomato can. At night the herders place them around the bed grounds and light the sulphur. As many as four explosions occur at long intervals from each can and are usually very effective against marauders.

"No good here," the Basque herder said, "but I make 'em anyway. Oh, scare ky-o-tee some, but not them cats. They prob'ly over there now some place making big laugh at us!"

Before two days had passed I, too, was convinced that those cats were part human. At least they thought like humans. Being determined to outwit them I brought my best trail dog and, like the herders, sat with my carbine and the patience of a house cat at a gopher mound, keeping my eyes peeled in all directions, only to see sheep suddenly scatter. But a cat's color blends with that of a sheep so closely nothing could be seen to shoot at, and my bellowing dog tearing through the band only added to the damage by piling sheep end over end.

Finally two weeks later the sheep,

minus 134 lambs, were on the trail to the railroad. And, with all my know-how, I had nothing to boast of except that I would get those cats if it took me all winter.

October came dry and cold, which made for heavy-furred pelts and ideal trapping conditions, and with it prime furs that held promise of being the highest priced in years. Better yet, I had seen enough coyote sign on the flats west of the high-cliffed mountain just north of my ranch to promise a bumper crop of pelts in jig time.

We had shipped only the wether lambs, keeping all ewe lambs—about 50—for breeding. The ranch work was caught up until we began shoveling hay to the cattle, so I set out with a batch of traps to set along the nearby cattle and mustang trails that were literally padded down with coyote tracks.

Two days later, as I started over this trap line, I fully expected to have quite a skinning job, but I hadn't visited half a dozen sets before I knew I was in trouble with a capital T. Every trap except two that had coyotes trapped in them had been dug up and were lying on top of the ground. What was worse, most of the squares of overalls I had placed over the trap pans and under the jaws were gone.

On my next trip around this particular line I met with the same luck: traps exposed and minus their cloth coverings. In two weeks the overall squares I lost would have made half a dozen patchwork "soogans" and I was getting mighty few coyotes, although on other lines I was hauling in the pelts. Every trapper has run up against some educated coyote, usually an old one, that would uncover every trap, but not a *rag-stealing* one.

Sheep being predominately brush eaters, when I started trapping we would turn our small bunch out each morning

below the high cliffs just north of the ranch, where there was lots of buckbrush below the ledges. In the evening either my stepson, George, or I would bring them in. Once when we had left them out overnight the coyotes had killed several ewes; a long, hard winter had decimated the millions of jackrabbits, so the coyotes had to turn to sheep when their bellies got empty.

One evening as I came in from my traplines I was greeted with news far more disconcerting than my trap line troubles had been. George had been attracted by magpies to seven of our big lambs and two ewes scattered in a radius of a few hundred yards. Three coyotes had run away as he came up. The peculiar part of it was that the slaughter had occurred late that day. Five lambs bore no marks except torn throats.

"I'll fix the coyotes!" I vowed.

Waiting until any crows or magpies had gone to roost, I placed strychnine baits, made with tallow, in and under the carcasses. Keeping the sheep and also my dogs penned up, the next day I yelped with joy when I found four poisoned coyotes.

"We'll have no more killings now," I said, though a bit puzzled over the fact that the sheep had been molested in the daytime.

Two evenings later George had gone to fetch in the sheep and saw them running and tumbling down the steep slope and glimpsed two big bobcats high-tailing it for the ledges above. He found three of the best lambs scattered about, their throats ripped open from ear to chest but no sign of the flanks being opened up.

"Do you suppose—?" George began thoughtfully.

"You're damn right, I suppose!" I said. "Those two cats have moved in on us, that's what! But they've picked the wrong



Harry E. Webb, who served as a government trapper for seven years, shows one of the bobcats he snared in 1916 near his ranch in Elko County. But the two cats he tracked 13 years later were a little harder to catch.

territory this time and I don't mean maybe!"

The next morning I was elated to find a skiff of snow had fallen during the night, so we whistled up the dogs and took off.

But we were just a bit late. By the time our panting horses had reached the ledges, the dogs were running up and down above the deep fissures where we had lost cats time and again. However, we made a discovery that made me stare in disbelief. The mystery of the disappearing trap coverings was solved. Under an overhanging ledge where cats had long bedded down lay my trap coverings. All had been chewed to soggy balls. Those cats had been the culprits that had put the kibosh on my coyote catching, as well as making me a candidate for the booby-hatch.

"You know what?" I said, a sudden thought striking me. "You hightail it to Old Tommy's and see if he still has his pet bobcats around."

"I don't think it's Old Tommy's cats," George said. "He's had them since they were kittens and they never bothered anything of his. So what makes you think it might be them?"

"All these rags," I snapped. "Besides, the old hermit never had anything for them to bother. Get going."

Old Tommy Jewell had been a bit queer for years, and since we'd had some "words" over my trapping within a mile or so of his place he had gotten the idea I was laying to kill him. He had told sheepmen—who supplied him with grub and clothes so he'd allow them to water their bands near his cabin—that he often saw me waiting behind bushes for a shot at him. Before we had fallen out his two bobcat kittens had given me many a laugh as I watched them glom onto the cuffs of Old Tommy's

overalls and hang on like bulldogs as he shuffled around. They still did it when they had grown to 30-pounders and could all but drag *him* around. So it just could be they had succumbed to their wild instincts and taken to the hills. Tommy had castrated them when they were kittens and had been sure they never would leave.

That evening as I was putting three coyote skins on stretcher boards George came in all excited.

"You hit the nail square on the head, Pop," he said. "Old Tommy's cats started staying away in the spring for two or three days at a time and finally for good. He hasn't seen them since the middle of August, so it must have been these same cats that worked on Isadore Sara's lambs. So we've got to get 'em now or we won't have any lambs by spring."

Thinking the cats would probably go back to the trap line for what appeared to be their favorite pastime—although I had ceased bothering to reset the traps—we circled the country without the dogs picking up any tracks.

On returning home in the late afternoon, though, we were attracted to the sheep pasture by two crows, and on investigating could scarcely believe our eyes at what we found. There lay a lamb, still warm, its throat and flank laid open, entrails exposed and the liver eaten!

Examining the woven-wire pasture fence we found cat hairs where they had climbed over. If slipping in while we had every dog off looking for them wasn't adding insult to injury, I didn't know what was. In a jiffy we had the dogs on their trail and in a short time we knew from the sounds that the cats were holed up.

When we arrived at the ledges we found the dogs trying to get back in a sloping, narrow cleft in the bottom of the 100-foot high cliff.

"Get up on top as quick as you can," George said, "and I'll try to crawl in here a ways. Then if the cats come out either above or down here we'll get 'em."

"Better yet," I said, "we'll burn 'em out! You stay here and start pulling any sagebrush and grass you can while I beat it to the ranch for a batch of hay."

With these instructions I was already on my way. Night would be closing in to defeat us if we missed this chance. We both knew the cats could only come out this *one* way, below.

George already had considerable brush and grass carted back in the narrow slot when I arrived with four gunny-sacks of dry hay. With this stuffed in behind the brush we were ready for business.

"Set 'er afire," I yelled down and in a few seconds wisps of smoke began trailing out. Then, fed by a 100-foot updraft, belching smoke and flame came up with a roar as if a volcano had let loose. A minute of this and I decided the cats had found another way out. No animal on earth could stand that inferno!

"See anything?" George yelled up.

"Nothing but a hell of a lot of smoke," I shouted back. "They must have—"

A sharp crack, followed shortly by another from George's Luger, cut my words. Then George was shouting, "We got 'em! We got 'em!"

One monster lay by George, its fur still smoking. What had been a beautiful pelt was singed to where it was now worthless. The cat down the hillside only had his nose-whiskers burned off. He had leaped through the flame and received the slug from George's Luger in his chest in mid-air. The second one, on seeing George, had paused on the slanting wall and let the flames roar around him until a bullet had toppled him forward.

Although triumphing over these two hellions called for a lot of back-slapping, I was stabbed with a twinge of remorse as we loaded those two cats' corpses behind our saddle-cantles. Now that the exasperating siege of trying to outwit them was over, I couldn't help but look back on their antics and envision them as two beautiful, spotted kittens growling, chewing and clinging to Old Tommy Jewell's overall cuffs. Even their monkeyshines in upsetting my traps and purloining the cloth coverings suddenly far outweighed the lamb losses we had suffered.

There would be hundreds—yes, thousands—of bobcats to follow, and, no doubt, thousands of lambs killed by them. But I felt sure there would never again be two "cats" with the ingenuity for downright cussedness and deviltry these two had possessed. □

*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

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Spring Weed, by Louise Evans

## NEVADA ART & ARTISTS

# Evans & Ball

Lyle Ball and Louise Evans, both Northern Nevada artists, use watercolors to capture heritage and nature.

## Louise Evans

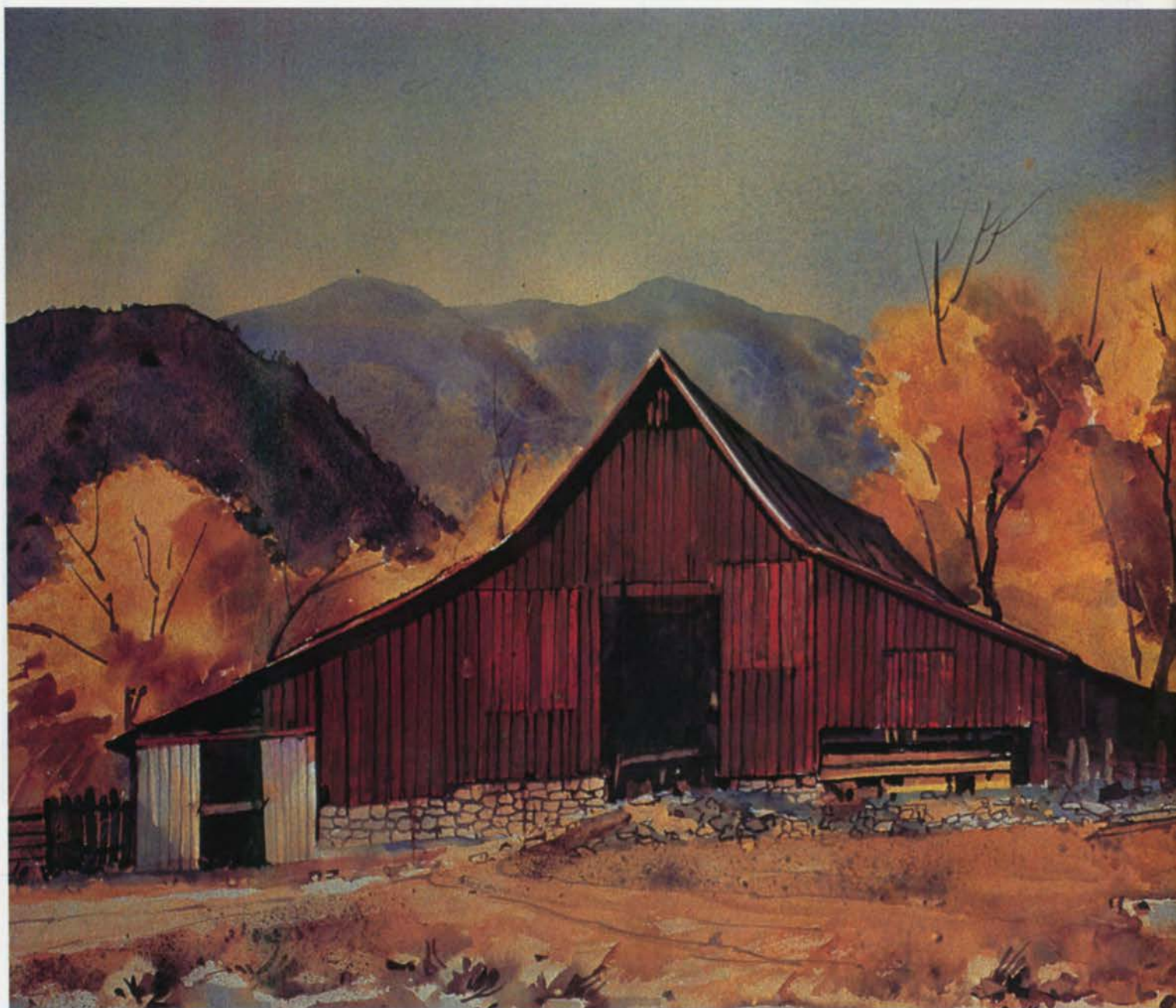
“It has only been in the last couple of years that I have come to appreciate the Nevada landscape,” says Fallon artist Louise Evans. “Watercolor has taught me to see. I focus in on specific subject matter as opposed to the sweeping panoramic views. The design elements in a close-up view offer more exciting possibilities.”

Evans has focused, for instance, on Nevada flora—and winningly. She has won four major local awards in the last two years, including a first prize in watercolor in the Nevada Artists Association competition at the Nevada State Fair. She



has only been painting seriously for the last four years, but she has taught art in Fallon since the 1960s in elementary, junior high and high school and the Churchill County Community College. She served as county Bicentennial art chairman, directing the construction of a mosaic by 2,400 students that now covers the front wall of the Churchill County Museum.

In her watercolors, Evans depicts her primary subject with precision but often leaves backgrounds vague, with broad swashes of color or with fading sharpness of detail. The result is an emphasis on physical design, rather than color arrangement, that tends to abstract the subject from its environment for study and appreciation in its own right.



Mayberry Barn, by Lyle Ball



Old House on Kietzke Lane, by Lyle Ball

## Lyle Ball

**"I** like to feel I'm a Western artist," says Lyle Ball of Reno. "I paint the ranch scenes. My childhood background, living on ranches, loving the barns and architecture—that all goes into my work. I'm interested in registering Nevada history in my paintings."

Ball's grandfather led wagon trains from Salt Lake City to California, and Ball himself was born in Reno 72 years ago. So his claim on the West is more than aesthetic. As a commercial artist, Ball ran a sign-painting business that was the state's largest when he sold out in 1968, and he was the designer of the original "Harolds Club or Bust" sign. His personal art has won a major prize at a Society of Western Artists show in San Francisco's De Young Museum and a charter membership in American Indian and Cowboy Artists. He helped found Reno's Artist Co-op Gallery and is a former member of the Nevada State Council on the Arts. Despite organizational duties, Ball has had time to produce more than 3,400 paintings.

Ball works mostly in watercolors and is largely self-trained. Man and his buildings figure centrally in his works. Representational in style and sentimental in mood, Ball's paintings are a reminder of the Western heritage. But any lesson in painting is subordinate to its inspirational value.

"I consider that if I can do a painting that will make somebody happy," says Ball, "that is a successful painting. I can't understand people who say, 'I don't care if anybody likes it, I'm going to paint it this way. I don't paint for myself at all. I paint for the people.'"



## SHOW GUIDE

(Continued from page 53)

Wildest, thru 3/2; Gary & Sandy, Zaras, 3/3-20; Liz Damon's Orient Express, Steve Long Show, 3/31-4/2; Super Gold, Shauntee, 4/28-5/25. *Leo's Lair*: Kitty Kaye & Moki, Henry Shed, thru 3/9; Garfin Gathering, Vegas Express, 3/10-30

**John Ascuaga's Nugget**, Sparks, 358-2233: *Casino Cabaret*: Diamond & Riders in the Sky, thru 3/7; Chris Shelton, 3/9-28; David Proud, The Friends, 3/30-4/11; The Mugglestons, Kelly and the Kid, 4/3-5/2

**Onslow**, 786-7310: Nightly entertainment

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

**Reno Hilton**, 322-1111: *Opera House Theatre*: Bal du Moulin Rouge, musical; 8pm dinner show from \$12.50; 11:30pm cocktail show \$10 includes 2 drinks; dark Mon. *Gilded Cage Cabaret*: Best of Burlesque, \$1.75 minimum

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

## Rural Nevada

**Elko**: Commercial Hotel, 738-3181 and Stockmen's Hotel, 738-5141

**Ely**: Hotel Nevada, 289-4414



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**Paul Revere**, the last madman of rock 'n roll, is looking for another hit.

**Fallon**: Fallon Nugget, 423-3111

**Gardnerville**: Sharkey's, 782-3133

**Hawthorne**: El Capitan, 945-3322

**Jackpot**: Cactus Pete's, 755-2321 and Horse-shu Casino, 755-2331

**Laughlin**: Riverside Resort, 298-2535; Del Webb's Nevada Club, 298-2512; Regency Casino, 290-2439; Edgewater Hotel & Casino, 298-2453; The Colorado Belle, 298-2425

**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



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

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**MYSTERY OF THE SAVAGE SUMP**

*(Continued from page 14)*

Goodman took them, and ten thousand more at the same figure.

A little man rose and flung twenty thousand shares at Goodman. He took them without blinking.

There was a pause and the swirl of speculation seemed for a moment to have lost its momentum.

Thirty-five thousand shares inside a minute, and snapped up by one man, was not a usual thing. They waited to see what the calm, blue-eyed man would do, as if he would dare bid higher. Then his voice rang out:

"Twenty-seven for twenty-five thousand shares, buyer thirty."

In an instant the cry of "sold" was shouted at him from all sides of the Board room.

"Take 'em all," he cried, "and will give twenty-eight for fifty thousand more."

Not a sale was offered at those figures. Something was on. The brokers scented a big deal in Savage, and no one dared take his offer.

The session closed and in a few minutes the street was a scene of extraordinary excitement. The wires were hot between San Francisco and Virginia City with cipher dispatches, but no one could report anything extraordinary in Savage. There was no development, and the water in the lower levels required the full working capacity of the big Cornish pumps to hold it in control.

Goodman was a commission broker and evidently not speculating on his own hook, and Colonel Clair's brokers were selling Savage—but in mighty small lots.

Colonel Clair was moving about the street in front of the Exchange building, deprecating the idea of a rise in stocks not based on actual merit.

"Me son," he said to one of the curbstone brokers, "there can never be anything in buying Savage until the water is out of the lower levels."

Within a week the water was nearly all out of the Savage, and also out of the adjoining mines, and stocks began to soar.

The pumps all along the big lead were slowing down, and the word went out that the water had been conquered at last and now the big bonanzas were going to be uncovered. Virginia City was happy, and the Stock Exchange in San Francisco was a whirl of speculation.

Then Colonel Clair began shorting everything right in the midst of the flurry. He had sold and realized a cool million, and was now a bear. It seemed odd that this should be the case when the pumps had drained the lower levels almost dry and no water was coming in. Then unexpectedly the waters came into the lower levels in a great flood and caught the miners napping with the pumps barely moving. There was a crash in stocks when the news reached Pine Street, San Francisco, and everything went by the board. Colonel Clair cleaned up another million.

"I didn't think it could be permanent," he said.

Then came a series of rises and breaks in the market and Colonel Clair always "hit them just right." No man seemed so shrewd as he, and so the deals went on and his wealth accumulated. William Meeker had but to raise or lower the plug in Lake Tahoe according to advices.

One night, as Meeker was raising the plug with the big windlass, he became aware of a figure behind him. It was Colonel Clair, who had reached the spot by a boat.

"How is she working?"

"Never better."

"I have your share deposited in the Nevada Bank, and it is now over two million."

Meeker smiled and his heart bounded when he heard those words.

"How big the moon looks over yonder," exclaimed the Colonel.

Meeker turned his head, and a heavy iron bar crushed in his skull. Colonel Clair tied a weight to the body and lowered it into the depths. Down and down it slowly sank, and then the swirl sucked it into the hole and it was gone. Colonel Clair lowered the plug. □

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## SAM DAVIS & THE ORMSBY RING

(Continued from page 12)

judged the grand jury's honesty? He knew that Ormsby's district attorney was against him. They had tangled before, and Davis had no doubts that the DA found great satisfaction in seeing him behind bars. But was the grand jury under the ring's power as well? If so, where could he turn?

Davis' plight promised a great legal and moral drama. Consider the stage: a provincial courtroom, and a jailhouse. And the actors: a courageous editor, shadowy businessmen who were out to get him, and public officials, both legal and administrative, of doubtful virtue. And the issue at stake: a journalist's right to keep a professional confidence. The climactic battle of Davis' crusade was looming. It appeared that long, bitter, complicated litigation would follow.

But it didn't. Davis stayed in jail only 20 minutes before Louis Stevenson, the informant Davis had been protecting, released him from his confidence and immediately afterwards identified himself to the grand jury. It was an anticlimax. Neither success nor defeat was declared. The grand jury eventually found one county commissioner guilty of malfeasance, but it only recommended that "hereafter the work be done correctly." An obvious whitewash.

One wonders, reading Davis' terse account of the affair, if he hadn't performed a little behind-the-scenes trickery too. Stevenson got Davis out of jail very quickly—almost too quickly. Had the two planned it all? Was Davis' defiance of the grand jury a gesture, a stratagem to attract attention to his charges? It is just the sort of subterfuge that would have tickled Davis—all the more so because it might have furthered his cause. But planned or not, his stay in jail still involved genuine social concerns.

Davis never gave up those concerns. He continued to pepper his editorials with accusations of corruption:

"Most of their illegal acts are either endorsed by the Grand Jury or white-washed. The Appeal does not believe that the District Attorney ever expected to do anything more than raise a dust under which the Grand Jury could retreat."

He went on to win some, and to lose as many, small battles. He never grew desperate. He never despaired. To Davis, the battle was as important as the victory. He loved a good moral fight as he loved a tall tale. Both stirred him deeply, appealing to the apparent contradiction in him: his religious background, so full of firm values and faith, and his effervescent imagination, so valueless and hopeful. Davis was a frontiersman in a diminishing frontier. □

Roger Smith is associate editor of Nevada Magazine. With Sylvia Crowell Stoddard, he is writing a biography of Sam Davis.



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## OUTDOORS

# THE TOWERS OF TAINDANDOI

**M**illennia ago glaciers gouged out deep canyons in the ranges of northeastern Nevada. Left standing between Starr Valley and Clover Valley was the thin, ragged crest of the East Humboldt Range. Its highest point is 11,306-foot Hole in the Mountain Peak, one of the strangest and most compelling summits of any range. Three hundred feet below the peak is the mountain's namesake, a huge natural window that developed ages ago in weak, thin-bedded marble.

Recently I found myself irresistibly drawn back to that peak—partly to enjoy again the sheer magnificence of the area and partly to challenge the mountain's serrated crest.

I had first made the 20-mile trip south from Wells to the peak in 1963. After 10 hours of almost continuous climbing a friend and I reached the summit. We were by no means the first climbers. Jean McElrath, in a 1959 *Nevada* article, noted that carved in rock there was the name of Lee St. Claire, a "venturesome ex-Confederate soldier and pioneer Elko County rancher," and the date 1874. The first settler to see the hole in the peak, according to Elko historian Edna Patterson, was Lizzie Wiseman, and the natural opening is still called Lizzie's Window locally. However, native Americans probably knew of the large hole centuries earlier. Ethnographer Julian Steward recorded in 1938 that the Shoshone called the peak Taindandoi (or Tainyandoya, "hole(s) in the top").

But the mountain's greatest fascination for me—the reason I returned—was a ragged ridge that extends 1,400 feet to Lizzie's Window. After my first ascent of the mountain, I had always wanted to cross that towering rock wall with climbing equipment.

July 3, 1981, found me again gaping up at the peak. Aaron McLane, my son, and



**After 18 years  
a climber returns to  
Hole in the Mountain Peak,  
a strange landmark  
that the first Nevadans  
called Taindandoi.  
By Alvin McLane**

Christy Tews, who has climbed in Nepal, were companions for the adventure. We hiked west up 1,600 vertical feet from Lizzie's Basin and set up camp on a ridge among a sparse stand of limber pine. The magnificent rib of rock rose 1,000 feet above us.

We would make the traverse the next day, but with the afternoon before us, we decided to have some fun on a 50-foot finger of rock east of the peak. As we hiked through a bowl-shaped cirque, mule deer bounded across the basin and young golden eagles soared overhead. Icy-cold water from snow patches rumbled over small cliffs and poured into the

meadow. And marmots scurried about among bluebells, shooting stars and purple Parry primroses. After we climbed the slender rock spire and retraced our route to camp, we watched the lengthening shadows creep across the basin floor below.

The next day, July 4th, dawned clear, the sky deep blue. We prepared excitedly and hurried off, startling a doe and her fawn—the latter came within five feet of Aaron as it fled. South of the peak we overcame several blocky spires enroute by climbing and rappelling along dizzy precipices. A final tower shot up directly above Lizzie's Window, looking like an oversized dunce cap with two legs. We climbed it and descended by rope on the west side. The tower overhung to the east in a perpendicular drop of 300 to 400 feet. For the fun of it, Christy rappelled down over the hole, which framed her and the great expanse of the valley beyond. We had trodden the peak's most dangerous and exciting ridge.

We continued our traverse of the range's crest for a mile and a half and found a perfectly clear tarn enclosed in a rocky basin. We lazed there in the sun awhile and then followed the land's contours back to camp, startling nine bucks in velvet along the way.

We packed and descended east to Lizzie's Basin. But before we left the area we turned back and noticed that the sun was about to set behind the window. We waited. Soon, like a hot iron burning a hole through paper, the sun burst through Lizzie's Window in towering Taindandoi, and a powerful sunbeam shone down upon us. There is no better way to leave a peak than with the blessing of the mountain and the sun. □

*Alvin McLane of Reno is a dedicated outdoorsman and author of *Silent Cordilleras*, a guide to Nevada's 314 mountain ranges.*



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## LETTERS

(Continued from page 6)

subjects! We could never get away with the kind of stuff you use.

Bob Bell, Editor  
Pennsylvania Game News  
Harrisburg, PA.

## DP's Get to Vote

Isn't it amazing (Letters N/D '81), especially with a name like Bonetti, how European migrants can transform into pure Americans in a mere generation or two. You see, I'm English, 26 years old, and although I miss home, the more I see of Nevada, the more I feel I was born too late in the wrong place. The Nevada I really love is mile after mile of desert plain and beautifully formed and colored rocks which abound our state. Notice I say "our" state. That might upset some people, but the way I see it is that about 98 percent of the population originated somewhere else, mostly Europe, and this arid wonderland is just as much mine as anyone's. Don't get me wrong, I'm no rowdy, I respect Americans a lot. I just wish they appreciated this paradise called Nevada as much as I do. So Bonetti, please move over and let a fellow European savor this state; there's lots of room for all of us.

Michael Cheesman  
Las Vegas, NV.

## Don't Stop, Don't Change

My husband, Seth Moseley, an alleged writer, said he's subscribing to too many magazines and told me to stop taking Nevada. But the other day I caught him peeking at past issues, so I know that his heart belongs to Daddy Nevada. Please renew.

Hilda Moseley  
Canaan, CT.

A great magazine, hope it doesn't change.  
Lola Loyd  
Reno, NV.

Your 1982 Muench calendar is the best so far. Hope I am not too late to order another as a gift.

Hildred Johnson  
Las Vegas, NV

I liked your historic calendar (1981) better than your color calendar (1982).  
Mrs. G. C. Ryan  
Albuquerque, NM

Recently I ordered and received a copy of your special gaming issue. It is really an excellent issue and I would now like to order a copy for a friend.

Gerald Dinner  
Hawthorne, CA.

Thanks a lot. To order, please use the envelope in the center of this magazine. Send us \$2.95 and we'll ship you a Gaming Issue; send us \$5.25 and we'll send you a 1982 Muench calendar.—Ed.

**PATTY SHEEHAN**

(Continued from page 34)

admit it, I was spoiled and hated it. All that packing is why I quit racing and took up golf. I'm lazy."

Lazy or not, at age 15 she began spending seven days a week at Hidden Valley. "I had the run of the place. There were some great putting greens, a driving range, a long and short trap and a chipping green you can hit a 4 iron into. I've never found anyplace better for practice."

There were also some talented teachers. Eddie Jones, the pro at Hidden Valley, makes his living by teaching, but for Sheehan the service was on the house. "I'd be doing something wrong and go knock on his door. He would always stop whatever he was doing and spend some time with me."

Veteran pro Susie Berning, a three-time U.S. Open champ, was playing out of Edgewood at Lake Tahoe and served as Patty's idol. "I'd go up and watch her hit balls and just be in awe. She often scared me, but she was definitely part of my success. She offered me real encouragement when I needed it."

If there's one area of her game that still needs work, it's on the greens. Her second-place finish in the Las Vegas Putt-Off last fall was something of a surprise. Rating herself on a scale of 1 to 10, she says she began last year putting at 4 and finished a 7. Combined with her near-perfect drives, she may not need more than a 5 to dominate the tour.

Always the optimist, Sheehan managed to top her own expectations recently. When she first joined the tour, she formed a corporation with her parents to cover her expenses. It was supposed to be a tax write-off for the family ski shop but ended up making money before being quickly dissolved. "My goal that first year was to make \$60,000. When I hit \$100,000, I changed my goal," she says with a grin.

If there's one facet of LPGA life that Sheehan has any misgivings about, it's the glamour circuit. Jan Stephenson's provocative photo spreads and Laura Baugh's rise to fame, despite a poor game, show that good looks can still score points in a sports contest. While Patty's sparkling blue eyes and infectious smile are worth a stroke or two all by themselves, she'd be the last to admit it.

"You don't find a whole lot of men following me around the golf course," she says, "because I'm not a sex object; because I don't have a great figure; because I don't have long flowing hair; because I don't wear make-up and because I have the Sheehan walk. But I tell ya, they don't know what they're missin'!"

That's something the Reno press corps already knows. □

Buddy Frank is managing editor of KTVN-TV News in Reno.

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# The Life and Times of a Gambling Magnate

## The Harrah Touch

*In the following excerpt from William Fisk Harrah by Leon Mandel, Harrah has arrived in Reno and begins to apply the Harrah Touch—not only in his casinos but also in his dealings with other businessmen.*

Harrah had made clear to the skeptics that he was in Reno to stay with a typical Harravian gesture: instead of buying the conventional space heater for his new shed on Commercial Row, he had invested \$600 in a genuine, for-real oil heater. "Well," said the heater consultant, "you can get just a heater in the corner for \$30. But you can get a furnace—basement, the whole bit—for \$600."

"But it was a first-class job. So we bought it. We did need heat and we wanted the people to be comfortable. They're not goin' to play if they're not comfortable." The Harrah Touch again, and in that winter of '38 it warmed the hearts and feet of his bingo customers. The Harrah Touch failed him, however, in the case of the lima beans.

When Harrah opened on Commercial, he had markers made up for his bingo cards, nice ones, too, and expensive. For a reason he didn't at first realize, his players (80 percent locals, as with Virgil Smith's place) complained. It had been traditional to use lima beans, and if Harrah wouldn't supply them, his customers would bring bags of their own. To his chagrin, Harrah was forced to give up his fancy markers and replace them with odd-shaped legumes.

Bowing to pressures from the lima bean lobby was one thing; he was not at all willing to go along with less benign convention. Harrah's first dollar slot was a machine he put in the Blackout Bar. Not long after it arrived it disappeared at the same time as a good deal of whiskey. The culprit was easy to finger—when liquor is missing look to its keeper. Sure enough, Harrah was able to establish the guilt of the bartender. Trouble was, the man was under the protection of Jack Sullivan, who had taken over as manager of the Bank Club during the enforced vacation of its owners, Bill Graham and Jim McKay.

This Sullivan was a hard case. He was, by then, a large, portly, formidable figure, addressed, in contravention of the casual western manner of equals, as "Mr."

Harrah and Sullivan were on a collision course.

"We lost some liquor which was replaceable (although it was very hard to get) but the dollar slot machine was irreplaceable. I called a cop right away, which you weren't supposed to do. But that's the way I was brought up.

"Then (everybody) is tellin' me, 'Gee, Bill. Why don't you let it go?' 'No way, I said, 'I'm mad.'"

"So then Jack Sullivan called me up and Jack Sullivan never called anybody up."

"Hello. Bill Harrah?"

"Yeah."

"This is Jack Sullivan."

"Ooooh! Yes, Mr. Sullivan."

"Could I see ya for a minute?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I'll come right over."

"No, that won't be necessary, I'll come and see you." Almost half a century later Harrah remembered Sullivan's size, his syntax, his cane, and the glower in his presence. "I was really impressed. It would be like President Carter or somebody comin' to see you. It was—you know—*Jack Sullivan*." The moment might have been impressive, but it was not awesome: "He turned on all of his personality. He didn't have too much but he turned on all he had."

Sullivan wanted Bill Harrah to forget the little incident of the thefts. He wanted Harrah to know that in Reno the players overlooked pranks, that he, Bill Harrah, would have to come to an appreciation of the tolerance requisite as a kind of commercial lubricant in the world of gambling.

"I really stood up to him. I was amazed at myself. 'I respect you very much, Mr. Sullivan, I said, 'but this guy deliberately, soberly stole my slot machine and a lot of booze and I'm gonna get him!'"

"If you want to get along in Reno," Harrah remembered Sullivan answering, "I think you're makin' a mistake. Here we scratch each other's back." Bill Harrah did not scratch Jack Sullivan's back. Instead, he took himself to the witness stand and testified against Sullivan's protegee, who was sent to prison. "I guess some people thought (the bartender) might get even with me and I should have worried about it. Maybe, but I never did." Even in the early days, then, if someone was foolish enough to bite Bill Harrah he soon discovered tooth marks on his own buttocks. □

**William Fisk Harrah:**

**Life and Times of a Gambling Magnate**

by Leon Mandel

Doubleday, Garden City, N.Y.

223 pages, 32 pages of photos, hardback, \$14.95

When I was growing up in Nevada, all I knew about William F. Harrah was that he owned casinos, collected old cars like nobody's business, had a last name that read the same backwards and forwards and, I thought, had the middle name "Fiscal." But there was much more worth knowing about Harrah. His was a complex personality, as Leon Mandel's biography so carefully reveals, and he was a leading architect and defender of Nevada's gambling industry.

Mandel examines Harrah evenly, including the early playboyitis and alcoholism as well as the inspired innovations—bars, busing and big stars—that built the Harrah empire. Along the way readers learn about other gambling figures such as Bill Graham, Jack Sullivan, Pappy Smith and Howard Hughes. Harrah seems to have stood up to, tussled with or hoodwinked many of them. He was particularly adept at learning from and capitalizing on his mistakes; Mandel's study of that Harrah trait is the most absorbing and valuable theme of the book. Almost as useful is Mandel's exposition of the way Harrah helped improve Nevada's image to the rest of the nation. It is a feat well worth understanding.

Mandel has written for a popular audience, not for scholars. So the narrative is rich—sometimes dense—with intriguing detail and is cast in a style that intends to buoy up the subject, at times, as much with the author's wit as with the subject's appeal: "Harrah hired and married (Scherry). What's more he did it without curtailing a social life that would have exhausted Lothario, gagged Henry the Eighth, and left Casanova dehydrated and swearing lifelong celibacy."

Mandel, a resident of Reno, presents Harrah almost as if he epitomizes the "Nevada story"—the sly rise to riches, dictatorship, reformation and reticence, and strange and endearing passions (the auto collection and Harrah's virtual ownership of Stanley, Idaho). So balanced is Mandel's treatment, which is based upon extensive research and his interviews with Harrah and his circle, that he dispels the many Harrah legends without injuring the fascination of his real life story. Mandel's biography does not tell the whole Nevada story, of course; he makes no such claim. But Mandel *does* expose the inner machinery of the gambling man, and that machinery is an integral part of the Nevada works.

—Roger Smith

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