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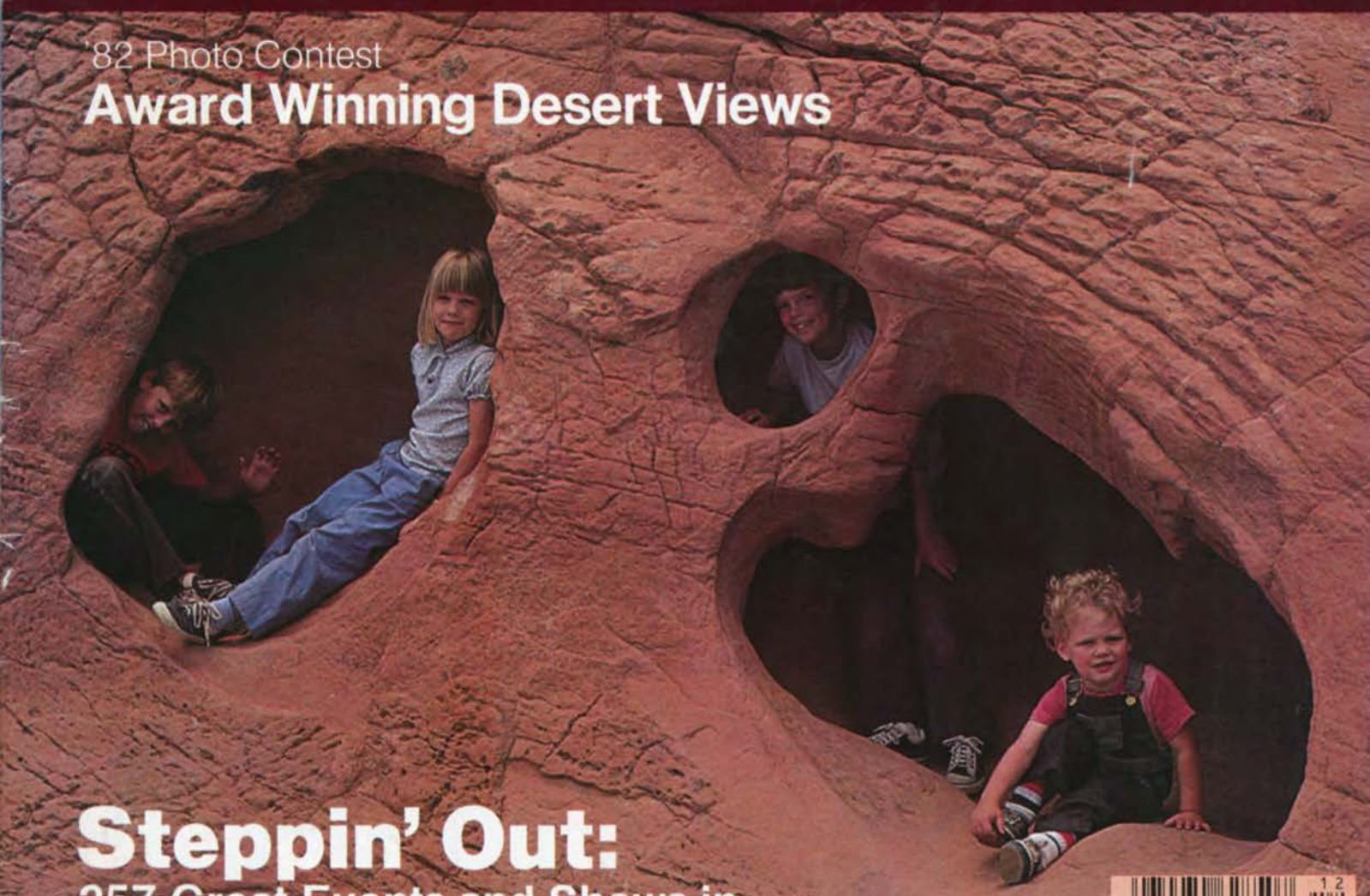
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NEVADA

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Editorial

In September 1783, King Louis XVI of France and Marie Antoinette watched a balloon go aloft with a duck, a rooster and a sheep on board. After the flight, the three successful aeronauts joined the royal zoo.

In the fall of 1982, some casinos and businesses sponsored 21 balloons and pilots who carried Reno media folk straight up from the green pastures of Rancho San Rafael. The event was to celebrate ballooning's 199th anniversary, the Nevada State Fair, Reno's National Championship Air Races, and the perfection of the state of Nevada.

From aloft, it became obvious why I live in this place. That balloon ride with Dan Newby in his Chauncie was so delightful that it put a difficult 1982 into perspective and offered great promise for 1983.

As we lifted off, the sun was poking up over the Pine Nuts, its light caressing the gently-sloping desert hills of Reno, touching the peaks of the alpine Sierra to the west. I thought of New York that dawn, which always was inspiration, opportunity, education, high wages and all kinds of people. I liked New York. I also remembered good times, towns and terrain in England, France and Canada. But Nevada is a place against which nothing can compete.

Nevada's ambience is honest and healthy. Its people, sometimes ornery, say what they think, decide what they want and try for it. Nevadans appreciate the past, yet never ignore the present or shut out the future.

As our balloon hovered for a moment over the silver strip of highway that runs between San Francisco and Salt Lake City, I understood well why Nevada is home. To the south were the ski slopes of Mount Rose and Slide. I could see duck ponds, tennis courts, golf links, the university and green shaded parks. To the east stretched the desert and long rows of mountains, home of deer, bighorns, wildflowers and hidden streams. From our tiny wicker basket, it was an endless vista.

Before King Louis sent his zoo aloft almost 200 years ago, balloons were fought off the fields of France by farmers with pitchforks. The farmers believed the devil had to be inside the monstrous, floating spheres.

Today there are no threatening farmers, and balloonists can land almost anywhere they want to. Good pilots can read the wind and raise or lower the temperature in the balloon to suit their desire for elevation. Vertical lift is not a problem; horizontally you're at the mercy of the weather and wind.

Ballooning is a quiet sport. Route is unimportant. The peace is broken only by



an occasional roar from the propane burners. Controls are sparce. The most important aspect is having an FAA-certified pilot who knows how to navigate and when to let off the burners. Heat melts nylon at about 300°F, and a hole in the brightly-colored envelope would make for an instant, perhaps even deadly descent.

A two-way radio kept us in touch with reality, with Tommy and Suzanne in the chase vehicle. But we didn't worry about them. We flew several miles, slowly and gently toward California, but stopped before the border.

It seemed right somehow, after a slightly bumpy landing in the brush, to be christened in champagne after my rookie flight. It also seemed right that the tingle from that particular drink is exactly the same as I feel when I stand overlooking the Humboldt River above Winnemucca, fish in Lake Mead, or hike to the top of Wheeler Peak. It seemed right again to float easily and gently toward the end of 1982 on the eve of ballooning's bicentennial. And just as right to get back to Nevada's earth, where I was meant to be.

—Caroline J. Hadley

With thanks to Newby, Suzanne and Tommy and their beautiful one-of-a-kind Chauncie balloon. And great appreciation to Peggi Gold and Reno's Eldorado Hotel for sponsoring the flight.—CJH

Letters

Mother and the Legend

Jason Rubinsteen's article on Death Valley Scotty in the September/October issue was excellent, though much too short.

I had the occasion to meet "Scotty" when I was a young boy of six, fresh from the fertile fields of Indiana, on a reconnaissance trip to the West along with my mother and her younger brother. Knowing we were stopping in Death Valley, my grandfather had reminded us several times that Scotty may be there and to look him up. Sure enough, he was wandering the castle grounds, talking to the curious tourists many of whom had never heard of him.

Scotty always had an eye for the ladies and my mother was pretty attractive, so when he spotted her, he sauntered over. "Where ya from?" he asked, to which my mother relied, "Indiana!" And Scotty cocked his head, grinned and hollered, "What the hell are ya doin' way out here?" My mother was pretty shocked (after all that was in 1946) and backed away, but I lingered for a moment, awestruck, looking up at a living, breathing and slightly profane legend. Luckily I was whisked away by my uncle lest I be corrupted on the spot. I never forgot it, and 36 years later the Death Valley area continues to hold a special fascination for me that has never waned.

Dick Shayne
Las Vegas, NV

Tee for Texas

This order may sound kind of funny coming from Texas but the big catch is I'm not a Texan, I'm a Nevadan! From Reno, stuck here in Tomball, and can't come home for couple more months but I got to have your Nevada T-shirt. I would also like to say I love the pictures you all shot of Nevada. Makes me homesick more and more each day.

Larry Lee Kidd Jr.
Tomball, TX.

Thank you for putting out such a great magazine, it really helps us servicemen stationed overseas to have a "little home" come to us every other month. And thanks for giving us the opportunity to offer such good mementos of the state we all love. Please mail the flags, suspenders, bet-on-it pins, T-shirts and mugs to me here.

William T. Peterson
Honolulu, HI.

Throwing Curves

Regarding Harriette Lanner's article on pine nuts in your September/October issue, she states that pine nuts are always ripe by Labor Day. After reading the article I went down Highway 395 and sampled the nuts on the road to Topaz. All I sampled were too green to pick. I only pick when the cones are about to open and the nuts inside are ripe and not rotten.

As a youth in Colorado we could not wait for the cones to open so we would boil them. When the water boils the pitch comes to the surface. We would then skim the pitch off with a stick. After the cones were removed and cooled, the nuts could be removed with ease and no pitch. I line my roasting pan with foil and let the pine nuts cool a day before storing in a sealed container. This prevents mildew.

Ray Widmat
Carson City, NV.

Four Isn't Enough

Those migrating furry quadrapedal tarantulae observed near Virginia City are no doubt crossing road in search of their other four legs.

Charles DeB. Haseltine
Reno, NV.

They must have lost them the first time they crossed the street! Eight legs is right, Haseltine.
—Ed.

Nevada is very nicely printed and has some good articles but since it was about only one state and mostly about one city, Las Vegas, I was going to give it up. But to please Harry Webb, and yourself, I decided to subscribe again.

Amzie Stephens
Nashville, TN.

Dalton Gang Hits Jackpot

I think the casinos would get more out of the elderly (of which I am one) to come over more often if they'd give a few more pots on the nickel and dime machines. We'd put them back anyway. Nevada is a beautiful state. I love it as much as I do my own state. One is in a different world when in Reno, Tahoe or wherever. Even in Jackpot. (Yes. We are related to the Dalton gang.)

Mrs. L.C. Dalton
Auburn, CA.

Magazine Keeps 'Em Away

Wish to send your rag to two pals back beyond the Rockies. OK? Maybe by receiving this magazine these fellows will *not* come out here to enjoy the great life!

Bill Harris
Lake Tahoe, NV.

Molly Remembered

One article in the May/June issue of Nevada Magazine was especially interesting to me. My parents had lived in Tuscarora, and a lady of the evening, Molly Forshay, lived there and was quite notorious. She was well liked by many of the miners but was a total

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disgrace as far as the women were concerned. She was a drunkard, was very noisy and totally disgraceful. My parents moved to Copper Mountain when I was about four years old and my sister was five. To tease my mother, Dad taught us to sing, "Hip, Hip, Hooray for Molly Forshay." When my mother heard us sing that she was really up in arms but my dad had a good laugh.

Lloyd Nelson
Ventura, CA.

We love your state. Hope to move to Boulder City in two years or so. We check the mailbox with great anticipation for the magazine. Keep up the good work. Even our kids, 16 and 12, read it. They love David Muench. Let's have more.

The Knuths
Homewood, IL.

Over the years that I taught in the Reno schools I used the Nevada Magazine as a valued resource material. Both the students and I enjoyed it immensely. Now I am using your publication in my English classes in China and it is received enthusiastically.

You probably never thought the Nevada Magazine would go so far afield, and be read so avidly.

Doris Folsom
Shenyang, China

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No.—Ed.

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Winners

For most photographers the Nevada landscape is a difficult subject. The sunlight can be glaring, and mountains are piled up in rows and interrupt the sky. The colors of sagebrush, creosote, rock and playa of the desert are subtle in all seasons. The weather can change like human emotions—calmly, fiercely and often revealingly.

But the Nevada landscape is not impossible to photograph, and a patient photographer can be rewarded with strangely alluring images. Winners of the Great Nevada Picture Hunt are such photographers. Their photographs are introductions to the personality of the land.

Their photographs also introduce the personalities of the landholders. You discover in the behavior of critters and people, and in the aftermath of their actions, what the land offers and demands, how it can be used and why it survives the temporary touches of life we may sometimes impose.

The September/October issue presented the top two winners of the 1982 contest—"Etched in Snow," a view of Red Rock Canyon by Las Vegan Ray Fairbanks, and "A Song for the Past," a portrait of a mandolin-playing Lee Nelson, a Denio resident, by Linda Dufurrena of Winnemucca. Here is a further selection from the 17 finalists chosen from the nearly 1,000 prints and slides entered in the contest. □

"Lovely Valley," Susan Moore, Winnemucca, NV. 8th Place: subscription, shirt



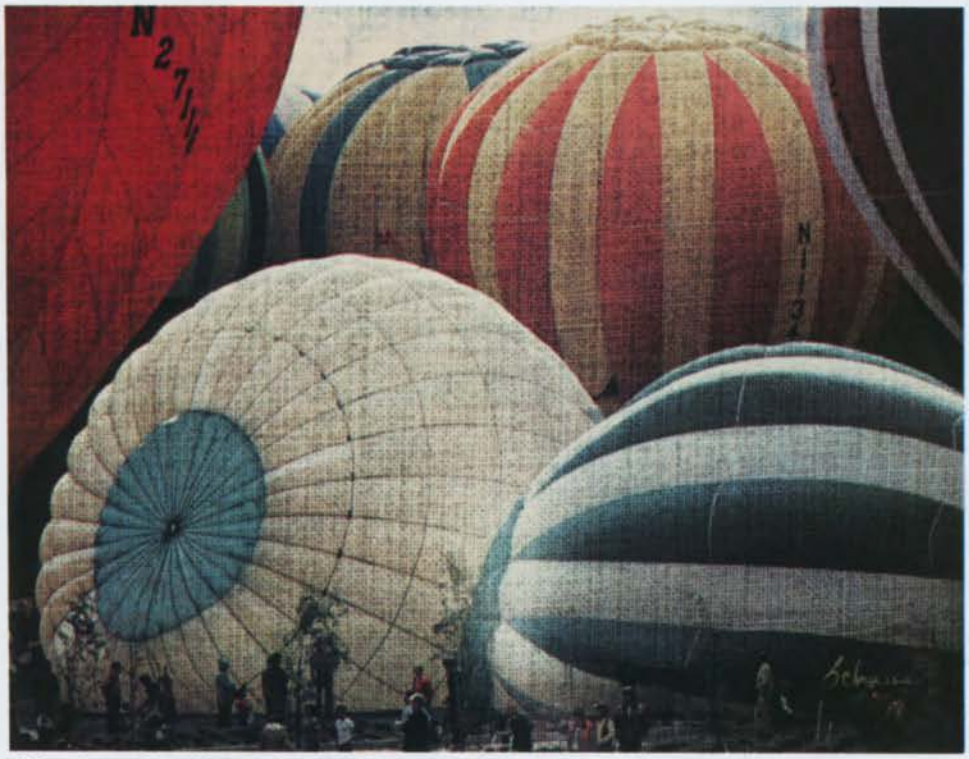
Winners
(Continued)



"Wellington, Nevada"
Lenny Kafka, Hixson, TX.
4th Place: 20 rolls Kodak color film



"Pelicans at Pyramid Lake"
Kenneth L. Miller, Reno, NV.
7th Place: subscription, shirt



"Meadows Mall Grand Opening"
William P. Schaus, Jr., Las Vegas, NV.
3rd Place: 20 rolls Kodak color film



The Finalists

Following are the top photographers and their winning photos and prizes in the 1982 Great Nevada Picture Hunt:

1st: "Etched in Snow"
Ray Fairbanks, Las Vegas, NV.
Pentax ME Super

2nd: "A Song from the Past"
Linda Dufurrena, Winnemucca, NV.
$150 gift, Luke's Nevada Photo

3rd: "Meadows Mall Grand Opening"
William P. Schaus, Jr., Las Vegas, NV.
20 rolls Kodak color film

4th: "Wellington, Nevada"
Lenny Kafka, Hixson, TX.
20 rolls Kodak color film

5th: "Playhouse Rock"
David G. Hjelstrom, Alamo, NV.
20 rolls Kodak b&w film

6th: "Desert Mood"
Irene J. Brennan, Boulder City, NV.
$25 gift, Boulevard Camera

7th: "Pelicans at Pyramid Lake"
Kenneth L. Miller, Reno, NV.

8th: "Lovely Valley"
Susan Moore, Winnemucca, NV.

9th: "Blaine Sharp Ranch, Ruby Valley"
Cynthia Burns, Puyallup WA.

10th: "Sunset & Pecos, Las Vegas"
Ed Opsitos, Las Vegas, NV.

11th: "Wallpaper, Quartz Mountain"
Ken Polwort, Hawthorne, NV.

12th: "Topaz Lake"
Dick Smith, Carson City, NV.

13th: "Off-Road Racing"
Ronald J. Mackey, Las Vegas, NV.

14th: "Nevada Wallpaper"
Perry C. Rose, Hawthorne, NV.

15th: "Comins Lake Near Ely"
George L. Carnes, Ely, NV.

16th: "Relaxation, Anyone?'
Kitty Dufresne, Carson City, NV.

17th: "Stormy Day, Pleasant Valley"
Cynthia Faulkner, Reno, NV.



"Sunset & Pecos, Las Vegas"
Ed Opsitos, Las Vegas, NV.
10th Place: subscription, shirt

Winners
(Continued)



"Off-Road Racing"
Ronald J. Mackey, Las Vegas, NV.
13th Place: subscription, shirt



"Playhouse Rock"
David G. Hjelstrom, Alamo, NV.
5th Place: 20 rolls Kodak b&w film

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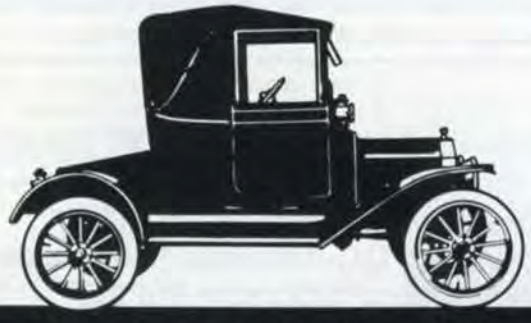
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Us and the Feds

Ever since Abe Lincoln brought Nevada into the union in 1864, the Silver State has had an unusual relationship with Washington, D.C. The state has prospered through federal programs like the Newlands Project, Hoover Dam, the Nellis and Fallon air bases. But no matter how many times we embrace the feds, it always seems like we're trying to kick them out.

By Guy Shipler

"Nevada is ten thousand tales of ugliness and beauty, viciousness and virtue. Nevada is full of contrasts and surprises. It is a home for 'radical legislation' but not for radicals. Seen by a Californian or a New Yorker, Nevada is unorthodox, impious, backward and undeveloped —yet hospitable, individualistic and romantic. It is the home state for extremes."

—Richard G. Lillard, "Desert Challenge"

Forty years after Richard G. Lillard wrote his "biography" of the Silver State, Nevada still is all of those things. The land itself remains largely untamed. The state's population has increased seven-fold to 800,000, but that's fewer than eight people per square mile. Nevadans still take pride in their state's wilderness, sense of freedom and the Old-West tradition that individuals should make their own decisions. Outsiders who come to town and start messing around invite a figurative High Noon—and sooner or later they'll be riding the train back home.

This philosophy looks like plain orneriness elsewhere, especially in Washington, D.C. To the federal government, Nevada is the most exasperating state in the union. Sometimes Nevada can be as helpful as any bureaucrat could wish. But the rest of the time it behaves like Dennis the Menace, an incorrigible the feds would like to lock in a closet.

Nevadans in turn welcome Washington's ideas with either open arms or suspicion. No matter how often we embrace the feds, it always seems like we're trying to kick them out.

This odd relationship has lasted for 118 years, ever since Nevada won statehood in 1864 because Lincoln needed Comstock silver in the Union treasury and two more supporters in the Senate. The fervor of Nevada citizens' patriotism has never been questioned—even the motto on the state seal reads, "All For Our Country." That's more than lip service. Nevada has an unmatched record in contributing to the national defense as the home of air bases, ammunition dumps, bombing ranges and the huge Nuclear Test Site.

The array of installations, of course, does not represent simple generosity. The state acts as much out of self-interest as self-sacrifice, since military facilities bring in millions of federal dollars every year.

Yet, while happily accepting that money, Nevadans complain of too great a federal presence in their lives. Along with their fierce dedication to "All For Our Country," they are just as loyal to another, unofficial motto: "Let's Get The Feds Off Our Backs."

In 1979 the Nevada Legislature passed a resolution that led to the Sagebrush Rebellion. Basically, the resolution demanded that the federal government turn over to Nevada most of the 86.68 percent of the state's 109,889 square miles that have always been under federal control.

In short, the feds tend to stir equal amounts of patriotism and independent-mindedness among citizens of the Battle Born State. It's an enigma that leaves some people scratching their heads. But however irrational the Nevada-federal relationship may appear to others, it makes perfect sense to Nevadans.

One example was the statewide reaction to the 55-mph speed limit imposed in 1974 by the federal government to save gas. Howls of rage arose all over the state. Nevadans had prided themselves on having no speed limit on their 5,000-plus miles of open highway. True, the highway patrol could ticket someone driving 115, say, in an erratic manner. But speed was left up to the basic common sense of the individual, whom state law admonished only to drive in "a safe and proper manner."

Nevada lawmakers proceeded to introduce scores of bills designed to curcumvent the federal edict. But no one could find an argument strong enough to prevent the loss of federal highway funds. Finally, at the 1981 session, legislators came up with a compromise that would not flout the federal limit. The new law reduced the speeding penalty to a fine of only $5 on drivers caught going between 55 and 70 mph, for "wasting a natural resource," and by eliminating the "points" that can lead to revocation of a driver's license. But there is a catch: anyone caught going over 70 mph gets penalized from the 55-mph rate. So Nevadans still regard the law as just one more instance of federal "interference" that has beleaguered the state for 118 years.

Nevadans also admit that their state has often benefited from federal programs. Nevada was the site of the first federal reclamation program—the Newlands Project, named for the state's U.S. Senator Francis G. Newlands, one of the creators of the National Reclamation Act of 1902. Started a year later with the building of dams and canals (Lahontan Dam was built 1911-15), the project was designed to store enough water from the Truckee and Carson rivers to irrigate 400,000 acres of arid land.

Immediately farms sprouted along the Lahontan Valley, and the town of Fallon, whose slogan is "The Oasis of Nevada," was established. Area farmers have produced millions of tons of produce including the Hearts-O-Gold cantaloupes, which are nationally known for their large size and unmatched flavor.

Today the problems of water distribution and the shrinking of Pyramid Lake show the project was not without dangers, but 80 years ago there was reason to trust Uncle Sam, and Nevadans did.

Another major federal project for Nevada grew out of the founding of the Bureau of Reclamation—Hoover Dam, the greatest construction project of its time. In 1904 a reclamation engineer, Arthur Powell Davis, conceived the idea of a giant dam on the Colorado River to control floods and provide irrigation and power for the Southwest. His proposal called for a dam 727 feet high, 660 feet thick at its base and strong enough to hold back two years of water. The ideal site would be in Black or Boulder canyons, where formidable cliffs rose on the Nevada and Arizona sides of the river 25 miles southeast of Las Vegas.

After years of delays due to political and engineering questions, Nevada Governor Fred Balzar led ceremonies at Black Canyon officially opening the project on September 17, 1930. It couldn't have happened at a better time for the state. Between 1930 and 1935 the dam gave employment to as many as 5,218 workers and provided an average monthly payroll of $500,000. The dam gave jobs to untold thousands of men and women who provided the five million barrels of cement and 18 million pounds of structural steel used to build what was then the largest man-made structure in the world. The model town of Boulder City was created, and Las Vegas, then a dusty town of 5,000 residents, reaped the benefits of front-page publicity.

As work on the dam got underway, the Navy was building an ammunition depot

This farmland was only sagebrush and sand until the Newlands Project, begun in 1903, brought irrigation water to Fallon and the Lahontan Valley.



NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

LAS VEGAS NEWS BUREAU

300 miles to the north at Hawthorne. The site was selected for its remoteness. In 1926 an arsenal in northern New Jersey blew sky-high, taking 30 lives. That tragedy brought a demand in Washington, D.C., to put such dangerous facilities in out-of-the-way areas. Nevada U.S. Senator Tasker Oddie, seeing an opportunity for economically-troubled Mineral County, told the Navy that Hawthorne was indeed remote enough—and after one look, the Navy agreed.

By 1930 the desert around Hawthorne was dotted with scores of earth and concrete bunkers, and rows of barracks and substantial brick officers' quarters were built north of town. Hawthorne became a key military installation, reaching its peak of activity during World War II when the town's population jumped to 13,000.

The war brought other installations to Nevada, and, like the Hawthorne project, they were welcomed. In 1941, the Las Vegas Army Air Field (now Nellis Air Force Base) opened nine miles north of town. The same year, a $150-million defense complex, Basic Magnesium Incorporated, was established 13 miles southeast of Vegas, creating the town of Henderson. During the war Basic Magnesium became the nation's largest manufacturer of metallic magnesium, used in making airplanes and their engines, and magnesium used for incendiary bombs dropped by Allied pilots.

But the biggest result of World War II for Nevada came long after V-J Day. With the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki and the dawn of the nuclear age, the U.S. needed a place to study the secrets of nuclear weapons.

The ideal site turned out to be the southern Nevada desert. In 1951, 60 miles northwest of Las Vegas, the Atomic Energy Commission began above-ground tests of nuclear devices. For four-and-a-half years the series of 45 mushroom clouds attracted tourists to Las Vegas and nearby Mt. Charleston to gaze at the awesome blasts. Scientists had assured the populace that something called "nuclear fallout" would be minimal and harmless.

In 1955, Las Vegas promoters used the tests to the city's advantage: "Few celebrations can use the publicity gimmick," reported the *Review-Journal*, "that their event was 'blasted off' with an atomic explosion, but that apparently is the fortune of Helldorado officials when the test organization reported today that the 14th and final nuclear test of the current series is set for firing tomorrow." The rodeo started with a bang and a cloud of dust.

Mushroom clouds from the Test Site, 60 miles northwest of Vegas, were popular tourist attractions in the '50s.





LAS VEGAS NEWS BUREAU PHOTOS

In the Depression years the construction of Hoover Dam on the Colorado created thousands of jobs and brought millions of dollars to a starving Nevada economy. Today the dam's hydroelectric plant is a major source of power for the Southwest.

Nevadans didn't complain much about federal interference during the Eisenhower years. The nation was strong and respected, and the ugly shadows of war had moved far away.

Prosperity reigned throughout Nevada. Tourism and legalized gaming, the major industries, boomed even in times of recession. Federal funds made possible such things as the building of the two interstates, 15 and 80, which made it easier for more tourists to visit. Grants for social services flowed here as they did elsewhere in the nation, and that continued through the Lyndon Johnson years of the Great Society.

Yet there was resentment beneath this euphoria, intensifying whenever interference by the federal government increased.

One such period occurred during Governor Grant Sawyer's administration (1959-1967). Nevada's gaming control system had reached maturity and had made great progress in eliminating the underworld influence of the state's early days. Attorney General Robert Kennedy, however, so strongly disliked gambling that he was determined to use his power to cripple Nevada's gaming industry, if not wipe it out.

The chief tool in that effort was to be the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Sawyer recalls that Bobby Kennedy virtually flooded the state with agents to gather evidence of underworld influence in the casinos. What alarmed the governor most, he says, was his discovery that "the FBI was committing both federal and state illegal acts by probing every kind of private operation with indiscriminate bugging." Worse, Sawyer could do nothing about it: "I was incensed over the fact that the chief law enforcement agency of the nation could violate the law with impunity. There was no one to call them to task or to prosecute them because they were the prosecutors. I considered that a terribly dangerous situation."

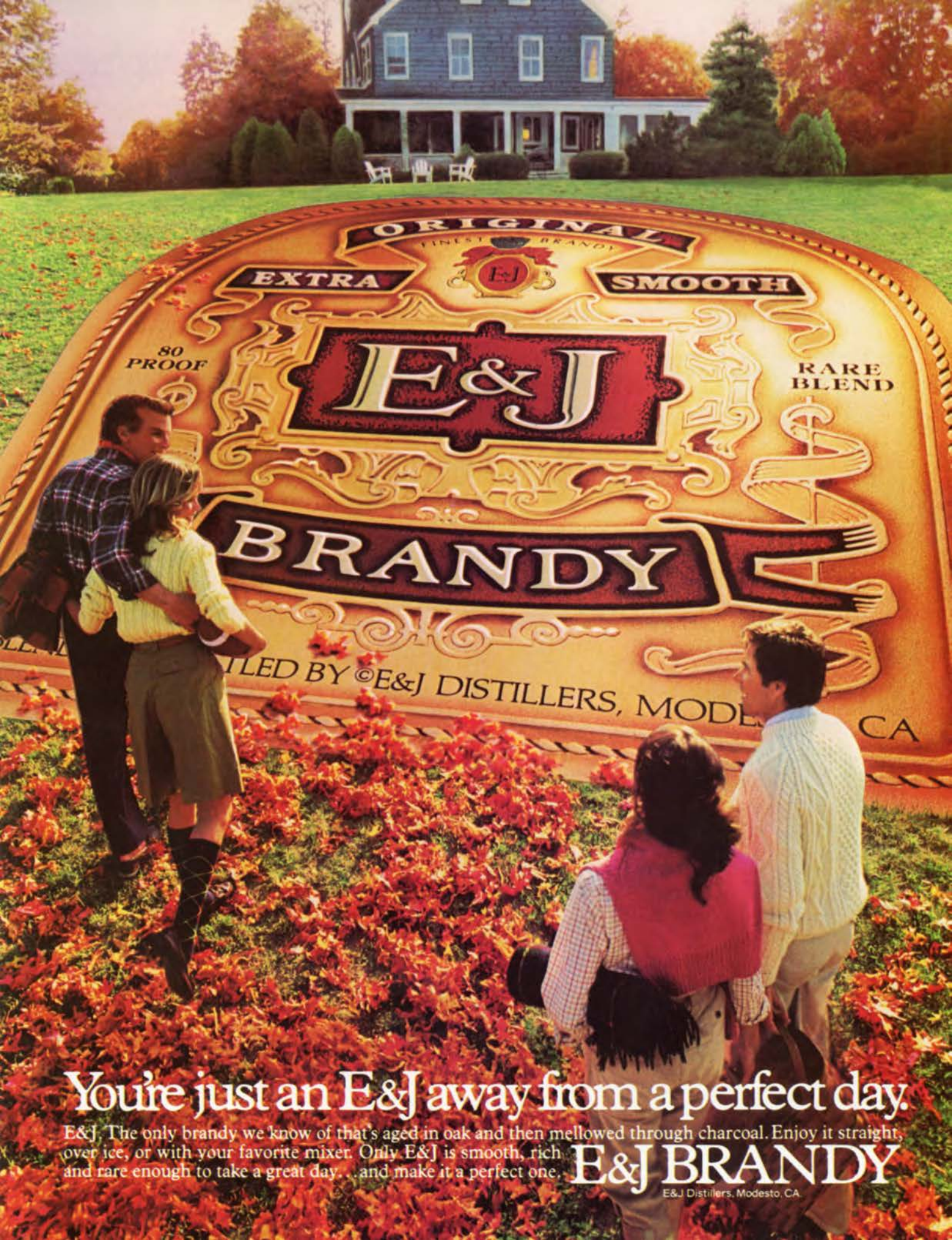
But as the probe continued, Sawyer discovered something even more dangerous. Kennedy's agents had been unable to come up with enough solid evidence to prosecute anyone. Frustrated, the attorney general directed that a huge strike force stage a simultaneous raid on every casino in the state, a dragnet to nab the mobsters he was convinced controlled Nevada's gambling.

"After all, Bobby Kennedy and the people around him had the typical eastern attitude toward Nevada," the ex-governor explains. "What we did here as a perfectly legitimate business was illegal everywhere else. As a consequence, we were under a great deal of suspicion—the belief that where there is gambling, there has to be corruption. That's really what we've been fighting all these years. You still run into that same sort of attitude, but it was much more pronounced then than it is now."

Sawyer foresaw that even if no lawbreakers were turned up in such a raid, it still could destroy credibility in Nevada's legalized gambling, and Bobby Kennedy would succeed in wiping out the industry. And Sawyer knew the only way to stop the raid was for him to go over Bobby's head to the President himself.

Fortunately, Sawyer knew John F. Kennedy well and supported him politically. A fellow Democrat, JFK had been Sawyer's

(Continued on next page)


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US AND THE FEDS

(Continued from previous page)

guest at the governor's mansion in Carson City and understood a little about Nevada—enough, Sawyer hoped, to grasp the problem and help.

Sawyer made an eloquent personal plea to the President, explaining the situation and what might happen if the agents moved in. His plea succeeded. JFK immediately picked up the phone and ordered his brother to call off the raid on Nevada's casinos. Nevada was saved at the last moment.

But the end of that frightening incident did not mean the end of problems. On the contrary, the phrase "federal intervention" more and more became part of the Nevada complaint.

There came the discovery, for instance, that those atmospheric tests in the bright days of the 1950s had greater effect than scientists had predicted. The fallout turned out to be deadly. Communities downwind of the mighty explosions began showing an unusually high incidence of cancer in the 1970s.

More evidence of "interference" arose. The Washington concept of the Nevada desert as a wasteland became literally true with the operation of a low-level nuclear waste dump at Beatty, where leaks have caused a running fight between the state and feds over safety practices.

The MX missile system, a dormant project for the moment, threatened to put even more of the state off limits to the public. The MX, called the largest construction project in world history, would have shuttled 200 weapons among 4,600 steel-and-concrete shelters in central and eastern Nevada.

Not all Nevadans opposed the plan, by any means. The construction industry saw it as a boon to the economy, especially as the recession of the early 1980s began to cause layoffs. But the majority of the people feared the MX and, again, resented the infringement on their territory. President Reagan's announcement in October 1981 of the abandonment of the MX "racetrack mode" was a real victory for Nevadans.

And yet the shadow of federal dominance remains. It has become so large that it seems to obscure the benefits of Washington's help. Some Nevadans point to the 86.68 percent of the state's rugged desert landscape that is not the state's at all. The Bureau of Land Management controls most of the federal land in Nevada, and even though the BLM has spent a lot of federal taxes here—on range management, for instance—there has been more resentment of the BLM than praise. Livestock and mining interests complain of ever-tightening restrictions in the use of public lands. The Nevada Mining Association has a slide show called "Welcome to Nevada—Property, U.S. Government." The title underscores the miners' fears of withdrawals of public lands for new wilderness areas. There too is fear of "privatization," the federal government selling vast tracts of land to private interests.

But can Nevada really be anything but "Property, U.S. Government," a wanderer who, in the end, has to depend upon family support? Many economists and political thinkers maintain that Nevada's interests are too thoroughly meshed with the nation's for the state to preserve independence of any sort.

Still, the MX controversy and the Sagebrush Rebellion prove that Nevadans and state organizations are thinking about federal policies more carefully than ever before.

Residents have always liked to complain about the feds, since the state's economy has long depended upon industries—mining and agriculture, for instance—that see extensive government regulation. But Nevadans aren't just complaining anymore. They are analyzing prospective government projects carefully, weighing the state's long-term interests and organizing and lobbying to make opinions count.

If the present federal emphasis on states' rights continues, and if Nevadans keep questioning government policies before tossing out the welcome mat, Nevada stands to see more real freedom than before. Not the old freedom that Nevada's liberal social attitudes and natural feistiness won, but a freedom gained by reasoned, concerted action. Nevada has learned that Washington isn't always right and that federal funds aren't always the bottom line. □

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



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ROSE ANNE DeCRISTOFORO

Dr. Mary

Mary Fulstone, the longest-practicing doctor in the state, has been helper and healer to three generations of Smith Valley families.
By Rose Anne DeCristoforo

Dr. Mary Fulstone has a lilting, bright, intensely cheerful voice and a manner of speaking that vibrates with energy. She often laughs as she tells of her life as helper and healer to generations of pioneering Nevada families and native Paiute Indians. "I've enjoyed my life. I wouldn't change it," she says. Then, hesitating for a moment, she adds, "Although I would like to have kept my eyes a little better." At the age of 90, Dr. Mary has problems with her eyesight and has slowed the pace of her medical practice, but her essential cheer has not been affected.

She sits in the front room of the old Fulstone home in Smith Valley. Sheep stand in the long fields beyond the cottonwoods under a white Thanksgiving sky. The day is cold, and even as she reminisces, Dr. Mary's attention turns promptly to the fireplace whenever a new piece of wood is needed.

When she was 28, Mary Fulstone arrived in Smith Valley from San Francisco. The year was 1920. She had married Fred Fulstone, a Smith Valley sheep rancher, the year before and completed her first year of medical residency while carrying her first child. "I was too busy to worry," she says lightheartedly of the unorthodoxy of that arrangement. "But when I came here people were kind of aghast at the idea of a woman doctor."

Even her own family didn't take her seriously, as she discovered in August 1920 when her first child, Fred Jr., was born. "I started in having pains," she remembers. "I hardly knew what they were, but I got the forceps and the sterile things, and called Dr. Leavitt from Yerington to come and help." Yerington was 25 miles away, so her young husband called his mother. "Grannie Fulstone had helped others. Grannie said, 'Well let me look at you,' and then she said, 'Oh my, the baby's going to come, oh it can't, *the doctor's not here yet!*'"

The doctor was indeed there, and there to stay. Sixty-two years later she is a living legend, her scrapbook bursting with newsclippings of the honors she has received. "I was named Doctor of the Year once by the men," she says proudly of an award given in 1961 by her male colleagues. The longest-practicing physician in the state of Nevada, Dr. Mary is also the mother of five children and boasts of eleven grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. She has delivered the babies of three generations of Smith Valley families. She was named Nevada Mother of the Year in 1950, Citizen of the Year in 1964 and had her name placed in the Congressional Record in 1978. "I didn't worry about anything, I just did the work," she says with characteristic simplicity.

Did the demands of doctoring ever conflict with raising her family? No. "I loved meeting people, seeing the people, being able to help them. I never entertained the thought of quitting."

Helen Nuti, a longtime neighbor, remembers her making house calls with her small, identical twin daughters, Eleanor and Jeannie. The twins would wait in the car and honk the horn from time to time, and Dr. Mary would pause and say, "Oh dear!" whenever she heard the horn.

Those same mischievous girls later were selected as the Toni Twins, the sweethearts of a worldwide home-permanent advertising campaign in the 1950s.

While the children were young, Dr. Mary never traveled far. Her sister Jennie, who lived in the Fulstone ranchhouse, helped with rearing the kids. Dr. Mary maintains an office in her home to this day, but only after the children were older did she enlarge her practice to include the larger community of Yerington in Mason Valley to the north.

Times were hard during the early years. Keeping the ranch together through the Depression was a struggle. "Lots of my bills went toward running the ranch," she explains. "My care for the people at the store went to pay the store bill."

Neighbors tell another story. During those years when money was scarce many people received no bill at all from the young doctor-mother. "Dr. Mary would be a billionaire if she had charged for all the things she's done," says a neighbor of 50 years. One couple took their infant son to her through a year of illnesses. "We never had any money, and it was never discussed," says the mother, who is now a great-grandmother. "Finally, we went to Dr. Mary and said, 'What do we owe you?' She said, 'Well, now, let me see. Does $15 sound like too much?'"

"No matter what time of the day or night, if you called, she came," says another neighbor. "In snow two-three feet deep, even in the winter of '33-34 when the snow was clear up to the top of the fenceposts. She could really drive a car." Another remembers the young mother as "a very pretty woman with no time to dress up."

Dressing up wasn't the point for Mary Fulstone. The important thing was bringing comfort to her patients. "There were times when you felt terrible for people. People get very, very scared when they're ill, but they relax when the doctor comes. Sometimes you wish you could do more. The important

thing is to get the right treatment at the right time."

When Dr. Mary began her practice, none of the white people in the valley would have dreamed of seeking her services. Even as late as the mid-thirties, according to one Smith Valley resident, people coming to the area from other places had never heard of a lady doctor. Her first patients were local Indians. The government hired her to care for the Indians for $90 per month, flat rate. Once or twice a month she traveled by car to Topaz, Coleville, Bridgeport and Sweetwater. The trip into the mountains took a full day, and she also was called for emergencies.

One of her most powerful memories is of crawling into a hole in the bottom of a teepee in Bodie to find an Indian woman tending her husband, who was suffering from a large cancerous growth in his stomach. "The man was in a bed on the floor, and a hole was dug in the floor with a fire going in it to keep the winter cold out. She burned oil in a dish for light. The woman sat beside him on the floor, holding his hand. She said, 'We're so glad to see you, because we're sure you'll cure him.' All I could do for the man was give him morphine tablets."

Men occasionally had trouble understanding how they should relate to a woman doctor. Dr. Mary recalls being called to Sweetwater in the mountains above Smith Valley to help an Indian woman who was in labor. She found a woman with a dead baby lying crosswise inside her womb. "I worked a couple of hours or more. I almost sweated to death. The woman was on the floor, but I got her up on the table and finally I got her delivered, and she lived."

Some time later an Indian man appeared at the ranch wanting to see Fred Fulstone, the man of the house. "Your wife came to take care of my wife, now my wife is healed. How much you charge me?" the visitor asked. "He wanted to pay Fred, not me, you see," she says.



FULSTONE FAMILY COLLECTION

Born in Eureka, Mary Fulstone (far right) grew up in Carson City and was captain of the Carson High School girls' basketball team in 1910.

> "During the Depression many people received no bill at all from the young doctor-mother. 'She'd be a billionaire if she had charged for all the things she has done,' says a neighbor of 50 years."

"One thing about Fred is that our marriage has been so successful because he was always busy with what he was doing, and then we had our life together. Fred used to help with everything. He liked it, he didn't mind it at all."

When their children were small the living room of their home served as a waiting room for her patients. One day the waiting room was full of people, and a wool buyer came to the front door and asked for Fred, only to be told that he was around back. "Fred was hanging out diapers," she says, laughing, "and the man went into town and told everybody how henpecked that Fred Fulstone was—here his wife is having a party in the living room and he's hanging up laundry!"

Dr. Mary has a soft perspective on the hardline positions taken by many contemporary feminists, however. "They work too hard on it. They've made it such a political issue. It'll come gradually. You just do your work," she advises.

"You know how I decided to be a doctor?" she asks. "I grew up in Carson City and I went to the University of California. I was going to study math and I liked all the sciences, chemistry and biology, and I got friendly with the pre-medical group.

"When we got into our fourth year, the pre-medical students talked me into going on with them into the first year of medical school. 'Oh, come on, stay with us,' they said," and she laughs, the merry spirits of 1915 resounding in the room. "And, so I did!" Her voice sparkles with such delight she sounds as if she is ready to begin it all again. One can easily understand why those medical students were determined to keep Mary Fulstone around.

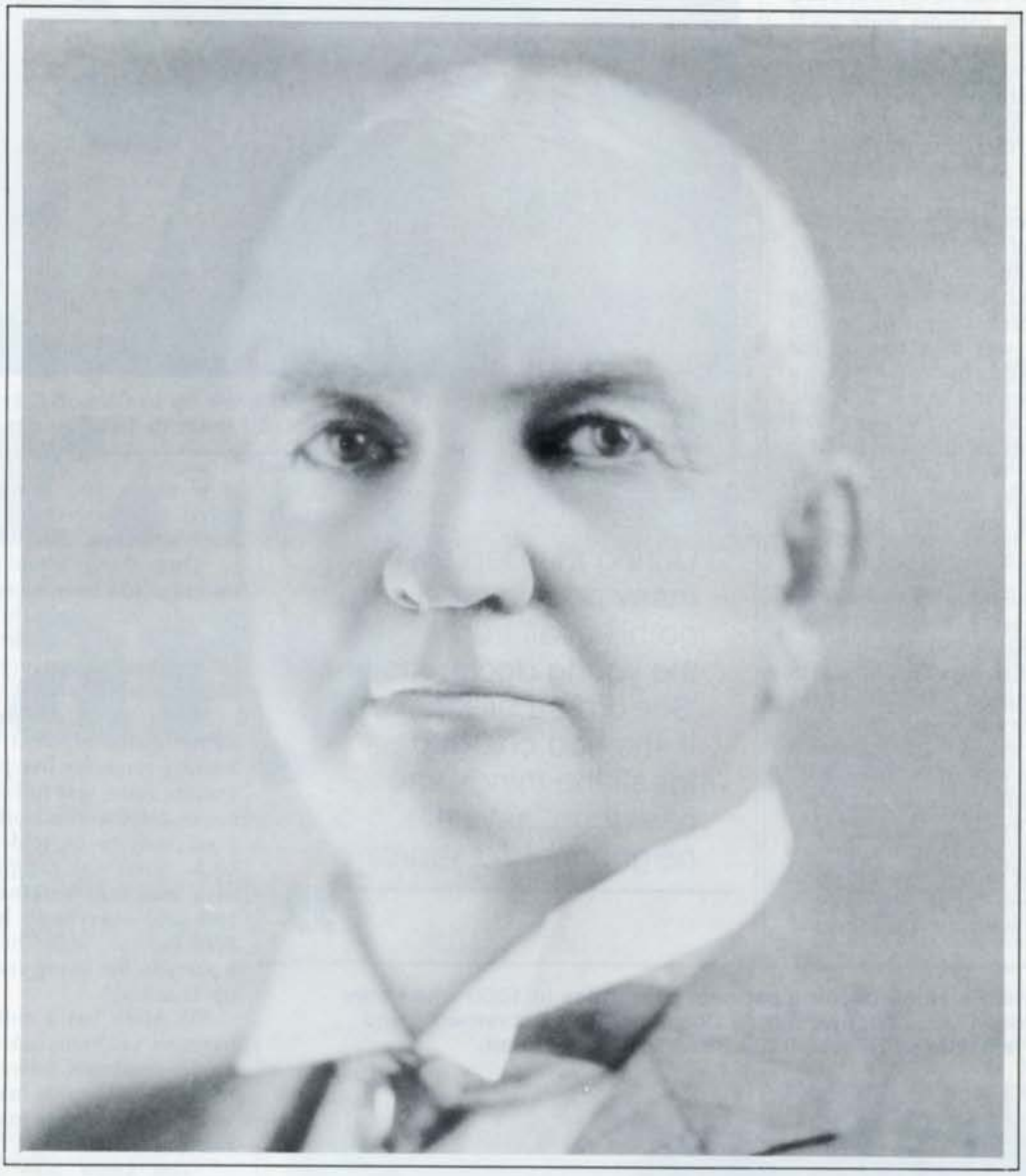
"Oh, I loved it all," she says. □

Rose Anne DeCristoforo, Comstock bureau chief for the Mason Valley News *and* Comstock Courier, *grew up on a Mason Valley ranch.*

Eleanor and Jeannie Fulstone became national celebrities in 1950 when they were named the Toni Twins. Today Jeannie Corfee lives in Sacramento and Eleanor Killebrew is owner of Heavenly Ski Resort at Lake Tahoe.



FULSTONE FAMILY COLLECTION



E. E. Roberts and the Politics of Personal Liberty

Reno's three-time mayor was one of the great architects of the Nevada character.

By David W. Toll

When the Nevada Legislature legalized gambling and the six-week divorce in 1931, the *New York Times* sent a reporter to Reno to witness the opening of the newly legal gambling joints on Douglas Alley and Commercial Row.

"Viewing the operation of one of the crowded games," he wrote in the *Times* on March 21, "Mayor E.E. Roberts, picturesque survivor of the old days, gave his idea of how a city should be run, while announcing that all games would have to be 'on the square.'"

"It's all nonsense trying to regulate people's morals by law," Roberts said. "For eight years I've been trying to make Reno a place where everybody can do as they please, just so they don't interfere with other people's rights.

"Now we can do lawfully what Nevada has always done undercover."

Thus did the spotlight of national attention illuminate Edwin Ewing Roberts, one of the great architects and exemplars of the Nevada character. Today he is an almost forgotten man, overshadowed in the public memory by such contemporaries as George Wingfield and Bill Graham. But 50 years ago, when naughty Reno caught the eye of a nation eager for scandal, Roberts' philosophy of freedom made headlines everywhere.

"I have never been in favor of legislating morals into people," he confided to a reporter a few days later. "I believe in temperance in all things, but not in prohibition. I believe in arriving at temperance by education, looking at life through a broad and tolerant viewpoint."

To a Virginia divorcee, Ed Roberts was the "genial elderly gentleman with the twinkling blue eyes" who beguiled her in his office one spring morning in 1930.

"Guns, pistols and derringers were placed so close together around the door and window frames that the wood was almost hidden," she wrote in a letter home. "Across one end of the room were shotguns standing in racks, dozens of them. Birds' nests decorated the chandelier. On the walls were post-cards, posters, handbills and photographs, for the Mayor is a family man, and the father-in-law of Walter Johnson, the famous baseball man.

"When the walls, ceilings and furniture offered no more roosting places, the floor had been pressed into service. A great heap of deer antlers occupied one corner. Piles of ore—gold, silver, copper—were massed under the windows, together with Indian mortars and grinding stones."

For two hours Roberts had entertained her. "You see that pair of deuces over there? Those little two-spots were worth just $15,000 to the nervy man who held them in a game in Gold Hill in the '70s. And that pair of aces: that pair of aces won $37,000 over a pair of jacks. Tex Rickard sat in that game, and Walter Mack."

She wrote, "There was much to intrigue one in the personality of this man who was at once typical of yesterday and today. There was about him a simplicity almost elemental, and yet every word he uttered was freighted with shrewdness and insight.

"I think it must take an uncommon order of intelligence and ability to successfully bridge that gap between the old order of things and the new; to be just as much home in the sophisticated metropolitanism of the Reno of today as in the time when a new gold strike made men millionaires in the morning and gambling made them paupers at night; to bring out of that older period none of the scars but only strength and virtues with which to build a modern cosmopolite.

"I guess it wasn't by chance that Nevada chose Mr. Roberts to represent her in Congress and Reno conferred upon him her highest honor."

When gambling was legalized in 1931, Roberts (left) said, "It's all nonsense trying to regulate morals by law."

Ed Roberts was born December 12, 1870, in Sutter County, California. His parents had driven an ox team from Iowa 10 years earlier, and his father had become a farmer and crossroads blacksmith. Young Roberts was educated at Howe's Academy in Sacramento and later was certified as a teacher by the State Normal School in San Jose. He taught school at Hollister, California, from 1891 to 1897

While teaching he also began to study law. In 1893 he married Nora Range and became the clerk of a committee of the California Legislature. He resumed this task in 1895 and again in 1897 while maintaining his teaching and his legal studies. His quickening interest in politics prompted him to enroll in the California School of Elocution and Oratory.

In 1897 Roberts was one of hundreds of Californians who traveled to Carson City to witness the heavyweight championship prize fight between Corbett and Fitzsimmons. Roberts was so impressed with western Nevada that when he was offered a teaching position at Empire, a little mill town on the Carson River, he accepted at once.

In 1899 he passed the Nevada bar, announced for Ormsby County district attorney and was elected. He served five consecutive two-year terms, and in 1910 he campaigned for the Republican nomination for Congress to succeed George "Judgie" Bartlett. Roberts ran on an anti-Chinese, pro-irrigation platform that carried him to a 2,378-vote victory over Charles Sprague of Goldfield, and in January 1911 he went to Washington.

Roberts' Washington career was notable for his daughter Hazel's marriage to Walter "Big Train" Johnson, ace pitcher of the Washington Senators, and for voting in 1917 with 49 other congressmen and six senators against war with Germany.

Three weeks after the declaration of war, Roberts addressed the House on the issue of the draft. "If it be traitorous to conscientiously oppose what you believe will lead to the establishment in this Republic, of a despotic military system, then, gentlemen, I plead guilty to the charge," he roared.

"Better for us and those who come after us that we had never entered this war than to do so at the price of those principles on which our government is based. True patriots have no need of conscription.

"If all the people in this country who have been yelling their heads off for war during the last three years would now come forward and volunteer their services like real men, there would be no need for conscription. I have always noticed, however, that dogs who bark seldom bite, and men who start fights seldom if ever engage.

"As for the state I have the honor to represent, it will not be necessary to resort to conscription. Nevada is the first state in the Union to come forward with its full quota of troops.

"It is easy enough," he concluded, "to sit down here and provide means by which under the law you can go into the homes and drag from the firesides of this country anyone you desire and put him into the trenches of a foreign land. Such action is a body-blow to liberty."

In a state that likes a fight as much as Nevada, in which an Elko County cowboy hiked 52 miles across country through snowdrifts and frozen streams to enlist, and in which a Churchill County "draft-dodger" was hunted down and shot, the congressman's speech was not universally appreciated. He was confronted in the Riverside Hotel one day, according to a story still told in Reno, by an angry patriot who called him a coward for voting against the war. Roberts knocked him down and went on, but he may have recognized that his position needed clarifying.

In 1918 he again spoke in Congress. "War is now on," he said. "The earth is shaking with the tramp, tramp, tramp of our boys in khaki and we join hands as we wish them Godspeed As for me, although I did everything in my power to avert this war, even to the extent of voting against it, I am in favor of fighting for an honorable and lasting peace if it costs the last dollar of American money and takes the last drop of American blood."

That year Roberts declared for the U.S. Senate and won the Republican nomination, but the incumbent, Charles B. Henderson of Elko, defeated him in the general election. Out of public office for the first time in nearly 20 years, he resumed his law practice in Reno with offices in the E.C. Lyons Building at Second and Center streets. As perhaps he had foreseen, his prominent and wealthy Washington friends from time to time required divorces, which took only six months in Nevada, and Roberts was in a position to oblige.

By the time he came to the attention of the national press, he could brag that he had won more than 2,000 divorce cases for his clients and had lost only one. "My client lied to me," he explained. "The chump didn't tell me that he had another wife living, and I didn't find it out until she showed up in court as a witness."

In 1923 he ran for mayor of Reno, then a burg of about 15,000 residents, against the incumbent and an ex-mayor trying for a comeback. The principal issue of the campaign was what to do about prostitution. A city order had closed Reno's red-light area the previous year, but the trade had simply



NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY PHOTOS

View from Roberts' downtown office: the Bank Club and crowds on Center Street.

scattered around town. Roberts favored establishing a "segregated district" on the eastern edge of the city and was elected by more than a thousand votes. Thus he can be considered the father of the celebrated Stockade, the walled-off complex of cribs by the river, presided over by a city cop, that was a Reno landmark until it was closed during World War II.

Roberts also acquired and developed the beautiful Idlewild and Wingfield parks for the city and received criticism from the *Gazette* for putting 10 of his cronies on the public payroll as park policemen.

In 1926 his wife died, and he was beaten by Tasker Oddie for the Republican nomination to the U.S. Senate. In 1927 he was re-elected mayor and served as chief organizer of the Transcontinental Highway Exposition; it was Roberts who dedicated the old Reno arch on North Virginia Street. In 1930 he ran for governor but lost in the primary to Fred Balzar of Hawthorne. Roberts announced at once that he would be a candidate for a third term as mayor.

One observer of Roberts at the time was John Sanford, a reporter for the *Gazette* who regularly covered the city beat. In an interview for the Oral History Program at the University of Nevada, the longtime newspaperman said, "The *Journal* had always more or less tended to support Ed Roberts and the more liberal side of Reno's life, and the *Gazette* was highly critical of that sort of thing. We'd take after Ed Roberts right regular, but I would like to note this, that Ed Roberts was one of those politicians, good ones, who never took personally those things that were said about him politically.

"We might carve him all to pieces in the paper and see him the next morning: 'Well, don't you want to come in and have a drink with me and open up the day?' He always opened up the day with a slug of whiskey and a glass filled up with milk. He swore that was what kept him in good health.

"Every year, about the time duck season came along, why Ed would come into the office, and [say,] 'Well, boys, the duck season opens tomorrow. Won't you come out to my place there at Spanish Springs Valley and have a hunt on the opening day? And be sure to get there in plenty of time for breakfast.' Ed meant that sincerely."

John Cahlan, later a Las Vegas newspaper editor, reported for the *Journal* in the late twenties. "Ed Roberts was mayor at the time," he recalled in his oral history, "and he had been a congressman from the state of Nevada. If there was anybody that looked like a congressman, it was Ed Roberts. He always walked down the street in a big frock coat with a big heavy gold chain draped across the front of his vest, and carried a cane, and wore a derby hat, which was quite a big deal in Reno because very few people ever saw derby hats there. He was quite a dandy."

And he was beginning his 1931 re-election campaign just as the new wide-open gambling law attracted the attention of the national press.

"In one respect Mayor Roberts has radically departed from his previous methods," the *Gazette* noted disapprovingly in its March 28 political column. "Both in 1923 and 1927, when he was a mayoralty candidate, Roberts studiously avoided issuing statements of any kind and told all interviewers when asked if he wished to make any public announcements, that he had nothing to say. 'Let sleeping dogs lie,' was his favorite saying. 'Let the other fellow do the talking.'

"With the arrival of several special writers sent here to report upon Nevada's new liberal legislation he began to volley forth his opinions on all sorts of things, and get in the pictures being taken around the gambling games

"He certainly has abandoned the winning silence of other days."

Two days later the editorial column of the *Gazette* iced over with cold rage. "Adopting all the tricks of a professional showman, Mayor E.E. Roberts has mounted the public platform to 'defend' the city of Reno.

"If Reno needs any defense it is against the notorious incompetence of Mayor Roberts, and there is every evidence that this will be attended to in the election next month."

The legalization of gambling and enactment of the six-week divorce had prompted denunciations of Nevada from scores of politicians and churchmen. When Dr. Clarence True Wilson, national director of the Methodist Board of Temperance, called Reno a combination of Sodom, Gomorrah and perdition, Ed Roberts responded. From the pulpit of the local Methodist church, at the monthly Men's Night meeting, he delivered a sermon the likes of which no church-goer had ever heard before.

"Prostitution is an age-old problem that must be faced," he said, "and Reno's segregated district is the one sane way of handling it.

"Gambling is bad business any way it is looked at," he continued, "but far more desirable when conducted in the open than undercover.

"I believe in divorce," Roberts said. "But more than that, I believe in letting people have what they want. When a person wants a divorce, you may be sure that he or she is going to get it, somewhere, somehow. Therefore, I don't see why Nevada shouldn't give it to them and make it easy for them to get it. It benefits us all."

But it was the mayor's solution to the graft and corruption of Prohibition that most astonished his audience and delighted the press.

"Prohibition is unenforceable," he said, and he informed the gathering that he had long since instructed the city police to ignore liquor offences unless specifically requested to assist federal agents. "If the city officers raided one joint and missed another, I would be accused of being as big a grafter as some prohibition officers are accused of being.

"The only way to put the bootleggers out of business," he declared, "is to place a barrel of good corn whiskey on every downtown street corner, with dippers attached, and signs inviting passersby to help themselves to all they want, free of charge. The only condition is that they'd have to drink it there, and couldn't take any away. That is the way to eliminate the problem of whiskey and graft, and it is the only way."

The following day's headlines showed that Roberts had clearly upstaged the temperance director. "Mayor in Pulpit Declares Free Liquor Would Solve Evil," gasped the *Gazette*. "Reno's Mayor Urges Free Whisky Barrel," chortled the *New York Times*.

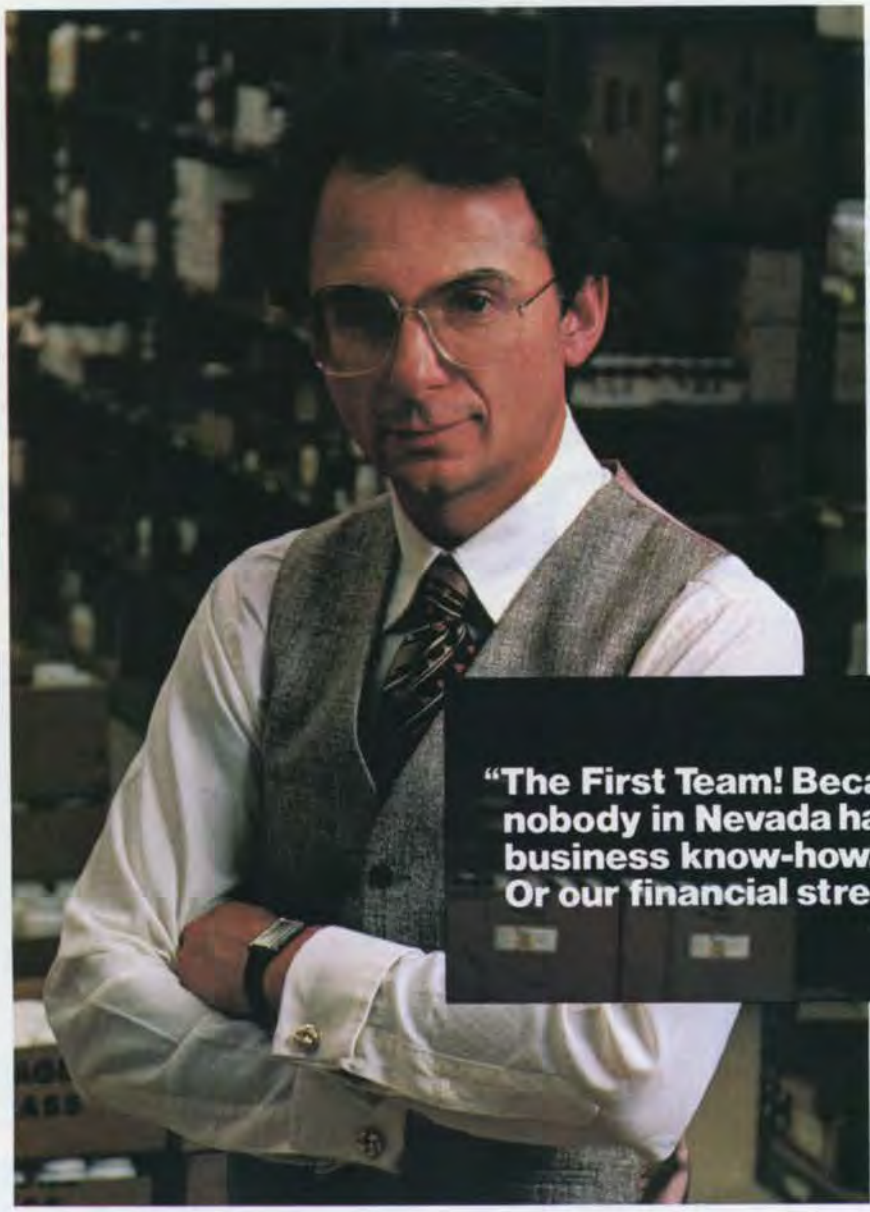
The reform candidate for mayor, Ford dealer Howard Doyle, issued a lengthy campaign statement emphasizing lower tax rates, but the free-whiskey platform and the philosophy of personal liberty on which it was built carried Roberts to a landslide victory of more than 900 votes in May.

Ed Roberts died on the morning of December 11, 1933, the day before his 64th birthday, having slipped into a diabetic coma several days earlier. His funeral was as lavish a send-off as Reno could provide, but the epitaph that lingers isn't on his tombstone. It is the old reporter John Sanford's affectionate summing up:

"He was a pretty good ol' scoundrel in his way." □

David W. Toll of Gold Hill is the author of The Compleat Nevada Traveler *and a longtime* Nevada *contributor.*

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Eureka, Borax Smith and America's Cars

A selection of new Nevada works, including the age of the automobile, a 19th-century commercial and the originator of 20-mule-team borax.

The following are recently-released books on Nevada subjects or by Nevada authors. Bookstores around the state offer most of the titles, and publishers' addresses are included for those who wish to order by mail.

American Cars, *by Leon Mandel, photography by Baron Wolman and Lucinda Lewis. Stewart, Tabori & Chang, 1 West 39th St., New York, NY. 10018. $48.50. Hardbound, 448 pages.*
"We are nearing the end of the Century of the Car," writes automobile scholar Leon Mandel of Reno, " we can look forward to having the car a little while longer, and we should be delighted about it all. We have built brilliant automotive devices in this country."

American Cars is a profusely-illustrated, full-color testimonial to this nation's automobiles and a thorough history of the industry. The photographs alone prove Mandel's contention that our "national mania for movement" has produced and overproduced vehicles as motley, profligate, eccentric and elegant in appearance and behavior as the American people.

Formerly senior editor at both *Motor Trend* and *Car and Driver* magazines, Mandel understands the wayward brilliance of car manufacturers well, and his text explains how the industry has driven the country down a rutted road it cannot retrace.

But car lovers will swoon just to look at this book. The 450 photographs, most taken in Reno of cars from Harrah's Automobile Collection, is a cruise through car heaven, where every model imaginable, and some not imaginable, shine like new.

Eureka and Its Resources, *by Lambert Molinelli. University of Nevada Press, Reno, NV. 89557. $6. Paper, 136 pages.*
This book is a 19th century frontier commercial. Molinelli owned a real estate firm during Eureka's heyday in 1879, and to help promote the town he published a short history, now a Vintage Nevada reprint. It is a curious book, full of exaggerations, statistics and airy prose. Still, there is much to charm readers, and chapters on the district's mines and mining techniques reveal the ingenuity of frontier technology in detail. Molinelli's enthusiasm for Eureka led him into statements that now seem prophetically ironical: Eureka's "prosperity is more assured than that of Virginia City." His proud boast is sadly true for the mining industry, but both communities have since found other kinds of bonanzas.

Borax Pioneer: Francis Marion Smith, *by George H. Hildebrand. Howell-North Books, 11175 Flintkote Ave., San Diego, CA. 92121. $15. Hardbound, 318 pages.*
Francis Marion "Borax" Smith was the pioneer developer of large-scale borax mining in the West. Starting in central Nevada in 1886 and moving to Death Valley in the 1890s, Smith founded a mining empire that made him a multi-millionaire. In 1914 he lost his entire fortune through a series of mergers but had almost regained his wealth by the time of his death in 1928. Originator of the borax-hauling 20-mule team, Smith was the exemplar of mining developers, according to this biography by economist George Hildebrand. The book is carefully written and profusely illustrated, and although Smith may not appear exactly a business saint, the book is a true case study of 19th century western economics. □



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Bunkerville Pioneer



Myron Abbott, c.1900

In 1877 Myron Abbott went to southern Nevada and found prosperity and peace despite the threat of floods, heat and U.S. marshals.
By Eric Niderost

In the town's early history, Bunkerville was not a comfortable place to live. It was founded along the Virgin River in southern Nevada, in an area so arid and hot that even the lizards thought it was Hell's front porch. The river often gushed over its banks, sweeping away dams and crops. From time to time, U.S. marshals descended on the town and arrested its Mormon patriarchs for keeping more than one wife.

But to farmers like Myron Abbott, Bunkerville was on the road to paradise—a place to work hard, practice a daring communal Mormonism freely and build a home for future generations.

Other Mormon settlements in the area—Las Vegas and Overton among them—had initially failed when Edward Bunker led a band of 27 settlers to the flood plain of the Virgin in 1877 There they would live and farm according to United Order, a doctrine that placed all goods and property in communal care.

By the time he joined the new settlement in the fall of 1877, Abbott had led a hard, nomadic life. He was born on December 2, 1837, in Perry, Illinois. After his parents had converted to Mormonism, they moved across the state to Nauvoo, the Latter-day Saints' capital, and then joined the great Mormon migration to the West, settling in Ogden, Utah, in 1849.

There Abbott grew up and acquired the instincts of a frontierman in hunting, farming and day-to-day survival. In 1861 he married Laura Josephine Allen, and a year later their first child, a boy, was born.

Myron and Laura bought 15 acres near Ogden, but the poor soil forced him to find work away from home. Finally in 1869 they moved to a farm near Plymouth, and years of labor there brought modest prosperity. But Laura objected so strongly to Abbott's desire to practice polygamy that they divorced. It was then that Abbott, with his children, headed for Bunkerville.

The site chosen by Edward Bunker's group was an unlikely place for agriculture. The soil was alkaline, water was scarce and in summer only lizards and scorpions



PHOTOS: ABBOTT FAMILY COLLECTION

Large families were the rule for Mormon pioneers, and Abbott had 24 children. Above, he and Lovisa pose with nine sons. A tenth, Ezra, who died, is in photo.



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seemed to stand the heat. But the settlers' purpose was farming in a new way, and they were faring well when Abbott arrived.

Under the doctrine of United Order, the settlers held all goods in common. The men worked the fields while the women shared domestic chores. At first, meals were eaten in a large community hall. Each man received stewardship over a piece of the common land, and all crops were placed in the communal storehouse to be used according to each family's needs. It was not long, however, before dissension arose. Some settlers balked at common ownership; others didn't do their share of the work. Within four years United Order had failed, and the land was parceled among the families.

In his diary Abbott recorded the ups and downs of the desert community. A happy note was his marriage to 16-year-old Lovisa Leavitt, who took care of their growing family. After one storm wrecked crops and irrigation ditches, he wrote, "The wind blowed very hard and the sand almost blinded us." The town's primary source of water was the Virgin River. To be drinkable, the water had to be strained through ashes. It was so full of sediment "a piece could be broken off," some settlers joked. The water did sustain crops, however. The main crop was cotton, but wheat and other staples were grown. The first crop of wheat was threshed by driving cattle over it on a hard clay floor, and then it was winnowed in the wind. The first harvest was good, and fewer hauled-in supplies were needed.

There was time for frolic as well as work: "We got in the street and rastled, run races, drunk wine, and etc.," Abbott wrote. There were also Christmas celebrations and singalongs: "On the night before last my mother, my son Myron A., and my daughter Luella, Viola Bunker, Martin Bunker and my son James serenaded the town with songs."

The townspeople built a rough shanty as the area's first schoolhouse. Charles Houth was the first schoolmaster, and Abbott taught night school for men and boys who worked during the day.

Everyday necessities were devised from the materials at hand. Paiute Indians taught the settlers how to make a soap called "oose" from yucca. Soot from stoves served as bootblack on Sundays. All other vital goods that could not be made from natural materials had to be shipped in by team and wagon.

After the United Order broke down, Abbott moved his family to his allotted land. For temporary quarters he built a dugout, but one day the shelter of adobe bricks and cottonwood poles collapsed. The Abbotts' infant daughter, Isabelle, had been in the back of the dugout, and they feared she had perished. Digging frantically amidst the swirling dust and rubble, Abbott finally found the child's adobe-filled cradle. Miraculously, his daughter was alive, suffering only bruises and scratches.

Like other members of his faith, Abbott believed in polygamy. His first marriage had ended because of it, but he was adamantly religious, and taking more than one wife was then an accepted part of Mormon life.

Abbott met his next wife while selling salt at Santa Clara, Utah. There he stayed at the home of a friend, Samuel Knight, and met his host's daughter, Emily. Abbott admired her, and they were married in 1886.

Strife quickly arose at home. Lovisa had given Abbott permission to take another wife, but her consent had been halfhearted. Abbott divided his house into two sections, one each for Lovisa and Emily, but tensions remained.

At the same time Abbott was risking arrest as a polygamist. The federal government, which frowned on the practice, assigned U.S. marshals to raid Mormon settlements and arrest offenders. Abbott was not alone in having multiple wives, and when the marshals came to town, all the polygamists hid or fled.



Lovisa Leavitt Abbott disliked sharing her husband with another wife.

During one raid first wife Lovisa tricked second wife Emily into leaving home for a while. Abbott was plowing his fields when an old Paiute named John rode up and told him the marshals were due to appear any moment. Abbott quickly prepared to leave, hitching his team to a wagon and gathering hay and bedding for the journey to the hills. But Emily refused to go along. Lovisa urged her to change her mind, saying that if two women were caught in the same household, one would go to the penitentiary. Emily reluctantly agreed to go, and she and Abbott set off for a three-day sojourn in the mountains.

When the danger passed, they came home. Abbott cleared a crawl space in the cellar, where he would hide when the marshals were in town. If the search took too long, Lovisa would slip away and take food down to her husband. Persecution waned after church president Wilford Woodruff banned polygamy in 1890. Abbott eventually divorced Emily, and he was no longer a part-time fugitive.

Abbott, like many of the town's first settlers, lived in Bunkerville for the rest of his life. After a final trip to Ogden to visit relatives and the sights of his youth, Abbott died in Bunkerville on September 7, 1907, a successful farmer and the father of 24 children. He was one of the last of his generation of Nevada pioneers. Bunkerville, the town he helped to build, still prospers by the Virgin River in its quiet, small-town setting. It remains a testimony to those latter-day adventurers whose dedication to religion and hard work turned some of the West's most barren places into islands of refuge and prosperity. □

With sturdy mules and full canteens, these men return from a pack trip into the mountains, about 1900. On the left is George Woodruff, Abbott's son-in-law.



Eric Niderost is a great-great-grandson of Myron Abbott and lives in Northern California.



DICK REUTER COLLECTION

Mountain Masters



Dick Reuter and other mountain managers run great risks to keep ski slopes safe, but to most skiers they are mystery men. By Patrick Burke

Skiers almost never notice the mountain manager at a Tahoe ski resort. He is out early blowing up snowbanks, grooming slopes, cutting trails, repairing machinery and performing endless other tasks before the first lift cranks into gear. He's often on the slopes long after dark.

But although he may not be as familiar as many ski instructors and barkeeps, the mountain manager has the most important job on the slopes—keeping the runs safe for skiers. It's a job that exposes him each day to the Sierra's natural beauty and, at times, to great danger. Because of their skill and nerve, some managers have become near legends among their peers.

One of the masters is Dick Reuter, a wiry 6-foot-4 outdoorsman who has worked at both Squaw Valley and Kirkwood ski areas. Reuter admits, with no hint of bragging, that he's lucky to be alive after 27 years in the mountain-managing business—a stint that has made him one of the best known mountaineers in the ski business.

Reuter is half deaf from dynamite blasting to control avalanches. He lost a rib and part of a lung in a fall from a wind-whipped ski-lift tower. He has gone for unwanted rides in powdery torrents of snow that should have buried him alive but instead, he laughs, "popped me out like a pumpkin seed."

Even with all the dangers of the job, the 59-year-old mountaineer says he wouldn't have it any other way. "Although I might be all beat up, I'm still hopping around."

Not all mountain managers have survived the combined power of harsh weather and steep slopes. An old friend of Reuter's was Bernie Kingery, the mountain manager at Alpine Meadows Ski Area. Kingery had spent more than 15 years in avalanche control, a hazardous occupation he once likened to finding and removing mountains of snow that were "like a stack of marbles ready to go." He and six others died when a monster avalanche roared down a mountainside and crushed a resort building in which he was working. Five more were injured, including another Alpine employee, Anna Conrad, who somehow managed to survive even though buried in a tomb of snow for five days.

Almost everyone who spends several years in mountain management tends to get "knocked around," says Sierra Ski Ranch owner Vern Sprock, who nearly lost his left leg when it got caught in chair lift machinery. While Sprock owns his place and has spent nearly 30 years in the business, the 61-year-old still is the powder monkey who sets charges to remove avalanche hazards, and even with a stiff leg he skis down the mountain with his patrolmen each evening.

Another veteran, Luggi Foeger, spent half a century in the ski trade, including several years as mountain manager at Ski Incline. Now crippled because of an old foot injury suffered during an expedition in Greenland, 75-year-old Foeger says, "The ski industry has been absolutely a way of life to me. And it has been good."

The old-time mountaineers return each season to battle the effects of fierce winter storms. Along the way, they have trained people who are now themselves prominent in the business.

Malcolm Tibbetts, 35-year-old mountain manager at Heavenly Ski Resort, began as a ski patrolman and worked his way up to the manager's position. It's a year-round job for him and most of his colleagues. When the responsibility of overseeing avalanche control, slope grooming, lift maintenance and ski patrols is over, there's plenty of summer construction work. "It's a good job because of the variety of things we do," Tibbetts says. "There's a chance I'll be doing it all my life. It's strange. It's a job that I really didn't plan on doing for a long time, but it just worked out that way."

Jimmy Mott, 33, started out shoveling snow at Squaw Valley 15 years ago. He later apprenticed under Reuter and now is assistant general manager in charge of all avalanche control work. Mott has had some close calls himself, like being buried under four feet of snow for about 40 minutes last winter. "It wrapped around me like cement," he says. A radio and a beeper, an electronic locating device used by avalanche workers, helped rescuers to find Mott.

Mott doesn't like to talk about himself, however. He'd rather tell stories about Reuter, whom Mott describes as "the granddaddy of them all." Mott recalls that on his first day of avalanche work, after he had been at Squaw a few years, he went up the chair lift with Reuter and promptly "fell off the back side of the mountain. Reuter asked me if I was okay, and I said, 'Yeah,' and he just took off. I spent the next two and a half years trying to keep up with him on that route."

Reuter, born in Nebraska, says he came west with his family in 1936 "with the rest of the Okies." His first experience in the rugged Sierra Nevada was the slow grind in his father's old Essex over Donner Summit. Reuter spent three years in the Army during World War II, seeing action in the Normandy Invasion and elsewhere in Europe. Back in California in 1946, he headed into the

mountains. There he cut timber, built rail fences, trapped marten and ran a ski rope tow in Lassen National Forest in northern California—his first job in the ski industry.

But in 1954 marten trapping was restricted, so Reuter headed for Lake Tahoe to find a job in one of the ski resorts that were just getting started there.

"I decided I liked Squaw Valley best," he says. "The place had two lifts and some rope tows. That was it. It's just a different world now. They've got all this sophisticated equipment everyplace. The lifts are so improved—all those old clunkers are gone. The business has come a long way."

Reuter began working at Squaw in 1955. During a 17-year stretch there he did everything from shoveling snow and running lifts to dynamiting avalanche hazards.

He also found time for timber cutting in the summer, hunting—he's expert with both rifle and bow—and snow surveying for the state of California. Those surveys, now done by helicopter, were done on skis then. "In those days there was nobody up there. Now there's people all over the hills, even in winter," Reuter says.

Ten years ago he and his family moved south to Kirkwood Ski Resort, with Reuter again working as mountain manager. The job has kept him just where he wants to be—outside in the high Sierra year-round. The pleasures are mixed with hard work: "In the winter, I really enjoy avalanche work. It's a challenge, and there's nothing like being up on a peak just after daylight, throwing handcharges and looking for miles and miles. Of course," he says, "there were a lot of days where it would have been a lot better sitting by the fire."

The work has been dangerous. About 12 years ago Reuter was almost killed when he fell from a ski lift tower while doing repair work on a stormy day. "It was real slick. I fell about 50 or 60 feet. I hit the snow, but I hit a snowcat, too. That crushed my chest and pushed my ribs into my lungs. That was the worst." Gradually, Reuter started losing his hearing, too. "I never wore earplugs all those years I was working with those screaming saws, dynamite, rifles—everything was noisy. I just didn't take care of myself."

But Reuter has no regrets about his life in the mountains, although he says he sometimes wishes he had been more careful. "When I was young I was a little reckless. You know, in that part of your life you don't think anything can hurt you, and you can whip your weight in wildcats, and it'll always happen to somebody else.

"I'm a little more cautious now," he says, adding that he warns younger ski resort workers, "Just take a look at me. I'm all beat up.

"But if I had it to do all over again I would have stayed in the same line of work," Reuter says. "You should do what you want to do, and try to pick a job that you like. I just can't see it any other way. The hell with money. It's nice to have, but I've seen people with a lot of money who have a lot of problems." □

Patrick Burke is a freelance writer and, he says, an "intermediate-to-dangerous" skier.

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CHACO MOHLER

LET IT SNOW!

Every skier wants to know when the first flake will fall, but despite prediction methods ancient and modern, there's only one sure sign a skier can count on.
By Jim Crandall

The western skier is a foul-weather fanatic. In the fall, while sane people scowl and curse the threat of winter storms, the skier beckons the impending gloom. When satellite photos are shown on TV weather reports, he cheers the progress of Pacific storms as if they were his home team marching to victory in the Super Bowl.

When it does snow, instead of huddling near a fire and fretting about his roof, he buckles his ski boots and dances in the frosted streets. For him, a day without sunshine is a day to rejoice. And he is not alone.

In Nevada, and especially at Lake Tahoe, his enthusiasm is shared by the thousands of people who play and work at ski resorts, shops, motels and casinos. Heavenly Ski Resort, which employs 60 workers in the summer, boosts its work force to 600 each winter. Squaw Valley, on a good day, can easily accommodate 13,000 skiers on 27 chair lifts and 6,000 skiable acres of runs.

No other popular sport relies so heavily on the whims of nature as skiing. While snow-making machines and cloud seeding may offset a plague of no precipitation, there's no substitute for five feet of fresh, untracked powder.

But it's so unpredictable. Or is it?

Winter forecasting has intrigued mankind since the first flake fell. In Nevada, Indians predicted Sierra snowfall according to the abundance of pine nuts and berries, the activity of animals and the inklings of medicine men.

Ski resort workers also combine lore and instinct to predict the weather. "It never fails," says Joyce Nelson of Deer Park near Tahoe City. "We always get our heaviest snowfall when the highway department blocks off traffic on Donner Pass for road repairs." Kathy Pettay of Sierra Ski Ranch on Echo Summit says, "It always snows on the first. That is, the first day the snow hits the ground."

Others rely on such indicators as the shape of clouds, aching bunions, the price of gas and the fuzz on caterpillars. Steve Hayward, president of Echo Summit Ski Resort, simply waits for Mother Nature to deliver. "Only fools and flatlanders predict the snow," he says.

Most ski areas hope to open by Thanksgiving in a good year, so the weather watch is keen at all resorts. "It gets very hectic around here when the snow doesn't come till January," says Jim Mott, assistant manager at Squaw Valley. "Besides the rescheduling of winter events and loss of revenue, we have hundreds of people waiting to go to work. When it doesn't snow, we starve." Squaw and other ski areas pay close attention to forecasts issued by the National Weather Service, the Scripps Institute of Oceanography and Meteorology, and the Desert Research Institute in Reno, which oversees Sierra cloud-seeding programs.

Meteorologist Hal Klieforth of the DRI says storms on the west coast produce clouds that are ripe for seeding. The clouds gather in force over the Pacific, rush across the San Juaquin Valley, and splash against the western slopes of the Sierra, where they are collected and tossed over summits

10,000 feet and higher. This dramatic rise catapults the warm clouds into freezing upper atmospheres, where ice crystals are formed. Each ice crystal acts as a freezing nuclei. The warmer water droplets and vapor in the cloud fasten to the crystals and freeze. When the crystals become heavy enough, they fall. If the air below is cold, the expectant skier dances his joyful jig on fresh powder snow.

If there aren't enough ice crystals to produce precipitation, the clouds are seeded with silver iodide. These hexagonal particles imitate the shape and size of ice crystals. Six generators on strategic Sierra summits spray the silver iodide, and it drifts like chimney smoke up into the clouds.

"But you have to have good, heavy clouds to begin with," Klieforth says, "or cloud seeding is useless." And predicting when those clouds will come is another matter. Klieforth likes to make his predictions no more than three to four days in advance. "There are so many variables," he says.

One variable of special interest to scientists is volcanic dust. When a volcano erupts, the dust released in the atmosphere can act as a shade to produce cooler temperatures. Meteorologists have studied Mount St. Helens and more recently the larger eruption in Mexico of El Chichon, which sent dust spewing 80,000 feet in the air. Some scientists believe the shading effect of the 1883 eruption of Krakatoa in the Dutch East Indies affected global weather.

A heavy snow pack itself may affect snowfall. Acting as a mirror, the snow can reflect the sun's rays and cool the air—so holds the theory of the little ice age of the 1890s. Indeed, 1893 through 1897 produced five consecutive years of heavy snow in the Sierra. More than 200 inches of snow pack were measured at Norden on Donner Pass late each winter.

Since that time only one season of more than 200 inches of snow pack has been followed by another (1905-06 and 1906-07). In fact, 200-inch years are scarce. Last year's heavy winter produced a maximum depth of 243 inches at Norden. But snow depths haven't come close to that since 1968, with 239 inches, and in the 85 years since 1897, there have been only 12 years with more than 200 inches.

Alpine skiers can get a lift at a score of Tahoe resorts, while Vegas downhillers ski Lee Canyon on Mt. Charleston.



The Scripps Institute in La Jolla, California, is considered a forerunner in long-range forecasting. Researchers there study the effects of ocean temperatures, atmospheric trends like volcanic eruptions, and the effects of sun spots. But, as Scripps Research Associate Dan Cayan says, "Long-range weather forecasting is still in its infancy. About the best you can do is take every indicator available, stick them in a box, shake it and pull one out."

Seasonal forecasting is another matter. Both the Scripps Institute and the National Weather Service issue three-month forecasts based primarily on trends and recent precipitation. But the 1982-83 forecast won't be released until December.

Maybe that's why so many people rely on the *Old Farmer's Almanac*. Using a secret formula developed in 1792, the *Almanac* calls for "average to above-average" snowfall in the Sierra this winter.

So, who's to say for sure? Even if meteorologists combined all the variables and indicators and ran them through a mountain of computers, the result would be a high-tech crap shoot at best.

Maybe the skier has the best answer. He doesn't predict the snow at all. He goes directly to the source and asks for it. His plea is based upon the power of a three-word slogan that can be seen on car bumpers throughout the West. The skier's magic motto: "Pray For Snow." □

Associate Editor Jim Crandall studied snow while working at Heavenly as a lift operator and national ski patrolman and at Mount Rose as a ski repairman. "We'll have a lot of snow this year," says Crandall. "I can just feel *it!"*

Getting a Lift: 1982-83 Nevada Skier's Guide

Tahoe Basin

Area	Phone	Vertical	Rating Beg-Inter-Adv	Day Rentals* Adult/Child	½-Day Rentals* Adult/Child	Day Lift Price* Adult/Child	½-Day Lift Price* Adult/Child	Lifts/Night	Location
Alpine Meadows	916-583-4232	1,700	25-40-35	$14/$10	$10/$7	$21/$11	$14/$8	13/no	Tahoe City
Boreal	916-426-3666	600	20-60-20	$12/$9	$9/$7	$14/$8	$8/$6	9/yes	Donner Summit, I-80
Deer Park	916-583-7236	850	20-30-50	n/a	n/a	$12.50/$7.50	$5	3/no	Calif. 89
Donner Ski Ranch	916-426-3578	800	25-50-25	$10/$8	$7/$6	$13/$9	$9/$7	4/no	U.S. 40, Norden
Echo Summit	916-659-7154	550	40-40-20	$13/$9	$9/$7	$12/$9	$10/$8	3/no	U.S. 50, via Meyers
Granlibakken	916-583-6203	280	50-50-0	$6.50/$5.50	n/a	$8/$5	$5/$3	2/no	Tahoe City
Heavenly	702-588-4584	3,600	25-50-25	$12/$9	n/a	$20/$12	$14/$12	26/no	South Lake Tahoe
Homewood	916-525-7584	1,650	20-50-30	$10/$9	$7/$6.50	$15/$10	$11/$7	9/no	Calif. 89
Kirkwood	209-258-6000	2,000	25-50-25	$14	$10	$19/$9	$14/$7	9/no	Calif. 88
Mt. Rose	702-849-0704	1,450	30-40-30	$12/$8	n/a	$15/$7	$10/$5	4/no	Nev. 431
Northstar	916-562-1010	2,200	33-50-17	$14/$8	$9/$5	$20/$10	$13/$7	8/no	Calif. 267
Sierra Ski Ranch	916-659-7453	2,210	25-55-20	$12	$9	$15/$10	$11/$8	9/no	U.S. 50, via SLT
Ski Incline	702-832-1122	900	30-40-30	$12/$8	$8/$6	$18/$12	$12/$10	7/no	Incline Village
Slide Mountain	702-849-0303	1,540	30-30-40	$10/$7	n/a	$10/$7	n/a	4/no	Nev. 431
Soda Springs	916-426-3801	700	40-50-10	$12/$9	$9/$7	$13/$7	$8/$5	3/no	Donner Summit, I-80
Squaw Valley	916-583-6985	2,700	30-40-30	$12/$8	$8/$5	$22/$5	$13/$5	27/yes	Calif. 89
Sugar Bowl	916-426-3651	1,500	20-30-50	$12.50/$8.50	n/a	$15/$10, $20/$12**	n/a	8/yes	Donner Summit, I-80
Tahoe Donner	916-587-6046	600	50-50-0	$12.50/$9	$10/$7	$11/$8	$8/$6	3/no	Calif. 89, via Truckee
Tahoe Ski Bowl	916-525-5224	1,630	40-40-20	$10/$7.50	$6/$6	$14/$9	$10/$6	4/no	Tahoe City

Mt. Charleston

Lee Canyon	702-872-5462	1,000	10-80-10	n/a	n/a	n/a	n/a	2/no	Nev. 52

* All prices are subject to change ** weekends and holidays







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160 Great Events for November/December

Cow-County Nevada Noel

"It was Christmas Eve, and Goskin, according to his custom, had decorated his gambling hall with sprays of mountain cedar and a shrub whose crimson berries did not seem a bad imitation of English holly. The piano was covered with evergreens... Men danced and sang to the music of the squeaky fiddle and worn-out guitar, as the jolly crowd within tried to drown the howling of the storm without."

So Sam Davis wrote in a short story about Christmas festivities at Pioche in 1859, when frontier communities refashioned Old World traditions with the materials of the desert wilderness. Nevada towns celebrate the holidays with more sophistication now, but they have not lost the spontaneous, earnest fun of pioneer days. A sense of tradition heightens almost every event.

In the Eldorado Mountains in the toe of Clark County is Christmas Tree Pass. Legend has it that miners or cattlemen decorated some junipers there with tin cans and bottles one Christmas. Residents of the area still carry on the tradition.

In December 1929 Fallon residents raised and decorated the town's first municipal Christmas tree at the center of Maine and First streets. The town has had a tree every year since.



CHURCHILL COUNTY MUSEUM

A more modern and illuminating display of ornaments occurs during the Parade of Lights on Lake Mead. A squadron of boats, speedcraft and cruisers, their riggings brave with dazzling colored lights, makes the annual round trip from Lake Mead Resort to Boulder Beach on December 11.

Most traditions, however, are for children to enjoy. Churches spread nativity scenes on their lawns, groups of carolers sing house to house, and at parties in casinos, churches and public halls the kids meet Santa, sing together and whack at pinatas.

And parades. Boulder City, North Las Vegas, Caliente and Ely open the season with floats, marching bands, candy-tossing clowns and all the regalia Christmas can offer. Carson City, Genoa, Elko, Winnemucca, Fallon, Ely and Minden hold fairs where you can find something for Dad besides support socks and technicolor ties.

But the finest tradition, one a whole community will turn out for, is the lighting of the Christmas tree at towns like Fallon, Caliente, Ely and Yerington. A tall fir is hoisted erect in a park, school children make ornaments and city fathers coil lights through branches. On a special night, with everyone gathered round, a switch is thrown, and the night blazes in color. Strings of lights across main streets flash on. And across the Nevada desert, if only you could view them from Heaven, towns become shining ornaments to Christmas.

—Roger Smith

South

MUSEUMS & GALLERIES

Ancient Arts Gallery & Museum, 10-6 Mon.-Sat. Pre-Columbian, Ming and Egyptian artifacts and pottery. 4761 Maryland Pkwy., Las Vegas, 798-8803

Burk Gal'ry, 10-5 Mon.-Sat. Mini Art Show, 12/4-23. 400 Nevada Hwy., Boulder City, 293-3958

Clark County Historical Museum, 8-5 daily. History of southern Nevada, self-guided tours of ghost towns. 1830 S. Boulder Hwy., Henderson, 565-0907

Charleston Heights Arts Center, 9-9 Mon.-Thurs., 9-5 Sat. Pony Gray: Acrylics and Oils, 11/14-12/10; Alan Platzer: New Work, 12/12-1/7 800 S. Brush, Las Vegas, 386-6383

Historic and Cultural Tours, Las Vegas, 382-7198

Las Vegas Art Museum, 11-4 Tues.-Sat., 1-4 Sun. Fall Art Round-Up, 11/7-30; watercolors by Laura Belle Kelch & jewelry by Betty Levine, 11/7-30; porcelain by John Bergman, 12/5-28; Christmas

A juried and judged show open to all serious photographers of Nevada subject matter. NEVADA 83 will be a professional quality exhibition that will tour to eleven Nevada communities. Last year's exhibit was seen by 69,631 people making it the most-attended art event in the Silver State. This year's edition is the ninth produced by the Northeastern Nevada Museum in Elko.

nevada 83

Cash awards will total $1,500.

Subjects: anything in Nevada . . . ghost towns, buildings, people, industry, landscapes, nature, contemporary cities, potpourri.

Send for entry blanks and rules no later than December 10, 1982 to: NORTHEASTERN NEVADA MUSEUM, Attention: NEVADA 83, Post Office Box 503, Elko, Nevada 89801 or phone: (702) 738-3418.

Deadline for receipt of entries in Elko is January 14, 1983.

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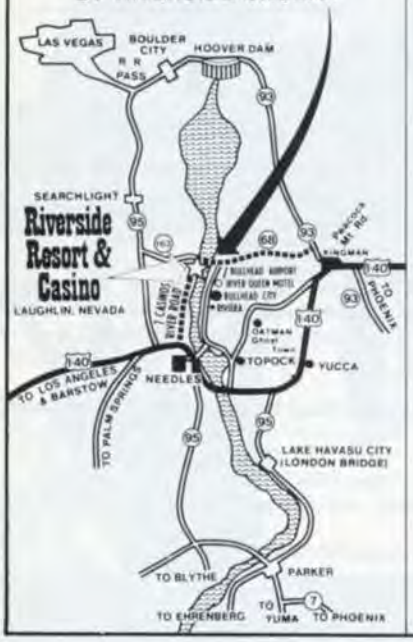
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Nevada's events, shows and celebrations are listed by region as a speedy reference for weekend trips and vacations.

Bazaar, 12/5-28. Lorenzi Park, 3333 W. Washington Ave., Las Vegas, 647-4300

Las Vegas Mormon Fort Tours, Tues.-Sat., Las Vegas Blvd. North, 386-6510

Lincoln County Museum, 9-5 Tues.-Thurs. County history & Indian artifacts. Main St., Pioche, 962-5207

Lost City Museum, 8:30-4:30 daily. Displays and artifacts of ancient Pueblo culture in the Moapa Valley. Overton, 397-2193

Museum of Natural History, 9-5 Mon.-Fri. Live animals from the Mohave Desert, Indian artifacts, ichthyosaur fossils, mineral and shell specimens. University of Nevada-Las Vegas, 739-3381

Nevada Museum of Historical Documents, 10-6 Mon.-Wed. & Sat., 10-9 Thurs.-Fri., 12-5 Sun. 3200 Las Vegas Blvd. South, Las Vegas, 731-0785

Nevada State Museum & Historical Society, 8:30-4:30 Wed.-Sun. Ancestors of Industry, 11/1-12/31 Lorenzi Park, Las Vegas, 385-0115

Overton Community Center, 8-4 Mon.-Fri. Nevada 82 Photography Show, 11/19-12/1 Overton, 397-8088

Red Rock Canyon Recreation Lands Visitor Center, 10-6 Thurs.-Mon. Geological, botanical, cultural, wildlife and recreational exhibits. Nevada Hwy. 159, 17 miles west of Las Vegas, 385-6627

Reed Whipple Center, 2-9 Mon., 10-9 Tues.-Fri., 9-5 Sat., 1-5 Sun. Southwestern Visions, thru 11/5; artist Rafael Navarro, 11/7-12/10; Painting with Light, 12/12-1/7 821 Las Vegas Blvd. North, Las Vegas, 386-6211

NOVEMBER

College Fair, 3-4, Las Vegas Convention Center, 733-2335

$100,000 Tournament of Champions, 4-7, international radio-controlled aerobatic airplanes, Circus Circus, Las Vegas, 734-0410

***Power Boat* Magazine Testing & Off-Shore Race,** 6-7 sanctioned power boat racing, Lake Mead Resort, 293-2900

Slam-Am Golf Tournament, 7-11 Sands Hotel, Las Vegas, 733-5000

Musical Arts Singers, 7, Charleston Heights Arts Center, 3pm, Las Vegas, 386-6383

Las Vegas Civic Ballet, 7 Reed Whipple Center, 2pm, Las Vegas, 386-6211

"Sallah," 8, free movie, 7pm, Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas, 386-6383

"The Other Side of Midnight," 9, free movie, 7pm, Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas, 386-6383

Caliente Veterans Day, 11 parade, religious services, dinner, 726-3399

St. Jude's Nite of Stars, 12, charity benefit for orphanage by star entertainers, Las Vegas Hilton, 648-5159

Cantor String Quartet, 14, free concert, 3pm, Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas, 386-6383

Tropicana Baccarat Tournament, 19-21 Tropicana Hotel, Las Vegas, 739-2458

UNLV v. Fresno State, 20, football, 7:30pm, Silver Bowl, Las Vegas, 739-3207

Imperial Palace Automobile Run, 20, 58-mile race for antique cars (1904-1936), Imperial Palace to Red Rock Canyon, 731-3311

Meadowlark Lemon's Bucketeers, 20, basketball, Las Vegas Convention Center, 733-2335

Las Vegas Chamber Symphony, 21 free concert, 3pm, Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas, 386-6383

UNLV v. Estonia Club, 22, basketball, 8pm, Las Vegas Convention Center, 733-2335



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Holiday Ballet

Prince and princess trysting, toys marching and sugar plums dancing—Tchaikovsky's fairy tale ballet, "The Nutcracker," brings high culture to the holiday season. You can see the Nevada Dance Theatre production in Las Vegas at the Judy Bayley Theatre December 17-23. In Reno, the Nevada Opera Association stages the ballet December 11-12 and 18-19 at the Pioneer Theatre. The Santa Clara Ballet performs "The Nutcracker" at the Carson City Community Center December 22.

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Senior Citizens' Thanksgiving Party, 22, Caliente, 726-3399
"The Sword and the Stone," 24, free movie, 7pm, Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas, 386-6383
NSHA Region 5 Thanksgiving Open Horse Show, 24-28, Horseman's Park, Las Vegas, 451-7167
UNLV v. Oklahoma, 27, basketball, 1:30pm, Las Vegas Convention Center, 733-2335
UNLV v. Cal State Fullerton, 27, football, 7:30pm, Silver Bowl, Las Vegas, 739-3207
Musical Arts Chorus and Orchestra, 28, Charleston Heights Arts Center, 3pm, Las Vegas, 386-6383
"The Organizer," 29, free movie, 7pm, Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas, 386-6383

DECEMBER

"The Lark," 3-4, historical drama, 8pm, Judy Bayley Theatre, UNLV, Las Vegas, 739-3101
Boulder City Christmas Parade, 4, Nevada Hwy., 10am, 293-2034
North Las Vegas Night-Lighted Christmas Parade, 4, East Lake Mead Blvd., 5pm, 642-9595
Hidden Valley Trail Ride, 4, 26-mile horseback ride & Pony Express race from Sloan to Jean; food, drink & dancing afterwards, starts 8am, 454-2500
Caesars Palace Collegiate Wrestling Invitational, 4-5, Caesars Sports Pavilion, Las Vegas, 731-7865
Park Art, 4, Dula Center, 10am-noon, Las Vegas, 386-6511
Christmas Arts & Crafts Festival, 4-5, Dula Center, Las Vegas, 386-6511
Tropicana Gin Rummy Tournament, 5-9, Tropicana Hotel, Las Vegas, 739-2458
Las Vegas Michelob Rugby Challenge, 4-5, tournament with 28 western teams, 8am, Sunset Park, Las Vegas, 361-0608
UNLV v. Arizona, 6, basketball, 8pm, Las Vegas Convention Center, 733-2335
"Cool Hand Luke," 7 free movie, 7pm, Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas, 386-6383
UNLV v. UNR, 9, basketball, 8pm, Las Vegas Convention Center, 733-2335
"The Lark," 9-12, historical drama, 8pm Thurs.-Sat., 2pm Sun., Judy Bayley Theatre, UNLV, Las Vegas, 739-3101
Tropicana Blackjack Tournament, 10-12, Tropicana Hotel, Las Vegas, 739-2458
Parade of Lights, 11 flotilla in Christmas lights, celebration, 6-mile round trip from Lake Mead Resort to Boulder Beach, 6pm, Lake Mead, 293-2900
Lighting of Caliente Christmas Tree, 11 children's parade, candlelight pageant & caroling, 726-3399
Park Art, 11, Charleston Heights Arts Center, 1:30-3:30pm, Las Vegas, 386-6511
Caesars Palace Powerlifting Invitational, 11-12, Caesars Sports Pavilion, Las Vegas, 731-7865
Nevada Championship Chili Cook-Off, 11-13, Circus Circus, Las Vegas, 734-0410
Riviera Blackjack Tournament, 12-15, Riviera Hotel, Las Vegas, 734-5110
Handel's "Messiah," 12, Musical Arts Singers, 3pm, Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas, 386-6383
U.S. Table Tennis Championships, 15-22, Tropicana Sports Complex, Las Vegas, 739-2458
"Nutcracker," 17-19, Nevada Dance Theatre ballet, 8pm Fri., 2pm & 8pm Sat. & Sun., Judy Bayley Theatre, UNLV, Las Vegas, 739-3838
Park Art, 18, Sunrise Library, 10am-noon, Las Vegas, 386-6511
World Wide Flea Market, 18-19, Las Vegas Convention Center, 9am-6pm, 733-2335
Las Vegas Civic Symphony, 19, holiday concert, 2pm, Reed Whipple Center, Las Vegas, 386-6211
"Star Trek," 20, free movie, 2pm & 7pm, Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas, 386-6383
Senior Citizens' Christmas Party, 20, Caliente, 726-3399
Rebel Roundup, 21-22, basketball tournament, Las Vegas Convention Center, 739-3207
"The King and I," 22, free movie, 2pm, Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas, 386-6383
"Snowball Express," 23, free movie, 2pm & 7pm, Charleston Heights Arts Center, 386-6383
JAC BMX Championship of Bicycle Motocross, 26-30, Tropicana Sports Complex, Las Vegas, 739-2458
"Once Upon a Time," 27, free movie, 2pm & 7pm, Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas, 386-6383
"Oh, Heavenly Dog," 29, free movie, 2pm & 7pm, Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas, 386-6383
UNLV Holiday Classic, 28-29, basketball tournament, Las Vegas Convention Center, 733-2335
New Year's Eve Fireworks, 31 Union Plaza, Las Vegas, 386-2110

Central

MUSEUMS & GALLERIES

Berlin-Ichthyosaur State Park. Fossil house displaying ancient sea lizards. 23 miles east of Gabbs
Central Nevada Museum, 12-4 Tues.-Sat. Photographs and history of Nye & Esmeralda counties. Logan Field Road, Tonopah, 482-9676
White Pine County Library, 12-8 Mon.-Wed., 10-5 Thurs.-Sat. Nevada 82 Photography Show, 12/13-1/5. Next to courthouse, Ely, 289-3737

NOVEMBER

Christmas Fashion Show, 20, Convention Center, Ely, 289-8877

DECEMBER

Christmas Parade & Holiday Opening Celebration, 4, children's entertainment & tree lighting, downtown Ely, 289-8877
Elk's Charity Ball, 4, Convention Center, 9pm, Tonopah, 482-3558
Children's Christmas Party, 18, Convention Center, Tonopah, 482-3558

North

MUSEUMS & GALLERIES

Lehman Caves National Monument, 8-5 daily. Cave tours and natural history museum. Baker, 234-7331
Northeastern Nevada Museum, 9-5 Mon.-Sat. Historical, visual art and natural history exhibits. 1515 Idaho St., Elko, 738-3418

NOVEMBER

Wilderness Circuit Rodeo Finals, 5-7 Spring Creek Horse Palace, Elko, 753-6510
Antique Show & Sale, 6-7 Cactus Pete's Convention Center, Jackpot, 755-2321
Nevada State Championship Motocross, 7 motorcycle race, 9:30am, Calder Cycle Park, Winnemucca, 623-5083
Strutters Ball, 20, Convention Center, Elko, 738-7135
Playday, 20 & 27 chariot practice, noon, chariot track, Wells, 752-3589

DECEMBER

Chariot Race, 4, 11 & 18, chariot track, noon, Wells, 752-3589
Christmas Show, 4-5, Convention Center, Elko, 738-7135
Christmas Craft Show, 4-5, Convention Center, 11am-7pm, Winnemucca, 623-3704
Children's Christmas Party, 24, Santa's arrival, pinatas & refreshments, Cactus Pete's, Jackpot, 755-2321

West

MUSEUMS & GALLERIES

Churchill County Museum, 9-4 Mon.-Wed., 12-4 Sat. A Christmas Wonderland, 11/15-1/15; Photographs and Memories; indf. 1050 S. Maine St., Fallon, 423-3677
East Fork Gallery, 12-5 Wed.-Sat. Oil paintings by Virginia Davis Harsh, thru 11/17; miniature paintings and Christmas crafts, 11/28-12/24. 1427 Main St., Gardnerville, 782-7629
Fort Churchill Historic State Monument. Visitor center and ruins of 1860s U.S. Army fort. 7 miles south of Silver Springs, 577-2345
Harrah's Automobile Collection, 9-6 daily. More than 1,000 antique cars on display. E. Glendale Rd., Sparks, 788-3242
Genoa Courthouse Museum, 10-4:30 daily. Photographs & history exhibits in restored courthouse. Genoa, 782-2476
Lyon County Museum, 10-4 Sat., 1-4 Sun. Christmas Past, 11/5-12/27 215 S. Main St., Yerington, 463-8129
Mineral County Museum, 1-4 Tues.-Sat. Artifacts and antiques. Hawthorne, 945-5142
Nevada Artists Assoc. Gallery, 10-4 Mon.-Sat. Nevada Day Show, thru 11/6; fine art and photographs. Brewery Arts Center, 449 W. King St., Carson City, 882-9723
Nevada Historical Society, 10-5 daily. Nevada Book Fair, 11/1-30; Christmas in Nevada, 12/1-31 1650 N. Virginia St., Reno, 784-6397
Nevada State Museum, 8:30-4:30 Wed.-Sun. Pre-historical, historical & natural history of the state. 600 N. Carson St., Carson City, 885-4810
Nevada West Gallery, 10-2 Tues.-Thurs., 10-5 Fri.-Sat. Wax pencil art by Ruth Ann Cocour, ink and pencil drawings by Janet Crennan, 11/9-30; Christmas Craft Show, 12/3-1/1 135 N. Sierra St., Reno, 329-5327
Sheppard Fine Arts Gallery, 8:30-4:30 Mon.-Fri. Nevada Word Smith, paintings by Diane Dunn, 11/5-30; photographs by John Pfahl, paintings by Kevin Heisler. Church Fine Arts, University of Nevada-Reno, 784-6682
Sierra Nevada Museum of Art, 10-4 Tues.-Sat. 12-4 Sun. Works from private collections in Reno-Tahoe area, 11/13-12/31; Special Christmas Exhibition, 11/13-12/31; Annual Great Basin Exhibition, 11/13-12/31 549 Court St., Reno, 329-3333
State Archives, 8-5 Mon.-Fri. Historical documents and photographs on display. 101 S. Fall St., Carson City, 885-5210
Stremmel Galleries, 1-6 Mon.-Fri., 9-4 Sun. Selected works by George Carlson, Thomas Aquinas Daly, Len Chmeil, Chen Chi, Stanley Bliefeld and Bruce Kurland. 1400 S. Virginia St., Reno, 786-0558
Walker-Wassuk Arts Alliance, 6-8 Mon., 3-6 Wed., 7-9 Thurs., 10-2 Sat., 12-2 Sun. Design in Religion, 11/13; Biggest Little Art Show in Nevada, Liturgical Art Show, 500 E. Fifth St., Hawthorne, 945-3030

ONGOING EVENTS

Dayton Flea Market, weekends

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GENE HERTZOG PHOTOS

Lighting Up Lake Mead

The night will be glowing with Christmas lights and good cheer during the Parade of Lights at Lake Mead Marina, December 11. A fleet of local boats like the Lake Mohave entry, above, take a dazzling six-mile run from the marina to Boulder Beach and back. Last year's festivities included the hot-air balloon firing up at left. The lake also is the scene of high-speed racing with the *Power Boat* Magazine Testing and Off-Shore Race, November 6-7. Trials are Saturday, and more than 50 entries, some cruising at more than 100 mph, will compete. On Sunday is the Marathon Boat Racers Association Off-Shore Race. The magazine tests '83 boats the following two days at Lake Mead Marina.

Tours of Hidden Cave Archeological Site, near Fallon, 423-3677 or 882-1631
Star Parties, Astronomical Society of Nevada, 2nd Sat. after full moon, Palomino Valley, sundown, 825-6833 or 747-5237
MGM Year-Long Bowling Tournament, $50,000 in prizes, MGM Grand Lanes, 789-2295

NOVEMBER

Youth Music Foundation Concert, 4-6, Pioneer Theatre, 8:15pm, Reno, 786-5116
"Dracula," 4-7 drama, 8:30pm Thurs.-Sat., 2pm Sun., Reno Little Theater, 329-1324
Chorus of the Comstock Barbershop Show, 6, Community Center, 8pm, Carson, 882-0114 eve.
Harrah's $200,000 Blackjack Roundup, 7-10, Harrah's Reno and Tahoe, 329-4422
San Francisco Guitar Quintet, 9, Brewery Arts Center, 8pm, Carson City, 882-1976
"Black Magic," 10, free movie, 7pm, Washoe Library, Reno, 785-4190
"A Streetcar Named Desire," 11-13, drama, 8:30pm, Lake Tahoe Community College, S. Lake Tahoe, 916-541-4660, ext. 40
"John Brown's Body," 12-13, drama, 8pm, Church Fine Arts Theater, UNR, Reno, 785-6659
Civil War Symposium, 13, free lectures, presentations & photo exhibits, Comstock Hotel, Reno, 359-3559
Ski Swap, 13, Idlewild Park, 10am-4pm, Reno, 785-2262
Quilt Show, 13-14, Convention Center, Reno, 825-2129
Reno Chamber Orchestra, 14, Reno Little Theater, 3pm, 329-1324
Interfaith Gospel Concert, 14, Pioneer Theatre, 3pm, Reno, 786-5105
Classical Guitarist Michael Newman, 15, Church Fine Arts Theater, 8pm, UNR, Reno, 784-4893
Tenor Philip Creech, 16, community concert, 8:15pm, Pioneer Theatre, Reno, 786-5105
"A Streetcar Named Desire," 17-20, drama, 8:30pm, Lake Tahoe Community College, S. Lake Tahoe, 916-541-4660, ext. 40
Roger Wagner Chorale, 18, Community Center, 8pm, Carson City, 883-5735
UNR v. Canada Athletes in Action, 18, basketball, 7:30pm, Convention Center, Reno, 784-4697
Ski Season Opening Party, 19, movies & refreshments, 7pm, Tahoe Nordic Center, Tahoe City, 916-583-9858
"Women, Women," 19-21 three one-act plays, 8:30pm Fri. & Sat., 2pm Sun., Reno Little Theater, 329-1324
Craft Festival, 19-21 Convention Center, noon-10pm Fri., 10am-10pm Sat., 10am-6pm Sun., Reno, 785-4800
UNR v. Idaho, 20, football, 1pm, Mackay Stadium, UNR, Reno, 784-4697
Christmas Fair, 20-21 booths, entertainment & fashion show, 11am-7pm Sat., 11am-4pm Sun., Carson Junior High School, Carson City, 882-1565
Thanksgiving Square Dance, 26-28, John Ascuaga's Nugget, Sparks, 358-2233
"Women, Women," 26-28, three one-act plays, 8:30pm Fri. & Sat., 2pm Sun., Reno Little Theater, 329-1324
UNR v. Chico State, 27, basketball, 7:30pm, Convention Center, Reno, 784-4697
UNR v. UNLV, 30, basketball, 7:30pm, Convention Center, Reno, 784-4697

DECEMBER

Winter Holiday Concert, 1, Youth Symphony & Jr. Orchestra, 7:30pm, Pioneer Theatre, Reno, 786-5105
Reno Gem & Mineral Society, 1 lecture on carving stone, 8pm, 480 S. Rock Blvd., Sparks, 825-6457
Sierra Nevada Chorale, 3, Pioneer Theatre, 8pm, Reno, 786-5105
Arts & Craft Show, 3-5, Exhibit Hall, 10am-9pm, State Fairgrounds, Reno, 785-4306
Fallon Christmas Faire, 4, holiday displays, demonstrations & handcrafted gifts, 10am-5pm, high school, 423-2181
Desert Dance Arts Theatre Christmas Fair, 4, bazaar, entertainment & demonstrations, 10am-5pm, Hawthorne Convention Center, 945-2754
Genoa Christmas Faire, 4, arts & crafts, 10am-5pm, Town Hall, 782-2172
Magic of Santa Christmas Faire, 4-5, gifts & food, 10am-6pm Sat., 10am-4pm Sun., Idlewild Park, Reno, 785-2262
"A Christmas Carol," 5, drama, 4pm, Community Center, Carson City, 882-1976
Reno Chamber Orchestra & UNR Chorus, 5, "A Christmas Gift to the City," 3pm, Pioneer Theatre, Reno, 786-5105
UNR v. College of Idaho, 6, basketball, 7:30pm, Convention Center, Reno, 784-4697
Jazz Ensemble Concert, 9, Church Fine Arts Theater, 8pm, UNR, Reno, 784-6525
UNR v. Utah, 11, basketball, 7:30pm, Convention Center, Reno, 784-4697
Santa's Arrival Party & Workshop, 11 Santa descends by helicopter, gift bazaar, noon-2pm, CVIC Hall, Minden, 782-2172
"Nutcracker," 11-12, Nevada Opera Assoc. ballet, 2:15pm, Pioneer Theatre, Reno, 786-4046
$10,000 Reno International Rally, 11-12, Sat., 300-mile auto race in hills around Reno, Pyramid Lake & Virginia City; Sun.: short race in Seven Mile Canyon below Virginia City, 323-7446
Royal Gorge Cup-Alpine Supply 10km Race, 12, cross-country skiing, 11am, Royal Gorge, Soda Springs, 916-426-3871
UNR v. Pepperdine, 16, basketball, 7:30pm, Convention Center, Reno, 784-4697
National Single-Elimination Gymnastic Championships, 16-20, MGM Grand, Reno, 747-2719
"Nutcracker," 18-19, Nevada Opera Assoc. ballet, 2:15pm, Pioneer Theatre, Reno, 786-4046
Visions of Sugar Plums Candy Class, 20, Christmas candy making, 1:30-3:30pm & 6:30-8:30pm, Reno Recreation Center, 785-2262
Wolf Pack Classic, 20-21 UNR basketball tournament, Convention Center, Reno, 784-4697
"Nutcracker," 22, Santa Clara Ballet, 8pm, Community Center, Carson City, 882-1976
UNR v. Sacramento State, 31, basketball, 7:30pm, Convention Center, Reno, 784-4697
Skiers' New Year's Extravaganza, 31 fireworks, dinner, torchlight parade, night skiing, Boreal Ski Area, N. Lake Tahoe, 916-426-3666
Mexican Dance, 31 Exhibit Hall, 8pm-2am, State Fairgrounds, Reno, 785-4306 □

A Reminder: To confirm dates and times, use the phone numbers listed with each event. For out-of-state callers, Nevada's area code is 702.

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U.S.S. NEVADA
The Ship That Wouldn't Sink

The battleship that carried the Silver State's name survived Pearl Harbor and an H-bomb, and was one of the most decorated warships to sail the main. By Bert Shanas

To get to Nevada Point from Carson City, just head southwest for about 3,100 miles and you'll run right into it. You see, Nevada Point isn't in Nevada. It is actually a much-revered tract of tropical foliage in Hawaii close by the entrance of Pearl Harbor, near an area that ancient Hawaiians believed was the home of their shark goddess.

The story of how Nevada Point got its name is the story behind some of the most heroic naval exploits in the nation's history. It is the story of the men who served aboard the *U.S.S. Nevada* during the attack on Pearl Harbor.

The 29,000-ton battleship *Nevada,* which was commissioned and named for the state in 1916, is certainly not the best known of the 97 vessels that were tied up at Pearl on the morning of the Japanese attack. That distinction belongs to the *U.S.S. Arizona,* which was blasted out of the water and went down to the bottom within minutes, permanently entombing 1,177 sailors. Nor was the *Nevada* the most formidable vessel. The 25-year-old ship, which first saw action in World War I, had just three months to go before becoming officially "over-aged." What makes the *Nevada* unique is that of all the ships at Pearl on that terrible morning 41 years ago she was the only one able to get under way—and she did it solely on the guts and self-sacrifice of her crew under the most adverse conditions possible.

Under normal circumstances a battleship would require about two hours and the aid of three or four tugs to get under way. But December 7, 1941, was not to be a "normal" day. At 7:55 a.m. the first of 353 Japanese planes ripped over the harbor, destroying the calm of the Hawaiian Sunday as they shattered the heart of America's Pacific fleet.

The big prize for the Japanese that morning was the concentration of seven battleships, including the *Nevada,* tied up at what sailors still call "Battleship Row." The crews of all seven battleships quickly began returning fire. But they didn't stand a chance. By 8:25 a.m., when the first attack was over, the *Arizona* was a burning wreck, the *Oklahoma* had capsized, the *West Virginia* had sunk, and the *California* was going down. Only the *Maryland* and the *Tennessee,* which were tied up between other vessels and nearby Ford Island, were protected.

On board the *Nevada*—tied behind the *Arizona* near the north end of Battleship Row—the crew sprang into action. As the first planes came over, sailors opened fire with the vessel's four machine guns and were soon joined by the ship's 5-inch antiaircraft and broadside batteries. Within minutes the *Nevada's* gunners had shot down two of the five Japanese planes they would destroy that morning.

But the Japanese were undeterred—and their planes kept coming. Finally, a torpedo hit the *Nevada* near the port bow, blowing a 30- by 45-foot hole in the side of the ship, causing the vessel to go down several feet by the head. Almost at the same time a large bomb hit the quarterdeck, killing several crew members. Then the *Arizona* blew up and the water around the *Nevada* was instantly covered with flaming oil.

Lieutenant Commander Francis Thomas, the senior line officer on the *Nevada* that morning, knew he had to get the ship out of there. He might be able to save the *Nevada* if he could get it to open waters where he could maneuver. But there were no tugs—and no two-hour warm-up time in which to do it. He asked the engine room how fast they could get the ship moving and was told possibly in a half hour. Luckily, the black gang was in the process of transferring the ship's power burden from one boiler to another. So both boilers were operating, instead of the normal single boiler at mooring. Thomas ordered the *Nevada* under way immediately, and within minutes the ship was moving through the fiery waters under the attack by Japanese dive-bombers.

To appreciate the individual acts of heroism that took place on board the *Nevada* in those few minutes is to appreciate why 41 years later local Hawaiians and Navy personnel still utter the name *"Nevada"* with a deep reverence.

When Thomas gave the order to cast off, there was naturally no handling crew on the quay to untie the vessel. So Chief Boatswain Edwin Joseph Hill, a warrant officer with 29 years in the Navy, jumped into the burning waters, swam to the mooring blocks, untied the vessel and swam back to the ship—all the while under fire from Japanese aircraft.

After Hill made it back to the ship, the *Nevada,* loaded with ammunition, had to get past the burning *Arizona.* To do it, the *Nevada's* gun crews shielded the ammunition with their bodies as they inched past their mortally wounded sister ship. A little

farther down Battleship Row they passed the capsizing *Oklahoma,* and those sailors aboard the sinking ship who where still able to stand cheered for the men of the *Nevada.*

But the *Nevada's* problems were just beginning. When the Japanese saw that the ship was making a run for the harbor entrance, every dive-bomber in the vicinity zeroed in on her. In all, six bombs hit the vessel, which was now flooding and on fire.

Chief Shipfitter George D. Etcell was sent below to check on the damage. To do it he had to get through spreading fires, and at one point was waist-deep in hot oil and water. But he carried out the assignment, and when he got back he was carrying an unconscious shipmate who had been overcome by smoke. The sailor would have been dead had it not been for Etcell.

At the port antiaircraft battery, the sailors couldn't help noticing that the young ensign in charge, T. H. Taylor, was having trouble hearing. Then they looked at his ears and spotted blood trickling out of each. The official Navy report later determined that Taylor had been "under fire from strafing attacks, bomb explosions in the immediate vicinity and fires that exploded one ready box of ammunition in the battery, wounded by fragments, burned, shell-shocked, and completely deafened due to broken eardrums."

But Taylor refused to leave his post and continued to direct the battery throughout the attack.

Boatswain Hill, who had untied the ship and was later killed, was one of two men aboard the *Nevada* awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. The other was Machinist Donald K. Ross who saved the lives of several shipmates imprisoned in the forward dynamo room. During two of his trips to the dynamo room Ross himself lost consciousness and had to be rescued and resuscitated. But both times Ross insisted on continuing the mission.

With the *Nevada* burning badly and heading toward the narrow harbor entrance, the senior officer afloat at Pearl, Admiral William R. Furlong, worried that the ship might sink in the entrance and block it permanently. He decided to order the ship to run aground near the entrance. But by the time the last Japanese aircraft returned to its waiting aircraft carrier, there were 50 men dead and 109 wounded on the Nevada.

About 90 minutes later, with the crew still making repairs and fighting fires on board, the ship was moved to another position near the entrance. There she was beached until the following February 12 when the Pearl Harbor shipyard began repairing her. It was that spot—where the proud but crippled *Nevada* was forced to lie resting for two months—that came to be known throughout Hawaii as Nevada Point.

The last 41 years have done little to diminish the kind of loyalty to the ship that existed on that morning of "infamy." Today, there is a 600-member *U.S.S. Nevada* Reunion Association, which meets annually to recount the vessel's exploits. The group is part of the larger Pearl Harbor Survivors Association. The annual meetings of the *Nevada* group take place throughout the nation to accommodate members, but every few years the group goes to Nevada—which is considered to have special meaning. The Nevada State Museum in Carson City houses *Nevada* memorabilia, some donated by crew members. An ornate silver service and an officer's sword are now on display, and museum officials hope eventually to also exhibit a bell, nautical flags, photographs, silhouette models and other artifacts to honor the ship and crew.



Anchors aweigh: a year after the Pearl Harbor attack, the officially-overaged *Nevada* steams out of Pearl and heads for the mainland for permanent repairs.

"I saw a lot of heroism that morning," recalls Virgil Cosgro, a 64-year-old structure lineworker from Los Angeles and longtime member of the *Nevada* Reunion Association. "And most of the heroism was just people doing their jobs." Cosgro, who personally helped rescue many of the wounded, recalls that when the attack started he was helping to rig an awning on the main deck for Sunday church services. He looked to his right and saw a Japanese plane approaching. "The plane came so close," says Cosgro, "I could see that the pilot and the torpedoman were both grinning."

"If I had my way all the schools in Nevada would make the study of the heroism on the ship a required course in history," says Francis D. Cochrine, a 60-year-old retired career Navy man from Seattle. "I saw a lot of people who knew they were going to die because the Japanese bombers were right over their heads. Yet, they refused to leave their battle stations."

Cochrine, who was showering at the time of the attack, rushed to his battle station in a towel and went through the entire attack that way. He took a piece of shrapnel in the leg, pulled it out himself and continued to man the gun mount, where he helped shoot down a Japanese plane.

Those Nevada school children who take Cochrine's advice to study the history of the ship will discover that Pearl Harbor marked only the first of its exploits. After the attack the *Nevada* was completely repaired and a year later went back on the line to serve in every major battle of World War II, including the Normandy Invasion where she took a beating from German guns on D-Day, and Okinawa, where she survived an attack by Japanese kamakaze planes. By the end of the war, the *Nevada* had won seven stars, making her one of the most highly decorated ships in history.

After the war, the government decided to end the old battlewagon's career by making her the main target for the Bikini atomic bomb test in July 1946. But not even atomic bombs could destroy her. Ten other ships went down in those tests. The *Nevada* survived two bombs and remained afloat.

Now radioactive, she *had* to be sunk, so she was towed back to Hawaiian waters to meet her end. For four days the ship refused to surrender, remaining afloat during repeated tests of high explosives. Finally the big guns were called in, and the *Nevada* took a terrific pounding from shells, bombs and torpedoes of both the Navy and Air Force. For a long time it looked like the ship that was once considered too old for duty would survive this one, too. But then at 2 p.m. on July 31, 1948, after taking all that 14 U.S. warships and 60 planes could give, she went down in 14,100 feet of water 62 miles southwest of Pearl Harbor.

When it was all over, a most unusual event took place. The crews of the ships that finally sent her to the bottom held a requiem service—a special tribute to the ship, the crews that served her, and the state for which she was named. □

Bert Shanas, an editor on the New York Daily News, *served at Pearl Harbor as a Navy journalist during the 1960s. He recently returned from a visit.*

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Mystery of the Maiden's Grave

A mammoth cross in the desert and a strange grave led me on a 13-year search for the identity of a woman with "hair like ripened grass."
By Harry E. Webb

It was while running mustangs in May 1915 that I first saw the massive, incongruous cross rearing its broad arms high above a small butte on the flat Nevada wastelands. Halting my horse, I studied the black inscription, readable a mile distant, and pondered the why of its existence.

"Maiden's Grave." In those bold letters was an indisputable tang of mystery. As I circled the hill, I could see a name 10 feet wide: "Lucinda Duncan." Now who was Lucinda Duncan to rate such an impressive monument?

Obsessed with delving the past, I started on the back-track of time. Questions among young and old brought but one answer—beyond this, none could go: a workman's shovel had unearthed the remains down near the Humboldt River.

I learned that when the Central Pacific was straightening a curve in its tracks, the mortal remains of a blonde female, presumably young, had been exposed. The Chinese grade builders had moved the bones and tangle of hair to the top of the nearby butte. Later a section worker had found a weathered, termite-eaten board near the site of the old grave. Apparently a name had been carved in the board. This rotted remnant of a wagon end-gate had prompted the company to erect the cross and, as they deciphered it, inscribe a name.

But who was she? How did she die?

Years of inquiry led me from one old-timer to another until I was somewhat rewarded in the person of Charlie Kilpatrick. Charlie's name had been linked with incidents involving renegade Indians along the lower Humboldt and freight roads to the south.

I found Charlie at the county poor farm at Elko, but like many of his ilk he doled out infomation as if it were dollars.

After interminable wheezing and pipe-stuffing and match-searching he spoke of



HARRY WEBB COLLECTION

Lame Charlie, at his Elko County cabin, was encouraged to speak by Al Thatcher.

the death of his father, touched on the hardships that followed and told of his family's excitement when news poured back east of the fabulous riches to be had for the shoveling in the California streams. It had been a momentous decision when his mother scratched together her few coins so that Charlie might board a full-rigger, which was loaded with mine and mill equipment bound for San Francisco.

"Figgered on gittin' a few pounds of gold an' sendin' back fer my folks, but she never turned out that way. Didn't find no gold so took a job swampin' fer a feller named Jack Guinert who was freightin' from Sacramento to Austin."

I led Charlie on, and he warmed up a bit. "Well, I hauled into Austin till Jack was kilt one night when some Indians run off our stock. I blowed one of them half in two with a .52 caliber Colt's rifle I'd just bought. Next mornin' all I could find of him was a trail of blood and the marks where he'd drug hisself off.

"But yuh know what?" Charlie paused for a belly-shaking laugh. "Heard years later

that that blasted Injun lived to crawl way to hellengone to a medicine man. Not only that, but the varmint took to usin' my name."

"What about your folks?" I asked.

Events had been too swift-moving and obstacles too numerous for Charlie to send for his mother and sister, and "a year or so later" a letter arrived from his sister. Their mother had passed away and, frantic and heartbroken, the 14-year-old girl was "talked into headin' fer Californy with some friends that was all het up with gold fever—but she never made it." With that he lapsed into silence.

Some sixth sense whispered that through him I might yet be led down the years to some turbulent happening that would account for the little batch of bones brought to light by a workman's shovel.

"Indians?"

"No tellin'. Never could find out."

Did he know the party's name his sister was with? Charlie thought awhile on this. "Seems like it was Benson or somethin', but I don't rightly recollect."

From Fort Ruby, near the headwaters of the Humboldt River, Charlie's family had received another letter dated September 5th. This told of trouble aplenty. Mrs. Benson, a frail woman at best, lay buried near the Platte. Then, to worsen matters, the drover's 18-year-old son, Obediah, had "got an eye hooked out by some feller's ox." Drought had stalked the emigrant route until "some of the teams was next to buzzard bait, so her an' the others throwed in with another outfit whose stock was still pretty good."

"Was your sister's name Lucinda?" I asked abruptly.

Charlie's head snapped up. "Now how'd you know that?" he asked. I explained the name on the cross and that it might possibly be a clue to what became of his sister.

"Could be," he mused, "but girls with that name was thicker'n fiddlers in hell, so I never give it no thought."

After the letter from Fort Ruby all trace of his sister was lost, Charlie said. He had never been able to learn the identity of the new party Obediah and Lucinda had joined up with. They had vanished completely.

Charlie had given me nothing positive on which to hang any conclusions, yet the trail had at least grown warm. For even though he had informed me that "Lucinda" was a common name in that era, the girl's last message, coupled with later Army investigations, seemed proof that she and her one-eyed companion had disappeared somewhere along that 300 miles between Fort Ruby and Fort Churchill.

My trail, it seemed, had come to a dead end. Years were to elapse before it again grew warm. A Paiute Indian I knew told me of another of his clan: "Old, old man. Called Lame Charlie."

"Lame Charlie!" I couldn't hide my interest. Perhaps another link in a weak chain, but probably not. My informant, Boohoo, was at the time well saturated with toddle foot, and talkative.

Lame Charlie's tribal name had been

(Continued on page 56)

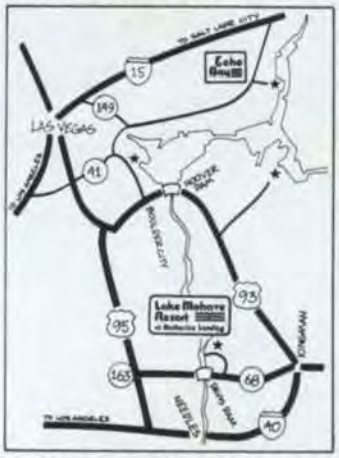
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Lizard Life

They get no respect, but these desert reptiles know how to take life one rock at a time. By Betty Shannon

To some people, lizards rank barely a notch above spiders, snakes and other creatures that slither and crawl. I remember an elderly uncle from Iowa who, on a summer visit, recoiled at the sight of the harmless little fence lizards that abounded in and around our ranch buildings. "Them little alligators," he would growl.

Fortunately, most of mankind reacts less vehemently. For most of us, lizards represent a sort of gray, neutral zone. They are not particularly despised, but they are not well known, either.

The vast tribe of scaly saurians must share some of the blame. Lizards are perhaps the desert's most common form of wildlife, yet surprisingly few casual visitors are aware of their presence. Lizards silently slink away from any form of notoriety. A few are so fleet of foot as to leave only a wisp of dust to mark their passing. Still others lie motionless and nearly invisible, camouflaged by the dappled shadow of a desert shrub.

Of the roughly 3,000 species of lizards in the world, about 26 kinds, including several subspecies, make their home in Nevada. More than half are found only in the southern third of the state.

Although Nevada cannot claim an exclusive on any species of lizards, 10 varieties range widely within the state. Several are particularly worthy of mention.

The Gila monster, *Heloderma suspectum*, is one of only two species of poisonous lizards in the world. (The other is the Mexican beaded lizard.) A subspecies, the banded Gila monster, inhabits Clark and Lincoln counties, generally between the Colorado and Virgin rivers. The Gila monster's appearance is formidable, but man has little to fear if he follows a strict hands-off policy. The venom, from modified saliva glands in the lower jaw, enters a victim only after the big lizard has thoroughly lacerated the flesh with its teeth, and that requires more patience than most victims are willing to show.

Gila monsters are nocturnal, hiding under rocks or in burrows during the day, and are seldom sighted. Large and heavy-bodied, with a blunt sausage-shaped tail, the Gila monster has a beaded skin, mottled in a striking pattern of black with pink, yellow or orange. It feeds on eggs, mice and other lizards and is protected by law as an endangered species.

BETTY SHANNON; INSET: DOUG WILSON

A fierce hunter, the leopard lizard basks in the sun with an eye cocked for spiders and small lizards. The Gila monster (inset) is the state's largest lizard, an endangered species and one of only two poisonous lizards in the world.

Two other large lizards are found in southern Nevada. The chuckwalla, *Sauromalus obesus*, is the only strict vegetarian in the state, preferring wildflower blossoms in season. Although it grows up to 16 inches in length, the chuckwalla would rather wedge than fight: when disturbed, it runs into a crevice and inflates its body so that it can't be pulled out. Pale gray and black, chuckwallas can be seen in Clark and Nye counties.

The desert iguana, *Dipsosaurus dorsalis*, is generally a vegetarian and resides in the same areas as the chuckwalla. The iguana, which is pale gray with dark brown bars or spots, grows up to 15 inches and runs fast.

One of the most frequently sighted lizards is the little side-blotched or brown-shouldered lizard, *Uta stansburiana*. It helps control grasshoppers throughout the state, and farmers appreciate the help.

The Great Basin whiptail, *Cnemidophorous tigris tigris*, is at home nearly anywhere in the desert, from arid flats to pinyon forests. The whiptail's most conspicuous feature is its extremely long tail, which can be twice as long as its body. Overall, the lizard can grow to about 15 inches. The backs and sides of most Great Basin adults have a spotted or checkered network against a lighter background. The whiptail keeps a low profile, hugging the ground even at high speed. Pursued, it usually zips into the nearest hole, either one it has previously dug or a rodent's excavation.

Besides serving as a hideout, such digs also provide shelter from the desert's extreme heat and cold. Like all other reptiles, the whiptail is exothermal: its blood temperature varies with the temperature of its environment. The lizard needs a body temperature of 104°F before it can shift into high gear, and thus seeks out warm spots like sunny rocks or highway blacktop.

Too much heat, however, can be fatal. For that reason, especially in summer, lizards are most active in the morning and late afternoon. At midday they retreat to a burrow.

Conversely, a variable blood temperature allows lizards to survive the low nighttime and winter temperatures of Nevada's high desert. Of course, in very cold weather the lizard becomes inactive; metabolism drops until the creature is barely alive, so it must spend winter underground in hibernation.

The little zebra-tail, *Callisaurus draconoides*, is also no slouch for speed, and there is no mistaking its identity. A series of four or more black bands encircles the lizard's grayish-white tail, and its pale coloring gives it a ghost-like appearance on the alkali flats and desert washes where it makes its home.

The zebra-tail, which is common in northwestern Nevada, has the charming habit of wagging its tail just before takeoff. While running, it raises its body off the ground and carries its tail arched over its back. Zoologists speculate that the prominent tail markings may divert the attacks of hawks and other predators to the tail. The detached tail will continue to wiggle and squirm, satisfying the predator, while the lizard escapes. In time, the zebra-tail, like many other lizards, will grow a new tail.



If you see a lizard around a ghost town or ranch, it's probably a western fence lizard (above), which likes to survey its domain from rocks, fence posts, logs, lumber piles and the sides of buildings. Lizards are cold-blooded and use the sun to warm their bodies before they can shift into high gear.

The collared lizard, *Crotaphytus collaris*, large-bodied with a massive head, wears a distinctive black and white neck collar. Brightly colored patterns of spots and bars mark the nearly smooth, loose skin. Background body color also can vary, from olive, gray or brown, to yellow, influenced apparently by the overall tone of the local landscape. Bright orange spots are present on the female when carrying fertile eggs. Since the female's spots fade at the end of the breeding season, zoologists believe that they may inhibit the advances of males.

The collared lizard prefers mountain slopes, canyons, alluvial fans—just about any place with a generous supply of rocks and limited vegetation—and is found throughout Nevada. Rocks are important to the species' survival. The ground under a rock makes a suitable nursery for the collared lizard's eggs, since the soil there tends to hold more moisture than the surrounding earth, and moisture is necessary for successful incubation.

Prey for collared lizards include large-sized insects like grasshoppers, cicadas and crickets, and, occasionally, smaller lizards. The collared lizard is agile and active. It can leap from rock to rock and when in a hurry can stand erect, clutch its front feet to its chest, and run on its powerful hind legs like a miniature tyrannosaur.

A close relative of the collared lizard is *Crotaphytus wislizenii*, the leopard lizard. Striking, leopard-like spots provide easy identification of this large, long-tailed lizard, although like its cousin, the collared lizard, dorsal background colors range across the spectrum from a yellowish buff to russet browns to gray. As fierce a predator as its namesake, the leopard lizard preys upon smaller lizards. Its spotted pattern provides it with perfect camouflage while it lies in wait beneath a creosote bush or in the shade of a juniper.

(Continued on next page)

Mouth agape on its large head, the collared lizard is easily identified by its black-and-white neck markings. A close relative of the leopard lizard, the collard prefers rocky slopes and canyons and can change its color to match its surroundings.



BETTY SHANNON PHOTOS

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LIZARD LIFE

(Continued from previous page)

A collared lizard look-alike, especially to the novice, is the desert spiny lizard, *Sceloporus magister*. It also wears a black neckband, but the spiny's collar is a single stripe, wide at the throat and tapering to a point on the back above the shoulders, while the collared lizard always wears two black bands.

Lizards of the genus *Sceloporus* are best known as "blue-bellies" because of the prominent blue throat and belly patches present on most males. The spiny lizards also are rough-skinned with conspicuous, sharply-pointed, overlapping scales.The lizards are good climbers, ascending rocks, trees or sides of buildings with ease. They are at home in such diverse habitats as desert gullies, streamside willow thickets and lower mountain slopes throughout Nevada.

Other members of the spiny lizard clan common throughout the state are the sagebrush lizard, *Sceloporus graciosus*, and the western fence lizard, *Sceloporus occidentalis*. Both are small to medium-sized, brown to gray in color, and similar in appearance and habits. If you see a lizard around ghost town buildings, it will probably be one of these four-legged reptiles.

In Nevada lizards not only survive but also thrive. Look carefully and you'll see them. □

Betty Shannon is a freelance writer and photographer who lives in the Sierra.

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Showguide

Guardians Of The List

Suave, elegant and efficient, a maitre d' runs his casino showroom as a captain runs his ship.

By Elliot S. Krane

"The secret of a good maitre d'," says Frank Shane, maitre d' at the Desert Inn's Crystal Room, "is to make every person who comes to the rope feel that they are the most important person we've seen all evening."

And that's no small task. At the big casino showrooms two and three times an evening, hundreds of curious customers and impatient fans line up to see stars like Frank Sinatra or shows like Casino de Paris. Everyone wants a good seat and wants it quickly. They all look to the maitre d', the commanding figure holding the huge seating chart, to find them the right spot. And VIPs and budget-bound tourists alike, out for a night of excitement, want to feel like more than just another person in line.

So a maitre d' must combine the personal touch with mass efficiency to keep his showroom running smoothly. Impeccably dressed and with the air of a ship's captain, a maitre d' sends assistants and waiters scurrying around, placing guests and tending to orders. His manner makes him as much a showman as the stars on stage.

Maitre d's learn their trade by long experience. They have to rise through the restaurant ranks, starting as a waiter or chef, becoming a captain, then an assistant maitre d' Finally, when they have enough seniority and have passed all exams on culinary arts and if there is an opening, they get their own rooms. The process takes many years, and along the way maitre d's become people-wise, effortlessly courteous and efficient. If he is good, a maitre d's yearly income can reach six figures in wages and tips.

Bobby Miranda, maitre d' at the Frontier, began his career as a busboy and climbed the showroom ladder until at age 18 he was the youngest captain on the Strip.





ELLIOT S. KRANE PHOTOS

Maitre d's have a gift for remembering showgoers' faces and names, a skill that takes years of practice. Before becoming a maitre d' at the Desert Inn, Frank Shane spent 18 years at the Flamingo.

Understanding how maitre d's operate makes a trip to a showroom much easier, especially for a first-time visitor.

Maitre d's seat customers according to priorities. Getting a prime position in line doesn't necessarily mean someone will be seated in a choice spot. "We have to take care of our gambling customers who come here 15 to 20 times a year," says Harry Karn, now retired from Hotel Sahara's Congo Room. "Then we do give preference to our house guests and then the others in the line. You'll find that this policy holds at all the hotels."

Maitre d's aren't cold-hearted about seating, however. Exceptions are made. Rudy Guerrero of the Riviera's Versailles Showroom learned his trade from Mike Cumo, maitre d' at New York's famous Coconut Grove. "He said that I should always take care of the young people in formals out on the town for the first time," Guerrero says. "They might be on a budget tonight, but they are our future customers."

Tipping is a bugbear for many showgoers. They aren't sure when to tip or how much. "People are on the defensive when they come face to face with a maitre d' They think that they are going to be robbed," says Bobby Miranda of the Frontier's Beyond Belief Showroom. "And this can happen if there is a greedy maitre d' Let's face it, there are good and bad in all professions.

"My concern is to have a happy showroom. I won't let a dissatisfied customer leave. I'll stop him and if he doesn't like his table, I'll give him another one. If he tips the captain as well as me, one tip goes back. We have a kitty which we share, and I won't let a customer tip twice."

Most maitre d's agree that tipping is an option and should only reward good service. Frank Shane learned from his mentor, Emilio Muscelli of the original El Rancho, that self-respect should come before money. "He wouldn't let his captains hustle for tips. He said that if anyone wanted to tip, they would. He taught us to keep our dignity."

With personal dignity comes the responsibility to make patrons feel valued. One master of friendly tact was Jess Kirk, maitre d' at Caesars Palace from the mid-sixties until the mid-seventies. A Harvard graduate in chemical engineering and former maitre d' at New York's Copacabana, Kirk, dressed in a gleaming Roman-style uniform, greeted kings, executives and nickle slot players at Caesars with the same smile.

Another responsibility of the maitre d' is to keep entertainers happy. Many stars—especially comics—play the audience, singing to them, ribbing them, depending upon reactions to develop and pace the act. Maitre d's know how to "dress" a showroom, putting responsive people in ringside seats, where entertainers can see them best.

In addition to the money, responsibilities and elegance of his job, an established maitre d' acquires important connections and considerable influence, even outside his casino. Frank Shane likes to tell about a call he received, while working at the Flamingo, from Bobby Vinton.

"I had known Bobby for many years and when he asked me if I could make a reservation for his family, I told him I'd be glad to. I thought that he meant the show at the Flamingo and was about to put the names down when he explained that he needed the reservations for his show at the MGM Grand. The show was sold out and no seats were available. Well, I made the necessary calls," Shane laughs, "and got his family in to see him perform."

But power, pull and pay have not blinded these "guardians of the list" to themselves. In the main they live conservatively, struggle with the Internal Revenue Service like most other casino workers, and occasionally engage in some self-critical fun. Once a year the maitre d' and captains association in Las Vegas holds a charity golf match, and the participants play 18 holes wearing golf spikes and tuxedos. □

Elliot Krane is entertainment editor of the Las Vegas Sun *and a freelance writer.*

Casino Notes

• Broadway may be coming to MGM Reno's jai alai fronton. The fast-paced sport did not catch on in the north as it has in Las Vegas, so pelotas were packed up for good in November 1980. Now actor Eddie Bracken has announced plans to use the amphitheater setting for plays and concerts beginning spring 1983.

• Speaking of maitre d's: Richard Kudrna, recently named president of Harvey's at Lake Tahoe, began his career at the south-shore hotel as maitre d' in 1968.

• Champagne flows during Nevada's New Year's Eve celebration. That's when casinos invite their highrollers and throw special parties to usher in the new year. In most showrooms, you'll find one price covers dinner, drinks or champagne, noisemakers, hats and a show that rolls on until after midnight.

• "Free Aspirin and Tender Sympathy" for overenthusiastic partygoers are the advertised specials at a Las Vegas Strip service station. Since 1954, Lehman's 76 Station near the Tropicana Hotel has rendered first aid to customers who were gassed the night before.—*Ann Henderson*

Shows & Stars

Following is a muster of the stars, revues and extravaganzas you can see in Nevada showrooms in November and December. Schedules can change, so it's wise to call ahead for times, dates and reservations. For out-of-state callers, Nevada's area code is 702.



Ann-Margret performs at Caesars Palace through November 3.

Las Vegas

Aladdin, 736-0111 C'est Magnifique, indf.; Wed.-Mon., 8pm buffet dinner show $13.50; midnight cocktail show $9.95, inlcudes 2 drinks

Barbary Coast, 737-7111 Royal Dixie Jazz Band, noon-6pm; Irish Showband, 9:30pm, midnight, 2am

Caesars Palace, 731-7333: Ann-Margret, thru 11/3

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

Desert Inn, 733-4444: "A Chorus Line," Broadway musical, indf.; cocktail shows 7pm and 11pm; dark Mon.; $20

Dunes, 737-4110: *Casino Theater:* Robert Goulet, indf.; 8pm dinner show from $18.75, midnight cocktail show $15.75. *Top of the Dunes:* Loretta Holloway, 11/1-12/4; Four Freshman, 12/6-1/15

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: TBA, 11/1-12/27· Siegfried and Roy in Beyond Belief, revue, 12/28-indf., 7pm & 11pm Sun. & Tues.-Fri.; 6pm, 9:15pm & 12:15am Sat.; family show (no nudity) 7pm Fri. & 6pm Sat., $24.50, includes 2 drinks

Hacienda, 739-8911 Fire & Ice, ice spectacular, thru 12/4; 8pm dinner or cocktail show from $13.95, 11pm cocktail show $10.95, includes 2 drinks; dark Mon.

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

Imperial Palace, 731-3311 Lovelace Watkins/Dave Swan, indf.; 8pm & midnight nightly; $15 includes 2 drinks

Landmark, 733-1110: Nightly entertainment

Las Vegas Hilton, 732-5111 "Bal du Moulin Rouge de Paris," indf., 8pm dinner show from $19.50, midnight cocktail show $16.50

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

MGM Grand Hotel, 739-4567· *Ziegfeld Theatre:* Jubilee!, indf.; 8:15 & 11:45pm Sun.-Fri., 6:30pm, 10pm & 12:15am Sat., $23.50. *Celebrity Room:* Melissa Manchester, thru 11/3; Mac Davis/Dottie West, 11/4-17· Barbara Mandrel, 11/18-12/1· TBA, 12/2-12; dark, 12/13-25; Mac Davis, 12/26-1/2

Marina, 739-1500: Penthouse Pet Review, indf.

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

Riviera, 734-5110: Bill Cosby/Angela Bofill, 11/4-17· Alan King, 11/18-24; 8pm dinner show & midnight cocktail show

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

Sahara, 737-2111 Nightly entertainment

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

Sands, 733-5000: Continuous entertainment

Showboat, 385-9123: Entertainment and dancing nightly

Silver Slipper, 734-1212: Boy-Lesque, indf., 8pm, 10pm & midnight, dark Thurs. Branded, revue, indf.; 9pm & 11pm Sun.-Tues. & Thurs., 7pm, 9pm & 11pm Fri. & Sat., dark Wed.

Folk singers Peter, Paul and Mary present their hits of the '60s and '70s at Harrah's Tahoe November 10-11.





Country star Dottie West appears with Mac Davis November 4-17 at MGM in Las Vegas.

Stardust, 732-5325: Lido de Paris, indf., 7pm & 11pm Sun.-Fri., 6:15pm, 9:15pm & 12:15am Sat., $17.50, includes 2 drinks

Sundance, 382-6111 Entertainment nightly

Tropicana, 739-2411 Folies Bergere '82, indf., 8pm dinner show $19.50-$25.50; 11:30pm cocktail show $13.95; thru 12/11 and 12/27-indf., Christmas Concert, Las Vegas Symphony Orchestra, 12/12; dark, 12/13-26

Union Plaza, 386-2444: "Sorry, Wrong Husband," Broadway play, indf., 8pm dinner show from $9.95, 11:30pm cocktail show $5.95. New Year's Eve Fireworks Show, 12/31

Lake Tahoe

Caesars Tahoe, 588-3515: Nightly entertainment

Cloud's Cal-Neva, 832-4000: Nightly entertainment

Crystal Bay Club, 831-0512: Nightly entertainment

Harrah's Lake Tahoe, 588-6611 *South Shore Room:* Don Rickles/Charo, thru 11/4; Sammy Davis, Jr./Count Basie, 11/5-9 & 11/12-18; Peter, Paul & Mary, 11/10-11 Wayne Newton, 11/19-12/1, Johnny Mathis, 12/3-5; TBA, 12/6-26; Beach Boys, 12/27-1/2. *Stateline Cabaret:* Billy Preston, 11/2-7· Ricky and the Red Streaks, 11/3-5; Rob Hanna Salutes Rod Stewart, 11/4-17 (except Wed.); Heat's On, 11/6- Indf. (except Tues.); B.B. King, 11/9-21 (except Mon.), Norton Buffalo, 11/30-12/12 (except Mon.); Boxcar Willie, 12/14-1/2 (except Mon.); Joe Savage, 12/27-1/16 (except Mon.)

Harvey's, 588-2411 *Top of the Wheel:* Ed Diamond & Co., 11/1-1/2. *Entertainment Bar:* Carol Rose/ C.C. Jones/Tony Austin & Co./Signed, Sealed & Delivered, 11/1-7· Billy Armstrong/Johnny Western, 11/1-14; Bach/Karen Cavanagh & Starflight, 11/8-21 Fantasy, 11/11-24; Motifs, 11/15-28 & 12/6-19; Shondells, 11/29-12/12; Tunes Plus One/Diamonds/Joe Tatar & Nancy Kaye/Tokens, 12/20-1/9; Perfect Circle, 12/23-1/12

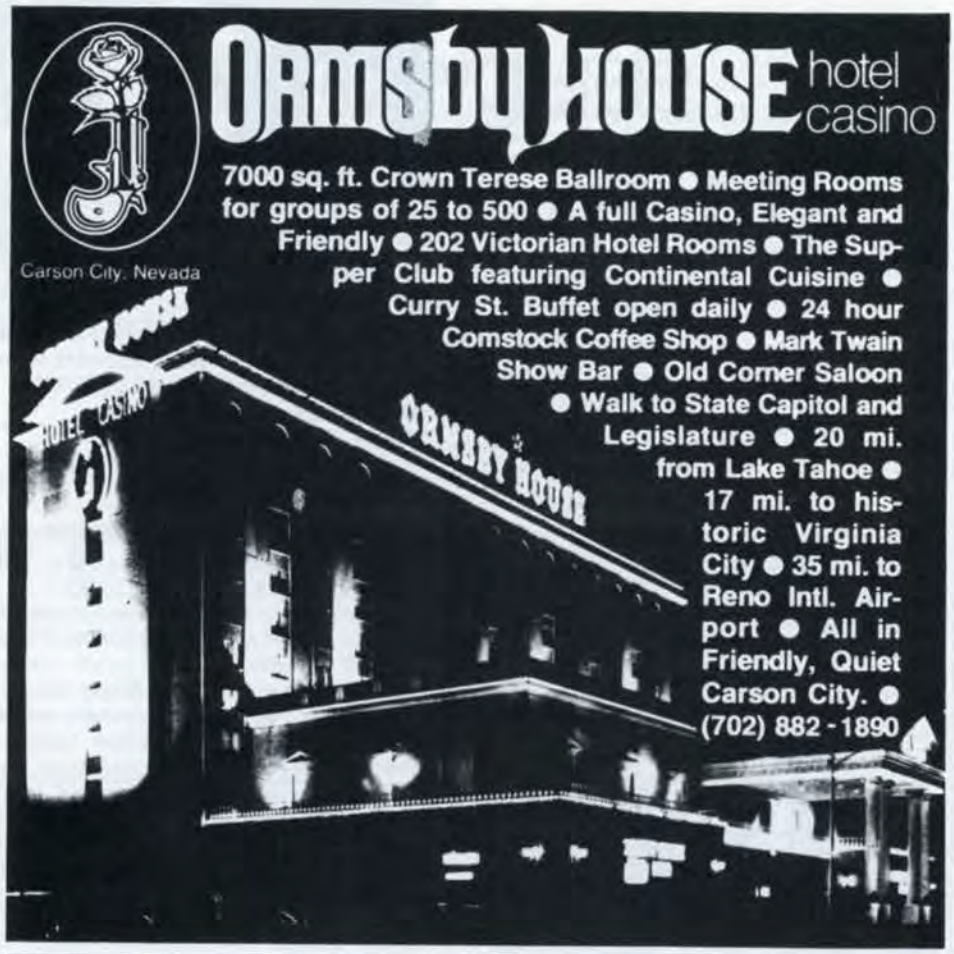
Hyatt Lake Tahoe, 831-1111 Kelly & the Kid, thru 11/7· Motifs, 11/9-21 Jerry Sun, 11/23-12/12; Garfin Gathering, 12/14-1/9

Sahara Tahoe, 588-6211 Nightly entertainment

Reno, Sparks & Carson City

Carson City Nugget, 882-1626: Jerry Sun, thru 11/14; Jaguars, 11/16-12/19

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



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Eldorado, 786-5700: Goofers, thru 11/14; Lelands, 11/1-28; Family Portrait, 11/15-28; TBA, 11/30-12/27; Jerry Sun, 12/28-31

Fitzgerald's, 786-3663: *Cabaret:* Winchester Cathedral, thru 11/7; C.C. Jones, 11/9-29; Dr. Maynard, 11/30-12/12; Oldies But Goodies, 12/13-1/2. *Emerald Room:* John Malloy, thru 11/14; Four Tunes Plus One, 11/16-12/5; Glenna Allen Four, 12/7-19

Harrah's Reno, 329-4422: *Headliner Room:* Righteous Brothers, thru 11/3; Neil Sedaka, 11/4-17; Bill Cosby, 11/18-12/1; Mickey Gilley/Johnny Lee, 12/2-15; Joan Rivers/Fred Travalena, 12/16-22; Captain & Tennille, 12/23-31. *Casino Cabaret:* Hot Streak, 11/4-indf. (except Tues.); Billy Preston, 11/9-14; Norton Buffalo, 11/16-28 (except Mon.); Boxcar Willie, 11/30-12/12 (except Mon.); B.B. King, 12/14-26 (except Mon.); Paul Revere & the Raiders, 12/28-1/9 (except Mon.)

Mapes, 323-1611 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 $22, midnight cocktail show $18.50. *Lion's Den:* Liz Damon's Orient Express/Pat Collins, thru 11/9; Super Gold/Taylor & Cole, 11/10-12/7; *Leo's Lair:* Tony Saxon, thru 11/16

Money Tree, 323-2023: Nightly entertainment

John Ascuaga's Nugget, Sparks, 358-2233: Family Brown/Pam Tillis, thru 11/7; Montana, 11/9-21; TBA, 11/23-12/25; Muglestons, 12/26-1/16

Onslow, 786-7310: Nightly entertainment

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

Pioneer, 329-9781 Nightly entertainment

Reno Hilton, 322-1111: *Opera House Theatre:* Nightly entertainment. *Gilded Cage Cabaret:* Dae Han Sisters, 11/2-29; Friends, 11/9-12/6; TBA, 12/7-27; Reycards, 12/28-indf.

Riverside, 786-4400: Dancing to the records of the '40s, '50s & '60s, Tues.-Sun., no minimum

Rural Nevada

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

Ely: Hotel Nevada, 289-4414

Fallon: Fallon Nugget, 423-3111

Gardnerville: Sharkey's, 782-3133

Hawthorne: El Capitan, 945-3322

Jackpot: Cactus Pete's, 755-2321 and Horseshu Casino, 755-2331

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

Tonopah: Mizpah Hotel, 482-6202; Station House, 482-9777

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

Wendover: Goldrush Casino, 664-2255; Nevada Crossing, 664-4000; Stateline Casino, 664-2221

Winnemucca: Star Hotel & Casino and Winners Hotel-Casino, 623-2511

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

All dates, performers and prices are subject to change. At press time, some casinos had not completed November/December bookings, so we recommend calling ahead to confirm entertainment schedules. □

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MYSTERY OF MAIDEN'S GRAVE

(Continued from page 47)

discarded somewhere in the past, but he had been the counterpart of Satan on horseback. Long ago Boo-hoo had heard stories he was not supposed to hear: of sorties by a renegade band of Paiutes who had plundered and killed all along the Humboldt River and particularly between Maggie Creek, where Carlin now stands, and Gravelly Ford near Beowawe.

Boo-hoo only shrugged when asked if Lame Charlie had a hand in any of these raids. "Maybe," said Boo-hoo. "Long time ago, pretty much coyote."

Did he know if Lame Charlie was crippled by a rifle ball a long time ago? "Heard he got shot," he conceded. But, according to Boo-hoo, no earthly power could persuade Old Charlie to speak of his past, especially the incident that left him crippled.

That evening I stopped at a little cow ranch a few miles from Charlie's domain, and its owner, Al Thatcher, proved to be just the man I needed. Al claimed to be part Cherokee and not only could he "talk Paiute better than a Paiute can" but was on the friendliest of terms with Charlie. The old Indian owed him a sizable debt of gratitude for warding off actual starvation when his clan had left him without food for weeks on end.

Thatcher was dubious, though, about getting him to talk about the early massacres. Once, Al told me, when Charlie had discovered a pint of Boo-hoo's cached whiskey, he had whooped aplenty of his escapades, only to later grab a carbine and literally clean camp when questioned regarding these claims.

At Al's suggestion we assembled some food parcels and a handful of small change, knowing Charlie would place a much higher value on several small packages than on a single large one. We also secured a box with an opening in each end on the left fender of my car and in it fastened my camera. This bit of trickery was devised so that I might possibly get a few pictures of the old fellow, who hated cameras.

Halting the car a few feet from Charlie's hut, I pretended to work on the car while Al reconnoitered. But Charlie was off in the brush. Al found him squatted by an ant hill appeasing his hunger, though the insects were growing scarce due to Charlie's voraciousness. After much argument Al persuaded him to return to his e-no-vi where "much food" awaited him.

> "Lucinda had been a common name, but the girl's last message seemed proof that she and her one-eyed companion had disappeared somewhere between Fort Ruby and Fort Churchill."

Al came over to the car and hauled forth our offerings. "I've told him," he said, "that you'd give him lots of spuds and bacon if he talked about Indians killing nin-nih along the Humboldt River. I told him the Great Spirit would be plenty mad if he didn't tell the secret he has in his heart."

Al went back and showed Charlie the contents of the bags. Charlie scowled and kept jabbing a finger in my direction and muttering a word I took to be "isham!"

I called to Al, "What's all the fuss about now?"

"He says you're a panther's liver and a liar." However, peace was made at last, and Al motioned for me to join them.

I gave Charlie the coins promised him, and with these tightly clutched in one fist he proceeded to gorge himself on our offerings, eating everything raw. A week's supply was devoured in a few minutes.

Al apprised him of his promise, getting a few halfhearted grunts in return. Al told me with a shrug, "Lame Charlie will speak when the sun dies."

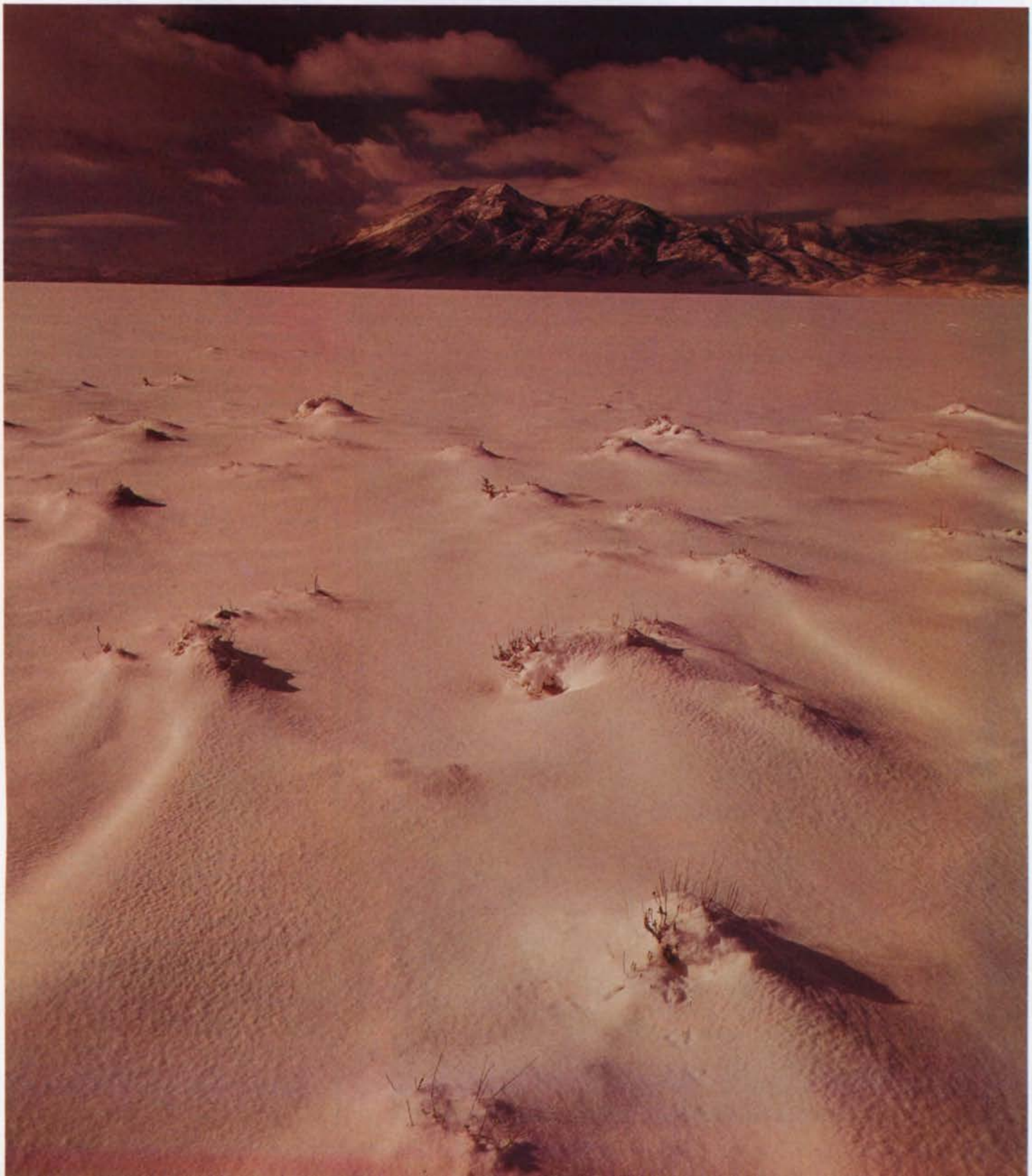
In the next issue: *Lame Charlie weaves a tale of creation, life before the white man and raids by desperate renegades, while Harry learns about the tragedy behind the Maiden's Grave.* □

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.



Muench's Gallery

In winter the eastern Nevada weather can confect unusual sights, as shown by famous western photographer David Muench. In this scene north of Ely, a thick fall of snow lies on the desert, almost covering the sagebrush. To the east, the upper half of the Egan Range shows a light snowfall. And between summit and plain is a band of ground mostly clear of snow. Whether caused by the mountain's rain shadow, the wind or the sun's winter angle, this natural parfait is a surprisingly refreshing desert treat.—*RS*



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Sagebrush Gourmet

A diner's guide to the Silver State.

Following is a selective guide to reader-approved Nevada restaurants whose advertisements appear in this section. Besides descriptions of menu and atmosphere, the listings include prices, hours and other details for your convenience. If you have any comments on the establishments listed, drop us a line at Nevada Magazine, Sagebrush Gourmet, Capitol Complex, Carson City, NV. 89710.

BAGEL DELI
1091 S. Virginia at Bagel Alley
Reno. 322-9458
"Home of the Stuffed Bagel" and Reno's only Bagel Factory and Kosher Style Delicatessen. As the winner of *Nevada State Journal's* award, "Best Oddball Food Treat," this restaurant features 16 different varieties of bagels (sesame, onion, onion-garlic, cinnamon apple, cheese, etc.) baked fresh daily. Bagel Deli offers 14 different varieties of homemade cream cheeses, including avocado, date-walnut, strawberry and jalapeno pepper. Kosher style meats include hot pastrami, corned beef and turkey. The combinations for sandwiches are endless and all of the above may be combined to form an omelette of your dreams! Best homemade spicy chili in the West. Cafeteria style or counter service. Eat a little . or eat a lot for a little. Don't miss this treat. Open Tues.-Fri., 8-4:30; Sat., 8:30-4:30. WE DELIVER.

CATTLEMEN'S
Hwy. 395, Washoe Valley
Between Reno and Carson City. 849-1500
A Ranch-style restaurant, the cozy Cattlemen's offers excellent meals at a moderate price. The special sirloin steak dinner is a popular and good buy. Currently $6.45, this dinner includes a baked potato, salad, bread, ranch-style beans, sirloin steak and a glass of wine. Other entrees range from a simple hamburger steak to a filet mignon and lobster. The Alaska king crab is delicious! Open seven days a week for dinner from 5 p.m. No reservations. AE, MC, VISA.

LIBERTY BELLE SALOON & RESTAURANT
4250 South Virginia Street
Reno. 825-1776
Fun dining in an atmosphere of old Nevada memorabilia embellished with an ornate back bar, Victorian chandeliers and a profusion of antique slots. Purveyors of delectable prime rib, teriyaki steak, crab legs, lobster tail, spinach salad, etc. Open every day 11am-11pm, Hofbrau lunch, 11-5, from $2.50; Dinner, 5-11, from $5.75. Ample parking. Reservations suggested for larger parties. MC, VISA.

MINER'S CAFE AND SPECIALTY HOUSE
Comstock Hotel and Casino
Second and West Street
Reno. 329-1880
The decor of this 24-hour cafe is a colorful and faithful reproduction of the Virginia City of the 1800s when silver was pouring out of her mines. Photos of the Comstock diggings cover the souvenir type menu and the bill of fare is literally a page from the past with tasty entrees honoring bygone mining pioneers. Located on the mezzanine is the Specialty House Restaurant featuring Chicken Cordon Bleu, Idaho Rainbow Trout and the Comstock's famous 1-lb. New York Steak dinner with all the trimmings for $5.99. The Miner's Cafe and Specialty House is open 24 hours daily. AE, MC, VISA.

RAPSCALLION SEAFOOD HOUSE & BAR
1555 S. Wells Avenue
Reno. 323-1211
This Rapscallion is unique and different and possibly will remind you of the tradition of excellence that existed long ago in the restaurants of the San Francisco waterfront. The bar is lively, mostly because it is one of the favorite watering holes for locals. The antique gas lamp, the colorful stained glass, and the whiskey boxes create an atmos-

Special Note to Restaurant Owners and Saloonkeepers: With each issue you can let more than 200,000 Sagebrush Gourmets know about the good food and service and other delights of your establishment. Write Gourmet Supervisor Patty Noll, Nevada Magazine, Capitol Complex, Carson City, NV. 89710, or call 702-885-5416 for details.





phere that draws you in for a cocktail. The Rapscallion, which has earned a reputation for being Reno's official seafood house, offers 20 to 30 choices of fresh food dishes. Old-fashioned attention to detail by the service people is something not found much today and will be appreciated. Lunch: Tues.-Fri., 11:30-2:30; Dinner: Nightly at 5:30 p.m. MC, VISA. Reservations suggested.

STAR HOTEL
245 Silver (at Third)
Elko. 738-9925
The Star Hotel was built in 1909 as a boarding-house for Basque sheepherders and ranchers. Today the Star Hotel still houses sheepherders, but it is also an extraordinary family-style restaurant specializing in hearty meals, European style. Hosts Joe and Anita Sarasua suggest you start your dinner with a picon punch (which does pack a punch). Then enter the dining room to order your entree of either steak, seafood, chicken or specialty dishes like Oxtails and roasted bits of lamb prepared with onion and red pimientos. Or on Fridays try the chef's special of lobster, bacalao or rice and clams (when in season). Your dinner will include an ample supply of soup, salad (with a special dressing), entree, vegetables, beans, spaghetti, french fries with ice cream or sherbet for dessert. The Star Hotel offers fine and plentiful fare. Dinners only: 5-9:30 p.m. Closed Sundays. No reservations. No credit cards.

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"CONQUER ANXIETY AND FRUSTRATION." Powerful Guide! $1. Newlife, Box 684NC, Boulder City, NV 89005.

TRAVEL NEVADA . . . THE WEST . . . THE WORLD . . . through books. Little Professor Book Center, 949 West Moana Lane, Reno, NV 89509. 702-825-0848. Owned by Nevadans.

"50 WAYS TO GET HELP FROM GOD." Practical! Instant Relief! $1. Newlife, Box 684-XN, Boulder City, NV 89005.

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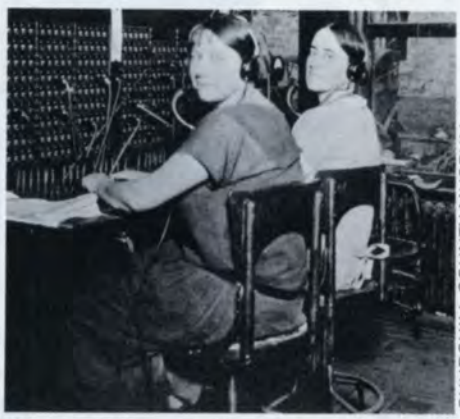
Your Number, Please

In Fallon you'll find the only county-owned and -operated phone company in the U.S.

By Sharon L. Edaburn

Communication across the Nevada desert has never been easy. Ruins of Pony Express stations and the poles of the transcontinental telegraph testify to the silence the desert can impose. But in Churchill County one monument to early communications still operates: the Churchill County Telephone & Telegraph System. The product of 19th century ingenuity and independence, the system is now the only county-owned and -maintained telephone company in the nation.

Churchill entered the communications business in 1889 when the Western Union, finding its telegraph line in the county unprofitable, sold it to the county commissioners for $975. The 90-mile line ran from Virginia City to 25 miles beyond Stillwater, then the county seat.



CHURCHILL COUNTY MUSEUM

Gladys Allison (left) and Cora Stewart did the switching for the Churchill phone system in 1925. Today's computer lets callers dial the world.

In 1896 the county hooked a telephone system into the lines, and the terminals were installed in J.M. Sanford's Hotel in Stillwater and Pike's Store and Griswold's Store in Wadsworth. Phone service expanded in 1901 when the system tied into Sunset Telephone Company lines, which ran to Reno, Carson City and Virginia City and over the Sierra into California.

Telephone use increased quickly, and so a centralized office was established in Fallon in 1902. Fallon was just a skeleton of a townsite then, but when workers began arriving to construct Lahontan Dam under the Newlands Project, the nation's first water reclamation plan, the town developed quickly. By 1903 the Legislature had approved Fallon as the new county seat.

The telephone company moved to Fallon in 1907 and operated out of the courthouse. Customers paid $4 a month for a private line. Business continued to grow, and in 1911 Churchill County T & T built its own cement block office building on West Williams Avenue. By then the company had hooked into Pacific Telephone and Telegraph lines for long distance service.

There were problems, of course. In 1913 the district attorney had to collect on a mounting pile of unpaid bills, and the company manager was told to disconnect the phones of those caught "rubbernecking" —eavesdropping on conversations—because the extra load was burning out the heat coils in the central office.

But the problems were surmounted, and the system continued to improve and prosper. A 600-line switchboard, installed in the thirties, handled calls more efficiently than the old drop-system board. Service expanded rapidly in the early forties to meet the needs of the new Naval auxiliary air station, Freeman Field. And in the fifties, hand-cranked phones gave way to a dial system, with the last of the magneto phones being removed from the Swingle Bench area in 1957 or '58.

The company's history hasn't been all profits and circuits, however. Harold W. Rogers, company manager from 1947 to 1977, remembers a frantic call that an operator received in 1940.

"Help, help, my house is on fire!" a man shouted over the phone. "Send the fire department!" But when the operator asked the man's address, he replied, "Don't be so damned nosey—that's none of your business. Just send the fire department." And he hung up. Fortunately, a neighbor called on another line, and the fire department had an address to hurry to.

In the 1960s the company built a new office building to house the ever-expanding system, which today services 6,013 customers. Assets are valued at more than $11 million, a handsome return on the $975 investment in 1889.

And while Ma Bell is shucking off its local telephone services and smaller companies are failing, Churchill County T & T officials plan more improvements in 1983, among them a computer switching system that will allow customers to dial anywhere in the world.

But if you prefer the old hand-cranked phones and operator-plugged calls, you can still see the past's phonic glory at the Churchill County Museum in Fallon. The museum has displays with photographs, historical telephones (one is gold-plated) and the system's first switchboard, dating from 1896. You can even own a bit of the past by purchasing insulators that carried the thrilling wires from the 1890s to 1920s. □

Sharon L. Edaburn is director of the Churchill County Museum & Archive in Fallon.

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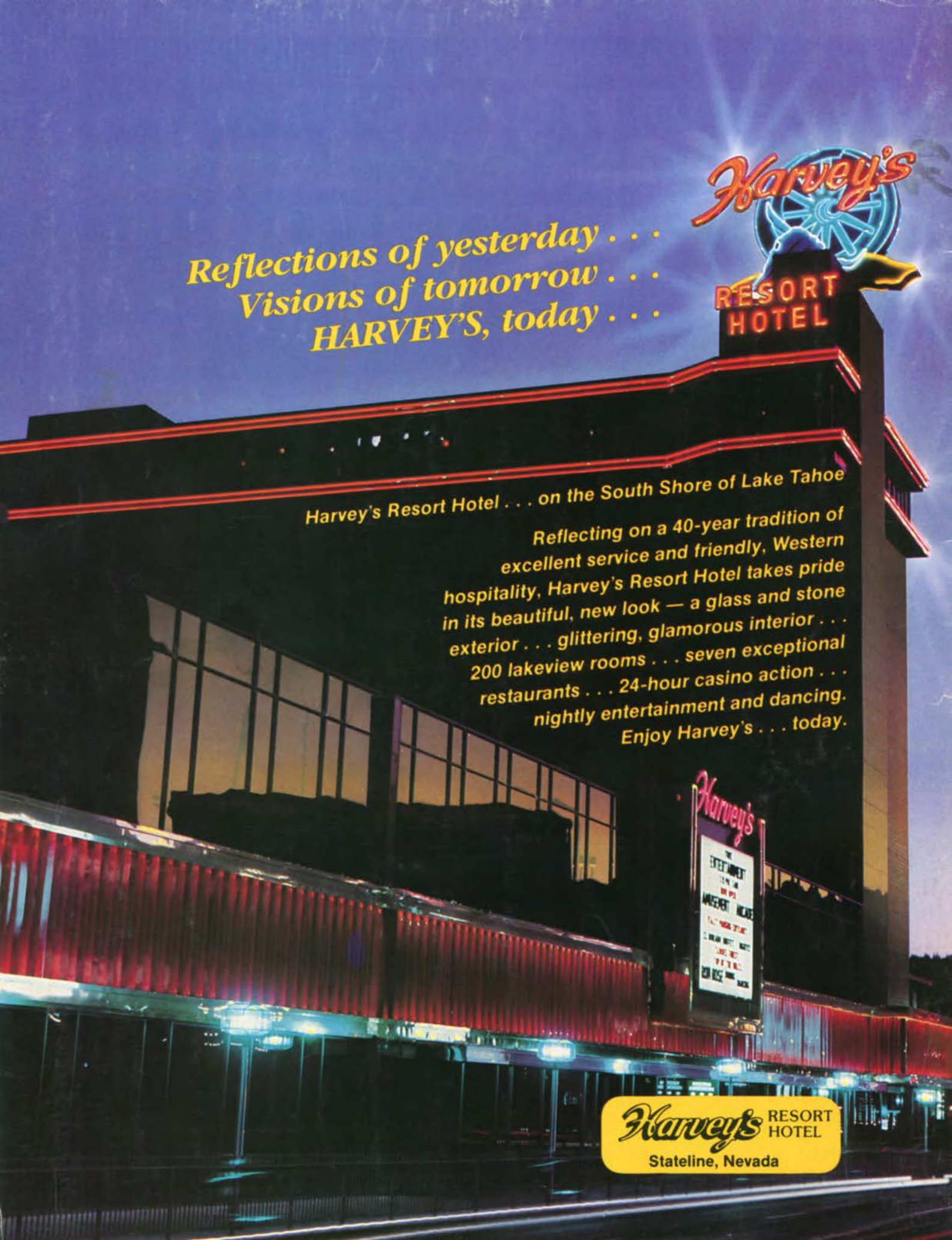
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