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Pool Art & Hype • Nevada 83 Photo Contest Big Shots

NEVADA

THE MAGAZINE OF THE REAL WEST

APRIL 1983/\$1.75

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Volume 43, Number 2
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Features

7

Living Ghost Towns

By Jason Rubinstein. Discovering the good life in Pioche, Belmont and aboard a pioneering wagon train.

16

These Poolish Things

By Bill Willard. The art, hype and history of Nevada's most elaborate watering holes.



21

Sharkey and his Cow Town Palace

By Patrick Burke. You might see Merle or Willie, but Sharkey is always the biggest star in his joint.

28

The Life of a Penguin

By Leon Mandel. How the casino world looks in black and white.

32

Muench's Gallery

A spring sunset lends a pristine light to the Joshuas and rusted stone of Red Rock Canyon.

36

Medicine on the Borgen Plan

By Richard Menzies. In an age when nobody likes to make house calls, Fallon's flying doctor does nothing else.

NEVADA MAGAZINE

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40

Nevada 83 Photo Contest

Picked winners and winning pictures.

56

Nevada Art & Artists

F. K. Young captures a rare clarity in his western artwork, depicting Indians, buckaroos, mountain men and immigrants.

Yesterday

12

The Last Stagecoach Robbery

By David W. Toll. Delivering the mail in the early West was a hazardous, and sometimes fatal, job.

62

The Pine Creek Water Fight

By Harry Webb. In this case a little irrigation turned into a lot of irritation for Palisade's JP

Outdoors



24

The Great Spring Outdoors

Nevadans tell how they cure cabin fever by fishing Lake Mead, spring skiing at Tahoe, golfing the cow counties, dune-busting at Sand Mountain and watching the wildflowers.

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Steppin' Out

29

Showguide

By Ann Henderson. Where to find the stars, revues and Broadway theater in Las Vegas, Reno, Tahoe and the cow counties.



42

The Nevada Calendar

By Melissa Cronin. Your complete day-to-day guide to great events and celebrations in March and April.

Departments

4

Letters

Maiden still a mystery, Boulder Dam revisited, and that big switchboard in the sky.

20

Nevada Notes

A high-society champagne party at a Battle Mountain brothel, and a futuristic, high-speed train to Las Vegas.

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Ruins at Rhyolite by Jason Rubinstein.

The Liberace Museum

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Letters

Lovely Educator

I ache all over just thinking that someday, you'll be sending my issues to an address somewhere in your magnificent state. Sure wished you published monthly.

Joe "Big Murr" Murray
Wickliffe, OH.

Ohio born and raised, I landed in Nevada by chance in the '30s. Fell in love with Nevada and stayed. I have traveled the state extensively over the years and have learned much of the history of the state. The point I'm trying to get over is, *WHY* haven't I acquainted myself with your outstanding magazine *earlier*? I can't wait until my subscription runs out so that I can renew. Don't miss me.

Mel Browning
Reno, NV

I recently subscribed to your magazine. Boy, do I like it! Send a subscription to my friend J. R. Denny in Connecticut and one for E. B. Rosser, in Arizona. On second thought will enclose check for three subscriptions. Please add another year on my present one.

Ed Park
Sun City, AZ.

A Matter of Personal Choice

I enjoy the magazine for every other reason than anything that has to do with the casino atmosphere. I understand that they have to be included and also that they are the financial backbone of the state and I am not a moralist. I just find everything else in the magazine more interesting.

I own a little piece of property in Carson City and one day, not too far distant, I sort of hope that I will be there. Meantime, please enter my subscription. I am tired of missing it on the newsstands most of the time.

Rosalie M. Murray
San Fernando, CA.

Please find check for one year's subscription only. Then cancel. There just is not enough reading material, too much advertising. Sorry.

N. H. Edwards
Martinez Lake, AZ.

In the few months that we have been subscribing to your magazine, we have come to consider it one of our favorites. It keeps us in touch with the activities, history and natural attributes of Nevada, which we visit about four weeks a year. A question: I notice that Richard Menzies handles "Derelects & Specials." I could make some amusing assumptions but am really curious

as to what this means in your context. Also, a request: some behind-the-scenes articles on the workings of casinos.

Pat & Dave Arnold
San Jose, CA.

One of Menzies' "Specials," an excellent feature about Fallon's Flying Doctor, starts on page 36. A peek at a middle-aged slot boy, definitely behind the scenes, starts on page 28.—Ed.

Love our magazine! As a native Californian who had to move back after 13 years in Reno, I avidly read every inch cover to cover and get "home" sick. Read it more than I did when I lived there! The last issue, January/February 1983, was excellent.

Pat Stuart
Bakersfield, CA.

Why Not One Each?

Nevada is a great magazine. Every issue is read from cover to cover amid constant squabbles over who gets it next. Keep it up.

John A. Senior
Bernardston, MA.

It is early, but I'd like to renew my subscription to make sure it won't be interrupted. Along with that note, I'd like to express my appreciation on how well you handle matters concerning subscribers. I love your articles.

Karen J. Monjar
Salem, OR.

If your main thrust is gambling, forget it.

Gerald C. Lawson
Long Beach, CA.

Enclosed are two money orders for the Special Gaming Book. In case the gaming book is depleted, put the money in your coffee kitty.

Wm. J. Hullett
Sacramento, CA.

Don't worry, your special collector's item is on its way!—Ed.

Suspenders Spreading the Word

We met a man who had some of your suspenders on and he told us where to get them. Need medium. Check enclosed.

Oliver A. Plury
Montrose, CO.

I was goofing around your state twice this year. In April and May I drove up to Carson City and won \$800 at the Ormsby House playing keno, then down to Tonopah where I was surprised to find the town now has a cab service, then on to Boulder for two days.

Then in September I drove up to Searchlight and stopped at the Big Casino as usual. Then on up to Boulder for one night (I love Boulder), then up 95 to Ely for one night and up to Jackpot for one night. I was in

Idaho for one day and night and turned around and came back. Jackpot one night, then to Ely for one night, on to Boulder for one night, then crossed the river into Laughlin where I could not find a nest to lite on. The place was filled up, so on home.

Paul Reade
Chula Vista, CA.

Reade, thanks for coming.—Ed.

In Search of Nevada

On October 28 I mailed you a check asking that the subscription to Pack Memorial Library be extended through November 1984. This was done and thank you very much.

I would now like to ask another favor. I would like the subscription to begin coming to the Branch Library nearer my home. Each time the magazine came in uptown it would "disappear" and I never got to see it!

Danny E. Angel
Asheville, NC

Churchill County Recognized

On page 62 of the November/December '82 issue, the lady pictured on the left, Gladys Allison Stewart, did leave us Sunday December 19, 1982 to man the big switch-board in the sky. The lady on the right, Cora Stewart, was married to a fine gentleman named H. R. Stewart. Cora later passed on from cancer and as the years passed, Gladys R. Allison married the same H. R. Stewart.

Harold W. Rogers
Fallon, NV



Boulder Dam Rendition

My wife and I manage to get in a western trip about every other year, and since I gave five years of my life to the construction of Boulder Dam, I always manage to include Boulder City and the dam on our western trip.

After my last trip, the first thing on top of my pile of accumulated mail was the July/August '82 issue of Nevada Magazine. As usual I made a hurried leaf through to see what was on the agenda for a more leisurely reading of this excellent magazine, which always brings back fond memories of my life in Boulder City.

You can imagine my horror, when turning to page 12, to see the so-called artist's rendition of the dam. How this ridiculous "rendition" of one of the most beautiful sights dear to the heart of an engineer ever got past your editorial desk is completely beyond my comprehension. You have certainly seen the dam and if not you must have seen many of the beautiful photographs of the dam that are available to

anyone who cares to look. The rendition of the high canyon wall outlet on the Arizona side and none on the Nevada side is one thing, but from an engineering standpoint this location is impossible. The outlet as pictured is higher than the level of the lake behind the dam, so where does it get its water from? The intake towers are misplaced and the decoration on top of the center of the powerhouse is for the birds. Please reprint an authentic picture of the dam. The written article by Malcolm Thompson is factual and good reading.

Stan Dornbirer
Inglis, FL.

Old Maiden?

Could it be possible that Lyle Silvester and his letter is responding to a different person than the one Harry Webb writes about in "Mystery of the Maiden's Grave"? (Letters, January/February '83) The dictionary refers to a maiden as a "child-virgin." There's a difference between a possible young blond girl and a 71-year-old lady. Could there be another grave, one with Lucinda Duncan and the other referred to by Mr. Webb of Lucinda Kilpatrick?

Bruce J. Little
Van Nuys, CA.

Dr. Mary Magnificent

The article on Dr. Mary by Rose Anne DeCristoforo was simply wonderful. (November/December 1983) I lived in Yerington from 1939 until 1945 when our family moved to Ely. I remember Dr. Mary quite well. My mother was having to raise us three boys by herself, and the help Dr. Mary gave my mother and us was tremendous, not only medically but morale-wise too. Dr. Mary is everything that Ms. DeCristoforo said she is—and more.

Clarence P. Menges
Zion, IL.

Something Better

Author Vernon Howard of Boulder City, Nevada, says that neither winning nor losing are the issue. (Richard Menzies' "The Potlatch Papers," September/October '82.) It's the thrill. Human beings do *everything* for the thrill of it. *All* thrills are distractions to keep us from having to face ourselves as we are: bored, desperate, afraid to be by ourselves without anything to do. But, Howard says there *is* something better, if we will work to find it.

Sue Berkman
Boulder City, NV

Sin-cere

May I say, in all sincerity, how much I have enjoyed reading your excellent magazine while staying in Carson City. This has included issues going back some considerable time.

It is a magazine which also reflects the warmth and friendliness of the people of Nevada, many of whom have become close friends of mine.

Before coming to Nevada I was told by some that I was about to visit the "Sin State." After only a few days here I realized that Sin is quite obviously an abbreviation for Sincere.

Rex Graham
San Francisco, CA.

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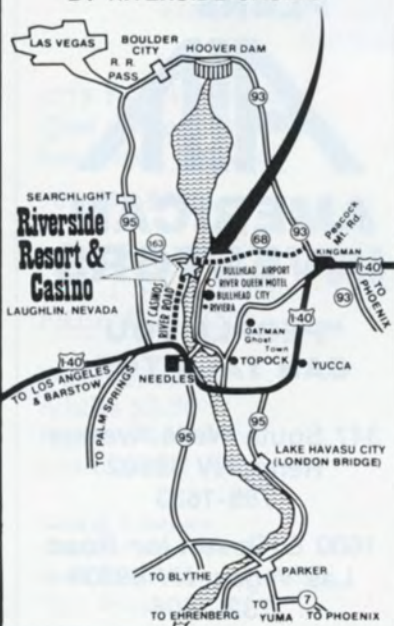
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JASON RUBINSTEEN PHOTOS

The handsome old Belmont courthouse was deserted in 1904 when Tonopah snatched away the county seat.

LIVING GHOST TOWNS BY JASON RUBINSTEEN

The Road to Belmont

Ghost town bar owner Dick Ashton found freedom when he left Vegas and the paved roads behind.

Can a guy find happiness by leaving Las Vegas sophistication to run a bar in a dirt-road ghost town?

"I did," Dick Ashton insists, his graying beard jutting out like an undercut cliff. "I've never been happier in my life."

Ashton leans back against the old wooden bar of the Belmont Saloon, lights his pipe and confides, "I never felt comfortable in a three-piece suit and wing-tipped shoes. I just never knew any different. I was Mr. Establishment. I really didn't mind that. In fact, I still am. The big difference is I'm not working for it—I'm running it."

His "establishment" isn't very establishment-oriented.

Belmont, founded in 1865 and presently the home of a handful of residents, is called the "Queen of Nye County Ghost Towns" by its boosters. It sits 7,628 feet up in the Toquima Range, 50 miles north of Tonopah.

"Tonopah killed this town when Jim Butler found silver there in 1900," Ashton says, "but if it weren't for Tonopah now, we'd be pretty hard luck for supplies. Running a bar is no easy matter anywhere, but in a ghost town it's the best and the worst."

Ashton's journey from Las Vegas executive to ghost-town bartender started when he moved from Chicago to Vegas in 1949.

"It was a nice small town then. I loved it." But Vegas grew, and Ashton grew with it. He started out as a repairman for the telephone company and worked his way up to service center manager, supervising 160 employees.

"A lot of pressure," he reflects, "pressure not only from the job, but from living in what's become a big city. I just didn't like it."



Dick Ashton, saloon magnate.

Like so many Nevadans, Ashton found relief in the vast open lands that still dominate the state. With three buddies, he began taking to the backcountry in a jeep on weekends. "We'd explore all over the state. It got so I didn't really feel happy until we left the paved road behind."

"Belmont particularly interested me. It's a great ghost town—far enough away, yet easy enough to reach—with plenty of good history and character."

It was on one of those weekend outings to Belmont in 1978 that Ashton and a friend, Bob Beville, met Andy Eason, who owned the shut-down Belmont Saloon. They promptly made a deal to rent it. Beville dropped out for family reasons, but by 1979 Ashton knew where his future had to be.

"It was a tough decision. You can't find more secure work than with the telephone company, and when you're 49 years old, you really aren't looking for risk. But my family was grown, and I just loved it out here."

In 1979 he took the leap, quit the telephone company, and went to work for Houston Minerals, which was mining gold in Manhattan, 12 miles west of Belmont. In 1982 Ashton leased the Manhattan Bar and now spends his time between Houston Minerals and the two bars. The Manhattan



JASON RUBINSTEIN PHOTOS

A band of visitors start playing early at Ashton's watering hole.

Bar is a local hangout. Its chief claim to fame is the outhouse Ashton built around the pay phone.

"The Belmont Saloon is my real pride," Ashton admits. "I started remodeling that

when I didn't know anything about anything. It was a slow, frustrating struggle, but I was amazed at how helpful people were. A hand here, advice there, and it's surprising what someone who never really worked

with construction can do."

The Belmont Saloon is now a collection of homespun leftovers and memorabilia reflecting the casual lifestyle of Nevada out-back living. The bar is from the old 1888 Cosmopolitan Hotel up the street. The stools are covered with old jeans. Ashton finished the ceiling with potato sacks he found on a road. An old "gypsy" left the painted guitar that decorates the bar. The cash register dates back to 1905, the juke box to the '40s. Only the dart set is new, but it's well used.

What really makes the saloon special is the weekend crowd. They come up from Vegas, in campers, mobile homes or with tents, seekers of the great Nevada past, and gather around Belmont's watering hole. They bring guitars, banjos, or just themselves to sing long into the clear desert night and swap stories that rival the bizarrest of Nevada legends.

"It's Vegas Village on weekends," Ashton grins. "Just like the good old days." □

The Town of Million-Dollar Dreams

Once the state's most lawless town, Pioche is now shooting for tourists and a golf course.

A few years ago the bumper stickers read: Pioche Ain't No Ghost Town. Now T-shirts proclaim: I Dig Pioche.

It's a subtle change, but a sure indication of residents' new confidence in Pioche as an up and coming tourist destination. The change is more than psychological. It's on an artist's rendering; it's already on Main Street, and hopefully it will bring a new spendable greenery to a town once feared on the skids.

In looks, Pioche hasn't changed much since the last big mines shut down in the 1930s. At 5,000 feet, the town hugs the mountainside below Highland Peak. While on Saturday night you might find a crowd at the town's three saloons, the Nevada Club, the Alamo and the Overland, most days the action is at Art and Nita's Silver Cafe. The

pace is tranquil. Most of the time an old dog can still feel comfortable sleeping on U.S. 93's business route. But then, most of the 600 residents don't want their town to change that much. In fact, some residents don't want it changed at all.

Chuck Conner, president of the local chamber of commerce, disagrees with them. "What most people don't understand is that things weren't staying the same here. They were gettin' worse," he says. "Actually Pioche has survived a lot of tough times. It's just that this one was different."

The latest disaster has been building for several years as workers paved the White River Road, which runs parallel to U.S. 93, 25 miles to the west. The road cuts about 50 miles off the drive between Ely and Las Vegas, leaving the historic heart of Lincoln

County—Pioche and the nearby towns of Caliente and Panaca—out of the traffic flow.

"Gas station business dropped 40 to 50 percent," Conner says. "We began missing the migratory people coming down to winter in California and Arizona. Shops were closing. You can't wait for a crisis. You gotta avoid it!"

Pioche is an old town, but most of its residents aren't old timers. Over the years they've drifted in, attracted by the leisurely pace, western atmosphere, and the chance to start life anew. Main Street looks small-town western in a living sort of way. It's that Main Street that local businessmen hope will keep Pioche alive and well. The chamber has developed guidelines for fixing up exteriors, and shopkeepers have all agreed, at least verbally, to use them.

"We aren't looking for outside funding," Conner insists. "Private people built this town, and we'll rebuild it ourselves."

The barbershop already has a new front. Down the street Bill Brown has taken the first major step toward bringing the town back to life, dance-wise at least. Last June he celebrated the opening of a country-western dance hall adjoining his Overland Hotel and Bar. Pioche's newest claim as "the entertainment hub of Lincoln County" was made with the inauguration of a new Moose Lodge as members from around the state overran the town, shouting their theme, "Get your gun—the Moose are on the loose!"

"It seemed like a good time to expand," says Brown, who moved to Pioche eight years ago. "There's a feeling that things are in the air here."

In Pioche a century ago, what you found most in the air were bullets. Established in 1868 and named for a prominent mine

One of Pioche's best landmarks is the Million Dollar Courthouse, right, which was condemned before it was paid off.



CLIFF SEGERBLOM



Another Pioche landmark is a gem of a '30s-style moviehouse.

financier, Pioche was known as the wildest town in Nevada. It was said that 75 men died in fights over claims, money and imagined insults before anyone died of natural causes. During the years 1871 and 1872, three out of five Nevadans who came to a violent end did so in Pioche.

Most of the unfortunates were laid to rest in Boot Hill, where restoration began last summer. Today's visitor can find a number of memorable epitaphs, such as: "Morgan Courtney, feared by some, respected by a few, detested by others. Shot 4 times in the Back. 1844-1873," and "Fanny Peterson, July 12, 1872. They loved til death did them part. He killed her."

The town's best-known landmark is the Million Dollar Courthouse, a block north of Main Street. Construction of the two-story brick courthouse was bid out at \$26,400 in 1871 but cost \$88,000 by the time it was completed the next year. Refinancing by corrupt officials multiplied the debt over the years until by 1937 the cost to Lincoln County taxpayers reached nearly a million dollars. In 1933 the building was condemned. The courtroom and office spaces are restored, and tours show visitors a little about the "justice" of olden days along with a small museum and the original jail.

On Main Street the once-proud Thompson Opera House is long closed, but the surprisingly well intact Gem Theater next door offers visitors a look at a moviehouse of 1930s' vintage. Owners John and Mary Louise Christian show films on weekends. "We really would like to do more with it," Mary Louise admits. "It's in excellent shape and could accommodate professional entertainers and small theater groups with a little work." The Gem seats 350 people.

Up the street is the Lincoln County Museum, where walls and cases overflow with photographs, relics and memorabilia donated by local residents. It's an intriguing public time capsule; step inside and you can learn about the lawless days, early families, and local landmarks.

And if town leaders have their way, the jackrabbits on the flats below town will have to move aside for a nine-hole golf course. In the best rural Nevada tradition, rodeo grounds are planned, too.

But no matter what the town's plans produce for residents and visitors, one of Pioche's greatest attractions isn't a landmark. It's a celebration—the annual Labor Day Weekend bash, three days of parties, dances, feeds, kids' activities, and mining contests. It's the community's testament of survival, bringing everyone together to proclaim that Pioche is here to stay. □

Three Days From Panaca

Taking the pioneer scenic route with George Bendinskis, Pioche's latter-day Ward Bond.

The wagon creaks with age, the horses are skittish, the riders unsure as our ragtag caravan pokes its way through Panaca. Shying away from cars, catcalls, and barking dogs, we're rolling westward along the 1849 Death Valley Emigrant Trail, bound for the promised land of Pioche. History, campfires, and pioneer fantasies are on our minds—not speed. We hope it takes three days to make the 11-mile trip.

This, the maiden voyage of the Pioche High Country Wagon Train, is the inspiration of our wagonmaster, George Bendinskis. Owner of the historic Mountain View Hotel in Pioche and a ranch outside Panaca, George hopes this dream—just one of a lifetime of dreams—will catch on. "This area is a natural for wagon train tours," George says. "Within easy days' hauls are mines, abandoned ranches, ghost towns, and the beauty of the Nevada high desert. Why wouldn't anyone want to come out here and honestly relive the pioneering days on a wagon train?"

With his quick imagination, a compulsion to do things *now*, and outspoken ways, George is something of a sand-devil settled in Pioche. He is probably one of the town's most widely-traveled residents. He cruises the country from Connecticut to California, working swap meets with his three English bulldogs, Pinky, Katy, and Jawsy, in a beat-up old bread-van. His big business is antiques, which he tries to "buy cheap and sell for a reasonable profit." When he isn't on the road, he's storing his treasures in his home, the Mountain View Lodge in Pioche. "Herbert Hoover slept here," he insists. The Mountain View is one hotel where you can't rent a room. You can, however, buy the

furniture and nearly anything else in the old lodging house, including antique postcards, bottles, jewelry, movie-star portraits, and stuffed animal heads.

But last year George discovered he was tired of traveling. "I'd like to settle down right here in my beloved, picturesque Pioche," he says, "but I need a business here to do that." Hence, the wagon train.

To outfit his new enterprise George had to look no further than his own various backyards. He took the old wagons in his collections and meticulously restored them. On his Panaca ranch were several horses ready, willing, and able to pay their way in this world. All he had to do was hitch the horses to the wagons and start conducting trips in the desert mining country of Lincoln County.

Earlier on this fine spring day the first of his new pioneers—14 of us, including eight children—had gathered at his ranch to meet saddle horses and wagons and prepare for a nostalgic journey.

The drama, however, unrolled slowly. George had purchased a second Percheron horse a couple of days ago but was unable to find shoes for him. That left us with only one wagon—a big disappointment for George, who had readied two for the show. After last minute adjustments, it was late afternoon when our entourage paraded down the streets of Panaca, past the gas station and into the wilderness.

Headed toward our first night's campsite at Bennett Springs, it's obvious that the sun is making more progress than we are, and the thought of a dark camp on our first night isn't

Latter-day pioneers gather in front of George Bendinskis' home after their grueling overland journey from Panaca. The sore-seated author is third from left.



appealing. The pioneer expression is evident on everyone's faces: uncertainty.

But with George's prodding and our own instincts for survival, our momentum increases. We sweep through the brush like chariots of fire into the always beautiful Nevada sunset, and the campsite comes into distant view. We pull in at dusk.

As we sit around the campfire eating George's special "chicken in the dark," the wagonmaster scrawls in his notebook a checklist for next time, noting such items as "Bring lanterns." We fall asleep as the full moon rises to the distant yips of coyotes.

Bennett Springs, an abandoned stage stop, looks friendlier in the daylight. The big corral is partly surrounded by weathered wood buildings where pioneers once stopped on their way to California. Nearby, a warm-water spring offers bathing amid an oasis of greenery, reeds, and croaking bullfrogs.

The horses have wandered. While Wanda Book, Sandy Dalton, and Georgia Gordon pack the wagon, wrangler Ray Book, George, and some of the kids file down to circle the horses. Ray instructs the children, "Now when we get 'round 'em, if they try to break out, you *run* to stop 'em. A little runnin' can save a whole lotta walkin'!"

The horses surrender easily. "They're good horses," George says proudly. "They just gotta get broken to the routine." Each of the seven horses has its own personality. No line-plugs here.

"I don't want this ever to be a cake-walk trip," George declares. "I want this to be a real experience, something people can bring their kids on and say 'This is the way it was!'"

"Of course, it doesn't have to be just this way. This is just the trial run."

George is good with children, but strict. It's a working vacation for the kids, who are well occupied with chores. They like it—and they like George—moving with vigor

“

While we eat George's special 'chicken in the dark' he scrawls in his notebook for next time such items as 'Bring lanterns.'

”

and enthusiasm and coming back like boomerangs for more.

We fill up water bags at the spring and begin our second day on the trail. The morning goes smooth as butter. The team pulls like veterans, and the horses and riders settle down. We join the Pan American Road and enjoy the desert valleys with blooming cactus. The route is a long, gradual climb uphill. For the riders, the dirt road is a good opportunity to gallop out, but the day gets too long for the draft horses. They go on strike a mile before camp, and it's half an hour before they finish the last stretch. But all's well that ends well; it's still daylight.

The final day starts around nine. We move with the efficiency of a well rehearsed team. At the old Prince Mine camp, we pull up in front of the home of Elizabeth Gemmill. She comes out and invites us in for orange juice. We chat, and she shows us her surprisingly comfortable house in this small, semi-ghost town.

The glory hole lay deep in the earth. "You be careful where you walk and stay close," George orders. "Many a man has disappeared into that pit." The ground is honeycombed with tunnels, and the edges are undercut in many places.

"It's just a big hole," one of the kids says.

The wagonmaster washes away the dust of the trail with a drink of water, leaning on the wagon he restored. He says, "I don't ever want this to be a cake-walk."



Breakfast at Bennett Springs, with a little more light than the night before.

"So is the Grand Canyon if that's the way you want to look at it," George retorts. "Out of this 'hole' came millions of dollars that fed this area. Nevada was built on holes!"

We remount and move on to the not-always-open cafe of Mrs. Gue Gim Wah, an elderly Chinese woman who used to cook for the miners in years gone by. We find her fixing her roof. As we approach, she stares at the wagon. "This how supply come long time ago," she exclaims.

"Once I get these trips going," George tells her, "we'll be eating dinner with you."

"Need reservation!" she warns. Her home-cooked Chinese meals are legendary in the area.

On the final leg around the mountain, the Ely Valley landscape sprawls out with a vast desert carpet spotted with dark moving shadows from the puffy white clouds overhead.

We enter the Pioche city limits with an air of confidence and exhilaration, just as early pioneers must have felt when they reached civilization. Main Street bars and the grocery store empty and crowds gather as George leads our group triumphantly down Business Highway 93, waving and hollering, "Three days from Panaca! Three days from Panaca!"

Wagonmaster George Bendinskis has brought his new pioneers home to picturesque Pioche. □

Three to five day wagon train pioneering experiences are planned for summer, 1983. For information on the inaugural season contact Wagon Master George Bendinskis, Pioche High Country Wagon Train, Box 117, Pioche, NV. 89043. Please send self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Jason Rubinstein is a freelance writer and photographer based in Southern California who often would rather be in the desert.

JASON RUBINSTEEN PHOTOS

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YESTERDAY



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This was Jarbidge's only street. No wonder they were surprised at losing a stage.

THE LAST STAGECOACH ROBBERY

The night the stage was late, Jarbidge citizens looked for clues. What they discovered was murder.

By David W. Toll

In the frozen summits and jumbled pinnacles of the Bruneau Mountains south of the Idaho border, snow had been falling since a little after noon. At Rattlesnake Station Fred Searcy climbed up the wheelspokes to the box, took up the reins, and whipped his fresh team of horses smartly out into the lacy curtain of snow to begin the difficult descent into Jarbidge. The mail contract didn't require him to bring in

the stage until 9 p.m., but in winter Searcy liked to make the last, most dangerous leg of his 65-mile run in daylight. The Crippen Grade was a crude roadway chipped into the canyon cliff, barely wide enough for the wagons freighting in and out of the isolated mining town. The grade was notorious as a killer hill, and on this grim first Wednesday in December, it was drifted and blowing with snow. The year was 1916.

Fred Searcy whipped and braked, encouraged and cursed his horses, and drove them so skillfully that when he reached the bottom of the grade and settled the team into a trot along the last stretch into Lower Town, he was only an hour later than usual. Squinting forward through the increasing darkness and the thickly falling snow, he failed to see the black figure that leapt silently from the overhanging hill to crouch behind him on the swaying stage.

By five that afternoon three feet of fresh snow had drifted in Jarbidge's single street, but the snow could not discourage the three-days-a-week ritual of greeting the stage and sorting the mail. Among the lonely men who gathered at the post office that afternoon was Newt Crumley, proprietor of the Success Saloon, waiting to collect his usual shipment of payday cash from the bank at Rogerson, Idaho.

But the stage did not arrive.

Later a string of freight wagons clattered past, harness jingling, the buffalo-robed teamsters sitting high up on their boxes and hurrying their laboring horses on toward the mines. Postmaster Scott Fleming looked eagerly out the post-office door, hoping for a glimpse of the mail stage among the wagons. But it was not there, and uneasily he settled back to resume the wait.

Later still, one of those drivers mentioned to a friend, Frank Leonard, that the mail stage had passed them at about four in the afternoon and should have arrived in Jarbidge well ahead of them.

Leonard went to the post office and told Postmaster Fleming what the teamster had said. Right away Fleming hired Leonard to ride up the grade to look for Fred Searcy and the mail wagon. By then it was eight at night.

At 10 o'clock Frank Leonard was back; he'd ridden to the summit and down again. No sign of Fred, the wagon or the team.

The men crowding into the little plank building wanted to organize a search party, but Fleming quieted them down. He rang up Mrs. Dexter, who lived in the last little cottage at Lower Town, about a quarter mile outside Jarbidge proper on the other side of the river. The road passed within 15 feet of her door, and Fleming asked if she'd seen the missing coach.

Oh yes, she said, she'd seen poor Fred hurrying past, all muffled up in a heavy coat, and with some sort of sack or lap robe over his legs. He must have been frozen through, she said, and in a hurry to get to the barn. She had called out to him, and waved, but he'd just hurried past.

That had been about 6:30 p.m. She remembered the time because she had heard someone shooting at coyotes and had gone outside to warn them away. It was just then that she caught sight of the stage coming around the bend toward town. It had been snowing too hard to recognize Fred himself, but the coach was unmistakable.

A teamster named Campbell spoke up. He had seen the mail stage not a hundred yards from the post office and had called out, "Hello, kid," to Searcy, wanting to arrange a drink together later. But the stage

had hurried on into town, and was swallowed up in the snow.

Minutes later, a knot of men stood in the dark on the wagon bridge that divided Jarbidge from Lower Town. "See there," Campbell said, pointing down the road. "You can still make out my fire. Now, when the stage passed me, I went back to my horses, and while I can't swear to it, I'm sure I noticed the stage crossing the bridge into town." The men looked back toward the yellow glow from the post-office window, plainly visible among the lights of the town.

A search along the Lower Town side of the river produced nothing. But on the Jarbidge side a searcher cried out, "Hoy! Here's tracks where a wagon turned off onto the old road!" Dark shapes and flourishing lamp-beams converged to follow the wheel tracks that doubled back toward the river, crossed it at an old ford, and led into a thick stand of willows at the base of the canyon wall.

There they found the wagon and the team of horses nosed up into the dark trees, unable to go forward or back. The horses and the stage were frosted with snow, and on the high seat lay Fred Searcy, face down and frozen stiff. His corpse was coated with snow, so that when Deputy Sheriff Marquardson arrived, he had to brush it gently off Fred's face to be sure it was him. He saw all the blood then, the left side of his face caked with it, and the ragged tear in the mouth and the bottom teeth shot out. And then the bullet hole behind the ear.

They found the mail sacks, which had been cut open with a knife, in the trees, and bloodstained envelopes scattered on the frozen snow. They also found footprints leading from the willow trees toward town.

Justice of the Peace J.A. Yewell had reached the willows by this time, and he called off the investigation until dawn. He also posted armed men above the town with orders to let no one out without a signed pass. Then he hurried back into town to call Sheriff J.C. Harris in Elko, the county seat, and ask him to come right away.

Even today, getting to Jarbidge from Elko "right away" is no easy matter, and in the winter of 1916 it was nearly impossible. Sheriff Harris and District Attorney Edward P. Carville at once boarded the eastbound train to Ogden, Utah. There they would change trains for Pocatello, Idaho, and then change again to get to Twin Falls and Rogerson, where they finally would catch the mail stage to Jarbidge.

At the first light of dawn on Thursday morning, while the sheriff and the DA were rattling toward Ogden on the SP, Yewell returned to the willow grove to take charge of the search. He brought a half-dozen skilled trackers, who gathered up envelopes missed the night before and then began following the trail of drifted tracks.

They hadn't gone 20 yards when J.B. McCormick, one of the trackers, called a halt. He got down on his hands and knees in the snow and began blowing at one of the drifted footprints. "There, by God," he said, and sat up to call everyone over. A dog print.

What Yewell did next might not have worked everywhere, but in Jarbidge it worked fine. He stopped the search while men circulated through town, picking up all dogs big enough to have made that paw print and brought them back, snarling and yipping, to compare their paw prints with the one in the snow.

McCormick jabbed one hind leg after another into the crusty snow and carefully examined each print. "It's that big yellow stray," he said at last. "Here, you fellows come have a look."

The others agreed that the print matched. "Tie the rest of them back in the willows and let's see if this fellow will tell us anything else."

The yellow dog, delighted at the attention, ran antic circles before putting his nose to the snow and trotting along the line of footprints toward the river. At the wagon bridge, where the search had begun the night before, he stood up on his back legs, forepaws braced against the abutment, and looked back over his shoulder at the men. Yewell reached up under the timbers and drew out a wadded black overcoat, the front of which was drenched in blood.

As Yewell shook out the coat to reveal its gory message, the dog ran up a little rise where he pulled a canvas mailbag out of the snow, shook it, and dropped it. Like the bags in the willow grove, it had been slashed and bloodied, and some of the envelopes spilled out. They were gathered up and handed with the sack to Yewell.

The dog then led the men to the bank of the river, across the small footbridge, and

The Crippen Grade in 1916 was the site of America's last stage robbery. In winter it was the only road connecting Jarbidge with the outside world. The gold camp of Jarbidge was established in 1909, and two years later had a population of 1,200. Today it's about 15.





Ed Beck, known as the Cut-Lip Swede, was in on the plan.



Ben Kuhl, the mine cook turned highwayman, was the mastermind.

into town, where the trail was lost. Yewell returned to his office with the coat, mail-sack, and envelopes. He ordered the trackers to search the entire area between the willows and the river.

Back at his office he learned that the sentries on the road out of town had made some discoveries of their own. Deputy Marquardson, who had posted the guards, laid a gray wool cap on Yewell's desk. "It was lying in the mud out beyond the Dexter house," he said, "right at the edge of the road."

"Show me," said Yewell, and the two men walked back across the wagon bridge to Lower Town until they reached Mrs. Dexter's house, where the road guards were posted.

At daybreak these cold, tired men had searched the road for any sign of traffic out of town during the night. They found nothing to suggest it, but they did find what they thought were the tracks of the mail wagon. And as much to kill their fatigue as for any other reason, they had followed the tracks back around the turn toward the grade.

Beyond the bend they had noticed that the tracks ran near the edge of the road for about 120 feet before returning abruptly to the center. The men had gone on another quarter mile without seeing anything else unusual.

But on their way back, on a little point above the road where the tracks had veered, they had found a place where the snow had been considerably disturbed. In the road itself they had found the gray wool cap and beside it, faintly visible beneath a fresh layer of snow, a frozen streak of blood that paralleled the wheel track nearly to the bend. Yewell saw for himself the splashed track of Fred Searcy's lifeblood and the faint trace of the wagon wheel in the snow. He returned to his office, where still another discovery awaited him.

Postmaster Fleming, having been given the sack of mail found by the dog, had emptied it on his desk. Among the envelopes that fluttered out was one—ripped open like the rest—that bore the bloody imprint of a human hand.

Meanwhile, more evidence had been discovered at the river. Searchers there had found an open sack of coins and a blood-stained packet of registered letters in the water directly under the bridge. A few yards downstream they had fished out a shirt and a blue bandana that had been weighted down with stones. One shirt cuff was marked with blood.

And so matters stood when Yewell's telephone rang at a little after noon. Sheriff Harris' reedy voice fought through the crackling static on the line to say that he and the district attorney were in Pocatello.

"Have you come up with anything yet?" he asked.

"I think I know the man who did it," Yewell said eagerly.

"What does he say?"

"I thought you'd want to be here when we bring him in."

"No, you better put your hands on him right away. If you're satisfied, you had better pick him up."

When Yewell hung up the phone he called Constable I.C. Hill. They were going to arrest Ben Kuhl.

Sheriff Harris and District Attorney Carville arrived in Jarbidge on Friday afternoon's stage and hurried to the building that housed the justice court and jail. There Yewell was waiting with the evidence, a witness of sorts—the dog—and a suspect who was crying frame-up. To the two officials Yewell explained his reconstruction of the crime:

Clearly, someone who knew there would be a shipment of cash in the registered mail sack slipped out of town on Wednesday

afternoon and climbed the hillside to the point overlooking the road. There he waited. When the stage came rolling toward town, he jumped on board.

Then he came up beside Fred Searcy and shot him in the back of the head. The horses bolted at the sound of the gunshot, and the killer had to snatch at the reins to keep the team on the road. The wagon swerved toward the edge, and Fred's body fell across the killer's lap as he struggled to pull the horses back to a walk.

That was the shot Mrs. Dexter heard, and it was the killer she saw at the reins as the wagon clattered past her cottage. It was the killer, still holding Fred's body on his lap, whom the teamster, Campbell, called out to, and the killer who rumbled across the bridge into town before pulling the horses off the road, across the ford, and into the willows.

Then he slashed the mail sacks, looking for the registered shipment of cash to the Success Saloon. He made his way to the river, stuffed his bloody coat under the bridge, weighed down his other bloody clothes and put them in the cold water, and threw the bag of coins out beneath the bridge. And then he crossed the footbridge and disappeared into the snowbound town.

"A perfect crime," Yewell said. "Except for the dog."

It was the dog that gave the killer away. Plenty of men in Jarbidge had long black overcoats, blue bandanas and white shirts and the kind of jackknife found in the coat pocket. Plenty of men knew there would be money on the stage. Plenty of men in town wanted money—all of them, you might say. But there was only one man in Jarbidge who had all those items and a big yellow dog, too: Ben Kuhl.

Kuhl was 33. He had come to Jarbidge as a cook at the OK Mine. He worked there for a few months but found it a little too steady for his liking, and

The use of Ben Kuhl's palm print as evidence was an American first.



too demanding, so he had quit. "Too long a walk," he said. "Trail too steep."

But it was an easy downhill glide from his tent to the saloons and gambling houses that faced out across the frozen street at the ice-crusting river. He said he had a wife in Salt Lake City, but he didn't show any inclination to hurry back to her. Instead he played cards at the Commercial Club and got drunk at the bar of the Palm Cafe. Among the saloon crowd he ran with were Ed Beck, a part-time miner and full-time drunk who was called the Cut-lip Swede, and Billy McGraw, another sometime miner and gambling-house low life. And Kuhl adopted the big yellow dog that had been living on scraps and garbage.

So Yewell and Constable Hill went to Kuhl's tent. In the process of arresting him and searching for evidence they opened a small black satchel beneath his cot. Inside, lying on top of a freshly laundered white shirt, lay a bone-handled .45 revolver with a single empty cartridge under the hammer. When Yewell reached in and picked the gun up, a watery smear of blood was left behind on the shirt.

Kuhl said he'd been framed. The way he explained it, his so-called friend Ed Beck had stolen his black coat, along with his pocketknife and a dirty shirt, and purposely left them behind at the murder scene to implicate him.

So they arrested Ed Beck, too.

Then they arrested Billy McGraw, who agreed that the six-shooter was his. But Ed Beck had borrowed it, McGraw said. The Swede had said he wanted to go poaching deer out of season and didn't want to be seen carrying a rifle.

Beck refused to admit having anything to do with the gun until the postal inspectors on the case told him they thought maybe Kuhl was telling the truth about being framed.

Then the Swede confessed to borrowing the gun, but he swore he had done it because Kuhl had asked him to. He said he was "absolutely satisfied that Kuhl had done the job."

After further questioning, Ben Kuhl reluctantly admitted that he got the gun from Ed Beck—but not, he insisted, until after the murder was committed. "All of this time," he said, "my suspicions were directed toward the Swede, who intimated to me that he was going to pull off some kind of job."

The three of them were taken to Elko for trial. Fred Searcy had been a popular young man, and feelings against the accused men ran high in Jarbidge. Sheriff Harris had to disperse an angry crowd to get his prisoners safely out of town.

The trial was held in September, 1917, and created a mild sensation in that it was the first trial in an American court in which a palm print was accepted into evidence. Of course, one look at the two prints, one made in jail with black ink, the other one made on the envelope with Fred Searcy's blood, was powerful evidence against Ben Kuhl, and his lawyer fought long and hard against letting the jury see them. But he was overruled, and the jury needed only two hours to seal Kuhl's fate. Both he and Beck were found guilty.

Ben Kuhl was sentenced to death. Ed Beck, who by now was claiming that Kuhl had planned the robbery with the connivance of Fred Searcy, was given a life sentence. The case against Billy McGraw was dropped for lack of evidence when he agreed to testify for the state.

As their train was about to leave Elko for the penitentiary at Carson City, Ben Kuhl's mother came to the depot to wish her son a final farewell. But Ben maintained the same cool manner he had exhibited throughout the long trial. "Goodbye, mother," he said. And then he sat in silence, waiting for the train to move, while his mother sobbed on the platform outside his window.

In the fall of 1918, as the date of his execution approached, Kuhl confessed to the State Pardons Board that he had killed

Fred Searcy. He said that Searcy was going to help fake the holdup, but at the last minute he had changed his mind and refused to go through with it. They had struggled over the gun, and Searcy had been killed accidentally. Kuhl's sentence was commuted to life, and much of that life was spent in charge of the chicken house, providing fresh eggs for the prison kitchen.

They let Ben Kuhl out to die. At the age of 60 he came down with tuberculosis, and when it was clear he could not recover, they let him go. He died in Sacramento six months later, in the autumn of 1944, the last stagecoach robber in America. □

David W. Toll of Gold Hill is the author of The Compleat Nevada Traveler and a frequent contributor to Nevada Magazine.

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The pool at Cloud's Cal-Neva at Lake Tahoe straddles two states.



THESE POOLISH THINGS

Reflections on pool larks and art. By Bill Willard

All right, everybody into the pool! As summer nears, so begin the splashy rituals, tossing friends and enemies into the drink, poolside barbecues with the coals just right, skinnydipping in the moonlight, floating aimlessly in the sunshine.

As those who appreciate them know, there are no bounds to the pleasure of a pool filled with water. A swim can be soothing, exhilarating, and generally indispensable in this, the land of the sun.

It's not surprising that in this hot, desert state the swimming pool may be seen as an object not only of status but also of necessity and art. By necessity virtually

every town with a population over 100 has a pool, as do countless citizens. Las Vegas alone has perhaps 20,000 backyard pools and spas, and pools abound in Reno and other towns in the cold-winter north.

Some of the most important advances in pool art and appreciation have come from Nevada's gaming resorts, not to mention fascinating tales spun over the years about this lushlife lure for tourists.

Although not as encompassing as below the state's Mason-Dixon, the pool lore of northern Nevada resorts has its own beckoning interest. For example, at Crystal Bay on Lake Tahoe, visitors to Cloud's Cal-Neva

can dive into the pool in Nevada and swim over the state line into California and back without losing a breath. Built in the 1960s, the pool has a black line across its width marking the official state boundary.

High-rise pools have been built in hotels throughout the state. Harrah's Reno probably has the highest. It's on the fifth floor, and the Ormsby House in Carson City has one on the fourth floor. In Las Vegas the Hilton, MGM Grand and Aladdin have large areas with grass and shrubs around their upstairs pools.

When Tommy Hull built the El Rancho Vegas to open up the Strip in 1941, he placed the swimming pool a short distance from U.S. 91, the two-lane road from Los Angeles into Las Vegas. The rustic rail fence and expanse of green lawn could not hide the cool splashing in the summertime from heatbaked motorists tooling into town.

Taking a cue from the El Rancho, R. E. Griffith had his nephew, architect William Moore, put a pool directly on the highway when he built the Last Frontier in 1942. Moore, as the hotel's chief operator, always kept the pool stocked with young ladies from the Ramona Room's chorus lines, and the cheesecake photos snapped by Don English and the news bureau crew appeared around the world.

Ben "Bugsy" Siegel's design for his Flamingo pool was fancier than the El Rancho Vegas and Las Frontier jobs—longer, wider, with scallops on the edges and a higher diving board. Beset by troubles when his first opening flopped on Christmas night 1946, he waited for springtime guests and held a much better March 1, 1947, opening. Naturally the weather drew them to the pool.

But one day the water emptied from the pool as if it were being sucked down a giant drain. By the time Siegel arrived at poolside there wasn't a drop left. Many guests departed the hotel, with some looking heavenward and wondering whether the Almighty was punishing them for living the life of gambling, sinning, and pooling. Whipped into fast action by the furious Siegel, the engineers quickly found the cause of the sudden drainage, a construction fault. Cement mixers and masons were brought in for a fast repair job. Fortified by extra-thick steel rods, the pool never leaked again.

The Sands' brilliant publicist, Al Freeman, got plenty of mileage from the early hotel pool, which was nearer the highway than the present one. He dreamed up the famous floating crap game, variations of which have been repeated several times. For a Sands birthday party in the late 1950s, he put Jayne Mansfield in a giant cake floating around the pool. The surprise photo that made the journals and television showed Jerry Lewis fishing Mansfield out of the cake and pushing her into the pool.

Freeman used a swimming pool for a Sands float in the annual Hellsdorado parade, with the gorgeous Copa Girls diving and sportsping in skimpy bikinis as they floated along the Fremont Street route.

The Desert Inn's pool in the 1950s was a figure-eight design, Olympic size. It also had an underwater refrigeration system that

Pool art and hype have taken many forms over the years. A swimmer holds his breath in anticipation of a jackpot in the publicity photo below. At right, sunbathers and people watchers outnumber swimmers at the Las Vegas Hilton's elegant pool.



LAS VEGAS NEWS BUREAU PHOTOS



MILT PALMER/LAS VEGAS NEWS BUREAU

Several famous pool pranks were created at the Sands. At left, publicist Al Freeman's memorable floating crap game, along with wet roulette, in the hotel pool. Above, Jerry Lewis and Jayne Mansfield take the cake while Danny Thomas and Mickey Haggerty offer advice.

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could convert the pool into a winter ice skating rink. There was a thin wooden arch rising up from the casino exit and descending onto the pool area, preceding by years the St. Louis parabola on the banks of the Mississippi River.

In June, 1953, "Tarzan" Johnny Weissmuller topline "Aqua Fair" when the show was brought in as a decoy while the main showroom was being redesigned. With fancy divers, several acts, and the Aquanymphs, the 75-minute splasher was topped by bursts of fireworks.

It was not the first water show set in a Las Vegas hotel pool, however. Ten years earlier, directly across the Strip at the Last Frontier, champion swimmer Buster Crabbe had been featured in a watery epic booked by entertainment director Maxine Lewis. It was called "Water Follies of '44" and sported a bevy of Hollywood starlets diving, doing ensemble tricks, and cavorting with the clowns.

Within 15 years the Last Frontier pool was moved behind the casino, but not until more adventures were clocked. Movie actor Bill Henry was a lifeguard in the late 1940s and early 1950s between films. One of his close pals was the eminent Olympic long-distance swimmer, Duke Kohnamoku, the pride of Hawaii. Bill invited the Duke to town for some exhibition swimming, and what a breeze for the athlete—a few strokes and he was across the pool.

In April, 1952, this writer caused a flap and was booted from the Last Frontier because of the pool. Black pianist and singer Hazel Scott was headlining, and I received word that the hotel pool was going to be drained for repainting just when she would be performing at the hotel.

The racial situation was very touchy in those years. Black entertainers were not given preferred treatment, which included staying at the hotel where they performed, unless a special clause was inserted in their contracts. Also, the right to use all hotel facilities—restaurants, casinos, public areas such as the pool—had to be fought for and stated in each contract.

Hazel did have those clauses. She was ensconced in her room when I called to hand her the news; "I see where they drained the pool just when you wanted to go swimming." She called hotel boss Jake Kozloff immediately to protest. Because of the communication with Miss Scott, he quickly barred me from the premises as *Variety* reviewer and *Las Vegas Sun* entertainment columnist for a strange reason.

"You're not sincere," he thundered.

On her closing night, Hazel confided that throughout her two weeks she was wary. "They might have been painting the pool, but after I did get to go in, they closed the thing off again for chlorination. It was the longest chlorination job I've ever known for a swimming pool—three days!"

With Josephine Baker, the militant resistor of France's Nazi occupation, to follow her as headliner, Hazel Scott informed the noted emigre about the management's pool ploy. Josephine told her that not only would she have full privileges of the hotel but also would see that black residents were invited to attend her nightly soirees.

The Last Frontier's pool is known for unusual bits of hype, along with some circumstances beyond control of hypesters. There was the time that a slot machine was lowered to the bottom of the pool and the lead singer of the Ramona Room show, Dolores Frazzini, dived down and tossed in some nickels as cameras, still and moving-picture, caught the action from subterranean portholes. This particular pool had room for viewing swimmers below ground. It was called "The Submarine."

One aquatale involves a duck. Jim Seagrave, publicist for the present Frontier Hotel, recalls, "Five years ago, a migrating mallard hen took up residence in the hedges near the swimming pool. Executive Secretary Vicki Barker named her 'Daphne.' Steve Salvodelli, president of the Frontier at that time, had the engineering department build a shelter for Daphne, a fortress of lumber and screen to protect her ducklings from marauding cats.

"When they matured," Seagrave says, "they flew away, but many came back the following season. Over the years, the duck population has grown and sometimes the 'herd' exceeds two dozen drakes, hens, and ducklings who swim in the pool, play in the fountain, and hunt for insects in the gardens. Many guests make a habit of bringing food from the restaurants to feed the ducks."

Leave it to the big spender of the Strip, Caesars Palace, to out-pool everyone from here to Timbuktu. (If you haven't heard about the glories of Timbuktu pools, forget it.) Stretched out at several ground levels below the posh Palace Court restaurant, Caesars' shimmering, Olympic-sized swimming pool is the centerpiece of the Garden of the Gods. The design of the garden is lifted from the Pompeii Baths of Rome.

While one is sybaritically sunning and being fed luscious grapes from the voluptuous goddesses who are in abundance at all points of the compass, the eyes lazily move over the marble-inlaid pool and deck, and one bets there are about 10,000 individually-cut pieces of marble.

"There are 8,000 pieces," murmurs a goddess, dropping another grape into the maw, "and they're from the quarry in Carrara, Italy, which provided Michelangelo with materials for his famous statues. The design was inspired by a classic Romanesque pattern."

The deck area catches the attention with its white stones set in grid pattern. This peripheral area is dramatically lighted by an imposing colonnade of etched glass panels on top of marble columns. Such elegance, one sighs, gnoshing several grapes at a time as our goddess has gone to fetch some nectar.

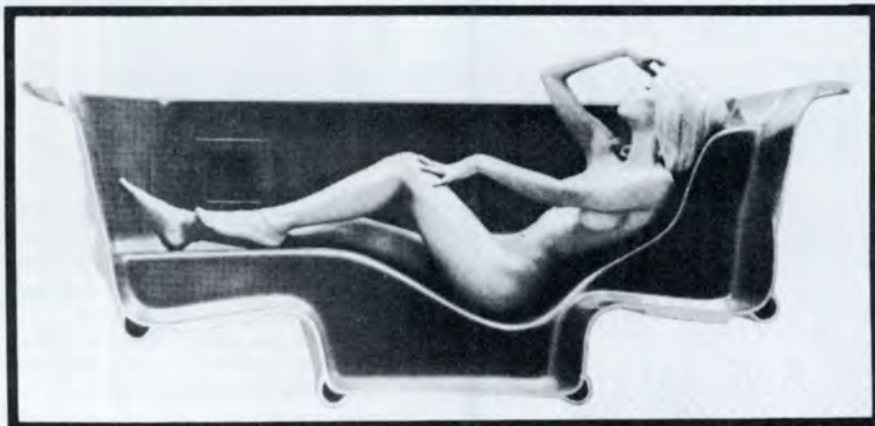
How pleased the pool contractor would be with all this splendor. The intricate control system automatically recycles the pool's 243,000 gallons of water every four hours. The pool's dimensions, not counting the 28-foot-diameter spa, is 114 feet long and 79 feet wide at its center, with the depth varying from three to 11 feet.

Within the pool are three lounging islands designed to let guests dream that

(Continued on page 59)

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Nevada Notes

A Brothel's Sunday Social

The guests laughed when Julie Hickman, proprietor of two Battle Mountain area businesses, announced she'd be taking applications later on. Hickman acted as hostess during a Sunday afternoon, women-only champagne reception last December at the Calico Club—one of her two brothels.

"I wanted to do it for the ladies. They always ask me what it's like in here," she said of her decision to have the party.

Up to 300 women, including civic leaders, county officials, and teachers, came to drink champagne, eat hors d'oeuvres, and tour the facilities. Some guests tried on clothes as others wandered in and out of rooms, drank, ate, and conversed with the prostitutes.

Hickman, a member of the Business and Professional Women's Club, Chamber of Commerce, and the Humane Society, keeps a full house of six working girls at all times. "This is the biggest party I've ever had," said Hickman as guests trooped in. "I hope I don't run out of champagne—I've got five cases."

Most of the women were from Battle Mountain, with a few from Elko, Valmy, Winnemucca, Golconda, Utah, and Arizona.

—Joan Strojny

Into Town on a Rail

A super-speed train that would hurtle passengers between Los Angeles and Las Vegas at 250 mph is being studied by a high-tech transportation team from Budd Co. and Bechtel Corp. Advocates say the train would bring an additional two million Southern Californians to Las Vegas annually and save 20 million gallons of gas in the process.

The controversial train would operate on a new magnetic levitation system, a kind of reverse magnet, that would keep the train positioned above a guide rail for smooth motion. If the train does get on track, what is now a 280-mile, five-hour trek across the desert would become an hour-and-15-minute, air-conditioned glide. □



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HAROLDS CLUB

The sun is rising over Carson Valley as Sharkey Begovich settles his 330-pound frame onto the low brick sill that runs along the front of his downtown Gardnerville casino. It's a good spot for thinking, facing east on the town's main street and warmed by the morning sun. The bus from Carson City, headed for Yerington, stops at the depot next door, but he doesn't notice whether anyone gets on or off. He scratches his spiky, black, butch-cut hair, wondering what to do about the kitchen helper who he had just caught taking, of all things, a toilet from a pile of building supplies in back of the club. Sharkey, still a soft touch after more than 30 years in the gambling business, decides to keep the boy on. He needs the job, and maybe he'll learn a lesson if he gets the dirtiest kitchen detail for a week. Sharkey believes in second chances. He's had plenty of them himself.

Years before, working as a pit boss for Bill Harrah at Lake Tahoe, Sharkey "advanced" himself some of Harrah's money so he could do a little gambling after work at Harvey's Wagon Wheel across the street. He planned to quickly repay the money, but instead he lost it playing blackjack, his favorite game. Harrah was furious but understanding. "Just pay it back when you can," he said after Sharkey had told him what he had done. "Every last cent."

Today, of course, Sharkey is his own boss. He's also something of an anachronism in modern-day Nevada—a high-rolling gambler who used his winnings as a stake in his own casino. Compared to the gaming empires that Harrah and others have built, Sharkey's Nugget is a small operation. But then that's one of its attractions. Drop by Sharkey's at almost any hour and you'll see Begovich, usually in baggy pants and open-neck shirt, working his way around the casino slapping backs and shaking hands like a practiced politician. He gives equal attention to down-and-outers and the country-western royalty who visit his place. For him, good company is just as important as making a buck.

It's not surprising that Sharkey grew up in good company. He was born and raised in the boarding house his parents, Yugoslav immigrants, ran for miners and loggers in the Mother Lode country near Jackson, California. He learned the gambling business as a young man, working in the illegal but tolerated casinos that flourished there in the late forties and fifties.

He worked for Harrah for eight years. But Sharkey wanted his own place, and in 1963 he got his chance when he hit an incredible streak of good luck playing blackjack on his off-hours at Stateline.

"I just took a little bit of money and ran it into a hell of a big score. I mean a lot of money," he says. At the end of a five-day gambling binge, mostly at Harvey's, Begovich had amassed a six-figure fortune. He won't say exactly how much, but the win was one of the biggest of the time and it's still talked about by fellow gamblers. During his phenomenal run, he would lay the biggest bet the house would take—\$50 at the time—and turn up winning hands. The chips kept piling in front of him even though the dealers and decks were changed repeatedly.



JAY ALDRICH PHOTOS

Sharkey and His Cow Town Palace

You might see Merle or Willie, but Sharkey is always the biggest star in his joint. By Patrick Burke



The Begovich team—Sharkey, his daughter Michelle, and son Butch—in their Gardnerville casino.

"No matter how unlucky a gambler is," Sharkey says, "sooner or later he is going to have a lucky day. And the difference between a good gambler and a bad gambler is money management. Knowing when to quit and when to keep going is the difference between success and failure.

"My theory is this, that the only way to win is to hit and run. Believe me, that's the only way it can be done. You play for a very short period of time, and then, win or lose, you leave."

Leaving the table a loser isn't always easy. Sharkey's longtime friend, country-western booking agent Stew Carnall, recalls a night of gambling that Sharkey started with several thousand dollars and was left with one \$100 bill wrapped around a pudgy finger. Carnall asked the sullen gambler if he wanted to get something to eat. "Eat? Eat?" Sharkey roared. "What do you mean, eat?" With that he stuffed the \$100 bill into his mouth and swallowed it.

But Sharkey couldn't lose on the night he hit his big score. He quit his job at Harrah's and invested a large chunk of his winnings in a Korean casino deal. But the venture was stopped by the Army after press accounts described the club as a "sin palace."

So Sharkey returned to Lake Tahoe. With his stake nearly gone, he and a few friends built and opened the South Lake Tahoe Nugget in 1964. "That place was a tough one to make money with," he recalls. Five years later he sold his interest and bought the Golden Bubble, now Sharkey's Nugget, in Gardnerville.

The location, 25 miles east of Lake Tahoe and 45 miles south of Reno, is a bit out of the way. But the card tables and slots, thick prime rib, country-western music, and Sharkey's one-of-a-kind memorabilia collection keep the crowds coming.

There's always a chance of running into someone like Willie Nelson, Merle Haggard, or Charlie Daniels, too. Carnall books their acts and Sharkey's back bar is his "office."

Sharkey has become good friends with the entertainers. He once went on the road with Nelson for a short tour. Another time, he took a road-weary Nelson to the Genoa Saloon in nearby Genoa. "We sat at the end of the bar all afternoon. Willie had an old hat on, and nobody even recognized him," says Sharkey. "He had a great time." Nelson, Haggard and Daniels may be superstars, but Sharkey says, "They're all just common, down-to-earth people. And they're

always happy to be around somebody who's not trying to get something from them."

Sharkey doesn't limit his social contacts to celebrities. A born listener and student of human nature, Sharkey plainly enjoys people's company.

The casino is, in fact, his home. Sharkey lives in a small apartment next to a second-floor storage room. "I really don't have to be here all the time," he says. "I just started doing it. Sure, I could have a big house but it's not important. I'm happier where I am."

Sharkey also tends to share his good fortune with people who are down on their luck. He'll give a free meal to someone who's short of money, help find jobs for out-of-work friends, or even make bail for someone who gets drunk and lands in jail.

"He's the greatest person when it comes to taking on people who really need help," Carnall says. "The guy has a big heart. He's the greatest defender of the underdog that I've met in my life.

"If I dropped dead tomorrow, I know my kids and family will be cared for," Carnall adds. "He's a brute of a man, but he can cry, too. He can be cold in business dealings, but he'll never take an unfair edge. He's tough to get close to, but he's a great storyteller. There's always someone else in the story who's the main character, not himself. He won't be the main event."

Begovich admits to being a soft touch when confronted with a hard-luck case. But he's philosophic about it. "There's not much difference between me and someone who's less fortunate," he says. "And it doesn't hurt to help them. It comes back to you 10 times over."

He also is a generous supporter of community projects. He organizes the "cow pasture" boxing festival every Independence Day Eve and in January hosts a Serbian Christmas celebration, a custom started decades ago by his mother at the Begovich boarding house. The feast of roast pigs and goats, turkey and groaning tables of trimmings is free to all comers. "It's my way of saying thanks to people for allowing me to be able to do it," he says.

Sharkey's ideas on restaurant operations also date from his boarding-house boyhood. "Back then, for \$30 a month, you got board, room, laundry and at least two kinds of meat on the table, and all the wine you could drink at meals. My idea here is, nobody gets up from a table hungry."

Because of the way Sharkey, his daughter,

Michelle, 23, and son, Butch, 33, run the place, little is spent on advertising. "The business is built on word-of-mouth advertising," he says. "I'd rather put a couple of extra ounces of meat on a man's plate than buy a couple of billboards."

Another draw at Sharkey's is his memorabilia collection: pictures of famous boxers; circus posters and clown paintings; saddles of rodeo cowboys, movie stars and bandits, and a roomful of paintings of American Indian chiefs and warriors. Sharkey hired artist F.K. Young of Sparks to paint most of the 50 paintings of Indians now hanging in the club's main dinner room. With characteristic Begovich humor, in one corner he hung a picture of George Custer.

"People tell me nobody else in the country has dedicated the time and research that went into this," Sharkey says. "These Indians were really something to have come up with the stuff they did. Some of them went before Congress and really held their own. At West Point they're still studying the battle strategies one of them worked out."

Sharkey's love for boxing memorabilia dates to his youth, when a Slav fighter named Jack Sharkey won the world heavy-weight title in 1932 by knocking out Max Schmeling of Germany. Jubilant Slav miners at the Begovich boarding house promptly gave the nickname "Sharkey" to six-year-old Milos, the youngest of Mrs. Begovich's six children. "The name stuck like glue," Sharkey says. "I've used it ever since. It's on all my papers."

As for the circus posters and clown paintings—one is of the proprietor himself—Sharkey says he's fascinated by circus life. He says he spent long hours talking with Emmett Kelly when the famous clown played at Tahoe clubs. "He was a philosopher," Sharkey says. "He'd sit on a wharf at Tahoe fishing all day, with no plans at all to catch a fish."

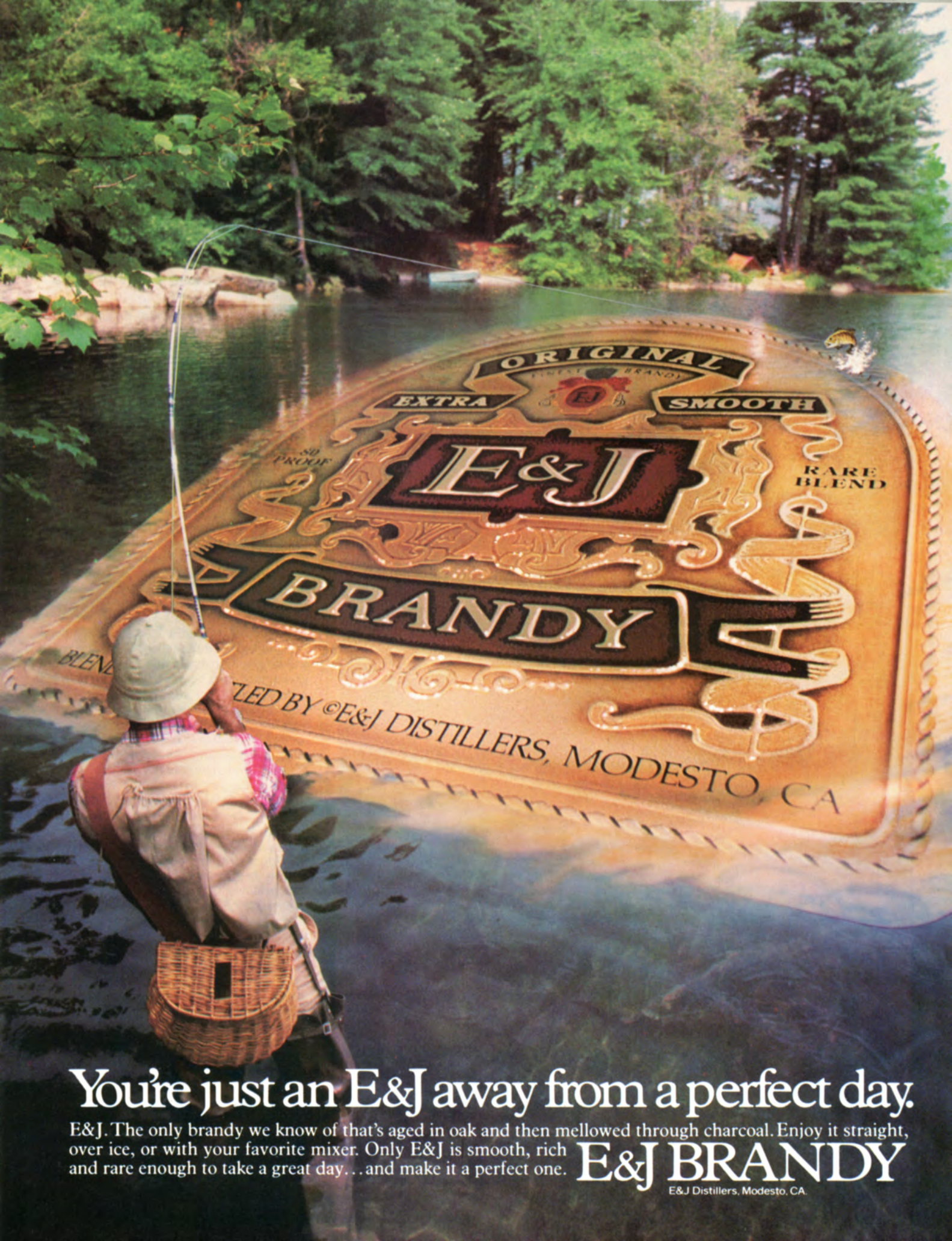
Sharkey has dozens of saddles, including ones once used by rodeo star Casey Tibbs, bandit Tipico Vasquez, and actors John Wayne and Roy Rogers. A few are on display in the club, but Sharkey says, "What's on display is only the tip of the iceberg. Maybe someday I'll be able to open a whole museum."

Why does he collect what he does? "Why did Bill Harrah collect cars? Why does Harvey Gross collect buffalo? Why does John Ascuaga collect elephants? Why? It's an unanswerable question," he says.

"My idea was to get together something that people would like to look at," he adds. "People can spend a short time looking at different things, and then maybe they'll bring other people back with them next time if they see something they like."

However, to daughter Michelle, Sharkey himself is the club's best drawing card. "I never met anyone I respect so much," she says. "He's a very down-to-earth person. He's caring and understanding, but he can be mean and ornery, too. He can throw a tantrum just like a kid. There's only one Sharkey, and I'm glad he's my dad." □

Patrick Burke lives in the Carson Valley and likes to hang out at Sharkey's.



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The Great Spring Outdoors

Nevadans tell how they cure cabin fever by fishing Lake Mead, skiing Tahoe, golfing the cow counties, riding dunes and stalking wildflowers.



Del Wallace of Las Vegas shows off a pair of spring strippers from Lake Mead.

Getting Hooked on Wily Bass

Spring is perhaps the most underrated season on Lake Mead. True, it can be windy, and chilly weather may blow in for a time. The water isn't bathtub-warm as it is in summer. But many days are beautiful as the temperature climbs into the 70s and 80s, and nights are just right for a campfire. Local sailors like spring's consistent winds and hold regattas on weekends. Waterskiers who don't mind cold water have the lake to themselves. Smart hikers are out, taking advantage of the mild temperatures and newly-blooming wildflowers.

And then there's the fishing. As March approaches I notice my fishing friends are getting restless. They restock their tackle boxes daily, and their casting arms go into uncontrollable twitches. As a Lake Mead guide and fisherman for more than 20 years, I know the symptoms—and that bass are largely to blame.

At Lake Mead the tides of March point to the largemouth bass, one of our country's great game fish. You can find stripers in big schools and reel them in, but to catch largemouth bass you have to work constantly, searching for nesting areas and casting with care. They are wily fish, and good fighters. You can spend a lifetime on the lake and never figure those fish out.

Local anglers get anxious about largemouth bass in March and April because the fish are in their pre-spawn phase and actively feeding. Many larkers are taken in spring, with catches of six and seven pounders not uncommon.

The key to their movements is water temperature. About the time the lake reaches 60°F the bass move into their nesting areas, often in coves where fresh, green growth will assure good cover for their young. Fishing is best in the afternoon. At this time of year I usually go out about 10 a.m. and start working my chosen areas, planning serious fishing for after 2 p.m. That's because the sun warms the water on southern exposures and activates the plankton, which in turn attracts the fish. Largemouth bass will be feeding in late afternoon, and that's when you should greet them with your lures.

Largemouth bass—and stripers, too—are coming off a long winter of short food supplies, and since both fish are predators, they will be more aggressive toward baits that give a lot of motion.

But the lures—soft plastic baits like Garland Spider Jigs and Mini Jigs are

summer tans. Conversation is friendly, smiles infectious.

Spring is not a time to perfect your stem christie. Or to worry about technique and style. Just pack your good skis in the shed and grab an old, beat-up pair. It's time to celebrate the sunshine on the ski slopes.

The snow is icy in the morning, corny by noon and a deep slush by afternoon. It's fun to ski, especially when the crust wears off. Skiing in the afternoon is like skiing deep

powder in slow motion. The slush inhibits speed so you can attempt steeper slopes without worrying about smashing into the lodge within seconds of getting off the lift. And with your old skis there's no fretting about scratching the bases on the few rocks that pop through the melting snow.

Even though spring skiing is fun and forgiving, with warm sunshine and clear skies the sport can become a secondary concern. I like to take a backpack and a couple of

recommended—should be worked slowly, as fish in cold water move rather sluggishly. The jigs should be worked on vertical walls and the midpoints of coves with deep cuts, down to at least 40 feet. Good spring areas to try are Swallow Bay just south of Callville Bay, Grand Wash up from Temple Bar, and the Overton area.

Anglers with "striper fever" will find the big, tough linesiders beginning to school up in their pre-spawn rituals. Stripers are open-water spawners, so don't look for any nest-building pattern. A sonar graph recorder unit in your boat is almost a must to find these fish in spring. It will help you locate schools numbering in the thousands anywhere from 25 to 100 feet down.

Frozen anchovies will be an excellent bait. Simply lower your anchovy down to the level of the fish. Keep the bait moving by jigging, or move the boat slowly with the wind or an electric motor.

As stripers start to spawn, they will come to the surface and begin finning. It's a sight—several large females moving across the surface followed by hundreds of male suitors. They are not overly anxious to feed while spawning, but you can try surface and subsurface lures such as Spots, Redfins, Spooks, Sassy Shad, and Bucktail Jigs. Look for stripers near Echo Bay, Iceberg Canyon, and Vegas Wash.

The six marinas in Lake Mead National Recreation Area can provide good advice, rentals, and tackle. For license details, call the Nevada Department of Wildlife in Las Vegas, 702-385-0285. An Arizona tag, easily obtained, is needed on a Nevada license to fish from a boat.

But remember, even if you don't catch a scrappy bass, there are other rewards for a day on the lake. In the spring you can see bald eagles—a rare but beautiful sight. Many ducks and geese stop by on their way north. So be sure to look up if nothing's happening down below.—*Al Cieri*

Skiing Sunny Sierra Slopes

When the snow still lays thick in the Sierra Nevada and springtime temperatures start reaching the 60s and 70s, seasoned skiers let down their hair and shed their parkas. T-shirts, vests, jeans and sunglasses appear, and lift lines are perfumed with exotic tanning oils. Lodge sun decks are festooned with lazy sunbathers working on



LARRY PROSOR

The sun is out and the jackets are off for late-season skiing in the Sierra.



CAROLE BAILEY

Dune buggies rendezvous on weekends at Sand Mountain east of Fallon.

Spring wildflower fanciers prowl the desert for bloomers like the hedgehog cactus.



CAROLINE J. HADLEY

friends to a lofty mountain peak for a picnic. At most Tahoe resorts, granite clusters protrude from the snow. You can ski through the trees to one of these spots, and a short hike will land you high, dry and warm. Salami, cheese and French bread washed down with the beverage from a bota bag make a gourmet treat at 10,000 feet.

There are fantastic sights from these perches, and one in particular comes to mind. The Sky Chair at Heavenly Valley deposits you at the summit of Heavenly Valley Peak, 10,020 feet high. A short hike to the east is a cluster of boulders piled high on the center of the ridge. The view is superb. To the north and west Lake Tahoe's pristine waters 4,000 feet below are gently cradled in a rim of frosted mountains. To the east, the ranches and farm towns of the Carson Valley, 6,000 feet below, mark the beginnings of the Great Basin. If the altitude doesn't catch your breath, the view surely will.

This year's heavy snows promise great spring skiing adventures in the Sierra. Most Tahoe resorts are open until the Easter weekend; some stay open into May. So, don't pack your ski gear away after the last heavy snowfall. Instead, grab your old skis, and some friends, and discover the joy of spring skiing.—Jim Crandall

Riding the Big Dune

Four or five times a year I pack up the family and the dune buggy, buy \$100 worth of gas and food, and meet the gang at Sand Mountain. We've been dune bugging at the mountain 15 years, and it's a perfect way to get the family and friends together.

Located 25 miles east of Fallon, Sand Mountain is one of the largest single dunes in the Great Basin. And one of the most popular. During the peak months, late February to early June, there may be 100 to 200 people at the big dune on weekends.

We get there early. After setting up camp we scout out the mountain. It's constantly changing because of the winds. There's a wonderful sense of freedom driving up and down the 500-foot peaks and two miles of seemingly endless sand. In late spring the area is dotted with more than 50 different flowers such as the finger cactus, desert sunflower, and primrose. The weather is perfect, not too hot, not too cold.

While driving we're careful to watch out for hikers. There are blind spots throughout the dune, so when we take a walk ourselves, we make sure to stay on the ridges.

After a full day of exploring and racing we relax at camp. Our motor homes encircle a huge campfire. We sing songs, swap tales, and drink strong coffee spiced with brandy. Then we turn in early—there'll be a lot more ground to be covered in morning.

—Lisa Marushka

Stalking the Evening Primrose

Every spring the desert pulls a neat trick: wildflowers start blooming. The colorful symphony usually begins in March with the magenta bloom of the beavertail cactus, a favorite of flower watchers around Lake Mead and Valley of Fire. The beavertail's

tiny spines look soft but deliver a sharp prick. As you try to get them out of your hands, you'll be reminded there's more pleasure in photographing flowers than picking them.

At this time desert marigolds unfold their yellow blooms, and rock nettle displays its ivory petals. I particularly enjoy the olfactory jolt of the evening primrose, which opens its blossoms at night and can make a canyon smell like a perfume factory. The ubiquitous creosote produces a memorable fragrance after a spring rain, much as sagebrush does at higher elevations.

My own favorite early bloomer is the prickly poppy. Scattered in washes, the plant looks like a common weed with its thorny leaves and erect posture. But I like the way the prickly's white flowers accent the plant's graceful toughness.

To help identify spring's colorful blooms, there are three helpful guides at Lake Mead National Recreation Area: *Flowering Plants of the Lake Mead Region* (\$3.50), *Flowers of the Southwest Deserts* (\$2.50), and *100 Desert Wildflowers in Natural Color* (\$3.50).

—George Moon

The Golfer's Rural Triangle

I get the itch each spring. It starts on an old callous on my left hand, spreads up the arm, and settles in my brain. The only cure is to smash a driver into a brand new golf ball and watch it climb out over a fairway. The best way I've found to scratch it properly—and work out the kinks of a golfless winter—is to grab my clubs and some pals and head for the cow counties.

Within easy driving distances from the Reno-Carson area are three unique nine-hole courses at Yerington, Hawthorne, and Fallon. The play is casual and uncrowded, the atmosphere friendly, the air fresh and clean, and the green fees beyond compare (Hawthorne is \$5 to play all day).

Each course is also challenging and distinct. Yerington's Mason Valley Country Club, just south of town, is a flat, open course dotted with evergreen and cottonwood trees. Built on an old cow pasture, the course uses irrigation ditches and alfalfa patches as pesky hazards.

For an impeccably manicured course, try the Walker Lake Country Club at the old army base at Babbitt near Hawthorne. Towering evergreen trees form lush, hundred-foot-high walls that protect the fairways from wind and frost. The grass tends to stay green all year.

The Casa De Mar Country Club at Fallon, laid out on rolling hills amid tall cottonwood trees, offers a nice spring break—especially on the 2nd hole. The 100-yard par 3 is nearly impenetrable in summer when the leaves are thick on overhanging cottonwoods. But in spring the trees are barren, and your chances of lobbing a shot to the elevated green improve at least two strokes.

All three courses use staggered tee placements to make interesting 18-hole rounds. My only complaint is that those outings haven't yet cured my slice. They do, however, alleviate that strange spring malady, duffer's itch.—Dale Crane □

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THE LIFE OF A PENGUIN



How the world looks in black and white.
By Leon Mandel

In his last book, *Theophilus North*, playwright Thornton Wilder examined the encompassing circles of society in Newport, Rhode Island, that *fin de siècle* fantasy village of the rich. It is only Wilder's grace that distracts the reader from observing the cliché: All American cities are five or seven or three communities coexisting more or less easily, some more strikingly than others. Of the first category, lo, Reno leads most of the rest for it is a city of old money and old families at one extreme and fourth level citizenry at the other.

Somewhere in between lie the penguins. That, at least, is what casino workers are called by the Sagebrush Wit, radio talk-show host Travus T. Hipp, who can tell black from white when he sees them since those are the two shades of his world.

Like the narrator in *Theophilus North* I had stood aside from Reno's concentric circles, a satellite scanning the globe, until time came to come back to earth. The immediate impetus was a need to look inside Harrah's for a book I was writing; the immediate result was a whole new vista on a

city I had lived in for going on a decade and had never really seen.

I signed on for what I expected would be a month as a JPO/Changeperson.

I lasted a week.

"JPO" stands for Jackpot Payoff. "Changeperson" is newspeak for wandering cashier. It is an entry level job, in the jargon of personnel departments across the land. In plain talk, it is factory work.

Reno's black and whites had been like traffic lights to me: there, distinctive, orderly, and impersonal. In very short order I discovered that there is a difference between noticing and being.

For example, the dress code. My concern was not the limit to cleavage but prohibition on the hirsute. For 27 years I had cherished my beard and for good reason: I have either no chin at all or 18 of them. "Shave it off," said Harrah's, and when I had, and looked at myself in the mirror, an apparition with an uncanny resemblance to Jack Albertson stared back.

For another example, the tools of the trade. Tools at the advanced level include the insouciance of the blackjack dealer. Entry level tools include a 32-pound change belt fastened with velcro, split into pockets deep and sufficiently numerous to carry what seemed to be at least 50 examples of every coin minted by every country in the world. Every *heavy* coin. Velcro is lovely stuff, but it works best on tennis wristbands and Gortex windbreakers. If it has to support 32 pounds of silver around a stout belly, it has to work hard. There is nothing quite so disorienting as picking up 32 pounds of coins from a floor teeming with slot fanatics.

Particularly, for yet a third example, when you know that every mirrored panel, ceiling to floor, could hide a camera or a voyeur looking not so much for edgework by the casino's clientele but slackers in the workforce.

At Harrah's you run. Or you will hear about it. At Harrah's you are courteous even in the face of accusations of cheating. If you don't you will hear about it. At Harrah's you are prompt. If you are not

All of this is done amid a level of sound I have encountered only in steel mills or auto plants. Bells and whistles? They are the best of it. The babble of crowds, the shouts of winners and the groans of losers, commands, countercommands, a relentless P.A. system calling keno games to come and people to come quicker.

Once in New York I worked at Macy's Herald Square department store—the world's largest at the time—during the Christmas season; the seethe of grasping shoppers in a buying frenzy was nothing compared to the lemmings in a casino hot in pursuit of riches.

Scylla behind the mirrors. Charybdis on the floor. Where was a JPO/Changeperson to turn?

To my surprise, my fellow laborers.

I worked alongside a Taiwanese student from the university who was unremittingly cheerful, infallibly gracious, and enormously grateful for his job. He cleaned ashtrays. He dusted slot machines. He gave advice and help. He covered my mistakes. He shortened

his breaks so I could lengthen mine. And all this in addition to what we were both supposed to do.

I worked thereafter with a man of about my own middle age who had gone back to the floor after holding a supervisory position because he liked to be in immediate touch with people. He was as professional as a ship captain. He wasted not a single motion. He did the job of at least two men.

Those impersonal Medusas, the cashiers perched high in kiosks on the floor, became angels of aid. It is not easy for a man who makes his living in the amorphous world of words and typewriters to deal with cascades of money, the real stuff, and keep track of every nickel. If I were not nicknamed "Help!" I should have been, for it was the word I used most frequently. That help was always forthcoming and a great deal of it came from the much maligned women behind the calculators.

After a day or two I began to wonder why, even in hard times, anyone would work on this money assembly line for the \$32 a shift and tokes (practically none for slot machine slaves) the job paid.

The responsibility was considerable. It always is when the inventory is money. The accountability was exact. At the end of each shift, the black and whites at Harrah's would descend into the bowels of the building to settle up with the ultimate cashiers. All the way down the endless stairs each of us was under the surveillance of a camera, as we were all the way back up—a climb that would put the ascent of Annapurna to shame. To me, whose money talents barely extended to being able to distinguish between paper and metal, it was an agony. I never got it right. To my co-workers, this balancing act was a joyful challenge, and however much they might grouch I suspect one of the great rewards of their days was to come in with a "noser"—their aprons balanced to the penny at shift's end.

In this, in the prideful manner my university colleague kept his work place clean, in the crisp, efficient manner of the captain of the ship, in the easy confidence of the cashiers, I came to discover the source of high morale. It is not so much the job, I learned; it is how you do the job.

That is a secret Bill Harrah understood well. It is a code to which he himself adhered. It was an attitude that came from the top, and it buoyed the spirits and the self esteem of everyone in the place.

I could not keep it. JPO/Change-person was real work, and I had not done real work for a decade. So I fled, but with sufficient insight that when my friend at the barbershop said that people at another casino made more money but the black and whites at Harrah's were an elite, I finally understood. □

After his Harrah's tenure Leon Mandel of Reno returned to his hirsute ways and completed his biography of the hotel's founder, William Fisk Harrah: *Life and Times of a Gambling Magnate* (Doubleday, 1982). Mandel is also the author of *American Cars* (Stewart, Tabori & Chang, 1982) and Nevada's editor-at-large.

Showguide

Shows & Stars

Following is a muster of the stars, revues, and extravaganzas you can see in Nevada showrooms in March and April. 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.

Las Vegas

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

Barbary Coast, 737-7111 Royal Dixie Jazz Band, noon-6pm (except Mon.); Irish Showband, 9:30pm, midnight & 2am (except Tue.); no cover, no minimum

Caesars Palace, 731-7333: Wayne Newton, thru 3/2; Frank Sinatra, 3/3-9; Tom Jones, 3/10-23; Wayne Newton, 3/24-30; Diana Ross, 3/31-4/27

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

Desert Inn, 733-4444: "Duke Ellington's Sophisticated Ladies," Broadway musical, indf., cocktail shows 7pm \$20, 11pm \$18 on Fri. & Sat., 7pm \$18, 11pm \$15 on Sun. & Tues-Thurs., dark Mon.

Dunes, 737-4110: *Casino Theatre*: Dream Street, thru 3/7 Sandler & Young, 3/18-indf., *Top of the Dunes*: Four Aces, thru 3/12; Johnny Ray, 3/14-4/16; Eartha Kitt, 4/18-5/30

El Rancho, 796-2222: Lounge entertainment nightly, 1 drink minimum

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

Four Queens, 385-4011 Louis Prima's Witnesses, thru 3/13, 1-5pm; Bourbon Street Parade, indf., 5-10pm; The Ink Spots, thru 3.27 Dondino, 3/29-6/12, 10pm-2am; Jazz Night on Mon., 10pm-2am; no cover, no minimum

Frontier, 734-0240: Siegfried and Roy in Beyond Belief, indf., 7pm & 11pm Tues.-Sun., dark Mon., \$24.50, includes 2 drinks

Tony Orlando performs March 24-April 6 at the Riviera.



Casino Notes

- It will be a first for Caesars Palace May 3 when the Tony Award-winning musical, "42nd Street," opens in the main showroom. Caesars follows several other Nevada hotels that have opted for production shows because of the six-figure salaries demanded by superstars.



- Show biz has moved to the casino floor at the Frontier. The hotel's slot hosts include a ventriloquist, a magician, and caricature artists that entertain slot players. So if you're approached by a dummy—smile.

- For several years Nevada's casino workers fought the Really Rottens of the Internal Revenue Service over whether tips are taxable income. Last year the casino employees lost, but the fracas also has spawned a bureaucratic Catch 22. While tips are considered income by the feds, they're not considered wages for such state benefits as unemployment or workmen's compensation.

- The IRS aside, casino change people know their share of strike-it-rich stories. Every day they see lucky hits like that of Nestor Tolentina of Los Angeles, who invested \$3 in the slots to win \$86,628 at the Four Queens in Vegas. But all eyes will be on the Reno Hilton April 5 when more than 30 big slot winners from all three Nevada Hiltons gather for the ultimate playoff. The grand champion in the 30-minute contest will take home a guaranteed \$1 million.—Ann Henderson

Hacienda, 739-8911 Fire & Ice, ice spectacular, indf.; 8pm dinner show from \$13.95 (optional), 8pm and 11pm cocktail show \$10.95, includes 2 drinks; dark Mon.

Holiday, 735-4445: Wild World of Burlesque, indf., 10pm & 12:30am Mon.-Fri., 8pm, 10pm & 12am Sat., dark Sun., \$6.95, includes 2 drinks

Imperial Palace, 733-0234: Lovelace Watkins, thru 4/30, 8pm., dark Sun., Mickey Finn Show, indf., 2pm & 4pm; dark Thurs.

Landmark, 733-1221 Spellcaster, starring Roy Clayborne, revue, 9pm & midnight; \$11.95, includes 2 drinks; dark Mon.

Las Vegas Hilton, 732-5111 Bal du Moulin Rouge de Paris, indf., 8pm dinner show from \$16.50, midnight cocktail show \$12.50

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

MGM Grand Hotel, 739-4111 *Ziegfeld Theatre*: Jubilee, indf.; 8:15pm & 11:45pm Sun.-Fri., 6:30pm, 10pm, & 12:30am Sat., \$23.50. *Celebrity Room*: Dean Martin, thru 3/2; Mac Davis, 3/3-16;

Julio Inglesis, 3/17-23; Dean Martin, 3/24-30; Oakridge Boys, Williams & Ree, 3/31-4/6

Marina, 739-2500: Nightly entertainment

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

Riviera, 734-5110: Anne Murray, thru 3/2; Charo, 3/3-16; Joan Rivers/Smothers Brothers/Jim Stafford, 3/17-23; Tony Orlando, 3/24-4/6; 8pm dinner show, midnight cocktail show

Royal Casino, 733-4000: Grin & Bare It, indf., 8pm, 10pm & midnight; \$3.95 for show only, \$9.95 dinner & show

Sahara, 737-2111 Headliner entertainment

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

Sands, 733-5000: Nightly entertainment

Showboat, 385-9123: Entertainment and dancing nightly

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

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

Sundance, 382-6111 Entertainment nightly

Tropicana, 739-2411: *Tiffany Theatre*: Folies Bergere, indf.; 8pm dinner show from \$19.50, 11:30pm cocktail show \$13.95; *Fountain Theatre*: Unknown Comic, indf., 10pm & 12:30am; \$11.95, includes 2 drinks

Union Plaza, 386-2444: "Chicago," Broadway musical, indf.; 8pm dinner show from \$9.95, 11:45pm cocktail show \$5.95, includes 2 drinks



Susan Anton makes a special appearance April 22-24 at Sahara Tahoe.

Lake Tahoe

Caesars Tahoe, 588-3515: Entertainment TBA

Cloud's Cal-Neva, 832-4000: Randy Marks & Showcase, 3/1-4/3

Crystal Bay Club, 831-0512: Nightly entertainment except Mon.

Harrah's Lake Tahoe, 588-6611 *South Shore Room*: Frank Sinatra, 3/12-14; Johnny Mathis, 3/15-17 Engelbert Humperdinck, 3/18-24; Peter, Paul & Mary, 3/25-29; Bill Cosby/Charo, 3/30-4/14; Mickey Gilley/The Smothers Brothers, 4/15-21 Tom Jones, 4/22-28; Wayne Newton, 4/29-

5/12. *Stateline Cabaret*: Heat's On, indf., Paul Revere & The Raiders, 3/3-13; Rob Hanna Salutes Rod Stewart, 3/15-20; Billy Preston, 3/22-27 Tower of Power, 3/29-4/3; Commander Cody, 4/5-10; New Riders of the Purple Sage, 4/12-17 The Platters, 4/26-5/8

Harvey's, 588-2411 Jonas, 3/1-20; Tunes Plus One, 3/7-27; Linda Riley & Texas Playgirls, 3/28-4/17 Mark Channing, 3/29-4/18 Sun Spots, 4/4-24; Silverwing, 4/4-17 Frankie Fanelli, 4/11-5/1

Hyatt Lake Tahoe, 831-1111 Lelands, 3/1-6; Don Lewis, 3/8-20; Jerry Sun, 3/22-4/3; 9pm, 11pm & 1am

Nevada Lodge, 831-0660: Nightly entertainment

Sahara Tahoe, 588-6211 Krush/Andy Bumati, 3/4-6; Kris Kristofferson/Billy Swan, 3/11-13, Glen Campbell, 3/18-20; The Osmond Brothers Starring Donny & Marie, 3/25-4/3; Ben Vereen, 4/8-10; Gordon Lightfoot, 4/15-17; David Brenner/Susan Anton, 4/22-24; 8pm dinner show from \$12.50, 11:30pm cocktail show from \$9.50

Reno, Sparks & Carson City

Carson City Nugget, 882-1626: Ottice Yawn, thru 3/27 Lelands, 3/29-5/1

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

Eldorado, 786-5700: Nightly entertainment

Fitzgerald's, 786-3663: *Cabaret*: Cathy O'Shea, thru 3/0; Silverwing, 3/21-4/3; Chris David, 4/24; Calamity Jane, 4/25-5/15; *Emerald Room*: Bet E. Martin, thru 3/6; Garfin Gathering, 3/8-27 Ron Rose, 3/29-4/17 Gene DeValle, 4/19-5/8

Harrah's Reno, 329-4422: *Headliner Room*: Dionne Warwick, thru 3/9; Sammy Davis Jr., 3/10-15 & 3/18-23; Captain & Tennille, 3/24-30; Loretta Lynn, 3/31-4/13; John Davidson/Jim Stafford, 4/14-27; Joan Rivers/Jim Stafford, 4/28-5/11; *Casino Cabaret*: Hot Streak, indf. (except Tues.); Glenn Yarbrough, thru 3/13; hypnotist Debra Duke, 3/15-27 Paul Revere & The Raiders, 3/29-4/10; Platters, 4/12-24

MGM Grand Hotel, 789-2285 (800-648-3568 toll free CA, AZ, OR, ID, UT): *Ziegfeld Theatre*: Hello Hollywood Hello, indf., 8pm dinner show from \$22, midnight cocktail show from \$18.50. *Lion's Den*:

(Continued on page 35)

Captain and Tennille live in Harrah's Reno March 24-30.



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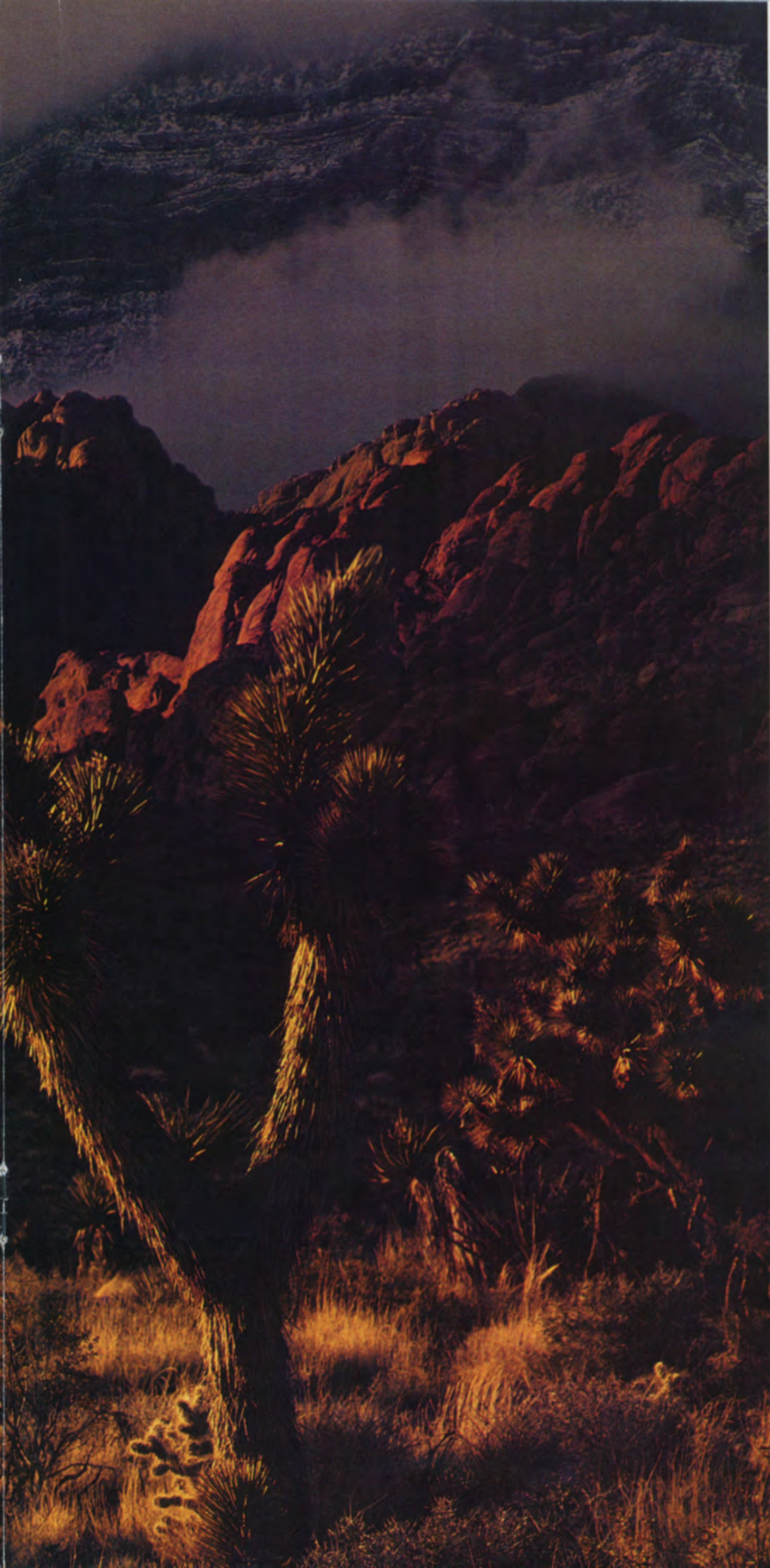
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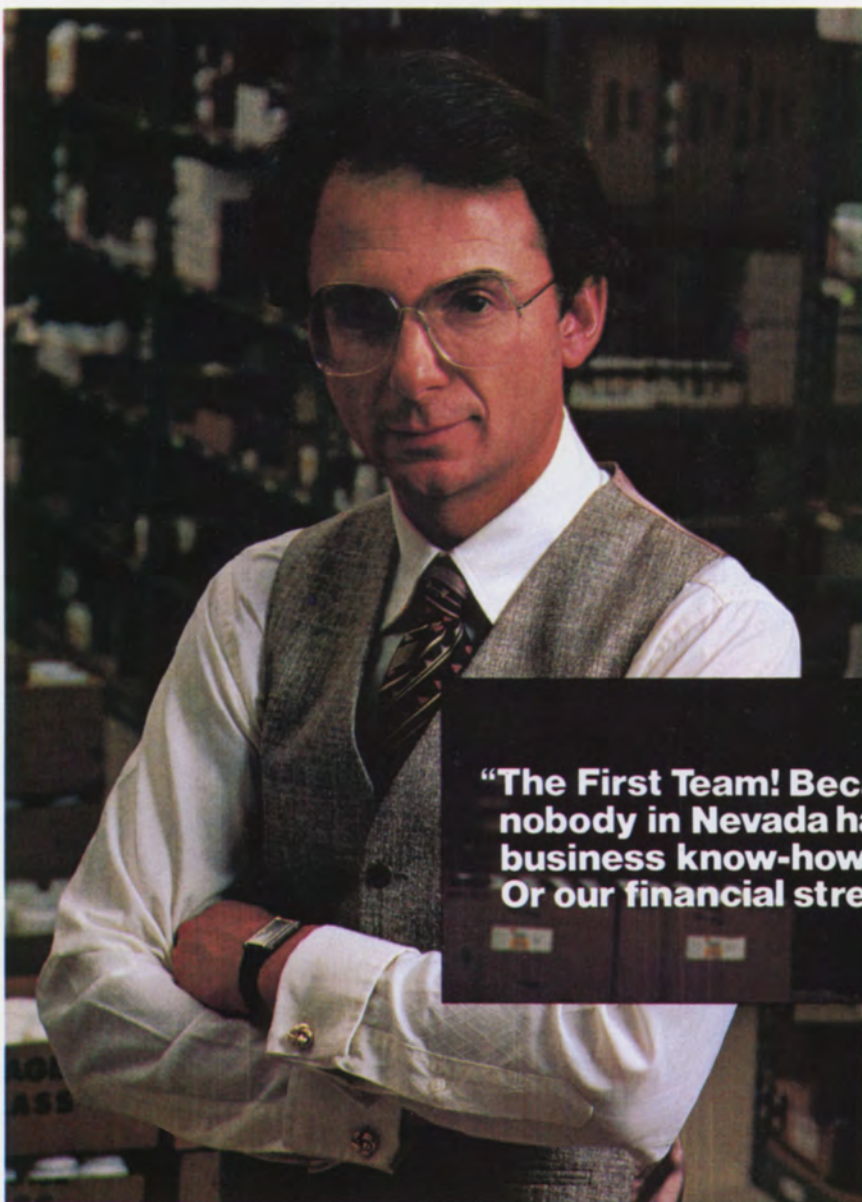
Clouds and light play on Red Rock Canyon in this evening study by David Muench, taken near the prominent red-hued escarpment west of Las Vegas. In spring the angular Joshua trees and their smaller relatives, the Mohave yuccas, are adorned with crowns of white flowers, adding a colorful counterpoint to the desert scene.

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SHOW GUIDE

(Continued from page 30)

Gaylord & Holiday/Catherine Chase, 3/2-29; Pat Collins/Mike Costley, 3/30-4/26; Leo's Lair: Allyn Gamble, thru 3/8; TBA, 3/9-4/19; Garfin Gathering, 4/20-5/10

John Ascuaga's Nugget, Sparks, 358-2233: *Casino Cabaret*: Montana, 3/8-20; Brower Brothers, Gary & Sandy, 3/22-4/10

Onslow, 786-7310: Nightly entertainment

Ormsby House, Carson City, 882-1890: *Mark Twain Bar*: Cindy London, thru 3/6; *Fortune*, 3/8-27; *Four Tunes*, 3/29-4/17; *Supper Club*: Open, 3/16; *Two of Clubs*, 3/8-4/3

Pioneer Inn, 329-9781: Nightly entertainment Wed.-Sat., no cover

Reno Hilton, 322-1111. *Opera House Theatre*: *Razzle Dazzle*, indf., *Rainbow Cabaret*: Reycards, thru 3/6; *Zella Lehr*, thru 3/7; *Krush*, 3/8-4/4; *Friends*, 3/22-4/17; *Dae Han Sisters*, 4/5-5/1; *Jonas*, 4/19-5/16

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

Shy Clown, 358-6632: Nightly entertainment

Sierra Sid's, Sparks, 359-0550: Nightly entertainment

Rural Nevada

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



The Oak Ridge Boys play March 31-April 6 at the MGM Las Vegas.

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; Stataline 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 March/April bookings, so we recommend calling ahead to confirm entertainment schedules. □

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Dr. Richard Barga commutes hundreds of miles a day in his Cessna 210, making house calls in the cow counties.

Medicine on the Barga Plan

In an age when nobody likes to make house calls, Fallon's flying doctor does nothing else. By Richard Menzies

At 7:30 on a cold November morning, Fallon's municipal airport is a ghostly apparition cloaked in mist and layered with crystalline hoarfrost. As I pull into the parking lot, I'm exhausted, having sat up all night in my motel room watching continuous weather forecasts on cable TV. Traveler's warnings are posted throughout the Great Basin, and it's snowing heavily in the Sierra as a "massive" cold front pushes its way inland. My emotional state is a mixture of one part regret and 10 parts relief, since I'm more than braced for the bad news that we won't be flying today.

Out on the tarmac Richard Barga, M.D., is standing on a ladder topping off his airplane's wing tanks with aviation fuel. His nurse, Dorothy McDonald, is stowing stuff into the cargo bay. I surmise they haven't heard the weather reports.

"Are you ready?" the doctor calls to me. Ready for what? Ready to die?

Moments later we are rumbling down the runway, taking off to the north and downwind to avoid violating the Navy's airspace over Voorhis Field. As I watch the little wheels spin, my whole life unreeels before my eyes in a matter of seconds, much

as it does in my father's home movies. Meanwhile, the pilot is a picture of serenity at the controls; fellow passenger McDonald is calmly thumbing through the pages of a paperback novel.

"You'll get used to it," she volunteers, correctly diagnosing my condition. "You won't find a safer pilot anywhere than Dr. Barga."

"You can't always go by the weather reports in Nevada," adds the doctor. "What we generally do on days like this is just go up and fly around for a while and see how it looks. We might end up burning \$150 worth

of fuel and not get anywhere, but it gives Dorothy a chance to catch up on her reading."

Slowly my pulse and respiration rates begin to stabilize as Barga pushes his turbocharged Cessna 210 heavenward above the scudding ground fog. At 13,000 feet a welcome sun begins to warm the cockpit; feeling the greenhouse effect, I shed my down-filled survival parka.

For the medical team of Barga and McDonald, it's a routine day. Five days a week they're airborne, flying to remote communities throughout Nevada that otherwise would be without regular medical care. Barga and McDonald are the nucleus of a nonprofit, charitable outfit Barga founded two years ago and christened Morningstar. Except for the airplane, Morningstar is something of a throwback to the horse-and-buggy days of the rural G.P. In an age when even plumbers seem reluctant to make house calls, Barga does nothing else.

A native of Canada, Barga arrived at his current position via serendipitous happenstance. After earning a postgraduate degree in tropical medicine in England in 1979, he decided it was time to take a leave of absence and joined with his uncle, Richard Gerish, a Fallon prospector, in looking for a lost gold mine.

"I decided I would just come here and take it easy in Nevada," he recalls. "I was an unemployed doctor at that point."

What Barga found in Fallon was an abundance of prospectors and a shortage of doctors. Before long he had become a staff member at the local hospital and established a family practice. After a few months he also started holding a weekly clinic in doctorless Austin, a hundred miles to the east. "And the drive became kind of boring—or exciting, if you wish—at night with the cows in the road. So we decided we'd buy a plane.

"I've always been interested in rural medicine," continues Barga, who grew up in a remote village in Alberta. "I've enjoyed going where the service has been less than adequate just to provide medical care. And what happened, the problems of health care in rural Nevada became quite evident to us. So my wife, Heather, and I, we just decided to go ahead with it. And Dorothy, who was working for me in the office at the time, decided that the high pay that she gets and the generous benefits were just too much to give up. So she decided to come with us."

Dorothy chuckles to herself as Morningstar One banks and turns eastward somewhere over Battle Mountain. Beneath us is a sea of clouds, unbroken except for the snowy island of Lewis Peak with its friendly radar tower. Our first scheduled stop of the day is Jackpot, in the far northeastern corner of the state, but our chances of getting there appear slim. Ahead, the view is solid cumulonimbus; a radio report from the FAA weather station at Elko confirms our observation.

As we approach Elko, the cloud cover thins somewhat. Barga spots a promising hole and drops through, and, miraculously, Harris Field appears dead ahead.

After a happy landing, we board the airport "limo" for town and a belated

breakfast at the Stockmen's Motor Hotel & Casino. As slot machines clatter and chime in the background, Barga continues his discourse on the problems of practicing medicine in the Nevada outback.

"What happens, from our experience, is that the two groups that suffer are your old folks and your young kids. The old folks won't leave town to see a doctor. They'll stay there and die, or almost get to the point where they're dead before they'll allow themselves to be taken somewhere. And the younger kids, it's usually the young parents who're making the decisions, and it's hard to evaluate a young child with a fever or coughing. 'Should we take him a hundred miles or should we wait?' So what happens, we end up with a lot of pneumonias coming in. So it's these two population groups that suffer, the very young or the very old.

"We make house calls in some of these places. I mean, some old folks won't even come to the clinic. Almost to a person they'll always say, 'I never go to the doctor. But this

“



“When we cross over this next ridge,” the pilot says, “We’ll either be in McDermitt or Seattle.”

”

ulcer on my leg, do you wanna look at it? I've been puttin' horse liniment on it for the last two weeks, but it's not gettin' better.”

After breakfast we return to Harris Field, where we're informed Jackpot is still socked in. Barga entertains the idea of renting a car and driving the remaining 118 miles, but his Hippocratic sense is offended by the idea of a physician driving a car that says "Hertz" on it. Meanwhile, Dorothy has put through a call to the Jackpot clinic, but gets no answer. Evidently the clinic receptionist has written off this day as a "no-show." Any patients there will have to drive to Twin Falls or Elko, or go home to their horse liniment.

Airborne again, Barga sets his compass west by northwest in the direction of his second scheduled stop of the day, McDermitt. Five thousand feet below, the meandering Humboldt makes a serpentine squiggle across the otherwise blank snowscape. As we continue westward, however, the white gives way to brown, and the noontime sun breaks clear against a field of blue. Barga is right; Nevada weather is unpredictable.

"Every day is different," he declares.

"Every day is interesting. It never gets to be routine. Sometimes by the time we get to where we're going, we feel like we've already put in a full day. But it's just time to get started."

The topography of northern Nevada is a succession of sage-covered basins and barren ranges. Before long the compression in my ears tells me that we are slipping altitude, gliding gently over a moonscape of convoluted gray and brown foothills, with no sign of human habitation in sight.

"When we cross over this next ridge," comes the pilot's laconic announcement, "we'll either be in McDermitt or Seattle."

We cross the ridge and, seeing no space needle, I surmise it isn't Seattle. The moonscape gives way to the geometry of civilization—fences, fields and roads; rooftops of ranch houses encircled by junked cars and castoff appliances like the June Taylor dancers.

Morningstar One touches down on a tiny runway at the edge of downtown McDermitt, Nevada, and rolls to a stop in Oregon. I am feeling vaguely queasy, but Dr. Barga cautions me that he isn't licensed to practice medicine at this end of the runway.

Taxiing back to Nevada, we are met by Honorine Bengoa, receptionist and general coordinator of the McDermitt medical clinic. We load several fishing tackle boxes full of medicine into Honorine's car, for since McDermitt has no drugstore, Barga must act as pharmacist as well as physician.

McDermitt's medical center is tidy and clean, and the waiting room is empty. As with the doctor's other stops, patients don't need appointments, but are served on a first-come-first-served basis. Today, perhaps because of the iffy weather, there will be no waiting.

The first business of the day is a follow-up treatment for three children who accidentally swallowed rat poison the night before and were rushed 73 miles to Winnemucca for emergency treatment. Luckily, the prognosis is good, and Barga discusses antidotes and future preventive measures with a weary-looking rancher.

Next, Diana Lasa brings in her three-month-old daughter, Erin, for a checkup. Erin appears well and happy, as does her mother.

Dr. Barga's the best doctor I've had," she says. "He's easy to talk to, and he takes the time to explain things to you in terms you can understand."

In all, the doctor sees just four patients before a lowering sun and the empty waiting room tell us it's time to close up shop. One does not make instrument landings at the Fallon airport.

Winging our way homeward, we skirt the edge of the foreboding Black Rock Desert, brooding in a dusky murk of swirling mist. As the horizon darkens, I grow philosophical. The median annual income of general practitioners in this country is \$60,000 a year; by my reckoning, Dr. Barga hasn't broken even today. Is he the world's last idealist, I wonder? The reincarnation of Albert Schweitzer?

"I guess we're only idealists in the sense we have an idea," he answers, "and it's a

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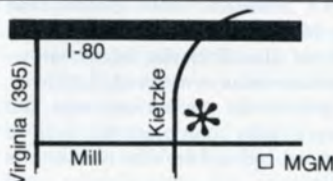
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good idea, and it works. We've proven it works over two years.

"I mean, I get it all the time—there must be some angle to it, that I must be rakin' it in somewhere along the line. People don't believe that you're just doing it because you want to provide health care to those people. And I really want it to remain a nonprofit, charitable organization; I want it to stay that way for its entire history, and I'd really like to see it go on for decades and decades."

Ideally, he'd like to expand the operation to include two more doctors and nurses and a couple more airplanes operating from bases in Fallon and Elko. Working hand-in-hand with resident nurse practitioners and physician's assistants, Barga is convinced Project Morningstar could effectively "take care of half the rural health problem in Nevada. It's a problem that could be solved in six months."

On the darker side, Project Morningstar could also be defunct in six months. That's about how much longer Barga figures he can continue to run on red ink. While he can't pinpoint the estimated hour of extinction, he figures it will likely coincide with the due date for his next required engine overhaul.

"It'll just put us out of business. I mean, there'll just be nothin' to do. We'll be probably sitting there with an airplane I can't fly and I can't fix. It'll probably be repossessed, is what'll happen to it. It'll be that bad, but I won't regret it or anything. That'll be one way of coming to an end whereby I can always look back and say I just didn't have any way out of it.

"See, Nevada has still got a tinge of the frontier. It's a good place; you can do what you want and if you fail, you can say fine, you failed, and I'm not gonna cry on anybody's shoulder or anything. Even if we go broke and have to stop our service, I think the idea has been proven. It's just a matter of bodies—physicians and nurses—to completely solve the problem."

The world outside is growing increasingly dark and sinister as we cruise low over the eerie marshlands of the Carson Sink. Ahead, the cloud ceiling dips lower and lower, touching the horizon somewhere in the vicinity of our destination. We press on through the narrowing corridor, watching for landmarks, navigating by what my old flight instructor used to call "Visual Fright Route." Happily, just as we are about to be enveloped in mist, the end of the runway appears and we settle down on the hallowed terra firma of Fallon's municipal airport. By the time we have taxied to a stop, visibility has dropped to less than a quarter of a mile and it's beginning to snow.

Later that evening I found myself sitting in the cozy warmth of the Fallon Nugget, sipping coffee and pouring over a roadmap in search of tomorrow's adventure.

"If I were you," volunteered the waitress as she refilled my cup, "I wouldn't drive anywhere in this weather." □

Richard Menzies, a regular Nevada contributor, says he's been wary of flying since the day, at age 18, he found himself alone at the controls of a 1943 Piper Cub, 600 feet off the ground.

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nevada 83

The state's big shots appear in the Elko museum's annual traveling photo show.

For the ninth year a select crowd of pros and amateurs will see their photographs go public in the annual traveling photo show of the Northeastern Nevada Museum in Elko. The results of the Nevada 83 photo contest are in, and Howard Hickson, museum director and contest creator, says he was impressed by both the quality and sheer number of entries. More than 1,000 prints and slides, a record, were entered. Judging the avalanche were three professional photographers: Hickson, Linda

Dufurrena of Winnemucca, and Nevada editor-publisher Caroline J. Hadley.

Many entries will receive recognition, but the contest's prestige is not confined to scrolls and the \$1,500 awarded to winners. The winning photos tour the state for a year as part of Nevada 83, which includes a print exhibition and a narrated slide show. Last year the show was seen by 69,631 people in 11 Nevada towns and cities. "That makes it the most-attended art event in the state," says Hickson. □



"Roger"

Tad Cheyenne Schutt, Las Vegas
Best of Show, Black & White



"Waitin' to Ride"
Tad Cheyenne Schutt, Las Vegas
Best of Show, Color Slides



"Crystal Bar"
Roy DeGiovanni, Sparks
Best of Show, Color Prints

Nevada 83 Winners

BLACK & WHITE

Best of Show: "Roger," Tad Cheyenne Schutt, Las Vegas. **First:** "Big Thunder, Little Thunder," Richard Menzies, Salt Lake City. **Second (Tie):** "Circus Circus, Reno," Richard Menzies, Salt Lake City, and "Cowboy Dreams," Tad Cheyenne Schutt, Las Vegas. **Third (Tie):** "Work's Over" and "Summer Storm," Harry Upson, Reno.

Merits: "Storm Over Carlin" and "Tom & Donna's Currie Store," Reinhold Schable, Washougal, WA.; "High Contrast," Harry Upson, Reno; "The Sundance," "Kickin' Stars" and "Oasis in Neon," Tad Cheyenne Schutt, Las Vegas.

COLOR PRINTS

Best of Show: "Crystal Bar," Roy DeGiovanni, Sparks. **First (Tie):** "Washoe Winter," Leon Drew, Egg Harbor City, NJ, and "One Stop Shop," Chad B. Smith, Logan, UT. **Second (Tie):** "Guardian of the Nest," Ray Foster, Pahrump, and "Red Dog Saloon," Kaz Yonekura, Hazen. **Third (Tie):** "The Last of the Wagons," Tom Puckett, East Ely; "The Shepherd," Susan Moore, Winnemucca; and "Checking for Horns," Tracy A. Mori, Tuscarora.

Merits: "Setting the Trap," Tracy A. Mori, Tuscarora; "Snow Time," Molly C. Jackson, Fallon; "Sandstone Wall," Alan Bittler, Reno; "Untitled," Lynn Starrett Janssen, Minden; "Old Latch," Stephen Johns, Carson City; "Waiting For His Turn," Tammy Mori, Tuscarora; "Serenity," Loreen R. Blanton, Winnemucca; "Washoe Winter," James Gilmore, Genoa; "Winter on the Carson River," Nicollette Gianikos, Sparks.

COLOR SLIDES

Best of Show: "Waitin' to Ride," Tad Cheyenne Schutt, Las Vegas. **First:** "Ferns on Thomas Peak," Michael H. Gallagher, Elko. **Second (Tie):** "Mountain Mahogany," Michael Surber, Reno, and "Petroglyphs," Alan Bittler, Reno. **Third (Tie):** "Too Cold For Comfort," Tammy Mori, Tuscarora; "Fly Hot Springs," Gary Yarbrough, Reno; and "Castaways," Norma J. Giudici, Santa Clara, CA.

Merits: "Festival Feet A-Flying" and "House of Many Signs," John Biale, Carson City; "Team Roping," Stephen Johns, Carson City; "Setting the Trap," Tracy A. Mori, Tuscarora; "Radiation," Leo Barusch, Roseville, CA.

Where to See the Show

Elko: March 1-31, Northeastern Nevada Museum
Winnemucca: April 6-20, County Library
Lovelock: April 27-May 11, County Library
Reno: May 18-June 22, County Library
Carson City: June 29-Aug. 3, State Museum
Genoa: Aug. 10-24, Courthouse Museum
Yerington: Aug. 31-Sept. 14, County Library
Hawthorne: Sept. 21-Oct. 3, Walker Wassuk
Tonopah: Oct. 12-26, Historical Society
Las Vegas: Nov. 6-Dec. 7, Las Vegas Art Museum
Overton: Dec. 14-28, Community Center
Las Vegas: Jan. 4-25, Las Vegas Library
Ely: Feb. 3-23, County Library

More winning photographs from Nevada 83 will be presented in the next issue.

THE NEVADA CALENDAR FOR MARCH & APRIL

Your complete, day-by-day guide to events and celebrations throughout the Silver State.

By Melissa Cronin



The Desert's Road Warriors

This spring the Mint 400 celebrates its 15th year with the richest and toughest off-road race in America. If the \$100,000 in prize money is sweet, the 400-mile course through the southern Nevada desert is brutal on cars and drivers. In this race it's often not whether you win or lose, but whether you finish at all. Parnelli Jones was in the race six years before he finished in 1973—and won, surviving an unexpected monsoon that drenched drivers with rain, sleet and snow.

This year's event takes place April 28 to May 1. When Las Vegas plays supreme host—a role it has spent a lifetime perfecting—to the Mint 400, it doesn't just roll out the red carpet. On Friday April 29, an entire block on Fremont Street and three other downtown streets near the Mint Hotel will be cordoned off. There you can see cars and drivers close-up as they gather for pre-race technical and safety inspections. In past years you'd find such bluebloods as Parnelli Jones, Rick Mears, Roger Ward, Al and Bobby Unser, Rod Hall, Kitty O'Neil, Mickey Thompson, James Garner and Steve McQueen with their desert-outfitted machines in Mint condition.

On race day, Saturday April 30, the pomp and ceremony will be put aside as racers and machines regroup at the Las Vegas Speedrome north of town. Engines scream and drivers and pit crews busy themselves in pre-race preparations. Their cars must be tough enough to last the course, which consists of four 100-mile laps through the desert around Las Vegas. Spectator and checking points will be positioned throughout, with easy access from main roads.

South

MARCH

"Starting Here, Starting Now," thru 3/19, play, 8pm Tues.-Sat., also 2:30pm Sat., Meadows Playhouse, Las Vegas, 739-7525

UNLV v. Oklahoma State University, 1-2, baseball, 2pm, UNLV, 739-3207

"Ten Little Indians," 3-4/2, Agatha Christie mystery, 8:30pm Thurs.-Sat., also 3pm Sun. matinees on March 6 and 27 Las Vegas Little Theatre, 735-0167

UNLV v. BYU, 4-5, baseball, doubleheaders, noon, UNLV, 739-3207

Las Vegas Silvers v. Reno Bighorns, 4-5, pro basketball, 8pm, Sports Complex, Tropicana Hotel, Las Vegas, 369-7077

"Company," 4-5, play by Steve Sondheim, 8pm, also 2pm on Sat., Clark County Community College Little Theatre, Las Vegas, 643-6060

"Strider," 4-5, 10-13, musical by Mark Rozovsky, 8pm, also 2pm March 13, Judy Bayley Theatre, UNLV, 739-3801

"Wind in the Willows," 4-20, Rainbow Company, 7pm Fri., 2pm Sat. & Sun., also 7pm on March 12 and 19, Reed Whipple Cultural Center, Las Vegas, 386-6553

Festival Chamber Players in Concert, 6, free, 3pm, Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas, 386-6384

Helsinki Philharmonic Orchestra, 7 Master Series concert, 8pm, Ham Concert Hall, UNLV, 739-3535

"Alexander Nevsky," 7 free film, 7pm, Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas, 386-6384

State AAA & AA High School Basketball Tournaments, 7-9, Convention Center, Las Vegas, Bert Cooper 885-4390

UNLV v. Florida State, 10-12, baseball, 2pm, UNLV, 739-3207

Thunderbirds Air Show, 12, Nellis Air Force Base, Las Vegas, 643-2750

UNLV v. Arizona State, 15-16, baseball, 7pm, UNLV, 739-3207

Annual Spring Dance Concert, 18-19, Contemporary Dance Theatre and Solaris, 8pm, Judy Bayley Theatre, UNLV, 739-3666

UNLV v. Utah, 18-19, baseball, 7pm Fri., 5pm doubleheader Sat., UNLV, 739-3207

"Harvest: 3,000 Years," 21 free film, 7pm, Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas, 386-6384

"Meet the Masters," 22, concert with violinist Kalman Banyak, cellist Peter Reito and pianist Virko Baley performing Beethoven's Triple Concerto with the Las Vegas Symphony; Also featuring Tchaikovsky and Mozart, 8pm, Ham Concert Hall, UNLV, 739-3332

UNLV v. Cal State, Los Angeles, 22-23, baseball, 2pm Tues., 4pm doubleheader Wed., UNLV, 739-3207

UNLV v. Tulane, 24-26, baseball, 4pm Thurs., 4pm doubleheader Fri., and noon Sat., UNLV, 739-3207

16th Annual Desert Dancers Spring Festival, 25-26, 10pm Fri., round dance workshop, \$2.50; 12pm Sat., barbecue chicken dinner, \$3.50, 2:30-4:30pm square dance workshop, \$2, 8pm main dancing, \$3. Package deal for entire festival, \$20 per couple, \$8.50 per child under 16. Virgin Valley High School Gym, Mesquite, 346-5761

UNLV v. Northern Colorado, 26, baseball, 2pm, UNLV, 739-3207

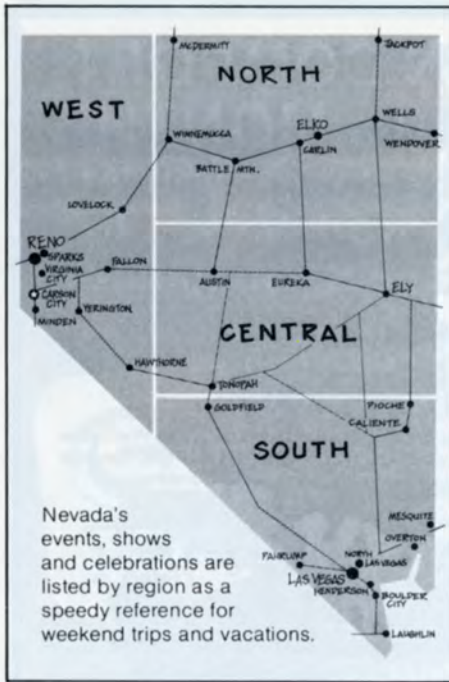
European-Style Flea Market, 26-27 9am, Las Vegas Convention Center, 733-2335

Barton Gray Chamber Ensemble, 27 free, 3pm,



Famous Swingers at the D.I.

The world's best women golfers—including famous non-hackers like Nancy Lopez, Donna Caponi, and Patty Sheehan—shoot for a \$30,000 first prize on April 7-10 in the Desert Inn's LPGA J&B Scotch Pro-Am. Spectators are welcome at the \$200,000 tournament, which will be held at the Desert Inn and Las Vegas country clubs. Amateurs and guest celebrities join the touring professionals for the first three days of play, with the pros playing the D.I. links on Sunday's final round. Lopez is the defending champ.



Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas, 386-6384

Art-A-Fair, 27-4/29, annual juried exhibition, free, 3pm reception at Flamingo Library March 27 artwork shown at both the Flamingo Library and Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas, 386-6384

Science Fair, 29-30, displays by Clark County students, Convention Center, Las Vegas, 386-4906

"The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," 31 free film, 2pm and 7pm, Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas, 386-6384



JAY ALDRICH

Snowfest at Tahoe

A 10-day blizzard of celebrations and ski events descends on North Lake Tahoe with the arrival of Snowfest on March 4-13. More than 90 events are scheduled in Tahoe City, Truckee, and area resorts, including torchlight parades, dances, cookoffs, the Mr. Lake Tahoe Contest, a yodellers' meet, and World Cup ballet skiing.

APRIL

"Ten Little Indians," thru 2, Agatha Christie mystery, 8:30pm, Las Vegas Little Theatre, 735-0167

Art-A-Fair, thru 29, annual juried exhibition, free, artwork shown at both the Flamingo Library and Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas, 386-6384

San Diego Padres v. Seattle Mariners, 1 major league exhibition baseball game to open Las Vegas Stars' 1983 Triple-A season, 1:30pm, Cashman Field, Las Vegas, 733-0600

Paradise Park Art Fair, 2-3, 10am-5pm, Paradise Park Community Center, Las Vegas, 451-8825

"Pygmalion," 4, comedy film, free, 7pm, Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas, 386-6384

"Gifts of an Eagle," 4, Audubon wildlife film with talk by filmmaker Kent Durden, 7:30pm, Wright Hall, UNLV, 739-3394

Desert Inn J&B Scotch LPGA Tournament, 4-10, pro-Am golf with top women pros, Desert Inn Country Club, Las Vegas, 733-4488

"Beauty and the Beast Ballet," 5, dance film, free, 7pm, Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas, 386-6384

Mainz Chamber Orchestra, 5, Master Series concert, Ham Concert Hall, UNLV, 739-3535

UNLV v. Loyola Marymount, 8-9, baseball, 7pm Fri., 5pm doubleheader Sat., UNLV, 739-3207

"Loose Ends," 8-9, 14-17 romantic comedy by Michael Weller, 8pm, also 2pm on April 17 Judy Bayley Theatre, UNLV, 739-3801

Boulder City Spring Jamboree & Black Canyon Juried Art Show, 9-10, pancake breakfast 8am at City Park, 2- and 6-mile fun runs 9am, sidewalk merchant sales and golf tournaments on Sat., rodeo at Horseman's Arena starting in afternoon both Sat. and Sun., art show on Sat. and Sun. with barbecue at 4:30pm Sat. in Gazebo Park followed by art auction at 6:30pm next-door at City Hall; Boulder City, 293-2034

An Afternoon in Old Vienna, 10, dancing to waltzes and polkas with the Las Vegas Civic Symphony, conducted by William Gromko, Reed Whipple Cultural Center, Las Vegas, 386-6211

"The Ebb and Flow," 11 dance film, free, 7pm, Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas, 386-6384

Las Vegas Stars v. Salt Lake Gulls, 10-13, pro



JAY ALDRICH

Up, Up and Away

On Easter week, March 27 to April 3, the quiet Minden Airport awakens to throngs of sailplanes and pilots from around the country for the 17th Annual Pasco Wave Camp. They come to show their ships, hold workshops, and compete for trophies and glory. But mostly they come to catch the best wind in the world—the Sierra Wave. The wave is created when Pacific winds rush in off the ocean, flow over the flatlands of California, and gush over the Sierra Nevada, creating ridges of air that can carry a good pilot and ship 40,000 feet and higher. This year's Wave Camp is preceded by an International Soaring Convention at the MGM Grand in Reno from March 23 to 26, with exhibits, workshops, seminars and speakers.



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baseball, 7:30pm, 1:30pm on Sun., Cashman Field, Las Vegas, 733-0600

"The Mousetrap," 12-5/14, Agatha Christie mystery, 8pm, Tues.-Sat., also 2:30pm on Sat., Meadows Playhouse, Las Vegas, 739-7525

Senior Olympics, 14-17 for ages 55 and over, softball, racquetball, basketball, bike races, tennis, swimming, bocci, bowling, pool, table tennis, shuffleboard, horseshoes, and golf, registration in February for fourth annual event, UNLV, 565-8539 or 385-5284

Tropicana Blackjack Tournament, 14-17 Tropicana Hotel, Las Vegas, 739-2222

Alan King Caesars Palace Tennis Classic, 14-18, pro tournament, Caesars Palace, Las Vegas, 731-7110

UNLV v. Grand Canyon College, 15-16, baseball, 7pm Fri., 5pm doubleheader Sat., UNLV, 739-3207

Las Vegas Stars v. Tacoma Tigers, 15-18, pro baseball, 7:30pm Fri. & Mon., 1:30pm Sat. & Sun., Cashman Field, Las Vegas, 733-0600

"The Magnificent Beginning," 18, dance film, free, 7pm, Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas, 386-6384

14th Annual World Series of Poker, 18-5/19, month-long competition with 13 events and \$2.6 million in overall prize money; most buy-ins are \$1,000 or more, culminating in the no-limit, \$10,000-buy-in Texas Hold 'Em Championship on May 16-19, Binion's Horseshoe Casino, Las Vegas, 382-1600

Las Vegas Home Improvement Show, 20-23, Las Vegas Convention Center, 733-2335

Henderson Industrial Days, 20-24, beauty pageant, talent contest, golf and bowling tournament, parade and rodeo, Henderson, 565-8951

"Bleacher Bums," 22-23, play, 8pm, Clark County Community College Little Theatre, Las Vegas, 643-6060

Silk Purse Ranch Horse Trials & Festival, 22-24, top-flight equestrian competition based on the Olympic's three-day event, with dressage (controlled riding), cross-country (steeplechase and jumps), and stadium jumping at Silk Purse Ranch, 10 miles north of Las Vegas on U.S. 95 on Racell Road, off entrance road to Floyd Lamb State Park. Festival is at the park, with booths, dance floor and

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Big Jam In Boulder

The citizens of Boulder City celebrate winter's end on April 9 and 10 at their annual Spring Jamboree and Black Canyon Juried Art Festival. Festivities begin on Saturday with a pancake breakfast at 8am, followed by foot races, arts and crafts demonstrations, sidewalk sales, a golf tourney, dog show, and at high noon a tug-o-war between city workers and merchants. A gala barbecue at 4:30 p.m. followed by an art auction at 6:30 ends the day. The art show, which includes mixed media, oil, sculpture, and watercolors by Western artists, continues all weekend.



Henderson Town Party

Henderson, created in 1941, is the youngest city in Nevada, and each year its residents share their good fortune with southern Nevada neighbors and visitors during Industrial Days. This year's community bash is April 20-24 with competitions in golf, bowling, and softball, a rodeo, parade, beauty contest, and talent show amidst general celebration. Above is Shelley Marquis, Miss Industrial Days of 1982.

entertainment. 8am-7pm Fri.-Sun., equestrian information 645-3223, festival booths 363-0020

Festival of Arts, 23, Valley Playhouse, Mesquite, 346-5569

Oakland Ballet, 26, Ham Concert Hall, UNLV, 739-3535

"Shadow Box," 28, by Michael Christofer, Las Vegas Little Theatre, 735-0167

\$300,000 Mint 400 Desert Race, 28-5/1 the biggest off-road race in the nation with 500 cars competing in 13 classes. Registration on 28th, technical and safety inspection on 29th on Fremont St., where you can meet cars and drivers. Race starts on the 30th at Las Vegas Speedrome and follows a 100-mile loop; awards on May 1 Mint Hotel, Las Vegas, 385-7440

Original Play, 29, by winner of the Rainbow Company's Third National Playwright Contest, Reed Whipple Cultural Center, Las Vegas, 386-6553

"Bleacher Bums," 29-30, play, 8pm, Clark County Community College Little Theatre, Las Vegas, 643-6060

Las Vegas Civic Ballet in Concert, 29-5/1 \$4, 8pm Fri. & Sat., 2pm Sun., Charleston Heights Arts Center, Las Vegas, 386-6384

Central

APRIL

Nevada State Men's Bowling Tourney, 8-10, 15-17 22-24, 29-5/1 5/6-5/8; 6pm Fri., 9am Sat.-Sun., singles, doubles, teams and handicapped play, final competition 5/6-8; Sunset Lanes, Ely, 289-8811

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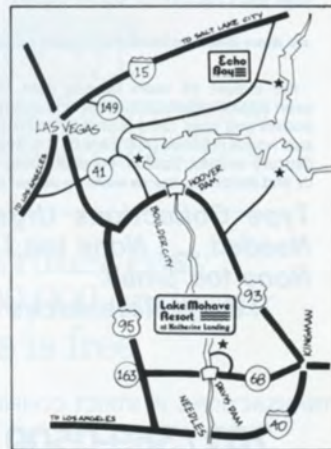
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vention, 30-5/1, Bristlecone Convention Center,
Ely, 289-3720

North

MARCH

Flying W's Motocross, 13, classes from mini-
bikes to old timers, 9:30am, Calder Cycle Park,
Winnemucca, 623-3577

Shepherd's Ball, 19, party, traditional Basque
dancing and popular dancing from the waltz to the
twist, 9pm, Elko Basque Center, 738-9957

**World Championship Cutter and Chariot
Races**, 19-20, 25-27 featuring top drivers and
horses in the West, fairgrounds racetrack, Elko,
738-7135

APRIL

Flying W's Motocross, 3, classes from minibikes
to old timers, 9:30am, Calder Cycle Park, Winne-
mucca, 623-3577

Wine Tasting, 4, 6pm, dinner 7pm, dance 8pm,
Winnemucca Convention Center, 623-2225

LDS Cutting Horse Contest, 13-16, Littledyke
Stables, Wells, 752-3465

**Fifth Annual Cabin Fever Reliever Square
Dance**, 15-16; square dance 7:30-10:30pm on
Fri., on Sat., round dance workshop 10am-noon,
square dance workshop 2-4pm, square dancing,
8-10:30pm; \$20 a couple per weekend, \$10 single
or \$3 per dance, Grammar School No. 2, Elko, 738-
3666

Cactus Pete's Air Race, 16, Cloudbusters Flying
Club, from Spokane to Jackpot

Wells Pony Express Race, 23, relay horse race,
noon, Rodeo Grounds, Wells, 752-3328

Fifth Ever Winnemucca Grand Prix, 24, cross-
country motorcycle race, six laps around a 20-mile
course, 10am, Winnemucca Mountain, Winne-
mucca, 623-3577

West

ONGOING EVENTS

Dayton Flea Market, weekends

Carson & Mills Park Railroad, train rides, 11am-
4pm Fri.-Sun., Carson City, 883-0587

MARCH

International Super Forties Competition, thru
3, World Cup master's downhill for competitors 35
and over, 10am, Heavenly Valley, South Lake
Tahoe, 916-541-1330

Take Me Out to Cashman

There's a new game in southern Nevada this
spring. It's Triple-A professional baseball
with the Las Vegas Stars, a new entry in the
Pacific Coast League. The Stars, who rank
just a step below the majors, are a farm club
of the San Diego Padres and will play their
home games in the new, 9,200-seat Cash-
man Field north of downtown. The season
opens April 1 when the parent club comes to
town for a major-league exhibition game
against the Seattle Mariners. For informa-
tion on tickets and schedules, call the Stars
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Over-the-Hill-Gang Ski Week, thru 5, races and barbecues for seniors over 50, Heavenly Valley, South Lake Tahoe, 916-541-1330

Pinzgauer H Bar L Ranch Cattle Sale, 2-6, State Fairgrounds Pavilion, Reno, 785-4306

WCSD Youth Symphony & Junior Orchestra Annual Spring Concert, 3, free, 7:30pm, Pioneer Theatre, Reno, 786-5105

Christian Concert, 4, Pioneer Theatre, Reno, 786-5105

UNR v. Utah, 4-5, baseball, doubleheaders, noon, Moana Stadium, Reno, 784-4697

"Music Man," 4-6, Proscenium Players musical, 8pm Fri.-Sat., 2pm Sun., Community Center, Carson City, 883-1976

Snowfest, 4-13, winter celebration with more than 90 events, including ski races at Tahoe Donner Ski Ranch, Squaw Valley, Granlibakken, Tahoe Nordic Center, Alpine Meadows, Homewood, Tahoe Ski Bowl, Northstar, and Big Chief, with cookoffs, parades, contests and endless parties. For a copy of the complete schedule call the North Lake Tahoe Chamber of Commerce, 916-587-2371

Children's Art Auction, 5, auction of art work created by 2, 3, 4 and 5-year-olds and wine tasting, proceeds to the Child and Family Center, \$3, Jot Travis Student Union, UNR, 784-6762

Northern Nevada Energy Expo, 5-6, sponsored by Nevada Department of Energy, V&T Room Convention Center, Reno, 885-5157

Reno Chamber Orchestra, 6, soloist Roy Malan, violinist, 3pm, Reno Little Theater, 323-0239

The Great Ski Race, 6, 30km cross-country ski race from Tahoe to Truckee, party at the Hilltop Lodge in Truckee and over 200 prizes, proceeds to Tahoe Nordic Search and Rescue Team, \$10, 9am, Tahoe Nordic Ski Center, Tahoe City, 916-583-9858

"As You Like It," 6, play, National Shakespearean Company, 7:30pm, Pioneer Theatre, Reno, 786-5105

UNR v. Oregon Tech, 8, baseball, doubleheader, noon, Moana Stadium, Reno, 784-4697

Reno Bighorns v. Las Vegas Silvers, 8 & 10, pro basketball, 7:30pm, Convention Center, Reno, Ray Maldonado 323-1868

"The Man of Mode," 10-12, Lake Tahoe Community College Theatre, 7pm, South Lake Tahoe, 916-541-7597

Reno International Jazz Festival, 10-13, largest educational jazz gathering in the world, with student musicians from the U.S., Canada and Mexico and professional jazz groups from around the world; guest artist concert features the Akiyoshi-Tabackin Big Band at 8pm on Fri., Pioneer Theatre, Reno, 786-5105

Opera Auction, 11-12, fundraiser for Nevada

(Continued on page 53)

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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.

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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.



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4250 South Virginia Street
Reno. 825-1776

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LOUIS' BASQUE CORNER

301 E. 4th Street
Reno. 323-7203

Louis' restaurant offers a warm, unhurried atmosphere that hints of yesterday. Master chefs prepare genuine Basque cuisine such as Tripes Callos, Poulet a la Basquaise, Paella, Boeuf Bourguignon, and entrees including Coq au Vin (chicken in red wine sauce), Lapin Chasseur (hunter's rabbit), and Ris de Veau (sweetbreads) as well as many other delicious French and Spanish Basque dishes all served family style with complimentary wine. You can enjoy a famous picon punch, cafe royal or perhaps an Izarra or choose from Louis' extensive wine list. Basque culture is reflected in the pottery, artifacts and pictures from the Pyrenees which grace the walls of the two traditional dining rooms. Louis and Lorraine Erreguible host many special dinners and parties in this authentic Basque restaurant. Ample free parking. Lunch: Mon.-Fri., 11:30-1:30; Dinner nightly at 6 p.m. All major credit cards accepted.

(Sagebrush Gourmet continued next page)



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Ethel M Chocolate Factory,458-8864
McCarran Airport
Meadows Mall (Upper Level next
to Diamonds)
Union Plaza Hotel
Fashion Show Mall

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.

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STAR HOTEL

245 Silver (at Third)
Eiko. 738-9925

The Star Hotel was built in 1909 as a boarding-house for Basque shepherders and ranchers. Today the Star Hotel still houses shepherders, 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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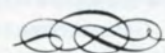
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(Continued from page 47)

Opera Assn., with sale and mini-auction 5-10pm Fri. and cocktails, dinner and auction at 6pm Sat., Little Flower Church Hall, Reno, 786-4046

"Music Man," 11-13, Proscenium Players musical, 8pm Fri.-Sat., 2pm matinee Sun., Community Center, Carson City, 883-1976

John Denver Celebrity Ski Race, 12-13, 10am, Heavenly Valley, South Lake Tahoe, 916-541-1330, co-host Harrah's Tahoe, 702-588-6611

KOZZ-KONE Bazaar '83 Trade Show, 13, live broadcasts, balloon rides, entertainment, booths, free, 10am-6pm, Convention Center, Reno, 329-9261

Capitol Community Concert, 14, Veri and Jamanis, duo-pianists who specialize in Gershwin, 8pm, Community Center, Carson City, 883-5735

Reno Bighorns v. Las Vegas Silvers, 14-15, pro basketball, 7:30pm, Convention Center, Reno, Ray Maldonado 323-1868

UNR v. Cal State Chico, 15, baseball, 2pm, Moana Stadium, Reno, 784-4697

Impressions of Mary Cassatt, 15, one-woman musical, 8pm, Brewery Arts Center, Carson City, 883-1976

UNR v. Whitman College, 16-17 baseball, 2pm, Moana Stadium, Reno, 784-4697

"The Man of Mode," 16-19, Lake Tahoe Community College Theatre, 7pm, South Lake Tahoe, 916-541-7597

St. Patrick's Day Boxing Festival, 17 tickets are \$7.50, \$10 and \$15, 8pm, Community Center, Carson City, 882-5087

Spring into the Arts '83, 17-20, concerts, wine and cheese tasting, arts show, Shoppers Square, Reno, 323-0430

Thieves Market, 20, 16th annual show and sale of antiques, collectibles, crafts, artwork and home-made food by Daughters of the Nile, 9am-5pm,

State Fairgrounds Exhibit Hall, Reno, 785-4306
UNR v. Eastern Washington, 22, baseball, doubleheader, noon, Moana Stadium, Reno, 784-4697

Reno Philharmonic Orchestra, 22, "Overture to Tannhauser" by Richard Wagner and "Carmina Burana" by Carl Orff, 8pm, Pioneer Theatre, Reno, 329-1324

UNR v. San Francisco, 23, baseball, doubleheader, noon, Moana Stadium, Reno, 784-4697

Reno Autorama, 25-27 5-11pm Fri., noon-11pm Sat., noon-9pm Sun., Convention Center, Reno, 825-5100

"Watch on the Rhine," 25,26,27 and 31 play by Lillian Hellman, 8:30pm, also 2:30 Sun., Reno Little Theater, 329-0661

Echo Summit to Kirkwood Ski Race, 26, \$15 per person, \$30 per team, 10am, Kirkwood Ski Touring Center, 209-258-8864

Tanner's World Wide Flea Market, 27 Convention Center, Reno, 825-5100

Pasco Wave Camp, 27-4/3, 17th annual flying and wave camp, Douglas County Airport, Minden, Janet Clark 916-756-4185

International Super Forties Competition, 28, downhill competition for skiers 35 and over, Heavenly Valley, South Lake Tahoe, 916-541-1330

UNR v. Lewis & Clark, 31 baseball, doubleheader, 1pm, Moana Stadium, Reno, 784-4697

APRIL

Pasco Wave Camp, thru 3, 17th annual flying and wave camp, Douglas County Airport, Minden, Janet Clark 916-756-4185

UNR v. Lewis & Clark, 1 doubleheader, noon, Moana Stadium, Reno, 784-4697

Antique Show & Sale, 1-3, V&T Room, Convention Center, Reno, 825-5100

"Watch on the Rhine," 1-3, play by Lillian

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Hellman, 8:30pm, also 2pm Sun., Reno Little Theater, 329-0661

Biggest Little Mini Circuit, 2-3, horse show, State Fairgrounds Pavilion, Reno, 849-2145

Tahoe Triathlon, 3, includes 6 miles of cross-country skiing, 12 miles of bicycling, and 5 miles of kayaking down the Truckee River. \$10, 11am, Tahoe Nordic Ski Center, Tahoe City, 916-583-9858

Pot-O-Gold Playoff, 5, all winners of Pot-O-Gold jackpots between March 16, 1982, and March 16, 1983, will play off for a \$1 million grand prize, Reno Hilton, 322-1111

"The Witness," 6, Christian play, 8pm, Pioneer Theatre, Reno, 786-5105

"52 Association" Handicapped Championships, 8, national race for qualified skiers from U.S. regional races, Alpine Meadows, 916-583-4232
National Junior "C" Hockey Championship, 8-10, Convention Center, Reno, 415-782-4634

Builder's Assn. Home Improvement Show, 9-10, Community Center, Carson City, 882-4353

Reno Chamber Orchestra, 10, soloist Peter Lenz, cellist, 3pm, Reno Little Theater, 323-0239

Mainz Chamber Orchestra, 11, Performing Artists Series, 8pm, Church Fine Arts Theater, UNR, 784-4893

U.S. Ski Assn. Silver Dollar Downhill, 11-16, 10am, Heavenly Valley, South Lake Tahoe, 916-541-1330

Reno Home Improvement Show, 14-17 North Hall, Convention Center, Reno, 825-5100

Art of the Childrens' Book Festival, 15-16, talks by nationally recognized childrens' authors, illustrators and editors like Byrd Baylor, Tom Bethancourt, Steven Kellogg and Steven Roxburgh, Pine Auditorium, 7pm Fri., no fee; Center for Religion & Life, 8am Sat., fee, UNR, 784-4046

Reno Modern Living Expo and Home Improvement Show, 15-17 5-10pm Fri., noon-10pm Sat.,

noon-7pm Sun., Convention Center, Reno
"La Boheme," 15-17 Nevada Opera Assn., 8pm Fri.-Sat., 2pm Sun., Pioneer, Reno, 786-5105

National Antique Arms Assn. Gun Show, 16, V&T Room, Convention Center, Reno, 825-5100
Fifth Annual Sierra Mountain Race, 17, open to individuals and 3-person relay teams, 10km cross-country skiing followed by 10km run and 30km bicycling. 10am, Squaw Valley Nordic Center, North Lake Tahoe, 916-583-4223

Western States Assn. Angus Show, 18-27, State Fairgrounds Pavilion, Reno, 503-257-8819

"An Evening on Broadway," 19, musical, 8pm, Brewery Arts Center, Carson City, 883-1976

Reno Padres v. Modesto Athletics, 19-22, class A pro baseball, 7pm, Moana Stadium, 825-0678

UNR v. Univ. of the Pacific, 20, baseball, double-header, 12pm, Moana Stadium, Reno, 784-4697

Washoe Medical Center Health Fair, 22, 8am-9pm, Convention Center, Reno, 825-5100

Oakland Ballet, 22-24, 8pm Tues.-Wed., 2pm Thurs., Cloud's Cal-Neva Lodge, Crystal Bay, 916-546-5562

Reno Padres v. Visalia Oaks, 23-24, class A pro baseball, 1:30pm, Moana Stadium, 825-0678

UNR v. San Jose State, 27 baseball, double-header, 12pm, Moana Stadium, Reno, 784-4697

Carson City Chamber of Commerce Industrial Fair, 28-30, industrial displays and booths, 4-8pm Mon.-Tues., 10am-4pm Wed., Community Center, Carson City, 882-1565

Concert, 30, Young Audiences of Northern Nevada and Municipal City Band, Pioneer Theatre, Reno, 786-5105 □

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Young has an unusual perspective for his personality studies of frontier westerners. He was born in Taiwan in 1930, educated there and at Wano College in Tokyo, Japan, and did not arrive in Nevada until 1973. But his portraits have earned acclaim in the West, nonetheless. He has won awards at the Nevada State Fair, Ehrman Mansion Art



'Mountain Man'



F.K. Young

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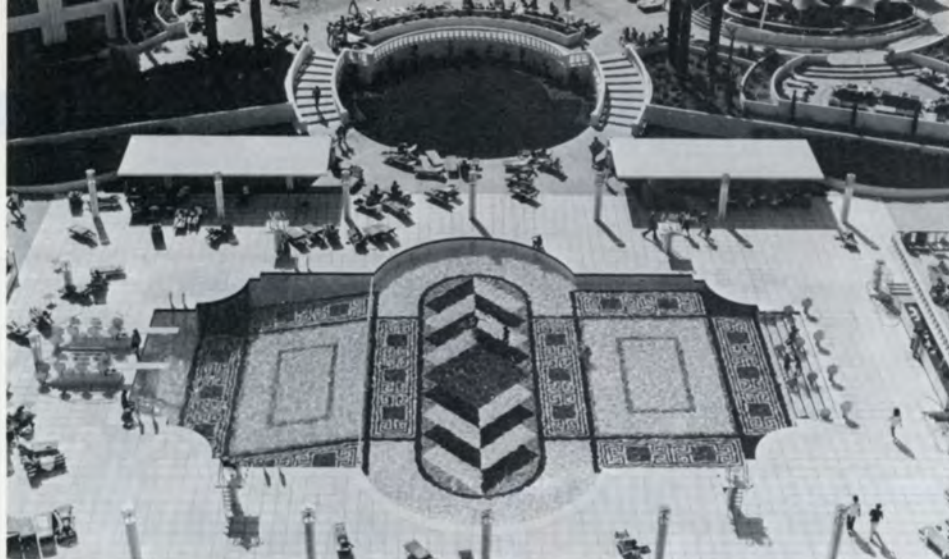
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LAS VEGAS NEWS BUREAU

Caesars Palace made waves in the pool world with its striking 114-foot-long pool. It's built with about 8,000 pieces of marble obtained from a quarry in Carrara, Italy.

POOLS (Continued from page 19)

they are somewhere on a Carrara marble desert isle. The only other such remembered marvel, complete with island and pool bar where you could sit in the water and sip, is at the Holiday Inn in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico. Its freeform shape contrasts strongly with the geometrics of Caesars' pool.

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Bill Willard, sculptor and actor, is preparing an original musical called "Slowly I Turn" for the Meadows Playhouse in Las Vegas, where he has lived for more than 30 years, and has a famous garden pool in his backyard.



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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.—Caroline J. Hadley, Publisher



Index to Advertisers

| | |
|----------------------------------|-------|
| ABC Concrete Products | 44 |
| American Investors | 5 |
| Bagel Deli | 50 |
| Blue Dolphin Pools | 59 |
| Boomtown | 6 |
| Boulder City Chamber of Commerce | 52 |
| Cactus Pete's & Horseshu | 52 |
| Carson City Chamber of Commerce | 52 |
| Cattlemens | 49 |
| Certified Pool Service & Supply | 19 |
| Circus Circus | 44 |
| Classified | 60-61 |
| Cloud's Cal Neva | 59 |
| Comstock Hotel Casino | 49 |
| Desert Inn & Country Club | 18 |
| Dorothy's Ruffled Originals | 62 |
| E & J Brandy | 23 |
| Eldorado Hotel Casino | 30 |
| Erni Cabat | 58 |
| Ethel M Chocolates | 50 |
| First Interstate Bank | 34 |
| Flamingo Hilton | 15 |
| Goldrush Casino | 45 |
| Great American Spa & Solar | 19 |
| Harolds Club | 20 |
| Harrah's | 2 |
| Harvey's Resort Hotel | 64 |
| Holiday Casino | 63 |
| Hyde & Associates | 35 |
| Jensen Electric | 54 |
| Job Hunters Guide to Nevada | 11 |
| Karl's Silver Club | 20 |
| Las Vegas Hilton | 15 |
| Liberace Museum | 4 |
| Liberty Belle | 49 |
| Louis' Basque Corner | 48 |
| Mark Fore & Strike | 38 |
| Mason Valley Chamber of Commerce | 46 |
| McCarran International Airport | 55 |
| Motel Scott Shady Court | 51 |
| Nevada Coin Mart | 46 |
| Nevada Development Authority | 39 |
| Nevada First Thrift | 10 |
| Nevada National Bank | 47 |
| John Ascuaga's Nugget | 49 |
| Odds & Sorts Boutique | 51 |
| Ormsby House | 11 |
| Play Mate Resort Marinas | 45 |
| Rapsallion Seafood House & Bar | 48 |
| Red Lion Inn Casino | 27 |
| Reno Hilton | 15 |
| Reno Reservations | 59 |
| Riverside Casino, Laughlin | 6 |
| Sam's Town | 53 |
| Showboat | 31 |
| Sierra Backswing | 46 |
| Sierra Log Homes, Inc. | 54 |
| Silk Purse Ranch | 38 |
| Stagecoach Nevada Ranches | 35 |
| Star Casino, Winnemucca | 51 |
| Star Hotel, Elko | 48 |
| Stockmen's Motor Hotel | 52 |
| University of Nevada Press | 47 |
| Viking Industries | 11 |
| Walley's Hot Springs | 52 |
| Wildhorse Ranch & Resort | 52 |
| Winnemucca Convention Center | 51 |
| Winners Hotel Casino | 51 |

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THE PINE CREEK WATER FIGHT

In this case a little irrigation turned into a lot of irritation for Palisade's JP. By Harry E. Webb

There is no Palisade, Nevada, today; only the name and memory remain. 'Tis sad, but it can't even qualify as a "ghost town."

But there was a time when that little town, nestled at the west end of the 1,000-foot cliffs that inspired its name, could claim certain honors. Palisade's little railroad hauled lead ore from the mines in Eureka, which controlled the lead market of the world. At least Eureka lay claim to that title. We had also a lady coroner in Palisade—

until, that is, she was called on to determine the cause of death when a body was discovered after lying three weeks in the Humboldt River.

Eventually progress in the form of rubber-tired transportation between Eureka and Reno spelled ruin for the Eureka & Palisade Railroad. For its remaining years its chief business came on Decoration Day when the train hauled flowers to Eureka. It was estimated that 10 times as many people were in the cemetery as there were in town.

If the area didn't have many people, it did have a fair amount of water because of the river which ran through town. Water in the middle of the desert is a sacred commodity and also an object of frequent dispute, as I saw firsthand in one of the town's last full-blown water fights.

At the time of this case Palisade still had a town marshal and also a justice of the peace, Dan Downey. When a "contempt" case was filed against William Raines by Elizabeth Walker to stop his use of irrigation water from a small spring that emptied into Pine Creek, Judge Downey presided.

Bert Castle was Mrs. Walker's attorney and Milton Badt represented Raines. At first there was a jurisdictional dispute, but that was solved by holding court in a 10-by-12-foot schoolhouse on Coal Creek. The schoolhouse was empty then due to lack of pupils, since it took three pupils to establish and hold a school and no three were available.

Judge Downey sat behind the table that had served as a teacher's desk. With the usual mumbo-jumbo, court was called to order and the plaintiff's witnesses—Tizzie Walker; Johnnie Gardelli, her hired man; Dan Rand, Mrs. Walker's brother; and lastly myself—told our stories about seeing the defendant irrigating with the disputed water.

The defense offered no witness, but lawyer Badt argued that each and every one of us witnesses, in fact all ranchers on the Humboldt system, were being sued by Lovelock ranchers who because of their riverbank holdings claimed riparian rights

to the entire river. "Therefore, due to these Lovelock suits being in limbo," Badt argued, "we ask dismissal of this suit against my client."

This put poor old Judge Downey in a quandary. "On what grounds?" his honor asked.

Badt sucked in his breath. "On what grounds!" he roared. "I just spent 10 minutes on grounds, but if you need more this court has no jurisdiction until those suits are settled."

"And," Judge Downey asked, "when do you think these suits will be settled?"

"That is beyond the bounds of probability!" Badt snapped. "It has been bandied around in courts for 11 years. So you must use your own judgment."

At this Judge Downey banged the table with an odd-looking gavel and declared a 10-minute recess. We saw him head for the privy out back. "The judge spent most of his years here as carpenter for the narrow-gauge railroad," lawyer Castle said, "so he already had that mallet." This set us all to howling.

With court again in session Badt offered no witnesses but was granted his request to say a few words in summation. "In order to enlighten our honorable judge I wish to point out that the plaintiff doesn't even know if she has a water right. Her hired man, Gardelli, can't speak understandable English, so doesn't know which way is up.

"Then comes this Harry Webb. His testimony is so fantastic he wasn't satisfied to have my client irrigating in the conventional manner with a shovel. Oh, nooo. He has him using a shovel, a grub hoe, a pick and, oh yes, a crowbar! Quite a story, quite a story, wouldn't you agree? And now to the plaintiff's brother, Dan Rand. From start to finish his testimony was a fabrication of lies, so we can only pray that this honorable court will let his conscience be his guide, and find in favor of my client."

This would have been a tough case even for a Solomon to render judgment on. It was doubly so for Judge Dan Downey. He had known the plaintiff since she was born. He knew the defendant, witnesses, and attorneys and was a friend to all. We sat waiting as we listened to the tattoo of his pencil. Then with tears streaming down his cheeks it came in a burst: "This court rules in favor of the plaintiff. Court adjourned."

At this lawyer Badt gathered up notes and papers, and as he crammed them in his briefcase he gave vent to his feelings. "All right, we now serve notice of appeal and next time it will come up, God willing, before someone higher than a know-nothing JP."

If he filed his appeal, we heard nothing of it, and the judge's decision stood. As long as defendant Raines remained on his holdings he went on using the water to irrigate his small acreage. Thus it was regarded in Palisade that the lawsuit had made a mountain out of a few hills of potatoes. □

Harry E. Webb, who once rode with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, has been a cowboy, trapper, actor, and author. His Nevada stories are presented in each issue.



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