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NEVADA

Volume 44, Number 4

July/August 1984

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NEVADA MAGAZINE

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Editorial

Kirk Douglas was named to the Hall of Fame of Great Western Performers. Dennis Weaver and his wife, Gerry, were in charge of the ceremonies. Rex Allen, who showed off a series of stunning boots and western suits, was there to unveil his portrait. The winner of the Entertainment Arts Gold Medal was Burl Ives, who brought along his guitar and shared some of his famous folk songs.

But even though we were surrounded by great entertainers, the biggest attention-getter turned out to be *Nevada Magazine's* favorite contributor, Harry Webb. He was being honored with the other stars at the National Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City. At age 96, and after eight decades of cowboying, Harry was there to receive the Trustees Award for Lifetime Contribution to the Western Heritage. He also got a standing ovation.

I've talked about this particular cowboy before and will not be quitting any time soon. Harry's been a coal miner, bronc buster, trapper, horse trainer, sheepherder, rancher, and actor. He has written songs and played the fiddle at dances all over Nevada, but his most priceless gifts to us have been his true tales of the West.

At every moment Webb and his entourage (which included Dottie Zediker, Black Rock Davies, and me) were spoiled. During our stay in the oil capital, we were transported on a special bus for the stars and guests, treated to a superb western art show, feted with dinners at exclusive clubs, given a V.I.P. tour of the Hall, and carried off in high class to a black-tie Saturday-night dinner for the honorees.

For the occasion Marsi Staggs, publicist at the Hall, wanted Harry to look the way he did as a cowpuncher in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Unfortunately, most of Harry's gear is in museums in Washington and Wyoming. So we borrowed a Sioux beaded vest from Paul Fees, curator of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody. Then we got him a hat shaped the way he had it back in 1910. It was a big handsome silverbelly, sort of a Tom Mix with a Montana crease. Harry added his favorite string tie and looked like a very ancient version of a 1910 bronc buster.

Anyone lucky enough to have spent time with Harry will know that he can spin a story at the drop of a stingy-brimmed Stetson. His memory is perfect, and he's able to describe events in 1898, 1911, or 1933 in vivid detail. Even though he's a

real honest-to-God-fearing cowboy, he doesn't take his fame too seriously. He tells the story of a teacher who asked her student Johnny, "What is the definition of a cowboy?" Johnny thought a minute and then said, "Why, a cowboy is just a sheepherder who's had his brains knocked out!"

Walt Disney made Harry's only novel, *Nuthin'*, into a movie in 1959. It was renamed *A Boy Called Nuthin'* and starred Ron Howard and Forrest Tucker.

Harry's eyes twinkle when he tells tales of his friends the railroaders, ranchers, and characters who lived in or near Pali-sade in the '20s and '30s. He laughs when he recounts the time when his horse got



Zediker and Hadley are wild about Harry.

tangled in some barbed wire on the main street of Cody, Wyoming in 1909. He was bucked across the street, up on the sidewalk, and through the drugstore's plate-glass window. When he came out bleeding and panting, a well-dressed man told him, "You ride well, young fella. I'll send you a contract to join my show."

"What show?" Harry asked, wincing.

"Why, Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, of course!"

Even though Harry thought it must be a joke, soon afterward he and his friend Gaspie were on a train headed east to Madison Square Garden in New York, each tightly clutching a contract.

Of course, his story's most recent chapter took place at the Cowboy Hall of Fame. During the lavish awards dinner, Dennis Weaver, Rex Allen, and the Hall's directors made absolutely sure that Harry was taken care of. He enjoyed saying hello to youngsters like Kirk Douglas and Burl Ives. For Harry it was a wonderful evening, full of memories of Madison Square Garden, Buffalo Bill, and many campfires under starlit Nevada skies.—C.J. Hadley

Letters

Jumping for Jeanes

Not since "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" was published has there been a more hilarious piece written than William Jeanes' "Nevada Olympics, The Games That Got Away," in the May/June '84 issue. I laughed until my teeth fell out. If there is anything this pathetic old world needs more of at this time in history I can't name it.

Mrs. Gene Cassidy
Saratoga, CA.

We can't find anyplace in the world that compares to Nevada. It's hard to believe you can stand on Main Street with money in your hand and feel safe. We are planning to move back to Reno in a couple of years. We have the state of Nevada on our minds more than anything in the world. See you in June.

Troy and Kay Jackson
Moses Lake, WA.

Our Living Legend

How fortunate you are to have Harry Webb as a feature writer. And what a great, well deserved tribute for Harry to be accepted into the Cowboy Hall of Fame. He is not only a fine person, and splendid storyteller, but also a bona-fide living legend of America's early West.

Rick Montgomery
Arleta, CA.

A Question of Frequency

I am always looking forward to receiving the next issue of *Nevada*. I read everything, including all of the ads and the commercials. I just wish the mag was printed every month.

Merle J. Peterson
Salinas, CA.

Words cannot express how much we love the state of Nevada! (My wife and I will move there one day.) *Nevada Magazine* brings us a small part of your state. I wish it was published each week.

Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Kidd
Gainesville, TX.

Now, what am I bid for a daily?—Ed.

Wendover Will

Mr. Richard Menzies ("Bright Spot on the Border," May/June '84) must believe that Wendover is even more remote than it really is. So remote that he didn't see the need to research his material thoroughly enough to find out the name of the founder of the State Line Hotel Casino.

Rather than Mr. Menzies' "Jim Smith," the gentleman's name is William F. Smith as anyone viewing his picture in the lobby of the hotel could plainly see.

Robert W. Wilson
West Wendover, NV

Street Talk in Jarbidge

The subject of your editorial, the old Price-Vuckovich rooming house painted by Cliff Segerblom in the May/June issue, has been owned by us since the mid-1950s and we are most pleased that it was picked as a subject for *Nevada Magazine*. Staying in the old house has been both an adventure and an introduction to the Nevada that used to be for many of our friends and acquaintances.

And yes, Jarbidge Mercantile does have about everything. How did you miss their sign, "If we do not have what you want, you do not need it"? We certainly enjoy *Nevada Magazine*. We read every line, advertisements and all.

Elinor and Omer McGee
Placerville, CA.

Christine Cendagorta's excellent article about Pop Etchemendy and his sheep (March/April '84) may give some of your readers the idea that "mountain oysters" were served with the scrotal skin and Pop's teeth were made like razors.

R. V. Ruharr
Kenwood, CA.

Ughh!—Ed.

Not Another Gold Hill

As usual, another fine issue (May/June '84). However, I found the Jim Crandall article about Rhyolite quite distressing.

Can anyone who has visited Rhyolite picture this true ghost town as a retirement village? Rhyolite must be left as history dictates. Lord help us all if Rhyolite is leveled for strip mining. I see another Gold Hill syndrome here.

Michael C. Little
Fairfield, OH.

I just wanted to say how pleasantly surprised I was to find a copy of *Nevada Magazine* on the counter at my motel. As a sometimes published photographer, I enjoyed the photos of the lambs by Linda Dufurrena in "Frisky Business" (March/April '84), and have long admired the excellent work of David Muench. The shots of the bobcat and the sagehen by Dick Benoit and Tony Diebold are great!

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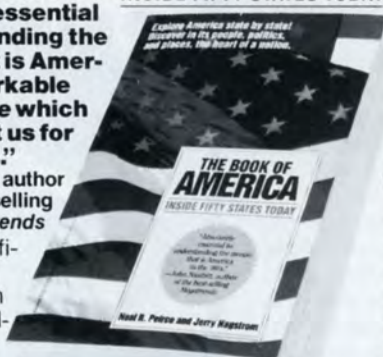
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Vern Southard
San Diego, CA.

Idea for Smaller Plates

The new Nevada license plate is very attractive. I would like to see a miniature of the plate available to all Nevada fans. If it could be sold for about \$2, I'm sure many of us would-like-to-be Nevadans would like to have them for conversation pieces and pacifiers until we can get to Nevada on future trips. The size I am suggesting is similar to the ones you see at the toy stores on racks with people's names on them, only we don't want names—just the replica of the plate. (I'll take three of them.)

Art Kuespert
North Fort Myers, FL.

For more on the new, regular-sized plates, see page 94.—Ed.

More on Vegas

I was disappointed in your magazine since the first copy we received was mainly on the casinos and gambling in Las Vegas, but the subsequent copies were not. My husband and I have decided to move to Las Vegas in about 10 years and would like further info on this area but are not really interested in a magazine that covers the whole state.

Addie & Fred Kune
Denver, CO.

Try the Las Vegas magazine, the Review-Journal's Nevada, or the Sun.—Ed.

I have been a subscriber of *Nevada* for more than 10 years and have lived through the changes *Nevada* has gone through, and for the most part I have enjoyed every issue.

I have just read the May/June '84 issue and I must state that, for me at least, it was your best issue yet! Keep up the excellent work and the diversity which is Nevada, the state.

J. Schaeffer
Las Vegas, NV

I am very glad that a friend of mine gave me your magazine as a gift. But I am so disappointed in it. Why? Because the good old country around Ely is never mentioned.

Gisella D. Brown
Clarkston, WA.

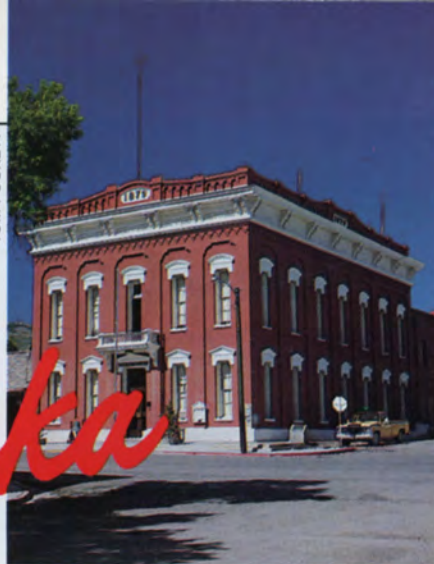
For a recent Ely feature, see "Hollywood and Pine" in the Sept/Oct '83 issue. You'll see more on Ely and Eastern Nevada in upcoming issues, too.—Ed.

Good-bye, Columbus

It looks like my mailing address will still be here in Ohio for a while, damn it! One of these days

J. D. Murray
Wickliffe, OH.

Eureka



This historic Central Nevada town whose name means 'I have found it' begs to be rediscovered.

By Connie Emerson

Not too many years ago, whenever I was in Eureka, chances were you'd find me at the Gold Bar. Not drinking a beer or eating French fries from the Busy B down the street, but playing the pinball machine. The one on the end up by the front window.

It wasn't that the machine was anything special. In fact, the action on the left flipper tended to stick a little and was definitely out of sync with the right. But for a few quarters, I could spend hours soaking up the ambiance of my favorite Nevada town.

Behind me, modern-day prospectors with master's degrees in geology leaned their flannel elbows on the bar, talking about chukar hunting and the Oakland Raiders. Locals drifted in and out—usually to see if Joe or Steve or Mary had been in yet. To ask where the fire was that afternoon or who had bought the new Dodge truck.

(Continued)



Eureka's historic Main Street, with the courthouse facing the old theater and the Jackson House. The courthouse (top) dates from 1879.



The Colonnade Hotel, which sits a block off Main Street near the center of town, resembles the courthouse in design and probably was built in the 1880s. It is believed that a balcony once extended all around the building and thus gave the hotel its name.

Beyond the window on Main Street, folks walked by on their way down to Raine's Market for a quart of milk. Gaggles of junior high girls giggled past on their way to the municipal swimming pool up the hill. If you stood looking out on Main Street long enough, everyone in town was bound to pass by.

A while back, the Gold Bar closed its saloon doors and I lost my front window on the passing parade. But I didn't lose my enthusiasm for Eureka.

What's the allure of this wide spot in U.S. 50? Its architectural treasures? Of course. Its wild west setting midst sage-covered hills? That's part of it, too. But most of all, Eureka is the remembered country town of our youth; the mythic little community that city dwellers imagine; the place where the things that are supposed to happen in small towns really do.

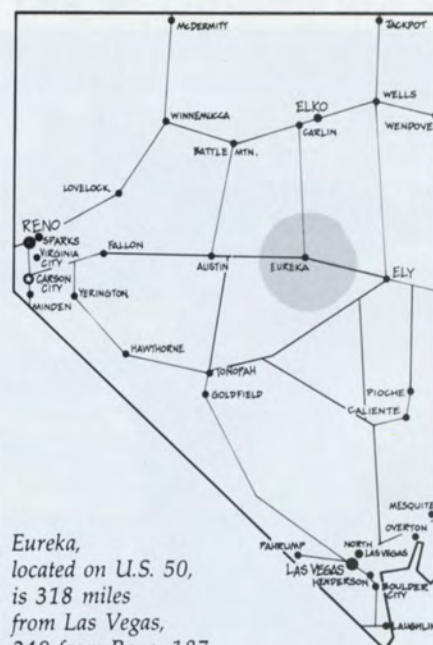
It's a place where people leave their doors unlocked when they go down the street for coffee. Where parents don't worry when their kids play outside after dark. The fire whistle still blows each night at nine. On the back page of the newspaper are stories about "My Two-Headed Dinosaur" and "The Last Person

on Earth," written by students in Mrs. Todd's sixth grade class.

That newspaper—the *Eureka Sentinel*—comes out each Thursday. In the 1800s, it was published daily, even during the terrible fire of 1879 when, flames consuming the buildings around them, printers with wet blankets on their backs worked to get the paper out. Now the *Sentinel* is a weekly and published by Central Nevada Newspapers, Inc., which is based in Tonopah.

Despite the fact that the presses are half a state away, most of the news is Eureka's own. On the front page, "Around and About Eureka" tells whose babies were born during the week, what they were named, and who the grandparents were; what families had company, and who went to the doctor in Elko or Ely. All brushes with the law—be they \$15 fines for wasting a resource (driving over 55 mph) or the occasional assault—are duly reported, along with accounts of fire department activity. Anonymity may be possible in New York—or even Reno—but not in Eureka.

Although motorists may not realize it, they're missing a lot by driving through town without stopping. For instance, they



Eureka, located on U.S. 50, is 318 miles from Las Vegas, 240 from Reno, 187 from Tonopah, 115 from Elko, and 77 from Ely.



At lower left, the late Frank Evans of Eureka pauses near the judge's bench during a tour of the courthouse, the town's historic centerpiece. Mines like the one in upper left have been reopened, while the old house at right is an often-photographed landmark.

could take the self-guiding historic tour that includes maps and information about the buildings handed out free at the courthouse.

The courthouse has always been Eureka's crown jewel. Built at a cost of \$55,000 in 1879, it was added on to an older jail building which is still in use. The court chambers upstairs, with velvet draperies and plush-cushioned benches, have been restored, and the pressed tin ceiling is definitely worth trudging up the stairs to see.

Johnson "Bud" Lloyd, who is serving his 30th year as Eureka County District Attorney, says that through the years the courtroom has been a favorite with Nevada judges and lawyers. "Back around the '50s," Lloyd says, "Senator Pat McCarran would come into my office and ask me to go with him upstairs. Then he would sit at the bench and reminisce about the early-day trials he participated in as a lawyer."

Also on the tour are 19 other points of interest. The Opera House stands next to the Brown Hotel (a.k.a. Jackson House) across the street from the courthouse. Jenny Lind is supposed to have performed there, although researchers at

the Nevada Historical Society submit Jenny never got farther west than St. Louis.

After its silver boom days, the Opera House became a theater for silent movies and then for the talkies. Today, there are posters in the smudged glass of the theater door, advertising the upcoming Yellow Buttes Spring Shoot, last year's children's program at the Diamond Valley Baptist Church, and lots for sale. Part of the old building houses a gift shop with Christmas ornaments, ceramic windchimes, and macrame planters in the window. The remaining space is vacant, and Eureka's have to go out of town now when they want to see a movie.

Also on the tour are most of the business buildings flanking Main Street. Built of locally made brick and sandstone that was quarried nearby, they're vestiges of the 1870s when Eureka was, after Virginia City, the second largest population center in the state.

Unlike most of Nevada's major mining centers, the town didn't spring up overnight. In fact, the beginning of what was to become one of the state's richest and most durable mining areas was anything but spectacular. In 1864, five prospectors operating out of Austin found a rich body of

silver ore in New York Canyon. The ore, however, was a stubborn combination of lead, silver, gold, zinc, cadmium, and other metals, so it wasn't until the first high-heat smelter was built five years later that the silver could be extracted in large quantities.

Only then did Eureka experience the traditional mining camp growth spurt. By 1870 there were 40 mines with a total of about 1,000 locations, as well as 12 furnaces. The population peaked at somewhere between six and seven thousand. Permanent business places were established to cater to the needs and pleasures of the newly affluent—adventurers who had moved west and immigrants from across the oceans. Yugoslav fruiterers, a German blacksmith, an Irish bootmaker, and Chinese herbalists served miners from Cornwall and Mexico and Kentucky.

By 1881, the mining district had produced a dazzling \$60 million worth of silver and the businesses thrived. Then in 1890, the price of silver collapsed and the mines closed.

Even in its early mining camp days, Eureka was a peaceable place. There were murders, to be sure—Hog-Eyed Mary

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Cecilia Hite
Art Critic

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Bed, Breakfast and Bars

Where to Hang Your Hat:

Newest motel in town is the *Sundown Lodge*, next to the Chevron station on Main Street. Built in 1978, with an addition constructed in 1982, the Sundown has 27 rooms, ranging in price from \$21 for a single to \$27 for a family room (two double beds, where you can "pack in as many kids as you like" with no increase in price).

Spotlessly clean, the *Colonnade* is a Basque hotel on Monroe, where singles go for \$14.84 and doubles, \$16.96 (including tax). Not for everyone since the baths are down the hall, but a good value for the money.

A favorite with prospectors, the *Eureka Motel* is also located on Main Street. The management is especially friendly and there are 17 rooms, starting at \$19.08. Top rate is \$23.30 (tax included).

The restored *Jackson House* has rooms with kitchenettes, and at the *Alpine Lodge* there's also a restaurant and a bar.

Eureka Gourmet:

For breakfast, the place to go is the *Eureka Cafe*, where you can have everything from eggs over easy to egg foo yung. All of the Chinese dishes on the menu (lunch and dinner at the Eureka taste good, too) are cooked to order. The atmosphere is definitely homey, with owner Kim Ng's youngsters sitting at the counter coloring or watching TV.

Years ago, the *Owl Club* had a featured dish called the Hootie Special, which has gone the way of the dodo bird (and the town's pinball machines). In its stead, the Owl now offers the Saturday night prime rib special and various other daily specialties Thursdays through Sundays.

Jim and Lorraine's has a loyal local follow-

Irwin stabbed Bull-Dog Kate Miller after "an ill feeling of long standing"; five Italian charcoal burners were killed in the notorious Fish Creek Massacre, the culmination of a dispute over charcoal prices. But murder and mayhem were not the norm.

Memorabilia at the Eureka County Historical Society Museum (stop number 20 on the self-guiding tour) attest to the town's peaceful past. Housed in the 1879 Sentinel Building, the museum's walls are papered with handbills and posters from the 1880s. Exhibits are eclectic—old mining equipment, a pair of high button shoes, an antique typewriter, a valve trombone—testimony to the day to day life and concerns of the people. Would T. Detter's

ing and also the widest menu choice in town, featuring steak, lobster, ham, chicken and more.

Best bet in Eureka for a hamburger and shake is the *Busy B Drive-In*, where smiling teenagers take your order. You can eat either on the premises or take your food to the city park, a short stroll away.

Bar Hopping:

You might want to start at the *Owl Club*, which has the largest number of slot machines in town and also the only 21 table in Eureka County. Work your way down the block to the *Nevada Club* for a game of darts. Double back up the street to *Larry's Keyhole Bar*. If you haven't eaten yet, Larry's is your chance for some beer sausages and a sandwich zapped in the microwave. A few steps away is the *Jackson House*, where tall Buds and Coors are the most popular beverages. Last stop is *Jim and Lorraine's*, where Jim puts together various liquors, cream, and other ingredients and comes up with a drink he calls the "Liquified Gerukumpukie." Last stop, that is, unless there's a dance at *Louie's Lounge*. Louie's is open only for special occasions and has the best dance floor around.

Dates to Remember:

St. Brendan's Bingo Party, March 17
Easter Egg Hunt, April
High School Rodeo, May
Memorial Day Services, May
Old Fashioned Fourth, July 4
VFW Rodeo, July 21, 22
Eureka County Fair, August 17-19
Firemen's New Year's Ball, December 31

The Eureka Historical Society Museum will be open during June, July and August, usually from 9 a.m. until 5 p.m., but the hours may vary.—CE

Blood Purifier, "warranted to cure piles, gravel, strictures, sore eyes and many diseases said to be incurable," really work? Was the dancing class taught by J. G. Bohen suitable for little Nancy?

Maxine Rebaleati, who served as Eureka's Bicentennial chairman, was one of the prime movers behind the museum. "When we started out two years ago, we had to use exhibits from the museums at Carson City and Reno, but now all the items on display are things we've collected locally," she says with a pride that is typical of Eurekans when they talk about their town. "For instance, this lady from Fallon bought a building here, and one day she presented me with a Eureka fireman's hat she had found in the base-



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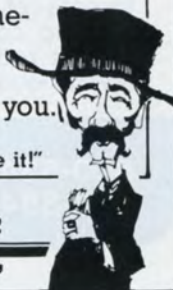


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ment. It really was a thrill."

What has the potential of being the town's most exciting tourist attraction, alas, isn't on the tour or even open to the public. It's underground Eureka, a series of tunnels beneath downtown. In the old days, some of the tunnels connected the opium dens and business places of the Chinese district. Another served as the passageway between Governor Reinhold Sadler's store and his house on the hill behind it. Largest of the tunnels—with vaulted arches soaring more than a story high—was used by the King and Krouse grocery for storing barrels of liquor and other heavy items.

Poking about graveyards is another Eureka diversion. There are nine of them in all, including those for Catholics, Jews, and the Chinese—an after-life apartheid still in force. The cemeteries chronicle flood, fire, and pestilence on weed-choked wooden markers and marble headstones surrounded by drunken ornamental iron fences. Despite the absence of perpetual care, the burial grounds are a delight of angels, curlicues, and fraternal emblems.

It's not really necessary to have a destination in mind, for Eureka is marvelous for meandering. My favorite walk passes a row of derelict houses fronting on the park. In my pinball playing days, when any dream seemed possible and the buildings hadn't yet been condemned, I men-



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Nevada Magazine
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tally went through the red-brick two-story with the cottonwoods out front and restored it. No matter that plumbing was nonexistent and the floor would shake a lot. Eureka is the kind of place where people dream of future glories.

Because of the variety of minerals in the land, Eureka has those dreams quite often. A World War I revival of the mines lasted into the late 1920s. In 1947, a world shortage of lead and zinc awakened interest again.

The most recent flurries of optimism started in August of 1981, when Exxon Mineral Company announced the discovery of a large deposit of molybdenite east of town. That started talk of the town's population quintupling and of new business schemes for cashing in on the boom. Then, in September of 1983, the Spokane-based Cominco American announced that it plans to develop an open pit mine at the Buckhorn gold deposit in northern Eureka County.

According to Robert Warren of the Nevada Mining Association, Exxon is "still gathering data, finding out what the operation would cost." Other Nevada mining authorities say that the soft price for molybdenite and new discoveries may convince Exxon to delay or even abandon the project. Cominco, however, is going ahead with its development. And the local economy got a boost last summer when the Windfall Mine, which had closed down for a while, reopened. The gold and silver operation west of town has 30 people on the payroll.

"I think the potential for another boom in Eureka is very good," says mining consultant Cliff Purdy, who was mine manager at the Windfall for five years. "The biggest boom will be if Exxon ever puts their property into production."

Bud Lloyd agrees that Eureka will boom again. He sites two pumping oil wells in the county and another going in; the largest moly deposit in the world; the gold mines; lead, silver, and zinc in the Ruby Hill Mine that hasn't ever been mined because of water; and then he says, "Eureka is historical as a mining camp, but unlike other mining camps, it also has its potential for the future."

Not every one of Eureka's 600 residents shares the dream of another bonanza. As a waitress at one of the cafes on Main Street says, "We don't need any more people. There's enough going on here now."

As far as social functions are concerned, it would be hard to disagree. For just as people in small towns are supposed to do, Eureka is adept at making their own fun.

Perhaps the most popular of the special events held throughout the year—and a good one for visitors looking for an old-fashioned holiday—is the potluck picnic

in the city park on the Fourth of July. Sponsored by the Eureka Volunteer Fire Department, it's an all-day affair with foot races, beer drinking contests, egg tossing contests, nickel scrambles, a parade with prizes for the best decorated bicycle and the best groomed pet, topped off by a fireworks display at nightfall.

There's the annual High School Alumni Meeting in May, the VFW Rodeo in July, and the Eureka County Fair in August. Each October, the Future Farmers of America hold their annual barbecue after the homecoming game—beef, lamb, and all the trimmings for \$5. The Volunteer Firemen's Easter Egg Hunt, Fun Day at the swimming pool, and the Veterans of Foreign Wars' Slave for a Day raffle are a few of the other events open to the public. There are private get-togethers galore—housewarmings, card parties, baby showers, and picnics along an aspen-shaded creek west of town. If there's any sort of special occasion, Eureka is sure to celebrate.

And contrary to what you might think, they don't roll up the sidewalks when the sun goes down. Dances with live music mark Valentine's Day and other occasions at Louie's Lounge. St. Brendan's Altar Guild hosts a St. Patrick's Day bingo party. There are senior and junior high band concerts, boys and girls basketball action, the elementary school's annual Spring

Fling variety show, talent contests, and senior citizen sponsored events.

There are even more activities. The roller rink, according to its owner, Jim Dotson, "is open most weekend evenings from six to 10 or 11—especially in winter when there isn't anything else to do." Dotson says, "But we're closed when most of the high school kids are out of town for basketball games." The roller rink is definitely a multi-purpose room. Public dances, with attendance of up to 400 people, are held there. Dotson recently installed a solid wood backboard so that it's now used for competitive indoor shooting, too.

Hunting is another Eureka diversion. "Fishing's better just across the Elko and White Pine county lines," Dotson says, "but you only have to go a few miles out of town to find dove, sage hens, ducks, geese, chukar, and deer."

Anyone who can't find something to do in Eureka isn't trying very hard. Except when looking for pinball machines to play. There haven't been many of them around since the Gold Bar went out of business. But maybe when the next boom comes □

Connie Emerson of Reno has written for Woman's Day, Travel & Leisure, Cuisine, and many other publications. She also is the author of two books, Write on Target and How to Make Money Writing Fillers.

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High Times on the River

As the resort town of Laughlin grows up and out,
waves of motorized funseekers keep the
hullabaloo factor throbbing.

By Bill Willard

It had to make waves sooner or later, this Colorado River resort town of Laughlin. In past years, the temperature here has often been higher than the population, but now Laughlin is rapidly emerging from a landlocked village of less than 100 people into a planned community of thousands of river dwellers.

With its reputation as "Little Vegas" and as a haven for the Lake Mohave sporting crowd, this region has been fairly run over by tourists. On most weekends rolling hordes of funseekers have given Laughlin a population of well over 50,000.

The pace of change in this six-casino town is reflected by the action in its six major businesses. Inside the jampacked casinos, the tourist haven enjoys an uproar level that keeps the hullabaloo factor throbbing. A human swarm playing with adult toys and games resonates this atmosphere.

Outside, whether in the 125-degree summer oven or with the damp river chill of winter, this interior tumult is mocked by the serenity of several alluring establishments.

Laughlin's resort strip—"the river," in local phraseology—runs for about a mile. At the north end is Don Laughlin's Riverside, the original club, and at the south limit is the new Goldriver. The strip can go no further because of a bend in the river, difficult terrain, and Bureau of Reclamation ownership, which has hobbled a lot of Laughlin's spread, or, to be more specific, lots of Laughlin's lots.

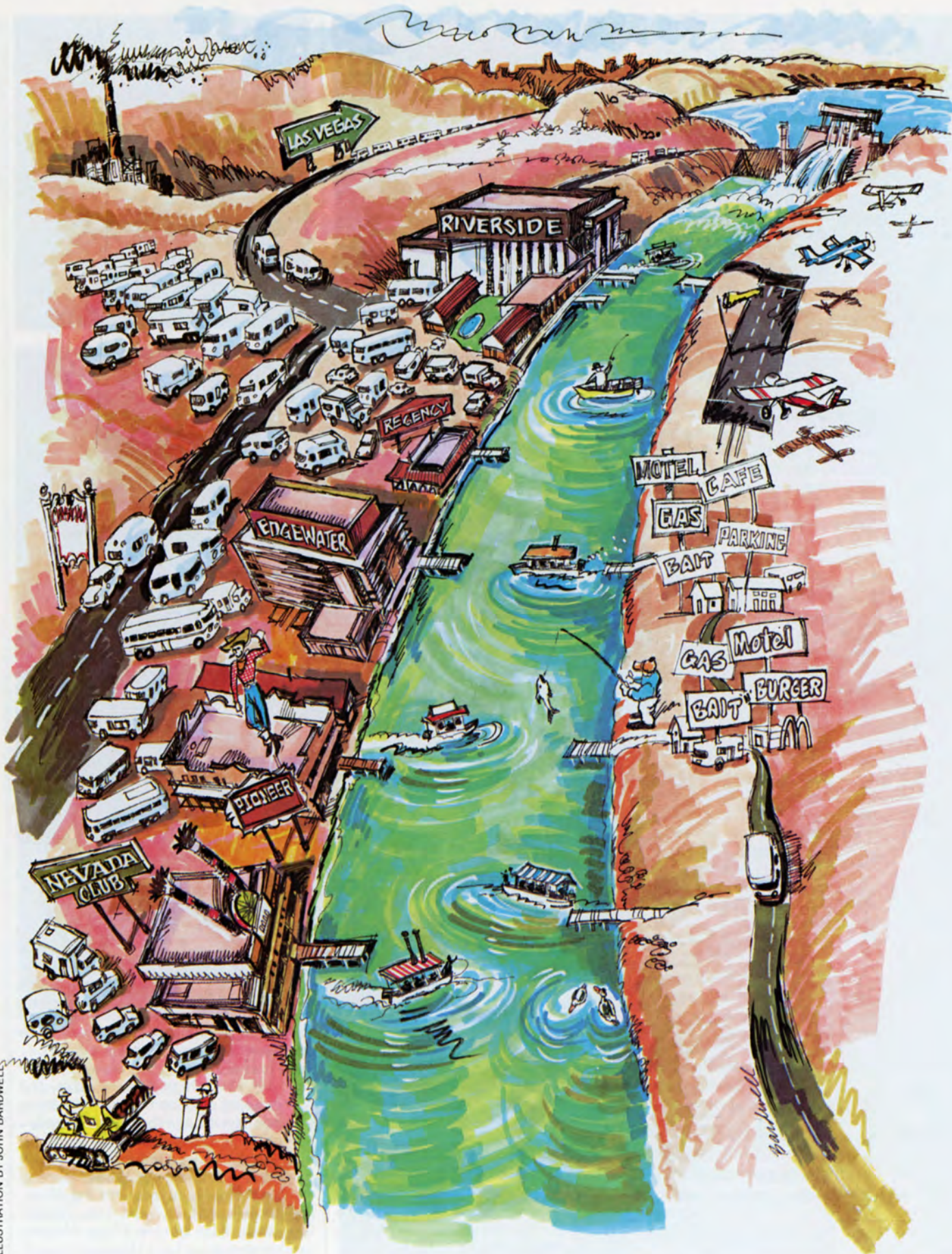
In between, from north to south, are Binion's Horseshoe acreage to be used for a club, highrise, or both; the maverick Regency, owned by brothel boss Bud Soper of Montgomery Pass, who is asking just short of Fort Knox for the property; the bustling Edgewater enterprise owned by Circus Circus with 17 acres ready for more expansion; the Pioneer with its newly-added motel-type accommodations; and, next door, Del Webb's Nevada Club with 13 acres and high hopes for enlargement soon.

Having no prime riverbank location is the Crystal Palace. West of it and well-traveled Casino Drive are the sandy hills, already being bulldozed to make way for

housing developments and further commercial encroachment.

Because there is so much federal land along the Colorado, the Laughlin riverfront is not likely to be overbuilt. But the Riverside's Don Laughlin, who started it all with three employees, two gaming tables, and a dozen slot machines in his gambling joint in 1966, cautions, "With so much competition coming in, I worry that the area has been dramatized. And as far as gaming goes, I think the market is saturated. If more casinos come in, I believe it will turn into a dog-eat-dog situation where we may lose the hometown, friendly atmosphere."

Hoping to win money is the always prevalent lure magnetizing the snowbirds from heavy winters pelting the Rockies and Midwestern plains. They now make their nests at the river resort, settling RV wheels on parking lots near the action. This influx, along with hordes of Southern Californians, comprises the delirium of snaking food lines for cheap buffet meals, while players are packed like lost lemmings around slot machines that talk and



burble or just plain clank. A few folks are more than a little high from the free drinks poured down eager gullets, and everyone adds to the *mise en scene* of all-day, all-night endless tooting, clamoring bedlam in the Laughlin gambling halls.

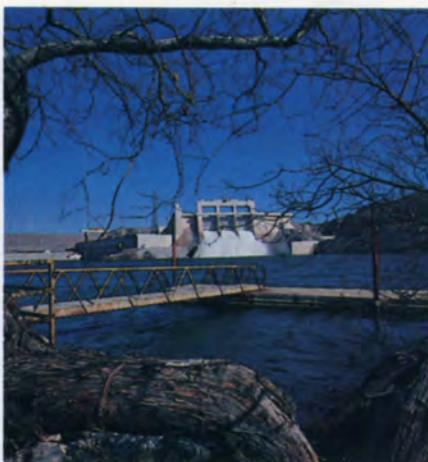
On busy weekends the traffic betwixt the casinos is rolling slow with tourists' cars, buses, and RVs and the free taxi vans operated by the hotels. Between the short run there are kilowatt notices and messages besieging the eyeballs. The computerized signs flicker 24 hours to grab attention of the rovers. The Riverside's, on top of its highrise facing south, blinks "Strike It Rich! Be An Instant Millionaire! On \$1 Slots!" along with other in-house blurbs, while the Pioneer's skittering rectangle almost a mile south sends its twinkling hype from the high sign towering over Casino Drive, beckoning with similar promises.

If time meant anything in the pursuit of fortune, the snowbirds and other humans on the wing could be confused in this town. As soon as they travel south from the Riverside's time zone, set to Nevada clocks, there is an immediate switch to Mountain, or Arizona, hours and minutes. This situation continues down-strip to the Goldriver. Make an appointment for brunch at the Nevada Club from your room in the Riverside, and you could find a dinner menu on the table when you get there.

Meanwhile, state gaming officials are waking up to the returns from the little town which may or may not be on the latest Nevada map. Despite the cries and lamentations about last year's Colorado River flooding wrecking Laughlin's business, the casinos last fall recorded a 22.5-percent gain in gaming revenues during the summer. The state Gaming Control Board reported gross gaming revenues of \$17.9 million for the third quarter, compared with \$14.5 million during the same period in 1982, all figures shaming Las Vegas and Reno percentages. Laughlin's increase was the second highest in the state, trailing only Wendover on the Utah border, where revenues grew by 26.1 percent.

Even more bullish returns were announced after 1983's closing months — a reported \$21.9 million in taxable gaming revenue, which was 28.7 percent greater than the fourth quarter of 1982, another measure of the town's good fortunes.

Casino projections, however, currently have taken a back seat to the housing excitement that has infused the area. For years the rub for Laughlin was how to find housing for the 4,000 employees of the hotels and casinos on the river. Bullhead City, directly across the Colorado, has been the bedroom community for Nevada-side people who



Twenty years ago high-rising Laughlin, Nevada's southernmost town, was a quiet spot on the Colorado called Southpoint. Today ferries run visitors across the river 24 hours a day.

get to work by riding the waterbug ferries or driving over Davis Dam. They include employees of two large operations, Southern California Edison's Mohave Generating Station and the Davis Dam Power Plant.

By the same token, those Laughlin employees who have been forced to live across the river, downriver, or even in Kingman, 35 miles east, have beefed in-

cessantly about high Arizona taxes. The new housing developments should bring a steady stream of refugees to Nevada's tax-free soil.

(Also, the rumor has been flying around for some time that gambling may be single-shotted by Arizona for their river resorts, Bullhead City and Lake Havasu City, home of the London Bridge. Already, casinos operate in Lake Havasu inns with

no money changing hands, but non-cash prizes are posted. One, ironically, is a boat trip upriver to Laughlin for some *real* gambling.)

The Laughlin surge excites the town's newly-formed chamber of commerce. President Larry Close, Nevada Club vice president and general manager, smiles and gestures toward the nearby dunes. "Go up on the hill and see the construction of apartments," he says. "Three to four developers have broken ground, and by the end of the year we should probably have up to 2,000 units, including mobile and private homes, apartments, and condominiums. People can, literally, come over here in Nevada and live where they work."



Laughlin is 95 miles south of Las Vegas and just downriver from Lake Mohave.

Laughlinites were exultant on Groundhog Day this year, but not for the usual reason. The shadows faded as Governor Dick Bryan signed papers completing the sale of state land on which a portion of the new city will rise. The area included nearly 1,000 acres on which 6,500 housing units will provide exodus to those Nevadans presently trapped in Bullhead City. Also, the Colorado River Commission and its chairman, Jack Lehman, helped in the long battle to release local land from federal control.

Early this year the first housing development, Crown Pointe, began building on River Road southwest of the strip. When completed at year's end, this project by Circus Circus and West Coast Holding will have 824 condos. Then the Developers Group, headed by Las Vegas John Midby, broke ground for a proposed 4,800-unit housing development.

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Another part of the new community is Laughlin Estates, a 400-acre tract south of Crown Pointe that is being filled with custom homes, luxury condos, and a commercial site, which will give the town its first shopping plaza. The developers have used the slogan "Boomtown With No Place to Go"—the title of Nevada's 1982 Laughlin feature—to publicize the fact that there is room now.

As apartments and condos appear on the Laughlin skyline, the casinos continue a construction uprising of their own. Circus Circus has extended its influence from Las Vegas and Reno into Laughlin at the Edgewater. It is one of the busiest resorts, and 400 more rooms have been built on the adjacent Colorado Belle property purchased last winter. Thus, the Edgewater will have more than 600 rooms

Our Man in Laughlin

A report from Bill Willard on the growing pains and pleasures of boomtown life.

An estimated 12,000 to 20,000 tourists visit Laughlin daily, but on weekends, 40,000 to 70,000 people jam into the little town. As the boom continues, the strain on police protection is expected to grow, but the police force, which had one officer last year, now has three. Laughlinites are looking forward to one Nevada-side shopping plaza soon. Residents now must drive over Davis Dam about 10 miles to Bullhead City to shop. The one convenience store in Laughlin is run by Town Board Chairman Charles "Spunky" Anderson. Those 29-cent breakfasts are no more since the Colorado Belle was swallowed by the Edgewater. You can find 'em for 99 cents, buffet-style, almost anywhere on casino row.

Postmaster Annie Harrison, clerk-in-charge of Laughlin's postal contract station, has seen P.O. boxes increase from 173 to the current roster of 822. The post office is located inside the Riverside and surrounded by banks of slot machines. It opened in December 1968 and currently handles between 40,000 and 50,000 pieces of mail a month. It's still headquarters for locals seeking news and gossip.

There are only two other post offices inside casinos, and they are both naturally in Nevada and located in the communities of Cal-Nev-Ari, a roadside spot on U.S. 95 between Laughlin and Searchlight, and the well-known border town of Jackpot in the state's northeastern corner.

Clark County Manager Bruce Spaulding says the county's master plan forecasts as many as 30,000 permanent residents in Laughlin within the next 12 to 15 years.

During the height of last year's summer flooding when the Nevada Club was sandbagging furiously, disgusted general manager Larry Close uttered the now famous words, "The Bureau of Reclamation can't hold its water!" This year, the Davis Dam spillway has been open for months, disgorging millions of gallons into the deep-green stream that flows at

13 mph by the resorts. Actually, Laughlin remained dry compared to the area around Parker, Arizona. Still, the Coast Guard stopped the casinos' zippy one-minute shore-to-shore boat rides while the river remained high. That forced Bullhead City residents to use free shuttle buses or drive the twisty roads over the dam into Laughlin.

To handle the housing boom, Clark County is installing a \$4-million, million-gallon-a-day sewage treatment system and a \$5-million water system. The new Big Bend Water District will manage the community's annual 10,000-acre-foot allotment of Colorado River water. Most of the land being developed for homes, apartments, and condos lies west and south of the casino strip and as much as two miles from the Colorado. More valuable property closer to the river is owned by Southern California Edison's gigantic Mohave Generating Station, whose tall stack deposits fine yellow ash from its trail of smoke above Laughlin. The Riverside is the only Laughlin resort on Nevada time, while the others south of the big white highrise are by custom on Arizona or Mountain time.

Last year's Laughlin Founders Days took place in late July and early August when the Colorado River was rampaging. It was Don Laughlin's baby to mark the 17th anniversary of the town he started in a small roadside bait shop and bar. The hoopla began with a parade and ended with a floating fireworks demonstration. One of the features was a Bottomless Cup: for \$5 you bought a souvenir cup in any of the Laughlin casinos and then for 25 cents you could have it runneth over with any well drink, draft beer, pop, or coffee. "Life On The River" theme is expected to be a big event again this summer. For further details contact the Riverside or the Chamber of Commerce, Box 2280, Laughlin, NV 89046. Dates are August 1-5 for this year's festivities.—BW

for the oncoming multitudes. Also added were 40 more lanes to the bowling alley and new dining areas with a gourmet steak house modeled after the one in Las Vegas' Circus Circus.

In March, huge earth-moving behemoths leveled ground south of the Nevada Club, making way for construction crews to swarm in and begin hammering together the \$35-million Sam's Town Gold-river on nearly 18 acres lapped by the river. This south-end resort is the work of Sam and Bill Boyd, who have the California Hotel and Sam's Town in Las Vegas, and John Midby.

At the same time, pioneer developer Don Laughlin announced a \$40-million expansion blueprint that would nearly triple the size of his Riverside bonanza with a 22-story tower adding 600 rooms. With the present 13-story tower, the River Queen Motel in Bullhead City, a new restaurant, and enlarged casino, the resort will have more than 1,000 rooms.

Don Laughlin has another pet project—a proposed tramway over the river from the Riverside to his leased parking area near the Bullhead City airport. But Arizona officials are not taking kindly to the pylon construction on the public land in question. It is bandied about among Laughlinites that one of the reasons Laughlin wants his tramway is to save about a million dollars a year. That's what the operation of the 24-hour boat shuttle costs him at \$80,000 a month.

County Manager Bruce Spaulding, whose gimlet eye has a tendency to spot red ink lurking in Clark County's books, would not allow the euphoric ground-breaking hoopla last winter to phase him as he noted, "We're going to have real problems two years down the road." He warned that the county budget simply wasn't planned to include boomtowns.

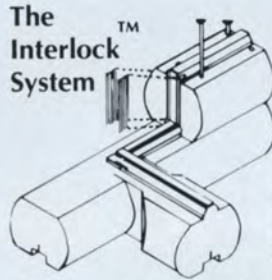
The dash of cold water was a notice to the wise that it will take some time to establish a tax base in Laughlin. Spaulding says the county master plan forecasts as many as 30,000 residents in the town within the next 12 to 15 years.

Of course, local enthusiasm overrides such factual negatives. Chamber president Larry Close, who oversaw the sand-bagging of the Nevada Club during last summer's flooding, has estimated Laughlin's population count to be 16,000 by 1990. "It's exciting to be on the ground floor or creation of an area," he muses. "It's nice to remember how it was, but it's also nice to look forward to how it will be." □

Bill Willard has lived in Las Vegas 35 years, reporting and writing about the territory as Variety's bureau chief and as the Review-Journal's critic for entertainment, drama, ballet, and music. He also keeps regular tabs on Laughlin, 95 miles south.

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At sunset Fremont Street became a brightly-lit mixture of cafes, clubs, and stores 50 years ago. Today this is Glitter Gulch.

Focus on Vegas

Glenn Davis' photographs provide a scrapbook of Las Vegas' early years, the 1930s.

By Sherwin (Scoop) Garside

When photographer Glenn A. Davis moved to Las Vegas in 1930, the future resort capital was a railroad town of fewer than 8,000 residents. The town's main block of houses had been built by the Union Pacific Railroad for its employees, and the depot occupied the spot where the Union Plaza Hotel now stands. It was then a popular evening pastime to drive slowly down Fremont Street to the old depot, to see and be seen by friends and neighbors. The business district occupied the first three blocks on Fremont and then new homes lined each side until you got to Fifth Street. From there you could turn north to the Salt Lake Highway or south toward the Los Angeles Highway. Gravel roads led to and from town.

It was in this small town that Davis ran his photography studio on Fremont Street

from 1930 to 1941, years that brought great and lasting changes to Las Vegas. During that decade the legislature made gambling legal. Hoover Dam was built on the Colorado River, and Davis photographed every phase of its construction. He found subjects in the town's early tourist business. The Helldorado celebration was started, and as Lake Mead formed behind the dam, boating became a popular local sport. Two resorts, the Last Frontier and El Rancho Vegas, were built. Davis also photographed Hollywood celebrities who came here for the warm climate, the lake, gambling, and show business. Among them were Clark Gable, Dick Powell, Mary Martin, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Wallace Beery, and Mae West.

Before moving to Las Vegas at age 36, Davis had toured Europe and served in World War I. He had been a carpenter,



The photographer at Cathedral Gorge.



These youngsters were properly attired for an early Helldorado.

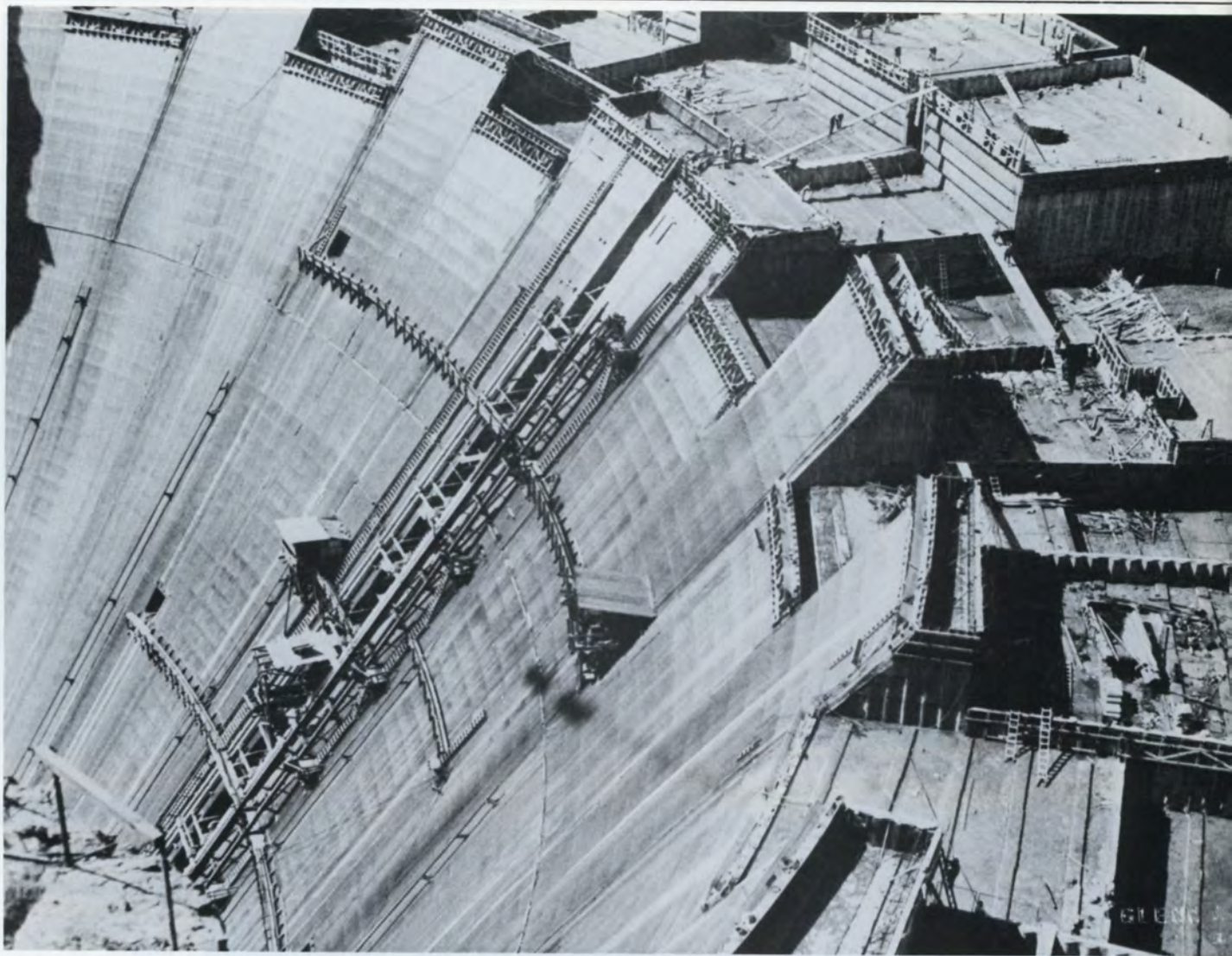


Edgar Rice Burroughs and Florence Gilbert were wed in Vegas in 1935.

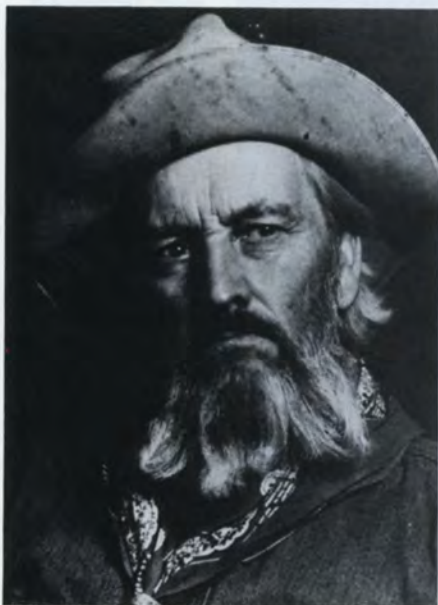


According to his notes, Davis took this unusual barroom photograph at the Ghost Casino in Rhyolite.

Davis trained his camera on locals and celebrities and traveled often in the desert.



Davis witnessed all phases of Hoover Dam's construction. In this photo, workers' tiny figures can be seen on the crest.



Bert Chesley, prospector and burro trader.



Stanley Morgan was a favorite Davis model.

lumberjack, gardener, and cook. He was a zealous photographer, and some of his best work—he later won several international photography awards—came from his Las Vegas days.

It was at his downtown studio that I became acquainted with Davis. I was a cub reporter on the *Review-Journal* when he sold me my first press camera and then, with patience and humor, showed me how to use it.

Davis, who died in 1981 after making his home for many years in Anacortes, Washington, made a gift to the UNLV Library of hundreds of negatives and prints, all of which he took when Las Vegas was a small town growing up. □

Sherwin (Scoop) Garside of Las Vegas was a reporter and columnist for the Review-Journal and formerly owned Bonanza Printing.



It wasn't far from downtown to the desert in the 1930s. This camp may have been part of Helldorado.



In 1939 a special train powered by an old V&T engine stopped while on a nationwide tour to publicize the movie Union Pacific.





SUMMER IN BLOOM

Alan Bittler likes wildflower photography because of the perspective it offers.

"With a camera, you have to get right down in amongst them," Bittler says. "That way you don't miss any of the color, texture, shape, and fragrance you'd miss from six feet off the ground."

His background photo of golden phacelia invites the most upright hiker to stop and smell the flowers along the way. The three small photos from top to bottom show Indian paintbrush, white layia, and purple aster.

Bittler, who lives in Reno, says Nevada is a wildflower watcher's paradise because of the vast variations in altitude and temperature. "The flowers that bloom in April on the valley floors might not bloom until July in the mountains, so I've got a good excuse to get out and explore for months at a time."—JC



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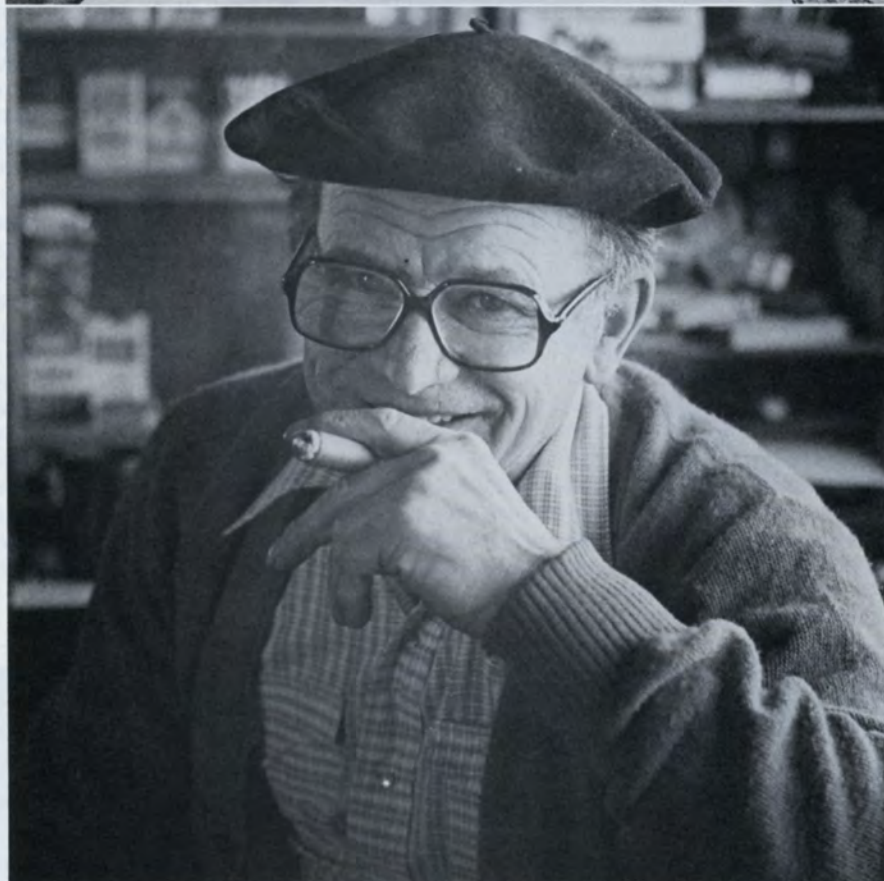


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The J&T's Mad Hatter

Jean Lekumberry welcomes new friends, relations, and politicians with the same unprintable zeal.

By Roberta McConnell

If he isn't mixing picon punches or chatting with customers, Jean Lekumberry can usually be found perched on a stool behind his bar at the J&T in Gardnerville, poring over newspapers or news magazines, with a cigar wobbling up and down between his teeth and smoking up his glasses to zero visibility.

Jean is probably the best read and most politically astute innkeeper in Western Nevada, and there are few things he enjoys more than a heated political argu-

ment, unless, of course, it's a good joke.

Some of the stories may be a little profane, but they are always whispered out of earshot of any female customers. Each one brings a merry chuckle to the genial Jean. Furthermore, if he is telling the story, you'll just have to wait for your picon and you'll have to remind him to collect his money. To Jean, money may be a necessary evil, but it certainly isn't as important as a good story.

In fact, he uses money to decorate the

high ceiling of his Victorian barroom, where close to 400 \$1 bills are tacked at random. The bills have been put there by an ingenious method Jean reportedly devised, whereby he sticks the tack through the center of the bill, folds it, backs the tack with a silver dollar, and heaves away, underhand. The bills usually stick on the first throw, prompting unbelieving customers to dig out another dollar bill to see how the man does it.

Among the ranks of regulars at his



Cowboy and military hats dominate the J&T's walls, but the owner wears a beret. Jean also believes that a holiday of any kind is a good excuse to clear away the tables and have a dance.

establishment are cowboys, ranchers, judges, lawyers, engineers, and politicians. (Of politicians Jean says solemnly, "They were all nice people before they got elected.") His customers come to relax, share tales, and sometimes try to confound their host. "I have lived in Europe and South America," he says, "but nothing is as good as Gardnerville, Nevada, where you can argue with anyone in the bar, be called even a communist, but the people still come back. We are friends."

While most customers are locals, many are travelers who have heard of the place through the highway grapevine. Last summer, for instance, *Los Angeles Times* writer Charles Hillinger did a piece on the J&T and its hat collection. Shortly afterward unknown people began sending copies of the story to Lekumberry with letters, saying they would stop by this summer. He keeps the letters in one of the cigar boxes that serve as his highly unusual filing system, and in the meantime he eagerly awaits the visits of his new, far-off friends.

The new friends may be surprised at

what they find, but they're bound to enjoy it. The first sight, of course, will be Jean chomping on his cigar and peering through his fogged-up glasses. The second will be the collection of top-brass military hats on the wall above the cash register. The hats, all left by guests, include the well-braided ones of Generals William Westmoreland, Grover Russell, Alexander Surles, Floyd Edsall, and a fellow named Harbison, who also left his campaign ribbons pinned to the top.

Hats also cover most of the saloon walls. Among the headpieces are 200 or so that were recently moved from the dining room. Most are well-worn cowboy hats and each is signed by the donating cowboy or rancher, a practice that dates back to the start of the collection two decades ago, when a local rancher continually forgot his hat after lunch. There are caps from all branches of the armed services and a fancy, silver-studded cowboy hat belonging to country-western singer Judy Lynn. That one slid behind the cash register a few years ago and will probably be brought out and dusted if

Jean ever finds a tack strong enough to hold it to the wall.

After introductions and a couple of picons, the visiting friends may proceed to the dining room for a steak sandwich or a full Basque luncheon or dinner, the latter two guaranteed to destroy three months of dieting. Individual tables have replaced the long, family-style tables used in past years, but there are two long tables for groups and a separate banquet room for large gatherings.

Like other Nevada Basque restaurateurs, Jean is a native of the Basque Provinces. He was born in 1925 in Osses, France, in the Pyrenees. He arrived in Gardnerville in 1947, sponsored by an uncle who was in Nevada working as a shepherd. On his trip Jean was allowed to take only \$32 out of the country for his flight from Paris to New York and then to Reno. Furthermore, he could not speak English, but that turned out to be a minor hindrance for Jean, who today grins as he recalls, "It's surprising what you can do with sign language."

In Carson Valley, sheep rancher Stoddard Jacobsen had a job for him, and the young Basque went to work as a camp supplier. He helped with the sheep in the mountains and returned to the ranch between supply trips to work at haying and other jobs.

"Shepherding is lonely, awful, awful lonely," Jean says. The herders are out with the flocks from June until September or October and see their camp suppliers only once every week.

It's a bit easier now, he says. The supply man can use a four-wheel-drive truck, the herders have transistor radios, and their tents have been replaced by sheep wagons (primitive forerunners of the motor home). But making a fire pit remains standard procedure. "A shepherd always has good grubs," Jean points out, meaning that the herder can put his lamb, onions, carrots, and potatoes in the pot, with coals and rocks underneath, more coals on top, and then cover it with earth. A few hours later, when the sheep are bedded down and the gun readied for marauding coyotes, the stew is done to perfection.

For Jean it was ranch work in winter and the sheep in summer until 1957, when he went to work for the now defunct Windmill Creamery, which provided Carson Valley butter for famous hotels like the St. Francis in San Francisco. Then, in 1960, Jean purchased the J&T from John Juansaras, another well-known Basque of the valley.

The J&T, named for Juansaras and Trounday, is a two-story structure reported to have been hauled in sections to Gardnerville from Virginia City, by horse-drawn sleigh, in the late 1880s. The second

Among his regulars are cowboys, ranchers, engineers, and politicians. Jean says of politicians, 'They were all nice people before they got elected.'

floor had rooms for itinerant sheep shearers that are now occupied by J&T workers. The floors sagged a bit, but there was color and romance to the old building, and Jean was delighted to join the ranks of Gardnerville innkeepers such as John (Pop) Etchemendy at the Overland, Joe and Mana Micheo at the Pyrenees, and Ray Borda at the French Hotel.

At the time Jean had been married three years to the former Shirley Malinckrodt. Now divorced, they have three children, Robert, Marie Louise, and Jean Baptiste, who is known as J.B. The children literally grew up in the J&T. They had their chores such as bringing ice for the bar, cleaning, and running errands. They walked from school to the J&T for lunch each day, and on heading back to their studies, all repeated at the front door Jean's constant admonition, "Don't lie, don't steal, don't cheat."

Today Marie Louise, a law clerk, and J.B., a carpenter, both live in San Francisco. Robert, who was two when his parents bought the place, now works at the J&T in the bar or kitchen, cooking steaks and stews and carrying on the customary J&T conviviality for those who venture inside.

In summer the visitors traditionally include vacationing political celebrities like U.S. Senator Paul Laxalt, who sometimes can be found at the J&T, sipping a

picon with Jean and talking politics during the August Congressional break. Except for the fact that Laxalt is a Republican, Jean doesn't have much to argue with him about, but he shows no deference just because his friend is now a big man on Capitol Hill.

Jean cusses voluminously, but it's never offensive and usually sounds as if he is saying his rosary. As he says, "They're just words, and if you not mad, a good four-letter word says it better, easier."

He also speaks four languages—Basque, French, Spanish, and English—fluently. He has enough Italian and Portuguese to get along, and it's a safe bet that he can cuss proficiently in all of them. But he shrugs off his linguistic abilities, saying he does not translate from one language to another. "To translate takes brains, and I got no brains," he says with a laugh.

He loves to dance, and after taking over the J&T, he made every red-letter day on the calendar—plus a lot more no one ever heard of—reason for a dance after dinner. By custom, local Basque musicians bring instruments such as accordions and drums, and tables are carried outside. The chairs are lined against the dining room walls and serve as beds for the children when they are too tuckered to dance anymore. At midnight, there's a sumptuous buffet of salad, sliced ham and lamb, Basque chorizo (highly-seasoned sausage), and

French bread as well as plenty of wine.

Jean is also devoted to his garden. With Robert to take over behind the bar, in spring Jean unleashes his green thumb to plant tomatoes for summer salads at the J&T, cabbage for the Basque cabbage soup, and hot little yellow pepperoni that he pickles and dispenses to bar customers. He grows zucchini, great amounts of garlic, leeks, and potatoes, and if there is a bumper crop, sacks will be traded at the bar with customers who bring their own sacks of vegetables that Jean may not have grown.

For many years, Jean raised his own sheep for the lamb stew and leg-of-lamb served in the dining room. Now he raises bees and unnerves guests when he spots a spring swarm in one of the trees outside and captures it for his own hives.

Good cheer is usually part of the harvest, whatever the season. For instance, if you had known Jean in years past and returned after a long interval, you can bet his greeting will be a tremendous grin, a hearty two-hand clasp, and a long string of cuss words you're not supposed to say in print. To the uninitiated that will mean, "My friend, my good friend, you came back. Let me buy you a little picon." □

Roberta McConnell, who once trained as a concert pianist, is a self-described professional word pusher and lives in Genoa.



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The man to see at the Star in Elko is Joe Sarasua, the hotel's owner for the last 20 years.

Basco's Dozen

With 13 pure Basque restaurants, a sheepherder or a city slicker need never go hungry.

By Andrea Michelsen

Basque restaurants demand little of their customers, but it's good to bring two things with you: a hearty appetite and a friendly heart. By custom, at many establishments you'll be seated at large tables with other guests, but don't worry about awkward silences—the family-style serving makes it impossible to dine in silence. Individual seating is offered at some restaurants, but no matter what the arrangement, the home-style Basque hospitality is always in evidence.

Most of these restaurants have their roots in the Basque hotels that have long

provided room and board to sheepherders during the winter and also serve as social centers for Basques in their areas. For the herders, voracious appetites can be easy to cultivate after long stays in the mountains. So the legacy of the restaurants is one of generous portions and multiple courses, which include soup, Basque beans (pinto beans in a mild sauce), and an entree or choice of entrees. French bread and red wine are always plentiful.

Following are the 13 Basque restaurants you'll find in Nevada. Some have hotel rooms and all have bars. The area code is

702 if you're phoning from outside the state. Reservations aren't always required, but they are suggested for large parties and on weekends, especially when there are Basque festivals and holidays.

Ely

Settle into your seat at the **Ely Hotel** and get the feel of a downtown Basque landmark. This restaurant ranks high with longtime residents as well as travel-weary visitors. Rub elbows with businessmen and sheepherders alike at the long boardinghouse-style tables and enjoy meats, French bread, and plenty of wine and cheese. 765 Aultman Street, 289-9900. Dinner 6-7, \$10.95, children under 10 \$5. No lunches. Reservations requested for large parties. Open Monday through Friday. No credit cards. Rooms for rent.

Elko

Biltoki, "the gathering place," is Elko's newest Basque restaurant. Opened last November by Ramon and Glenda Zugazaga, this restaurant prides itself on its variety of specials. Order from a standard menu or choose from nightly selections like beef tongue, clams, squid, roast lamb, or codfish. Serving is family style; you can share a long table with others or be seated at an individual table. 405 Silver Street, 738-9691. No lunches. Dinner Thursday through Tuesday, 4-10. Daily specials \$8.50, menu items from \$8.50. MasterCard and Visa.

Nevada Dinner House, formerly the Nevada Hotel, welcomes diners with its cozy atmosphere. Here, you may order entrees from a menu that includes choices like top sirloin steak, New York steak, lamb ribs, pork chops, and shrimp. Every dinner also features soup, spaghetti, vegetables, and the ever-present French bread. 351 Silver Street, 738-8485. Dinner 5-10, from \$10.45, children from \$5. No lunches. Closed five weeks in December and January. Individual tables. No credit cards.

The beautiful bar at the **Star Hotel** makes this restaurant a popular spot with Elko residents. The menu offers a variety of entrees and specials, including the usual choice of steaks and chops, as well as chicken and Spanish omelettes. Look for Joe Sarasua's Friday specials, such as clams with rice when the season's right. 246 Silver Street, 738-9925. Dinner 5-9:30, from \$8, children under 12 half-price. No lunches. Closed Sunday. No charge cards. Rooms for rent.

Winnemucca

If you hear a loud dinner bell, you're likely to be at the **Martin Hotel**, which has been serving guests since the late 1800s. Lunch features items like liver and onions, hamburgers, and traditional favorites such as garlic soup or Basque beans and French bread. Dinner varies from night to night and always features a choice cut steak as



PHOTOS BY JAY ALDRICH



Two Gardnerville restaurateurs are Jesus Rey of the Carson Valley Country Club, upper left, and Eusebio Cenoz of the Overland, upper right. Seating is often boardinghouse style.

Drinks With a Punch

Louis Erreguible smiles when he warns you, "The first two are the picon and the third is the punch." He is referring to the picon punch, the most popular before-dinner drink in Nevada's Basque restaurants.

Louis and his wife, Lorraine, own Louis' Basque Corner in Reno and thus may be considered experts on the subject. Lorraine simply says of the brew, "It is the drink of Basque hotels in America."

A picon punch, Lorraine explains, begins with 78-proof picon liqueur, which has a quinine base and a flavor derived from an exotic mixture of herbs. The drink is usually prepared in a fizz glass by pouring equal parts picon and soda, mixing in a tiny bit of grenadine or lemon syrup, rubbing a twist of lemon around

the rim of the glass, and floating a small amount of brandy on the top. Hence Louis' second warning: "You have to treat it with respect."

If you're looking for an alternative, Lorraine Erreguible suggests an Izarra. The word means star, and the drink means business. It is aged Armagnac, a mellowed brandy, flavored with the essence of flowers and herbs. Served straight up or over ice, this drink is deceptively delicate, but worth a try.

After dinner, if you still have room following a generous Basque repast, order a Winnemucca coffee. That's three quarters of an ounce each of brandy and anisette combined with steaming coffee and a twist of lemon, and it's guaranteed to take the chill off the coldest shepherd. —AM

an entree and side dishes like clams or tongue. Say hello to owner Frenchy Fouchet, who presides over this friendly operation. Railroad and Melarkey streets, 623-3197. Lunch 11:30-2, from \$2.25. Dinner 6-10, \$10-\$12. Open daily. MasterCard and Visa. Rooms for rent.

Ormachea's Dinner House has individual tables in what some locals call an "elegant" setting, and if you are having a gathering of any sort, Linda and Tom Ormachea's banquet room will accommodate up to 50. Choose from entrees like steak, chicken, shrimp, codfish, or pork chops. Oxtail soup is another specialty of the house. U.S. 95 and Melarkey Street, 623-3455. Dinner 6-10, from \$7. Child's plate \$4.75. No lunches available. Closed Sunday and Monday. MasterCard and Visa.

If you really want a feeling of the Basque heritage of the last 100 years, hang out at the **Winnemucca Hotel** for an evening. You'll still see shepherders enjoying lunch and dinner at this establishment. Fare includes variations on traditional selections like steak, lamb, and side dishes of clams and rice or lamb stew. Seating is family style. 95 Bridge Street, 623-2908. Lunch 12-1, \$5, children under 10 \$2.50. Dinner 6-9, \$9, children \$3.25. Can accommodate groups of up to 70 persons. Open daily. MasterCard and Visa. Rooms for rent by day, week, or month.

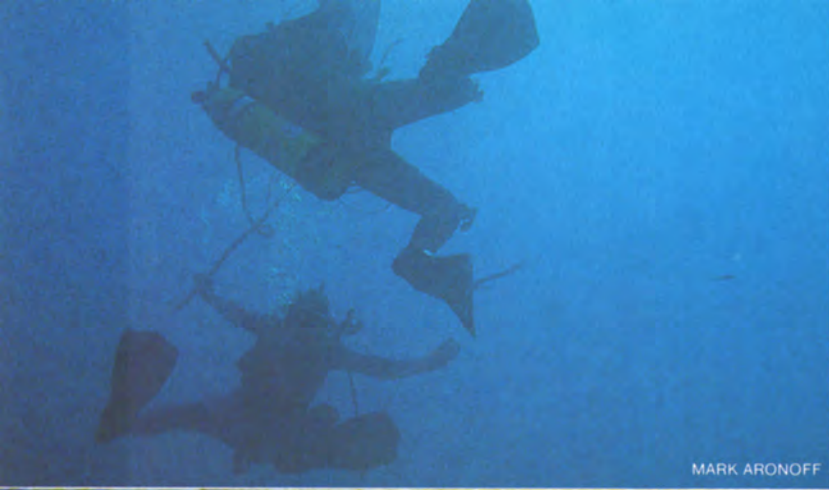
Gardnerville

Don't be fooled by the non-traditional setting for this very authentic Basque restaurant. While it overlooks a well-manicured golf course instead of a dusty main street, the **Carson Valley Country Club** still serves up excellent food in the tradition of the old country. Lunch features steak with all the trimmings, and dinner offers a choice of steak or shrimp. Both feature delicious side dishes like paella or sweetbreads, too. Seating is at individual tables. U.S. 395 two miles south of Gardnerville, 265-3715. Lunch 11:30-2:30 (except Sunday), \$2.50-\$7.50. Dinner 5:30-9, 5-8 Sunday, \$11. Closed Tuesday. No credit cards.

Looking for a friendly place to hang your hat? The **J&T Bar** will check your Stetson right alongside one of the craziest hat collections in Nevada. In addition to zany hats, this place serves up a steak or Basque lunch to hungry hat-hangers. Dinner features steak entrees and plenty of traditional Basque side dishes. 760 Main Street, 782-2074. Lunch 11:30-2, Steak \$4.50, Basque \$8. Dinner 6-9, 5:30-9 Saturday, \$9.50, children \$3.50. Traditional seating or individual. Closed Sundays. No credit cards. Remember your hat.

Gardnerville's oldest Basque hotel and restaurant, the **Overland Hotel**, is also admired by experienced Basque diners.

(Continued on page 43)





MARK ARONOFF



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MICHAEL J. NEVINS



LARRY PROSOR/FOCUS WEST

Tahoe

Beyond the Beach

At Lake Tahoe your best choices are to float or get soaked, and either way the rewards are stunning.

By John Packer

Some people prefer to view Lake Tahoe from afar, and it's hard to blame them. The vistas from roads and peaks seem eternally cool, blue, and green in the summer, particularly from the vantage point of the Mount Rose Highway high above the north end of the lake. For even the most jaded Reno-Tahoe hands, to round that certain curve and have the entire lake and basin burst into view is always a thrilling sight.

But in order to fully enjoy the Tahoe experience, you must come down from Mount Rose and get in and on the water.

Getting wet isn't easy for everyone because Lake Tahoe's water is notoriously bracing, even in the summertime. It's not unusual to watch sunbathers take a half-hour to ease themselves into the chilly depths. To dive right in, without thought or physical preconditioning, is a stunning event. The last two weeks of July consistently record the highest surface temperatures, averaging 68°F. Generally speaking, the months of July and August are the best times to

The summer sporting climate is alluring to fishermen, boaters, and beach explorers at Lake Tahoe, where the water is always clear and sometimes shocking.



Splash Dash

When the Trans-Tahoe Swim teams leave Sand Harbor for Chambers Landing, it's like D-Day in reverse.

By Mark Aronoff

The swimmers form a crowd on the beach, but out on the lake they are solitary figures churning across the intensely blue, mirror-smooth water. Each swimmer is part of a six-member team in one of Lake Tahoe's summer sporting rituals, the Trans-Tahoe Swim. It's an

exhaustive test that starts on the east shore at Sand Harbor and ends 14.4 miles across the lake at Chambers Landing. The water is cold—usually 52 to 55 degrees—and at 6,220 feet is about the highest of any swim race in the country.

Maybe that's why so many swimmers

show up. The event was started 10 years ago by a small band of cold-water enthusiasts from the Bay Area. Last July more than 400 swimmers took part, including teams from throughout the western states.

The relay race takes most teams six hours or more to complete. Each team



Loneliness of the long-distance swimmer: only five hours to go.

MARK ARONOFF PHOTOS

member swims first for 30 minutes, then 15, and thereafter for 10-minute legs.

The start, at 7:30 a.m., is crowded and hectic. As dozens of escort boats bob offshore, the teams' lead swimmers line up on the Sand Harbor beach. At the gun, they dash for the water and start the 30-minute swim. While they're heading west, boat pilots and other team members try to spot their crawling teammate and pull alongside.

It resembles a sort of D-Day in reverse, with crowds of people and boats pulling away from the beachhead. But as the race progresses, the boats and swimmers spread out across Lake Tahoe.

Swimmers use the boats as guides because they can't spot a tiny target—Chambers Landing—across the lake from

While the competition is keen at the front of the pack, there is definitely a mellow, beach-party atmosphere among many of the teams.

water level. It's tough enough to mark a straight course from the craft, which each pilot tries to do.

Tactics and piloting skills appear to vary widely, judging from the miles of water between so many craft with the same destination.

Boats and swimmers again converge as they close in on Chambers Landing. A white banner with a red message, "Chambers Landing Finish Line," is posted on the beach. The team members touch shore and dash under the sign—some participants can only stagger numbly at this point—to join the ongoing party.

In 1983, the Davis Aquatic Masters set a new record with a crossing of five hours, 20 minutes, and 25 seconds, knocking almost 10 minutes from the record set in 1982 by the Olympic Club of San Francisco, which had won the race five years in a row.

Yet while the competition is keen at the front of the pack, there is a definitely mellow, beach-party atmosphere that combines with a bit of expeditionary excitement as the boats are loaded at Sand Harbor. The plentiful supply of keg beer at the finish and the scores of husbands and wives, boyfriends and girlfriends, swimmers and aquatic enthusiasts form a special bond among the participants that keeps them coming back.

And each year the swimmers bring a few friends who decide to try crossing Lake Tahoe the long, beautiful way. □

Mark Aronoff, a former resident of South Lake Tahoe, is a newspaper and freelance photographer who now lives in Santa Rosa, California.

swim and sunbathe at Tahoe. The term "like Tahoe" has become a regional simile for expressing the meaning of cold, but once you've taken the plunge, the rewards and pleasures are many.

One of the lake's most pleasurable spots is Sand Harbor, four miles south of Incline Village on the northeast shore. In summer there is a \$4 day fee at this sandy swimming area, which is part of Lake Tahoe Nevada State Park, and a boat ramp, picnic tables, and restrooms are provided.

Contributing to Sand Harbor's beauty is an arm of land spotted with pines and strewn with immense boulders that juts into the lake. The southern side of the peninsula has a long, sandy sunbathing beach. Since the prevailing winds and most summer storms come from the south, the waves breaking across the shoal and into this beach are sometimes large enough to surf. A few years ago, *Surfer Magazine* ran a photo of a young man doing just that on a perfectly formed four-foot wave. But before you hop in the old Woodie and head for the Sierra, remember that fresh water is not as buoyant as the ocean and a larger, old-style foam board works best. This beach is ideal for the serious sun worshipper since it features unimpeded rays from morning to sunset.

The northern section of Sand Harbor is only a few hundred yards from the beach, but the view is that of a different lake. Protected by the same natural jetty, the calm of the north harbor and coves provides prime examples of Tahoe's famous clarity. Submerged boulders the size of railroad cars dot the bottom and can be seen to a depth of 70 feet and more. Some of them stand sentry in the harbor, reaching 10 to 15 feet above the surface. Many people believe this to be the area where Mark Twain took what he called his "balloon voyages," drifting in a skiff and gazing into the pellucid depths.

Because of the varying depths of the rock formations, coupled with the hues in the sand and shadows, you can see the entire cool side of the visible spectrum, from aquamarine to jet, at random play in the water. Perhaps it is the very randomness of this lovely sight that makes it so soothing to our linear human minds. The purity and clarity of the water here provide for one of the most refreshing and exhilarating swims you'll ever enjoy.

Once you've been in the lake, whether at Sand Harbor or one of the many other fine beaches around the shore, the natural inclination is to get on the water and view Tahoe from yet another perspective. In this regard, the ways and means are plentiful.

Marinas and resorts around the lake feature the rental of boats and other navigational devices. If you have your own

craft on a trailer, Tahoe has several public launch ramps costing anywhere from \$2 to \$5 for the service. Most marinas provide ramp or hoist facilities for a somewhat higher fee. Some of the more comprehensive rental marinas are Ski Run and Camp Richardson (formerly Bender's) on the south shore, Meek's Bay and Obexer's on the west, Alpine Marina and Tahoe Vista to the north, and Zephyr Cove at the southeastern side of the lake.

If you want a leisurely, inexpensive form of boating, canoeing is a good way to enjoy Tahoe at close range. At Camp Richardson, kayaks and canoes are rented for \$3 and \$5 per hour respectively. From there, it's a short paddle to Emerald Bay, where you can picnic on the beach and tour Vikingsholm, a Scandinavian-style castle maintained by California's state park system. Fannette Island, a rocky knob of land only a few acres in size, rises near the back of the bay. Here, you can secure a canoe on the shore and climb to the stone block teahouse perched on top, a remnant of the bay's elegant past. The island also features sheer granite cliffs from which daredevils can dive, Acapulco style, into the glittering emerald waters.

Four miles south of Emerald Bay is Fallen Leaf Lake, another picturesque spot for paddle enthusiasts. Fallen Leaf is set in the pines more than 3,000 feet below 9,735-foot Mount Tallac. The lake can be circumnavigated by canoe in a long day, with time for a leisurely lunch at a secluded beach. Although the huge expanse of Tahoe lies just out of sight, Fallen Leaf has the feel of an isolated mountain lake. Canoes and other boats can be rented at the marina located at the lake's south end.

Most Tahoe marinas rent a wide variety of motorized vessels, from dinghies with trolling motors to sleek speedboats. Jet skis and surf jets are currently popular with the teen set.

Water-skiers say that the lake's surface is usually at its calmest in the early morning, within a half-mile of the shoreline. An evening "glass-off" is not unusual, particularly at the west and south shores. Rental fees for ski boats run between \$25 and \$40 per hour, plus gas. For safety reasons water-skiing is not permitted in Emerald Bay, but it is quite common to observe glass poachers ripping across the perfectly smooth finish of the bay at dawn.

Even the center of the lake is often calm enough for good skiing, but Tahoe squalls and storms are notoriously sudden and will turn a perfect day into a nightmare of wind and whitecaps.

Wind is the bane of skiers, but it's a boon for experienced sailors. The number of sailboats and other wind powered craft plying Tahoe's waves has increased greatly in the last decade. Sailboats ranging in

Lake Cruises

A number of cruise boats ply Tahoe's waters during the summer. Rides provide great views, a fresh breeze by the rail, and, in some cases, even dinner and cocktails. The ships also are available for private parties.

The *M.S. Dixie* departs its berth at Zephyr Cove at 11 a.m. and 2 p.m. daily for Emerald Bay. Cost is \$8 adults, \$4 children 12 and under, and free for toddlers 3 and under. Every evening at 7:30 is a dinner-dance cruise, which is \$22.50 a person; reservations are recommended. The *Dixie* also has a champagne-brunch voyage at 9 a.m. Sundays and a dinner-or-cocktails trip at 5:15 p.m. Wednesday through Friday. Call 702-588-3508.

Also berthed at Zephyr Cove is the *Woodwind*, a sleek 41-foot trimaran that is the lake's only sailing excursion vessel. The *Woodwind* offers at least five trips each day—11:30 a.m. and 1, 2:30, and 4 p.m. as well as a 7 p.m. sunset champagne cruise. Cost is \$8 adults, \$4 children under 12, and free for ages 2 and under. The sunset cruise, and all the champagne you desire, is \$14 per person. Call 702-588-3000 for

reservations, which are recommended.

On the south shore at Ski Run Marina, the *Tahoe Queen*, a large paddle wheeler like the *Dixie*, leaves daily for Emerald Bay at 11 a.m., 1:30 p.m., and 3:55 p.m. Cost is \$9 for adults and \$4.50 for children 11 and under. Food and drink are available. At 7 each evening is a dinner-dance cruise, which is \$12.50 per person; dinner prices run \$7.95 to \$18.95, chicken to lobster. Call 916-541-3364 for reservations.



The 65-foot *Spirit of Tahoe Keys* travels daily between Tahoe Keys on the south shore and Incline Village on the north. Formerly the *High Water Princess*, the cruiser is now a gambler's special leaving the Keys daily at 9:30 a.m. and returning at 4:30 p.m. Cost is \$18 round-trip and includes cash and tokens for play at the Hyatt Tahoe, which is where the *Spirit* makes its north-shore berth.

size from six-foot sabots to 24-foot ketches can be rented at many marinas. Zephyr Cove has a wide assortment of rentals.

Hobies and other small catamarans are rentable, and windsurfing is a booming sport at Tahoe. Kings Beach and Lake Forest on the north shore and Ski Run Marina on the south are a few places where windsurfing instruction and rentals are available.

The wind at Tahoe is nearly always best in the afternoon, when a brisk breeze hums out of the southwest. Among the lake's popular windsurfing spots are Tahoe Vista on the north shore and Elk Point on the east.

It's not necessary to paddle, power, ski, or ride the wind in order to see Tahoe close up. If you'd rather leave the driving to someone else, there are several cruise boats offering unique ways to see the lake.

The *M.S. Dixie* out of Zephyr Cove and the *Tahoe Queen* based at Ski Run Marina are excursion boats designed to look like Mississippi paddle wheelers. Both make several daily cruises to Emerald Bay and other points of interest in the southern reaches of Tahoe. The *Woodwind* is a 41-foot trimaran sailing from Zephyr Cove; it can carry about 25 passengers per trip. Weather permitting, the *Woodwind* sails to Emerald Bay or wherever the most favorable wind allows.

Cruise boats like the triple-decker *Dixie* can carry hundreds of passengers, but the ride can be surprisingly fresh and scenic. On deck, the wind and weather are in your face, and the view from the middle of the lake, with mountains and woods forming a crown around the water, can be awe-inspiring. Children tend to get wide-eyed with excitement aboard the big, ornate paddle wheelers. Most cruises last between one-and-a-half and two-and-a-half hours.

The lure of the lake's large hotels and casinos is a major reason for Tahoe's summer crowds. But it's still the lake itself that matters most. To be there and not swim in or float upon its waters is to miss the very essence of being at Tahoe.

George Wharton James, who wrote *The Lake of the Sky* in 1914, called Tahoe "the lake of ineffable blue." In his reverie he declared, "The blue alone is enough to impress it forever upon the observant mind. Its rich, deep, perfect splendor is a constant surprise. One steps from his hotel, not thinking of the Lake—the blue of it rises through the trees, over the rocks, everywhere, with startling vividness. Surely never before was so large and wonderful a lake of inky blue, sapphire blue, ultra-marine, amethystine richness spread out for man's enjoyment." □

John Packer of Lake Tahoe is a writer and photographer who lives on the Nevada side at Zephyr Point.

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Will James and the Rustler

When I first heard about the to-be-famous author, he was running mustangs in Pine Valley. One incident showed that he knew how to turn the other cheek, but his partner sure didn't.

By Harry E. Webb

Without doubt the name "Will James" has been on more tongues than that of any other cowboy as his books and western stories were of worldwide fame. From the ground up, every inch of this six-foot writer was cowboy, his background was cattle and mustang country, and in later years his books and paintings had the tang of branding-hair and the squeal of fighting broncs in every word, for he wrote exactly what he had lived. He was rough and tough, yet kind and considerate.

My first knowledge of Will James came in May 1915 when I came to Nevada to break broncs for the Hat Outfit. There I became acquainted with Al Thatcher, a

rancher on Pole Creek, where James and one Tom Hall stayed while running mustangs. But it appears these two were not of the same ilk. While James practiced "turning the other cheek" on some wrong done him, Hall believed in "an eye for an eye!"

One time James, Hall, and Thatcher had run a band of mustangs for hours, and when the bunch split up, Hall and Thatcher followed one band and James the other. There was a beautiful black stallion in that bunch which Will James vowed to get if he had to "stay with 'em till hell froze over."

Thatcher and Hall finally succeeded in capturing their bunch in a blind corral in Thatcher's canyon and were working out

a few branded horses when James pulled in.

"I got that stud," he enthused, "and is he a beauty!"

"Well, where is he?" Thatcher asked. "Did you lose him or find out he was branded and turn him loose?"

"Neither," Will said. "Drug him till my horse couldn't haul him any farther, so I tied him to a chokecherry tree and came in for help." Near dark, an hour later, the three had returned on fresh mounts only to find the stallion gone.

"Christ, Will," Hall said, "you never should have left him! He's busted your riata and hightailed it."

"Wait a minute," James said. "This rope's been cut! I know damn well a thousand-pound horse couldn't break it!" On examining the area they found tracks showing where two riders had been skidding and hazing the stallion along.

"We can't do nothin' tonight," Hall said, "but come morning we'll track 'em to hell and back if necessary and get your horse or somebody's scalp."

Following the tracks to the Raines' Hat Ranch, the three saw the stallion in the round corral with a fresh Hat brand on him. As they sat their horses, Jim Raines and two of his sons came out of the house and hurried to the corral.

"Listen, you guys!" Hall demanded. "Get in that corral and vent that brand you stuck on our horse and be damn quick about it!"

"What you mean, *your horse*?" one of the Raines said. "We came along and that horse broke loose and after chasing him a mile we managed to rope him. He was a gone gosling as far as you're concerned. And since we roped him, he's ours."

"Like hell he broke loose!" Hall shouted. "Look at that fellow's riata there. A city dude could see that's the work of a knife!"

"Well," Jim Raines said, "the boys say they roped him and that's good enough for me. So what you go'n'ta do about it?"

"I'll show you what I'll do about it," Hall said, unholstering his Colt. "You're venting that iron or you'll never live to get any use out of that horse!"

"Oh, to hell with 'em, Tom," James said, as he grabbed Hall's arm. "Let 'em have the horse. We don't want a killing over a mustang! These lousy thieves are welcome to him as far as I'm concerned."

"It's your horse, Will," Hall said, calming down. Addressing the senior Raines, he shouted, "All right, Jim, you birds can have the horse but I'll make him the most expensive damned mustang you ever latched onto!"

Back at Thatcher's place on Pole Creek, James laughed off the episode. "I don't care so much about the horse but the lousy bums ruined my 60-foot riata," he said. "Now as soon as I can get a fresh cow-

hide. I'll have to make me another."

"You'll have one tomorrow, Will," Hall told him. "I got to butcher one to take to George Snyder at Buckhorn." Hall had almost a dozen head of steers in Thatcher's field, but the queer part was that although he butchered two a week for the mining camps, his own little herd remained the same.

The next afternoon when Thatcher and James came back from the mustang corral, where they had been roping the catch and tying bolts and burrs in their foretops (so they couldn't do more than walk slow or they'd get their skulls whacked), a fresh hide was draped over a pole and Hall was gone with the buckboard.

"Well, Will," Thatcher said, "looks like you can start round and round that hide with your jackknife! Let's see whose critter it is this time. Uh huh. Just what I suspected. Tom's been working on Dean Ranch stuff, but it now looks like Jim Raines is due for some losses before Tom gets his money's worth for that black stud."

"Gosh all hemlock!" James snorted. "Is Tom trying to break into the penitentiary?"

"Tom don't give a hoot about the law," Thatcher replied. "If someone does him dirt they're going to get paid in kind. Old Joe Dean beat him out a month's wages when he was breaking broncs there, so

James said, 'I'm vamoosing while the gettin's good. Maybe get on riding with the McGill outfit down near Ely.' Thatcher praised James for showing good sense and said he was also glad Hall had departed before he got them all in the hoosegow

Tom's been peddlin' J.D. beef to the boarding houses in Blackburn and Union ever since. He never bothers any little rancher's stuff, though."

"I've run across fools," James said as his knife circled the hide, cutting a single, inch-wide, long strand, "but he's the dumbest yet and I wish he wouldn't be so generous with other people's stock! But this is the only pelt I've seen since I came here and still he's butcherin' every few days."

"Enough hides buried around here to fertilize the whole meadow!" Thatcher admitted.

"Well," came James' edict with finality, "as soon as I get me a riata braided I'm vacating! If you fellows will give me \$10 for chow money, you can have my share of the mustangs and I'm vamoosing while the gettin's good. Maybe get on riding for the McGill outfit down near Ely." Thatcher related these events to me and praised James for showing good sense and said he was also glad Hall had departed before he got them all in the hoosegow.

I had found the Raines people a very nice outfit to work for, and Jim Raines laughingly corroborated Thatcher's story regarding the black mustang. Old Jim liked to tell tales, even on himself. One he liked to tell was a run-in he had with Burton Ennor, a neighbor rancher, when an old sow of Ennor's rooted up the Raines' potato patch. "I told Burton he'd either pay me \$50 for my spuds or I'd sue him. Well, Burton wouldn't pay so I sued him. But our damned lawyers carried that case from one court to another until they'd cost us \$14,000, so we shook hands and called it quits."

There was one story Raines never told, probably because he didn't know he was but 30 feet from death one day. Tom Jewell, a rancher near the Raines' home ranch, supplied this story.

One afternoon Tom Hall, Will James' friend, had stopped at the Jewell ranch with his buckboard. After dinner he said, "Tommy, I'm going down the fence here a piece and butcher a beef. I see a lot of fat ones layin' around there and I got to take one into Bill Ebberts. So I want you to lay jigger for me and if anyone comes this way you fire your six-shooter so I can duck back in the bushes."

Jewell said he was in the yard keeping an eagle eye out when he heard Hall's six-shooter and knew he had a beef down. But a few minutes later Jim Raines rode up. Seeing Tommy with the six-shooter, he said, "Was that you who just fired a shot?"

"Yeah," Tommy replied. "Shootin' at a chicken hawk." Tommy told me he was shaking like a leaf and tried to get Raines to get down and come in the house but no luck, as Raines said he wanted to ride down the fence and see how his cattle were doing. "I started to fire a shot," Jewell related, "and found there wasn't a damn shell in the cylinder."

"I was scared stiff as I knew Jim would come up on Hall skinning a Hat beef, so all I could do was wait. In about an hour Hall came back for his buckboard and I says, 'Christ, Tom, how come Jim Raines didn't see you beefin' down there? There wasn't any shells in my gun so I couldn't warn you.'"

"The ol' booger saw me, all right," Hall told me and laughed over it. "But when he got close he rode by lookin' off toward the crick. I was layin' down with the barrel of

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my ol' hogs-leg restin' across the half-skinned beef just waitin' If he'd dared look my way I'd have blowed that other eye out of him just as sure as God made little apples!"

When Jewell finished the story, I said, "Well, we've got to admire Hall's nerve even if we do have to damn his judgment. I've heard a lot about him and it's a wonder he wasn't slapped in jail long ago. Raines isn't one to take such open-handed butchering and do nothing about it."

"Scairt, that's why!" Jewell said. "Same as ol' Joe Dean was when Tom was butcherin' J.D. stuff. But Hall's probably in jail somewhere because I read in the paper where they finally got his partner up for cattle stealin' down "

"Who's this partner you just mentioned?" I cut in.

"Feller by the name of Will James," Jewell supplied. "Him and Tom was mustangin' up around Pole Creek. But I see in the *Eureka Sentinel* they got James and some other feller for stealin' cattle by the carload."

To me, this was bad news. Although I didn't know Will James from Adam's Off Ox, I had a deep admiration for him just from what Thatcher had told me. I especially recalled Thatcher saying, "Funny thing about that James. He always had a notebook and pencil wherever he was and was always jotting down things. Maybe it'd be some remark by a miner or a cowpuncher or the Chinese cook over at the Dean Ranch. Made no difference, down it'd go in that book."

Now as we look back to Will James' classics, we can see that while he was running mustangs he was laying the foundation for a writing career. Perhaps *Smoky* was beginning to jell right there at Al Thatcher's. I asked Al if he had heard the news about Will James, as related by Jewell. "Bunk!" Al said. "I don't believe a damn word of it! He was one of the finest, straight from the shoulder boys I ever met and I won't believe it until I get one of old Skillman's *Sentinels* and read it. Won't, by God, believe it then!"

At that time Will James was just another name to us Pine Valley folks, and although he had run afoul of the law, several such cases were then being disposed of in various courts so the incident was quickly forgotten.

Some years later I began reading stories by a Will James, a Montana writer, and then discovered that this author and Will James, the Pole Creek mustanger, were one and the same. □

Harry E. Webb, who once rode with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, has been a cowboy, trapper, actor, and author. He recently was named to the Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City.

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Look Into My Eyes

Pat Collins, who is called the Hip Hypnotist, really knows how to put an audience to sleep.

By Ann Henderson



Sometimes the overflow crowd standing outside the MGM Reno lounge is 10-deep with patrons jockeying for a better view of the act on stage. They're straining to see one of Nevada's most unusual shows, which features hypnotist Pat Collins and a few members of her audience who agree to throw their inhibitions out the window.

Collins has been using hypnosis to entertain audiences for 23 years, and her basic act—even her monologue—has changed little since the early '60s when

she appeared in Las Vegas. Her show has remained a crowd pleaser because the real stars are the paying customers who volunteer to become her subjects. The results are always hilarious—teachers who bump and grind, bankers singing rock 'n' roll, housewives leering over imaginary *Playgirl* centerfolds, and accountants bursting into flamenco routines.

Such unpredictable situations have earned Collins a devoted following. Vicki Winford, a draftsman from Washoe Valley, sees Collins' show once or twice a

week. As a participant, Winford gives the experience rave reviews. She says she felt relaxed and was not embarrassed, saying, "I wouldn't do anything I wouldn't normally do."

During each show Collins asks volunteers to join her on the stage. Then she leads her subjects through a few routines to see how off the wall they are. One night Graham Royls, salesman for a Reno freight line, reacted like a true patriot when Collins suggested he be Paul Revere and warn everybody about the British each

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time she said, "MGM." Royls desperately tried to get casino patrons to take up arms by yelling, "My gawd, the redcoats are coming. Save the women!"

Chivalry isn't the only attribute Collins uncovers. When she tells the fully-clothed volunteers they are nude, some bashfully hunch over, cross their knees, or hide behind their chairs. Others just relax and smile. "Twenty years ago everyone tried to cover up," Collins says.

Times and people change, but Collins still uses the spotlight to deliver a strong message about the benefits of hypnosis, which she says was her salvation as a teenager. When a nervous breakdown left her paralyzed, she discovered that the paralysis was psychosomatic and that she could walk while under hypnosis. She then began an intensive study of the science.

Between shows Collins, who holds a degree in psychology, volunteers her services to hospitals and lectures on how to communicate with children. "And I look like a hooker," she says with a laugh. With her heavily-colored eyelids and bird-wing lashes, Collins' appearance is enough to send cosmetics stocks soaring.

If her eyes have become her trademark and hypnosis her livelihood, she still firmly believes in the medical value of hypnosis. To demonstrate, Collins tells volunteers to block out the pain of a cigarette lighter's flame held against their arms. Hair may be singed, but there's only warmth, not pain, according to Royls, who says his arm didn't even get red.

A person who is shy will act that way on stage, Collins says, but most people only *think* they are shy. For instance, Vicki Winford characterizes herself as "shy sometimes," but when Collins suggested Winford cruise the audience for big spenders, Winford happily selected a stranger and began tickling his chin. Then she took some bills from his table and stuffed them down her bra.

Collins also tries to dispel some myths about hypnotism. Before inviting volunteers from the audience, she explains, "You hypnotize yourself. I just say the proper words at the proper time. You will not be unconscious, you won't miss the show, you know what you're doing. It's just that your inhibitions have gone bye-bye."

Collins' show is good fun, and she's booked solid for the rest of the year: July 2-22 and September 24-October 14 at the High Sierra at Lake Tahoe, and August 22-September 18 and November 14-December 11 at the MGM Reno. It's a good idea to arrive early to beat the crowds, even in the middle of the week. □

Entertainment editor Ann Henderson says the only way she'll volunteer for a Pat Collins show is if she's hypnotized.

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BASQUE (Continued from page 31)

Lunch gives a choice of entrees such as lamb chops or steak, chicken or shrimp, and dinner offers similar choices along with great homemade French fries on weekdays. Both lunch and dinner are accompanied by soup, salad, stew or side dishes, and plenty of wine and bread. 691 Main Street, 782-2138. Lunch 12-2, \$7.50, children under seven \$5.50. Dinner 5-10 summer, 5-9 winter, \$10, children \$6.50. Closed Mondays. MasterCard and Visa. No shorts allowed in the dining room.

Carson City

Locals favor **Toki Ona**, which means "the good place." If you're planning lunch, call ahead because it is served by reservation only. The choice of entrees at dinner is aimed at hearty appetites, with selections of steak, shrimp, or lamb. Stew or spaghetti, wine, coffee, and ice cream are also part of each meal. Individual tables. 5650 South Carson Street, on U.S. 395 just south of the Lake Tahoe turnoff, 882-9857. Dinner 5:30-9:30 (bar opens at 4 p.m.), \$9. Open daily. MasterCard and Visa.

Reno

At both of Reno's Basque restaurants you'll encounter an unusual crowd of old-time locals, politicians, ex-herders, and visitors. Opened in 1967, **Louis' Basque Corner** is owned by Louis and Lorraine Erreguible, and both lunch and dinner offerings are prepared by an all-Basque kitchen staff. Look for authentic specialties like sweetbreads, tripe, paella, and other seafood dishes. Dinner includes wine and five courses—soup, salad, Basque beans, entree, and dessert. 301 East Fourth Street, 323-7203. Lunch 11:30-1:30 weekdays, from \$5. Dinner 6-9:30, \$9.75, children \$5. Make reservations for large parties; also, banquet space available. American Express, Carte Blanche, Diners Club, MasterCard, and Visa. Rooms for rent.

Located in the heart of Reno's casino district, the **Santa Fe Hotel** is a traditional Basque hotel partly surrounded by high-rises. Basque card games are often played, and while an old-fashioned jukebox provides music most of the time, hostess Jill Zubillaga, who with her husband Joe owns the hotel, gives an occasional command performance on the accordion. She admits, "It isn't Lawrence Welk." Joe runs the bar, and his sisters, Anita and Aurelie, manage the kitchen with Jill. Diners have a choice of such main courses as chops, chicken, and stews. Side dishes, bread, wine, and dessert are included. 235 Lake Street, 323-1891. Lunch 12-1:30, from \$4.50. Dinner 6:30-9, \$9. No credit cards. Rooms for rent. □

Andrea Michelsen of Reno is a freelance writer with an appreciation for Winnemucca coffee.

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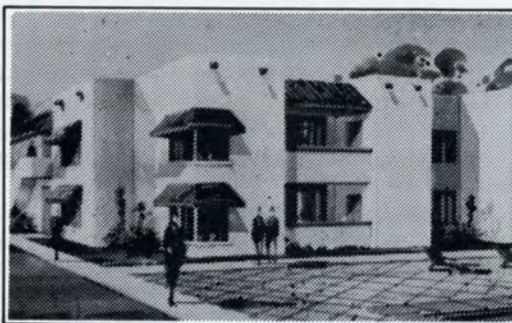
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The Outsider

A stranger comes to Bunkerville.

By Juanita Brooks

In 1898 Juanita Brooks was born in the Southern Nevada town of Bunkerville, a small settlement established by Mormon pioneers on the Virgin River. There, in the region known as the Mormons' Dixie, she became a wife, mother, school teacher, and one of the most respected historians of the American West. Her first article, "A Close-Up of Polygamy," appeared in Harper's Monthly in 1934, and she eventually published more than 40 articles and 15 books. Probably her best known work is The Mountain Meadows Massacre, which in 1950 caused great controversy by discussing a century-old tale that most of her fellow church members would rather have left forgotten. For many years Brooks has lived in St. George, Utah, 40 miles up the road from her birthplace.

Her most recently published work is Quicksand and Cactus, A Memoir of the Southern Mormon Frontier (Howe Brothers, Salt Lake City, 1982). The following chapter, "The Outsider," which was written in the 1940s, is regarded as one of her finest stories. It involves a stranger who visited Bunkerville when the author was a girl.

He came in on the mail rig from Moapa. Pa stopped at the house just long enough to set his suitcase on the porch and tell Ma that he might be here for two nights, depending on whether he got done the things he had come to do. He was an Outsider, Pa said, but he seemed very nice and she needn't worry; he'd make some contacts up town and likely be back in an hour or so.

An Outsider! I had never visited with one before in all my life. Most of our visitors were relatives who came in wagons from Mesquite. Those who came representing the Church leaders in St. George always stayed at the Bishop's home and spoke to the people in meeting, reminding us of our part in the great plan of establishing the Kingdom of God upon the earth and making the desert blossom. They always praised our efforts. Even the drummers who came to sell things at the store were from ZCMI in Salt Lake City, and Church men also. And the trustees wouldn't think of hiring a teacher who wasn't a member of the Church or who didn't keep the Word of Wisdom.

What would an Outsider want in our town? What was he here for, anyway? At our family prayers each morning both Pa and Ma (when it was their turn—the older children shared in this, too) always asked God to remember the missionaries who

were abroad preaching the Gospel to those who sat in darkness. While this might be only figurative, I had somehow the idea that all Outsiders would be underprivileged.

Ma was a little troubled at having to entertain him. We weren't set up to run a hotel; we had enough children to fill our house. But she marshaled all hands to help, one to clean the washdish outside the kitchen door on the back porch, wipe off the splashings from the oilcloth behind it, and put a fresh towel in the roller; another to carry fresh ashes and a new catalog to the outhouse and clean it out. She would change the sheets on our bed upstairs, pick up our things, and arrange them. I swept the front porch and dusted the living room.

I had hardly finished when the Outsider came. Instantly I sensed that there was something different about him, even more than that he was wearing a suit and tie on a weekday. Sitting in darkness, indeed! He seemed so vibrant and alive that just standing there, he made things seem different. Could he have a drink of water, please? I ran to get it.

As I handed the cup to him, I noticed how soft and white his hands were, with the half-moon showing clearly on his fingernails and no dirt under the nails. He sipped at the glass gingerly. This was clearly not his first taste of the Virgin River water. Noticing my interest, he asked, "Is it all like this?"

"Yes," I said. "Only that out of barrels is worse. We don't mind it, but strangers always say that it tastes like a dose of epsom salts."

"A good comparison," he admitted, then added generously, "but this really is better." And he drank it quickly as an ordeal to get through.

It was still not sundown. If I would direct him to the home of some of my grandfather's descendants by his Indian wife, he would appreciate it very much. He was representing an eastern university where people of Indian extraction could get a free education, he explained. So I pointed out the house where Aunt Annie lived, just one block south, and Aunt Janet in the other direction about three blocks away.

So that was why he was here! I told Ma, and together we wondered how much he had learned from Pa on the trip over, but he evidently did know about Grandpa's five wives, and that one of them was an Indian girl. Pa likely wouldn't go into any detail of how Grandpa had come to marry this girl, or what it had meant to the rest of the family to have Grandpa referred to by some of the uppity-ups as a "Squaw man." We had all been trained to call all of the wives Grandma.

Now here was this Outsider come to offer these children a very special opportunity not open to any of the rest of us. Some of the older grandchildren were already married, but others just might be interested. In any event, the fact that we knew what the Outsider was in town for cleared the air for us all.

Before long he was back. Ma showed him where he would sleep, and the toilet facilities, and told him to make himself at home. He seemed to sense that we would be more comfortable if he spent his time in the front room, so that is what he did, moving about it easily and casually as if he appreciated our efforts to have it attractive. He looked at the organ with its latticework and its display of nicknacks, with my one boughten valentine in the center, and then sat down to it briefly and sounded out a few chords and ran a bit of melody with his right hand—not much, to be sure, but enough to show that he could play if he wanted to. I was so proud of that organ. There was only one other in the whole town, so when the Outsider said that it had a fine tone, I felt that he had paid a very special compliment. With him in it, the room did not look so grand as when our Mesquite relatives visited, though the organ did help to redeem it.

At supper he met all the children, repeated our names, and



Author and historian Juanita Brooks poses in a photographer's studio with her son Ernie, about 1928.

remembered them. He ate our homemade bread and new milk, with the extras of molasses and preserves and butter and cheese, as though he enjoyed it, except that he paused a little on the milk at first. Ma always apologized if she had to serve morning's milk, even though the cellar kept it quite cool. She thought that fresh milk was much more healthful and palatable; it was the way everyone else did, besides.

The Outsider made talk for us all, asking what grades we were in at school, and what we liked to do. He mentioned that on the way over the Mesa today he had seen his first mirage, and told how real the lake and trees and buildings looked, which led to our story of the Davidsons who had died of thirst about there, and of the dangers of mirages in general. He mentioned that he had traveled in Mexico and South America, but had never before ridden over a desert stretch such as this. This gave the little boys a chance to tell him about Old Griz and how Pa had found him out there, just about dead, and everyone got into the conversation until it seemed almost like a party.

When Ma thought the younger ones should go to bed, he suggested that maybe we could have a little picture show first. So with just a bit of adjusting of the lamp and some clever use of his hands, he made shadow pictures on the whitewashed wall. With a running commentary, he gave such an interesting program that no one wanted him to stop, not even Pa.

After the younger ones had gone to bed and things were cleared away a bit, Ma said she thought she would go to the dance. The Outsider said he would like to look in on it too, if there were no objection.

While we got ready, the Outsider sat in the front room reading. Ma had hopefully set the Bible and the Book of Mormon out on the stand and two or three tracts explaining our faith. Whether he looked at them was not so important to her as whether she did her duty by making them available. In the meantime, Pa had gone out to the corral to check on the animals and to see that things were generally in order before he went to bed.

On this night I took special pains with my shoes, blacking even the heels, and using two stovelids of soot in the process—the back lids near the stove pipe, which were always best. I touched up my hair with a bit of butter and rubbed some talcum

on my face with a flannel cloth. I would pinch my cheeks a little just before we got there to make them red.

The crowd was all gathered and the dance ready to begin when we got there. The benches had been pushed back around the walls, with the surplus ones stacked on the back of the stage. The lamps were all cleaned and filled, the tin reflectors behind them polished. The girls sat demurely on one side of the room and the boys on the other, while a few couples who were going steady stood together near the door. The Outsider did not know the rules of our dances, for he came along with us and sat on the women's side of the hall—our men would have dropped dead before one of them would have done that! But the doorkeeper had accepted his fifty cents without giving him a ticket, so that he could sit where he pleased.

Ma certainly did enjoy the dances. Besides the music and the activity, there was the chance to visit with other women, to note the new dresses and decide whether they were homemade or had come from Montgomery Ward or Bellas Hess. She had noticed who danced with whom, and how, and sometimes discovered a budding romance before the people were conscious of it themselves. She often held a baby while its younger mother shook off her cares in the wide whirlings of a quadrille, or she exchanged experiences with one in a shapeless "mother hubbard" who couldn't dance herself, but came along while her husband did. There was an unwritten rule that so long as he sat out the first and last dance beside his pregnant wife, a young man might dance as much as he cared to.

So on this night I sat between Ma and the Outsider, who was on the end of the bench near the stage. The musician, his hat pulled low over his eyes to protect them from the glare, was absent-mindedly pulling his accordion in and out in long, windy chords, as though he were tuning it up.

The floor manager stepped to the center front.

"Give us your attention, please, and we will begin this dance. Brother Bunker, will you offer the opening prayer?"

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!" the Outsider said *sotto voce* to me. As Brother Bunker came forward, he offered the stock petition for such occasions, asking God to help us all to enjoy ourselves in wholesome recreation, and praying that no accident or evil might mar the activities.

"Fill up the floor for a waltz," the floor manager next called out.

The boys all hurried across the hall for their partners, and all promenaded arm in arm in a grand march until the floor manager gave the signal. This first waltz was precious and prolonged. Watching the musician, the Outsider imitated the jerky movement of the accordion and said, "Link-ed sweetness l-o-n-g drawn out."

It was as if he had shared with me a delicious tidbit. I knew that he did not make these up; he had found them in books.

As the dance went on, the men had to dance in turns and by numbers, either odds and evens or numbers 1 to 24 and 24 to 48. Each dance was repeated so that no one was cheated. Ambitious young men who wished to dance every time must either buy two tickets, or perhaps borrow one from an older man who would sit his out.

The calling of the dance was important in the selection of a partner, for one who could waltz well might become confused in a quadrille, and another who could do the one-two-three-kick of the schottische would be like a cow-in-tow on the polka. At the end of each dance the young man accompanied his lady to her seat and then returned to his own side of the hall.

Through it all the floor manager moved among the crowd, not dancing himself but seeing that none of the boys should "wring on" or get too rowdy, and keeping his eye on the conditions in general. Meanwhile the Outsider seemed mildly

amused at the gusto with which the young men stamped and whirled and swung their partners.

During the intermission the floor was swept, two boys pushing the dirt ahead of them in a long windrow. A few couples walked out during this process, but most of the people remained in their places. The floor manager walked back and forth behind the sweepers, whittling off a candle and scattering the shavings. Someone called from the sidelines for a stepdance by Uncle Tom and Aunt Lene.

"Uncle Tom and Aunt Lene will do a double-shuffle," the manager called out without stopping his knife.

Uncle Tom was tall and angular; Aunt Lene was short and plump. Both had great-grandchildren, so should have given up dancing long ago, yet they came promptly to the center of the hall and faced each other. The accordion started, lively, staccato. They waited for the exact note, bowed deeply to each other, and began. Holding her skirt up slightly with one hand, Aunt Lene swayed gently as her feet did little shuttle steps in and out under the hem. Uncle Tom gyrated in a circle around her, one foot shuffling forward, the other kicking outward, one arm close at his side, the other flapping loosely in time with the kicking foot—the whole not unlike the preening of an amorous turkey cock. There was a double figure eight, where they passed back to back in the middle of it; there were intricate cuttings in and out, until at the end, when they faced each other again and bowed.

The Outsider clapped and clapped, and even stamped his feet in approval too, as some of the others were doing. "Come and trip it as you go, on the light, fantastic toe," he said. "Truly a *fantastic* toe!" Then when the floor manager shouted for everyone to fill up the floor again, he said right out loud, "On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined!"

I was so thrilled to see how he entered into the spirit of the party. I knew that he was saying things out of books again, but such appropriate things! Such unusual things! Surely he was not one who had been sitting in darkness, and whatever light he had I wanted some of.

At last it was time for the Home Sweet Home waltz. Some of the married folks just waltzed as far as the door and went right on out so they'd not have to wait through the closing prayer. Others danced around once or twice before they escaped, so that by the time it was half done there was plenty of room on the floor.

The Outsider turned to me. "Would you like to try this one?"

Would I! I who had not danced at a grown-up dance in my life, would I like to dance with him, the best-dressed and handsomest man there! I stood up, but my heartbeat nearly deafened me. As we started, I looked down, because I didn't know where else to look.

"Don't watch you feet," he said softly. "Hold your head up. Listen to the music. Get the feel of it, and your feet will take care of themselves."

I did, and it worked. We went all the way around the hall twice without breaking step once, as though just by his skill he carried me along. I could not talk; I had nothing to say. He hummed the tune and kept his head up too, above mine.

As we started back to where Ma was still standing and visiting, I said, a little breathlessly, "Thank you. That was a new experience for me."

For a second he saw me. Then he quoted again: "All experience is an arch wherethro' Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades for ever and for ever when I move." He stopped as if at a loss to go on, then added, "You know. That untravell'd world."

We had stopped. His hand was on my arm just above the elbow, and I leaned against him just the least bit, hardly

conscious that the door keeper had closed the door and was standing in front of it, that the floor manager had called on Brother Jones to say the closing prayer, and that Brother Jones had asked the crowd to "Please arise, and we will be dismissed." I stood with bowed head, not heeding the prayer but with "that untravell'd world whose margin fades for ever and for ever when I move" saying itself through my mind.

With the Amen, the door was opened and the general leave-taking made any further talk impossible. Outside I walked on one side of Ma, the Outsider on the other, down the road. He asked about the musician and about Uncle Tom and Aunt Lene, so that Ma had a good time explaining how things were in our town, even the using of the meeting house for the dance. Ma invited him to go to Sunday School, but he excused himself, saying that he had an early morning appointment that would prevent it.

Ma served breakfast to him and Pa by themselves the next morning while we were doing the chores. I guessed that he had met with no success in Aunt Annie's family, or any of the others. They did not want to be classed as Indians. They were not Indians; they were descendants of Dudley Leavitt, born under the Covenant and with special blessings already promised.

When I came in from Sunday School, he was gone. He had found a way back to Moapa with someone who was going, and he would get there in time to catch the night train, which would save a full day. My heart was like lead. I had thought that I would see him at dinner, at least, when we would have an ironed tablecloth on and Ma was serving chicken and noodles, her very best dish.

That afternoon I took the mail ponies down to the pasture and rode Selah back, coming by the hill road. It was just past sundown, so I rode to the top of my favorite knoll, where I could see far in every direction. At the west, the Mesa stretched endlessly, pink in the reflection of the evening light.

Out into the vivid sunset the Outsider had gone to Moapa. Where would he go from there? I realized that while he knew a great deal about me, I knew almost nothing about him, not even his name. I looked over my world here on the edge of the desert, its sun-blistered miles of rock and clay—a barren world, full of emptiness. I knew that there were places where grass and trees and flowers grew just for the fun of it, without having to be nursed along by irrigation. "That untravell'd world whose margin fades for ever and for ever when I move," I said to myself. Did that mean like chasing the end of the rainbow? Or like going off the road to find the greenery and water of a mirage? Or was it not the physical world at all to which the Outsider referred—but the world of thought, of knowledge?

So sitting astride my dappled pony, my bonnet on my shoulders, my braids undone, I studied this out and determined that I would see some of the world beyond the desert, that I would go to a college or a university or whatever it was that one went to in order to learn of books, and how to talk like books. I would not wait for life to come to me; I would go out to meet it.

As I watched the glory in the west bloom to such brilliance that it almost hurt to see it, and then begin to fade, it seemed almost like the bright spot which he had made in my life. Maybe when I was all grown up and out in the great world, just *maybe* I would meet the Outsider there, and I would be so changed that he would not know me. But I would tell him, and then he would remember. Just like a storybook. □

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A large landscape photograph occupies the left half of the page. It depicts a wide, calm body of water, likely a desert lake or playa, stretching towards a range of low, arid mountains in the distance. The sky is filled with large, billowing clouds, some of which are illuminated from below, suggesting a low sun position. The foreground shows a rocky, sparsely vegetated shore with small, dark green shrubs.

Muench's Gallery

Is this a marker for some future traveler or a game to pass the time? Or perhaps a monument to the allure of the Black Rock Desert. From the choking dust of lake beds to alpine settings, the Black Rock spans 740,000 acres in Northwest Nevada. The Black Playa meant disaster to early pioneers but victory last year for a group of daredevils who set a new world land speed record. This desert is often viewed as inhospitable and frightening, but most of all, it is unforgettable. —AH

Photographer David Muench presents selections from his Nevada portfolio in each issue.

THE NEVADA CALENDAR

for July & August

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

Compiled by Melissa Cronin



ED OPSITOS

Summer's Patriotic Holiday

Independence Day is one of the state's most colorful holidays, and on Wednesday, July 4, towns throughout Nevada celebrate with fireworks, parades, games, and other patriotic activities. See the calendar listing for scheduled events.

Las Vegas/South

July

Festivals and Fireworks Tour, 6/29-7/5, guided bus tour from Las Vegas to Ely, Elko, Eureka, and Tonopah via the scenic and historic areas in between. Special activities include the National Basque Festival in Elko and Fourth of July celebrations in Eureka and Tonopah. Nevada Discovery Tours, 735-5450

Art Exhibit, thru 20, contemporary exhibit of Native Nevadan land and people by artist Jack Malotte, Charleston Heights Arts Center, 386-6383

Art Exhibit, thru 31 silk flower arrangements and pottery, Henderson Library, 565-9247

Adaptive Water-skiing, thru 8/25, water-skiing instruction to the physically handicapped every Saturday at Lake Mead, City of Las Vegas Dept. of Recreation & Leisure Activities, 386-6297

Campfire Program, thru 9/1 slides or movies and ranger talk, every Sat. evening, Spring Valley State Park, Pioche, 962-5102

Las Vegas Stars v. Salt Lake City Gulls, 1-3, triple-A pro baseball, 7:35 pm, Cashman Field, 386-7200

Donald W. Reynolds Printshop Opening, 1-8/31 replica of an 1890s Southern Nevada newspaper printshop with period printing equipment and exhibits, Clark County Southern Nevada Museum, Henderson, 565-0907

Independence Day Family Picnic, 2, 5-8pm, City of Las Vegas Dept. of Recreation & Leisure Activities, Lorenzi Park, 386-6358

Concert, 3-4, featuring the Las Vegas Symphony Orchestra with Luisa Triana and Company in a South American dance potpourri, Elissa Stutz performing George Gershwin's Concerto in F, and a multimedia presentation, 2pm, Tropicana Hotel, 739-3420

Damboree '84, 4, pancake breakfast, parade, softball, game booths, fireworks, City Park, Boulder City, 293-2034

Pahrump Firemen's July 4th Celebration, 4,

flag ceremony 8am, games 10am, fire department waterfight 1pm, deep-pit barbecue 5pm, fireworks, hourly gun salute, rides on fire engine, fireworks sale, Pahrump, 727-5658

Fireworks Show, 4, dusk, Las Vegas Silver Bowl, 739-3074

Caliente July 4th Celebration, 4 & 6-8, 49th annual, on Wed. 10am parade followed by games, watermelon bust, swimming, slow pitch softball, and 9pm fireworks display; Wed. & Sat-Sun. breakfast at Rose Memorial Park; on Fri-Sun. fast pitch softball tournament; on Sat. 10am mini motorcycle race for kids; Sat-Sun. horseshoe tournament; on Sun. 11th annual Clover Creek Grand Prix motorcycle race over six 20-mile laps through city streets and surrounding hills, Caliente, 726-3132

High Roller Million Dollar Bowling Tournament, 4-7 \$1,000 entry fee, Showboat Hotel, 385-9153

"My Old Friends," 5-8, musical by Mel Mendel and Norman Sachs, 8pm Thurs-Sat., 3pm on Sun., Las Vegas Little Theater, 753-0167

Olympic Box-Offs, 6-7 top ranked USA Amateur Boxing Federation contenders in 12 weight categories fight for a position on the U.S. Olympic Boxing Team. Winners will represent the nation at the summer Olympics in Los Angeles; Pavilion, Caesars Palace, 731-7324

Slide Program, 7 Nevada's heritage, Kershaw-Ryan State Park, Caliente, 726-3325

Park Program, 7 presentation on rattlesnakes, 3pm, Cathedral Gorge State Park, Panaca, 728-4467

Slide Program, 7 history of Spring Valley, campground amphitheater, Spring Valley State Park, Pioche, 962-5102

Slide Program, 7 Echo Canyon State Recreation Area, Pioche, 728-4467

Pioche Heritage Days, 9-14, featuring four plays written and performed by area residents based on historical events in Pioche's history. Early ticket reservations are recommended for the evening performances held in the Million Dollar Courthouse. Also craft displays at Commerce Cottage in old library and exhibits at Francois Pioche Art Gallery, Pioche, 962-5544

Amateur Boxing, 10, \$15 ringside, \$10 general admission, 6pm, sports pavilion, Showboat Hotel, 385-9196

UNLV Runnin' Rebels' 1977 Alumni v. 1982 Alumni, 11 basketball, Thomas and Mack Center, UNLV, 739-3074



Four Days at the Races

Thoroughbred race horses will be rocking the starting gates at the White Pine County Fairgrounds as Ely celebrates Pony Express Days and its 50th year of horse racing. The tests of horses and betting minds occur on August 18-19 and 25-26, both major weekends on Ely's social calendar. Among the lures is a computer-managed paramutuel with a \$125,000 gross bet. There are extra attractions the second weekend—the County Fair, softball tournaments, and notable feeds like the Lion's Club Breakfast and the Businessman's and Rancher's Barbecue.

"My Old Friends," 12-14, musical, 8pm, Las Vegas Little Theater, 735-0167

UNLV Alumni v. Louisville Alumni, 13, basketball, Thomas and Mack Center, UNLV, 739-3074

Art Exhibit, 13-14, watercolors of rodeos and the working ranch by William Verrill, 6-9:30pm on Fri., noon-5pm on Sat., Newsom's Western Art Gallery, 384-9865

Lincoln County Slide Program, 14, Kershaw-Ryan State Park, Caliente, 726-4467

"A Golden Fleecing," 14-15, one-hour melodrama by R. Eugene Jackson, Sat. at Rotary Park, Sun. at Lorenzi Park, 7pm, free, for info. call Reed Whipple Cultural Center, 386-6211

Car Rally, 15, registration at 4pm, meet at Nevada Savings Bank parking lot at the Mead-

ows Mall, Sports Car Club of America, Las Vegas Region, 873-1926

Las Vegas Stars v. Albuquerque Dukes, 17-20, triple-A pro baseball, 7:35pm, Cashman Field, 386-7200

Kruse International Car Auction, 19-22, Sports Complex, Tropicana Hotel, 739-2546

Panaca Pioneer Day, 20-21 on Fri. 8pm dance, on Sat. 6am breakfast, ongoing children's sports, 1pm parade, 5pm barbecue, theatrical performance, LDS Meeting House, Panaca, 728-4675

Big Bore Handgun Metallic Silhouette Shoot, 21 Meadow Valley Silhouette Club, range one mile south of Panaca, 728-4573 or 728-4682

Stargazing, 21, Cathedral Gorge State Park, Panaca, 728-4467

Park Program, 21 talk on rattlesnakes, Spring Valley State Park, Pioche, 962-5102

Campfire Talk, 21 Echo Canyon State Recreation Area, Pioche, 728-4467

"A Golden Fleecing," 21-22, one-hour melodrama by R. Eugene Jackson, Sat. at Freedom Park, Sun. at Rotary Park, 7pm, free, for info. call Reed Whipple Cultural Center, 386-6211

Las Vegas Stars v. Hawaii Islanders, 21-24, triple-A pro baseball, 7:35pm, Cashman Field, 386-7200

Natural History of the High Sierra Trek, 22-28, Clark County Community College Cultural Educational Tours, 70-mile hike, 643-6060 extension 413

Amateur Bowlers Tournament, 22-29, Showboat Hotel, 385-9153

Million Dollar Craps Tournament, 25-27 Tropicana Hotel, 739-2105

Las Vegas Stars v. Vancouver Canadians, 25-28, triple A pro baseball, 7:35pm, Cashman Field, 386-7200

All-Star Wrestling, 27, \$12 ringside, \$8 general admission adults, \$5 general admission children, 7:30pm, Sports Pavilion, Showboat Hotel, 385-9153

Men's and Women's Major Slow Pitch Softball State Tournament, 27-29, Cheyenne Sports Complex, North Las Vegas, 452-1920

Ranger Talk and Walk, 28, 3pm, Kershaw-Ryan State Park, Caliente, 726-3325

"So Little Time," 28, movie, Spring Valley State Park, Pioche, 962-5102

"A Golden Fleecing," 28-29, one-hour melodrama by R. Eugene Jackson, Sat. at Lorenzi Park, Sun. at Hadland Park, 7pm, free, for info. call Reed Whipple Cultural Center, 386-6211

Autocross, 29, meet at Clark County Community College, 9am, Sports Car Club of America, Las Vegas Region, 873-1926

August

New York Collection for Stockholm Portfolio, 1-16, contains 30 works by such artists as Roy Lichtenstein, James Rosenquist, Andy Warhol, and other artists' work from the '60s. Charleston Heights Arts Center, 386-6383

Art Exhibit, 1-31 watercolor and oil paintings by Jim Heller, Henderson Library, 565-0247

Art Exhibit, 3-4, oils and watercolors by western artist, Paul Abrams Jr., noon-5pm, Newsom's Western Art Gallery, 384-9865

Park Program, 4, geology of Cathedral Gorge, meet at campground amphitheater, 3pm, Cathedral Gorge State Park, Panaca, 728-4467

Stargazing, 4, campground amphitheater, Spring Valley State Park, Pioche, 962-5102

Bluegrass Concert, 4, 7pm, for info. call Reed Whipple Cultural Center, 386-6211

Las Vegas Stars v. Phoenix Giants, 7-10, triple-A pro baseball, 7:35pm, Cashman Field, 386-7200

Campfire Talk, 11 Echo Canyon State Recreation Area, Pioche, 728-4467

Park Program, 11 hike to Aetna Cave, 3pm, Kershaw-Ryan State Park, Caliente, 726-3325

Goldfield Treasure Days, 11-12, on Sat. 10am parade, silver hunt, and horseshoe pitch contest; on Sun. gold hunt and Roaring '20s costume contest; truck mud bog contest both days, Goldfield, 485-6365

Las Vegas Stars v. Tacoma Tigers, 11-14, triple-A pro baseball, 7:35pm, Cashman Field, 386-7200

Pan Tournament, 12-15, Sun. registration, Mon.-Wed. tournament, Union Plaza Hotel, 386-2110

Big Bore Handgun Metallic Silhouette Shoot, 18, Meadow Valley Silhouette Club, range one

Celebrating Basque Life

Celebrants attending the Clark County Basque Festival (below) September 1-2, and other Basque parties around the state this summer will enjoy spicy chorizos, barbecued lamb, and thirst-quenching picon punches. In tests demanding great strength—and strong stomachs—men compete in weight lifting, wood chopping, and bota bag contests. Other festivals take place at Elko (6/30-7/1), Ely (7/21), and Reno (8/11).



NEVADA COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHY



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



Don't Miss the Boat

The 18th annual Walker Lake 100-Mile Marathon, which features powerful inboard classes like endurance-tunnel and flatbottom entries, takes place July 15 at Cliff House Marina, 12 miles north of Hawthorne. There will be \$30,000 in prizes for the drivers, and spectators also can watch racers work on their boats and take practice runs before the Sunday race.

mile south of Panaca, 728-4573 or 728-4682

Park Program, 18, Cathedral Gorge State Park, Panaca, 728-4467

Lincoln County Slide Program, 18, Spring Valley State Park, Pioche, 962-5102

Car Rally, 19, registration 4pm, meet at Nevada Savings Bank parking lot at Meadows Mall, Sports Car Club of America, Las Vegas Region, 873-1926

Art Exhibit, 19-9/13, works by artist Ken Kline, Charleston Heights Arts Center, 386-6383

Pony Express Special Tour, 23-26, guided bus tour from Las Vegas to visit Beatty, Rhyolite, Goldfield, Tonopah, Belmont, Eureka, and the Pony Express Days celebration and horse races in Ely, Nevada Discovery Tours, 735-5450

Stargazing, 25, campground amphitheater, Kershaw-Ryan State Park, Caliente, 726-3325

Slide Program, 25, Nevada's State Parks, Spring Valley State Park, Pioche, 962-5102

Nevada 300, 25-26, off-road vehicle racing teams compete over a mountainous course in Lincoln and White Pine counties, start and finish in Pioche, Silver Dust Racing Assn., 459-0317

Autocross, 26, 9am, meet at Clark County Community College, Sports Car Club of America, Las Vegas Region, 873-1926

Gin Tournament, 26-29, registration Sun., tournament Mon.-Wed., Union Plaza Hotel, 386-2110

Las Vegas Stars v. Tucson Toros, 27-30, triple-A baseball, 7:35pm, Cashman Field, 386-7200

Pioche Labor Day Celebration, 31-9/3, dances, parade, many children's activities, mining contests, Pioche, 962-5170

Clark County Basque Festival, 9/1-2, on Sat. fundraiser for Catholic Community Services of Nevada hosted by U.S. Senator Paul Laxalt, \$100 per person. On Sun. Lagun Onak Las Vegas Basque Club's Family Picnic, \$3 admission, children 10 and under free. Both celebrations include wood chopping, weight lifting, bota bag and irrintzi (Basque war cry) contests, Oinkari Basque dancers from Idaho, lamb barbecue, chorizos, picon punch. Sat. event is at Silk Purse Ranch near Floyd Lamb State Park, call 385-2662 for tickets. Sun. festival is at Saint Viator Community Center, call 361-6834 for tickets.

Central

July

City of Ely Men's Fastpitch Softball Tournament, 6/29-7/1 Marich Field, Ely, 289-4588

Fossil House Tour, thru 9/3, see fossil remains of several ichthyosaurs, giant fish-lizards, daily at 10am, 2pm, and 4pm, Berlin-Ichthyosaur State Park, near Gabbs, 867-3001

Berlin, a Ghost Town Tour, thru 9/3, guided tours by park ranger of the historic mining town, meet at Berlin-Ichthyosaur State Park office, near Gabbs, 867-3001

Art Show, 3-14, all mediums, free, Central Nevada Museum, Tonopah, 482-9676

Ely Jaycees' July 4th Celebration, 4, parade and kids' games downtown, fireworks at dusk at fairgrounds, Ely, 289-4422

Tonopah July 4th Celebration, 4, kids' parade at 10am downtown, barbecue at 4pm, and fireworks at Logan Field, Tonopah, 482-3859

Eureka July 4th Celebration, 4, parade at 10am is followed by street events such as the kids' shoe and sack races and the adults' egg toss, women's sack race, and men's tug of war. There's an early afternoon potluck picnic in the park and fireworks at dusk, Eureka, 237-5540

Nevada State Girls' Junior Olympics Softball Tournament, 13-15, state finals for the American Softball Assn., Marich Field, Ely, 289-4588

Restoration Rally, July 14-15, breakfast, barbecue, dance, and tours to raise funds to restore the Masonic Temple (circa 1870), Eureka, 237-5516

Park Program, 20, talk on Nevada's birds of prey, 8pm, Cave Lake State Park, 728-4467

Miller's Men's Slowpitch Softball Tournament, 20-22, Marich Field, Ely, 289-4588

Ely Basque Festival, 21 parade, Basque games including weight carrying, weight lifting, wood chopping, sheep hooking, tug of war, and a dance, Ely, 289-2218

Bird Walk, 21 meet at campground amphitheater, 7am, Cave Lake State Park, 728-4467

Ely Casino Amateur Golf Tournament, 21-22, White Pine County Golf Course, Ely, 289-4095

Lund Pioneer Days, 23-24, with rodeo on Mon. afternoon and on Tues. a parade, a program honoring community pioneers, luncheon on the lawn, kids' sports, and rodeo, Lund, 238-5314

Ely Girls' Fastpitch Softball Invitational, 27-29, ages 9-15, Marich Field, Ely, 289-4588

Park Program, 28, talk on Indian lore by Rita Suminski, 7pm, campground amphitheater, Cave Lake State Park, 728-4467

28th Annual VFW Eureka Rodeo, 28-29, events at 1pm both days at the new rodeo grounds west of town, Eureka, 237-5540

August

Nevada State Women's B & C Fastpitch Softball Tournament, 3-5, Ely, 289-4588

Arts Festival in the Park, 4-5, works by Nevada artists and craftsmen, food and drinks, County Park, Ely, 289-8877

Nevada State Men's Class C Slowpitch Softball Tournament, 10-12, Ely, 289-4588

Ely Two-Man Best Ball Golf Tournament, 11-12, White Pine Golf Course, Ely, 289-4095

Nevada State Men's ASA Class C Fastpitch Softball Tournament, 17-19, Ely, 289-4588

Tonopah Art Festival, 17-19, art show by professional artists, Convention Center, Tonopah, 482-3859

Old Timers' Picnic and Dance, 18, former residents and high school graduating classes of 1943 and 1945 reunion party, open to public, Jim Butler Park, Tonopah, 482-3451

Pony Express Days, 18-19 and 25-26, horse races with parimutuel betting, noon, fairgrounds, Ely, 289-8373

Tonopah Picnic Photo Display, 18-9/15, photo display of early Central Nevada people, and visitors may write in names of those they recognize, Central Nevada Museum, Tonopah, 482-9676



Bullish About Sheep

These young breeders show off their prize sheep during the Lander County Fair in Battle Mountain. This summer's fair, August 25-26, includes many livestock and homemaking exhibits and contests.

White Pine County Cowbells' Businessmen/Ranchers Barbecue, 24, held in conjunction with Pony Express Days, tickets required, open to public, Murry Summit Campground, Ely, 289-2438

Rocky Mountain Women's Class C Fastpitch Regional Softball Tournament, 24-26, Marich Field, Ely, 289-4588

Eureka County Fair, 24-26, exhibits and contests, including the Alfalfa Quality Hay Contest and horseshoes, Eureka, 237-5540

White Pine County Fair, 25-26, held in conjunction with last weekend of Pony Express Days. Includes open class and 4-H exhibits, live-stock sale, horseshoes, 10am-4pm, fairgrounds, Ely, 289-3981

Ione Days and Ore House Jamboree, 9/1-2, on Sat. trap shoot and country dance; on Sun. kids' games, women's mud wrestling, Texas stew, and country dance, Ione, 285-2669

North

July

Car Races, thru 9/3, every Sat., 6pm, stock cars and mini-sprints, Battle Mountain Raceway, 635-2235

National Basque Festival, 6/30-7/1 on Sat. parade at noon down Idaho St. to fairgrounds; at 1pm weight-carrying, weight-lifting, wood-chopping, and Basque dancing and games at the fairgrounds; handball tournament at City Park; public dance from 9pm-2am; on Sun. at City Park outdoor Mass at 11am, barbecue, sheepherder's bread-baking contest, dancing, handball finals. Early room reservations recommended, Elko, 738-7135

Art Exhibit, thru 13, bronze sculptures by Mary Ann Lohman, Northeastern Nevada Museum, Elko, 738-3418

Art Exhibit, thru 8/9, watercolors and photographs by Cliff Segerblom, Northeastern Nevada Museum, Elko, 738-3418

Wildhorse Resort July 4th Celebration, 4, barbecue, games, fireworks, 1pm-dark, Wild Horse Reservoir, Northfork 6472

Western States Hollering Contest & Independence Day Celebration, 4, hollering contest at 2pm at Shoshone Creek Hollow, one mile south of Jackpot; fireworks at dusk, fairgrounds, Jackpot, 755-2259

Battle Mountain July 4th Celebration, 4, parade followed by festivities at Lion's Club Park and sidewalk art show, Battle Mountain, 635-5005

Silver Star Classic, 4-5, golf tournament, two-man best ball, Jackpot, 755-2264

Battle Mountain Fiddlers' Contest and Show, 7-8, free, Owl Club, Battle Mountain, 635-5060

Sagebrush Spinners Annual Campout, 7-8, all square dancers welcome, Lamoille Canyon, south of Elko, 738-3666

Square Dance, 10, guest caller is John Kwaier from Loveland, CO., City Park, Elko, 738-3666

Chapman Golf Tournament, 19-20, Jackpot, 755-2259

Square Dance, 21 guest caller is Dan Nordbye from Omaha, NB., City Park, Elko, 738-3666

Stadium Motocross, 21 motorcycle races, grandstand seating, practice 3pm, first race starts at 4:30pm, \$15 rider, \$3 spectator, fairgrounds, Winnemucca, 623-6382



CAROL PARK

Hot Shots in Virginia City

Three women grit their teeth, dive on a fire hose, and blast a target 50 feet away in the antique hose cart races during the Comstock Firemen's Muster in Virginia City. This year's celebration is July 7-8, and firemen from all over the West will be dressing in period garb and showing off some of the finest antique engines, pumpers, hose carts, and equipment in the world.

4-H Open Horse Show, 28, rodeo grounds, Battle Mountain, 635-2235

August

Art Exhibit, thru 9, watercolors and photographs by Cliff Segerblom, Northeastern Nevada Museum, Elko, 738-3418

Mixed Scramble Golf Tournament, 9-10, Jackpot, 755-2259

Leonardo da Vinci Exhibit, 9-10/9, models of da Vinci's inventions, Northeastern Nevada Museum, Elko, 738-3418

Elko County Art Club Summer Festival, 10-28, art show and judging, Northeastern Nevada Museum, Elko, 738-3418

Gun Show, 18-19, Convention Room, Cactus Pete's, Jackpot, 755-2259

Ladies State Amateur Golf Tournament, 21-23, Ruby View Golf Course, Elko, 738-6212

Two-Lady Best Ball Golf Tournament, 23-24, Jackpot, 755-2259

Pigeon Races, 25, Gem State Combine, Jackpot, 755-2259

Lander County Fair, 25-26, exhibits and contests, Battle Mountain Civic Center, 635-2235

Art Exhibit, 28-9/26, paintings and photographs by Tad Cheyenne Schutt, Northeastern Nevada Museum, Elko, 738-3418

Square Dance, 30, guest caller is Tom Roper from Omaha, IL., City Park, Elko, 738-3666

Winnemucca Rodeo and Tri-County Fair, 31-9/2, parade, exhibits, Professional Rodeo Cowboys Assn. rodeo, country market, fairgrounds, 623-2225

Elko County Fair and Livestock Show, 31-9/3, total purse for this 63rd year of horse racing is \$110,000. Ten races each day beginning at 1pm. Parimutuel betting on all races. Feature races: Elko County Thoroughbred Futurity on Sat. and Intermountain Quarter Horse Futurity and Elko County Derby on Mon. Also stock horse events including team penning, branding contest, and team roping; 4-H and FFA exhibits daily, fairgrounds, Elko, 738-7135

Reno/West

July

"Bad Day at Gopher's Breath," thru 1, old-time melodrama by Al Ver Schure and Lee Ver Schure, 8:30pm Thurs-Sat., 2pm on Sun., Reno Little Theater, 329-0661

Virginia City Jazz Festival, 6/30-7/1, jazz bands in saloons throughout town, tickets will be sold, Virginia City, 847-0665

Music Celebration, 6/30-7/1 country, jazz, barbershop, pop, rock, and patriotic band music, food and craft booths, free, 10am-6pm, Village Green, Incline Village, 831-0781

Annual Lake Tahoe Sail Week, 6/30-7/8, Lake Tahoe Windjammer, South Lake Tahoe, 916-541-7604

Art Exhibit, thru 25, weavings by Ruth Bright Mordy, Sheppard Gallery, UNR, 784-6658

Concerts, thru 25, music on Tues. 7/3 and every Wed. from 7/11-25, 7-9pm, Reno Municipal Band, UNR Quadrangle, 785-2270

Art Exhibit, thru 29, drawings and mixed media on Virginia City and Nevada by Frederick Hobbs, Sierra Nevada Museum of Art, 329-3333

Pederson Classic, thru 31 Town & Country Bowl, 825-1048

Fort Churchill Historic State Monument Programs, thru 9/3, every Sat. and Sun., uniformed soldiers explain history of the fort, frontier soldier life, and demonstrate weapons of 1860s. Guided tours of ruins are available, 10am, meet at Fort Churchill, Silver Springs, 867-3001

Photo Exhibit, thru 11/15, covers the evolution of cameras and photography, Churchill County Museum, Fallon, 423-3677

Reno Padres v. Bakersfield Dodgers, 1, class-A pro baseball, 6pm doubleheader, Moana Stadium, 825-0678

Dam Tour, 1 meet at east side of dam, 10am, Rye Patch State Recreation Area, 867-3001

Sharkey's Cowpasture Boxing Festival, 3, 11th annual, ballpark, Gardnerville, 782-3133

Star Spangled Fourth 1984, 4, air show, boat parade, and fireworks display, Lake Tahoe, 916-541-5255

Kiwanis Club's July 4th Celebration, 4, games, motocross bike races, food and drinks, fireworks, 4pm, Lyon County Fairgrounds, 3 miles east of Yerington

Carson City July 4th Celebration, 4, 11am parade starting at south end of town. Following parade is a carnival, booths, arts and crafts fair, dance, re-enactments of civil war activities, train rides, clown acts, bands, food, and fireworks, Mills Park, Carson City, 882-5975

Skyfire '84, 4, barbecue, continuous entertainment with music and food, fireworks, free, 4pm, Mackay Stadium, UNR, 323-1046

Incline Village July 4th Celebration, 4, air show at 5pm, fireworks at dusk, food and drinks, free, Hyatt Lake Tahoe Beach, Incline Village, 831-1111

Fallon July 4th Celebration, 4, stock car races at 7pm, fireworks at dusk, Lahontan Auto Racing Assn., Rattlesnake Speedway, 2 miles from Fallon on Cemetery Road, 423-4391 or 423-3151

Virginia City July 4th Celebration, 4, 11am parade, Municipal Band concert at Miners Park, 847-0311

Annual July 4th Picnic, 4, meet Washoe County elected officials and candidates, 10am-2pm, California Bldg., Idlewild Park, 786-3146

Lake Tahoe Summer Music Festival, 5-14, performances of chamber music, opera, and dance presented by the San Francisco Chamber Orchestra at Lake Tahoe. On 7/5 Handel's "Water Music" with international recording artist Ransom Wilson at Chambers Landing; on 7/6 "Songs of Old Vienna" with William Lewis, principal tenor of the New York Metropolitan Opera at the Chateau in Incline Village; on 7/7-8 Virgil Thomson's opera, "The Mother of Us All" at Squaw Valley Theatre; on 7/9-13 workshops at various locations around the basin; on 7/14 open air

children's concert of "Peter and the Wolf" at Alpine Meadows, for information on times and workshops call Tahoe North Visitors and Convention Bureau 916-583-3494

Easter Seal Truckee River Raft Race, 6-7, 4.5-mile raft race from River Bend in Verdi to Tahoe Industrial Park in Reno. On Fri. pre-registration party at 4pm; on Sat. 7am registration and race with live entertainment, food, and beverages at finish line, Tahoe Industrial Park, Reno, 359-2880

Nevada 84, 7/6-8/8, photo show, State Museum, Carson City, 885-4810

Stock Car Races, 7 Lovelock Speedway, 273-7213

Western States Endurance Run, 7 100-mile race from Squaw Valley to Auburn, Squaw Valley, 916-823-7283

Annual Steak Fry and Dance, 7 fundraiser for volunteer fire department with steak, salad, corn, and trimmings served from 6-9pm followed by dance with live music, Smith Valley Community Hall, Wellington, 465-2516

Nature Hike, 7 10am, Rye Patch State Recreation Area, 867-3001

Fish Talk, 7 Mike Sevon, Nevada State Fish and Wildlife biologist, talks on fishing Lahontan Reservoir, 10am at Silver Springs Beach 7 Campground, Lahontan State Recreation Area, 867-3001

Comstock Firemen's Muster, 7-8, parade at 9am Sat. opens full weekend of old-time competitions and antique equipment displays among fire departments from throughout the West. Includes barbecue and dance at 6:30pm Sat.; E Street near old V&T depot, Virginia City, 847-0342 or 847-0102

Fun Sailing Day, 7-8, Reno Hobie Fleet 203, for location call 849-1146

Circus, 8-12, Ringling Bros., Barnum & Bailey Circus, Lawlor Events Center, UNR, 784-4659

Summer of Fun Program, 9-20 and 23-8/3, daily field trips and tours for children 7-14, Reno Recreation Center, 925 Riverside Dr., 785-2262

Playground Adventures Program, 9-20 and 23-8/3, supervised activities and field trips for children 6-14, Reno Recreation Center, 925 Riverside Dr., 785-2262

Reno Padres v. Lodi Crushers, 11-13, 7:30pm, Moana Stadium, 825-0678

Sparks Family Carnival Days, 11-15, community carnival with rides, games, food, craft booths, and bingo, Wed.-Fri. 4-11pm, Fri.-Sun. noon-midnight, off Oddie Blvd. by Longs, Sparks, 329-7473

Lake Tahoe Collection, 11-8/31 work by contemporary artists from Lake Tahoe, Sierra Nevada Museum of Art, 329-3333

"Chicago," 13-14, musical, 8pm, Nevada Repertory Company, Church Fine Arts Theater, UNR, 784-6839

Tombola '84, 14, arts and crafts, lamb barbecue, music, children's games, 9am-6pm, Washoe Medical Center League, Pickett Park (across from Washoe Medical Center), 785-4166

Snake Talk, 14, Dave Doty talks about Great Basin snakes, meet at Silver Springs Beach, Lahontan State Recreation Area, 867-3001

Greek Night, 14, traditional Greek food, drink, dancing, and live music, 6pm, \$17.50, State Fairgrounds, 825-5365

Reno Padres v. Modesto Athletics, 14-15, class-A baseball, 7:30pm on Sat., 6pm double-header on Sun., Moana Stadium, 825-0678

Hidden Cave Tours, 14 and 28, 9:30am sign-up, 10am tour, meet at Churchill County Museum, Fallon, 423-3677

Walker Lake 100-Mile Marathon, 15, speed boat racing, \$30,000 in cash and prizes, inboard class races start at 10am with the inboard class including Endurance-Tunnel, Flatbottom, and Endurance Jets followed by 11am Tunnel divisions. Concession stands, \$2.50 adults, \$1 children 6-13, under 6 free, Cliff House Marina, 12 miles north of Hawthorne, 945-5253

NRA Practical Pistol Combat Match, 15, Palomino Valley Gun Club, 323-3950

Reno Gay Rodeo, 19-22, State Fairgrounds, 677-0742

Music at Sand Harbor, 19-22, folk, ethnic, pop, and bluegrass musicians at the natural sand amphitheater at Sand Harbor, Lake Tahoe, 916-583-9048 for schedule

Fallon All Indian Stampede and Rodeo, 20-22, over \$25,000 total prize money for all competitive events. On Fri. 1pm rodeo, 4:30pm ladies open mud wrestling, 7pm Miss Indian Nevada Pageant, 8pm competitive Indian dancing, 10pm public western dance; on Sat. 10am parade in downtown Fallon, noon rodeo, 5pm ladies open mud wrestling, 8pm competitive Indian dancing, 10pm public western dance; on Sun. rodeo finals noon. All Indian arts and crafts and Indian traditional hand games (gambling) continuous throughout the weekend. Churchill County Fairgrounds, Fallon, 329-2936

Trans-Tahoe Swim, 21 14.4-mile swimmers' race from Sand Harbor in Nevada to Chambers Landing in California, registration 7am, race starts at 7:30am, Sand Harbor, 831-0494

Picnic at Bowers Mansion, 21 Shrine Club, 322-3330

Lemmon Valley Day, 21 barbecue, hoedown, and live entertainment, noon-6pm, \$2.50 donation, Volunteer Fire Department, Lemmon Valley Shopping Center

Stock Car Races, 21 Lovelock Speedway, 273-7213

Campfire Program, 21 Rye Patch State Recreation Area, 867-3001



Truckee River Rats

River drifters with all kinds of vessels and skills join the Truckee River Raft Race on Saturday July 7. Running about five miles from River Bend in Verdi to Tahoe Industrial Park in Reno, the annual Easter Seal benefit includes a post-race party by the river.



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First Ever Regional Chili Cook-Off and Flea Market, 22, chili booths set up and flea market opens at 8am, cooking begins at noon, judging 3pm, street dancing, Hazen Bar on U.S. 50-A in Hazen, 867-3066

Multiple Sclerosis Governor's Barbecue, 22, steak dinner, no-host bar, continuous live entertainment, \$15 for steak dinner, \$3 for children's hot dog dinner, 2-8pm, Governor's Mansion, Carson City, 827-2823

Small Bore Rifle Silhouette, 22, Palomino Valley Gun Club, 323-3950

Reno Padres v. Rohnert Park Redwood Pioneers, 23-26, class-A pro baseball, 7:30pm, Moana Stadium, 825-0678

RSVP Capital City Fair, 26-29, midway, carnival, buffalo rodeo, 4-H and livestock exhibits, arts and crafts exhibits, 4-wheel mud bog contest, district chili cook-off, square dance competition, Model A car show, San Francisco Navy Band Ocean Express, beer garden, exotic foods, \$1 admission, children 6 and under free, Fuji Park, Carson City, 885-4682

Reno Padres v. San Jose Bees, 27-29, class-A baseball, 7:30pm, Moana Stadium, 825-0678

Rock and Gem Show, 27-29, Carson Valley Middle School, Gardnerville, 782-2172

Ladies \$40,000 Invitational Grand Slot Marathon, 27-29, Reno Ramada Hotel, 788-2000

Stargaze, 28, 9pm, Silver Springs Beach, Lahontan State Recreation Area, 867-3001

Mason Day, 28, 10am parade, hay bale bucking contest, horseshoe tournament, picnic, Mason, 463-3721

All-Indian Stampede

At Fallon you'll find three colorful days of riding, roping, and traditional Indian gambling games and dancing at the All-Indian Stampede and Rodeo, July 20-22.

August and Labor Day

Concerts, thru 29, every Wed., 7-9pm, Reno Municipal Band, Virginia Lake Park, 785-2270

Reno Super Run '84, 3-5, antique car and truck show, Fan Belt Toss, Name That Engine Part, Tire Toss, Beer Can Stacking, and Radiator Fill contests, \$40 entry fee for car owners, Washoe County Rancho San Rafael Park, 785-4198

Campfire Program, 4, meet at 8:30pm at Group Ramada, Rye Patch Recreation Area, 867-3001

Community Garage Sale, 4-5, 8am-5pm on Sat., 9am-noon on Sun., Smith Valley Community Hall, Wellington, 465-2304

Lovelock Frontier Days, 4-5, annual town celebration at the courthouse park includes a Sat. morning parade and a flea market, kids' and adults' games, arm wrestling, weight carrying, mucking, barbecue, and stock car races, Lovelock, 273-7213

Antique Show and Sale, 4-6, noon-8pm, Barton Memorial Hospital Auxiliary, South Lake Tahoe High School, SLT call Reno 588-6897

Photography Exhibit, 4-8/9, new work by Northern Nevada and Lake Tahoe photographers, Sierra Nevada Museum of Art, 329-3333

Highpower Rifle Match, 5, Palomino Valley Gun Club, 323-3950

Concerts, 5-26, musicians from Curtis Institute in Philadelphia, every Sun. in August at 2pm, Piper's Opera House, Virginia City, 847-0433

Summer of Fun Program, 6-17 and 20-24, daily field trips and tours for children 7-14, Reno Recreation Center, 925 Riverside Dr., 785-2262

Playground Adventures Program, 6-17 activities and field trips for children 6-14, Reno Recreation Center, 925 Riverside Dr., 785-2262

Reno Padres v. Stockton Ports, 7-9, class-A baseball, 7:30pm, Moana Stadium, 825-0678

Sand Harbor Shakespeare Festival, 7-19, featuring "Taming of the Shrew," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and "Robin Hood" (author unknown), 8pm, Sand Harbor, Lake Tahoe, 916-583-9048 for schedule

Douglas County Fair, 9-12, rodeo, carnival, arts and crafts, 4 wheel mud bog, horseshoe pitching contest, marathon, western bands, livestock and horticulture, kids' events, dance, \$1 for adults, seniors 50 cents, children 6 and under free, County Fairgrounds, Gardnerville, 782-2172

Reno Padres v. Salinas Spurs, 10-12, class-A baseball, 7:30pm, Moana Stadium, 825-0678

Comstock Arabian Class A Horse Show, 10-12, State Fairgrounds, 972-7241

"Loose Ends," 10-11 bittersweet drama by Michael Weller, 8pm, Nevada Repertory Company, Church Fine Arts Theatre, UNR, 784-6839

Reno Basque Festival, 11, outdoor celebration with 11am Mass, traditional Basque dances, weight carrying, tug-of-war, sheep dog demonstration, bota and irrirtzi (Basque war cry) contests, live music, food, wine, 10am-midnight, Rancho San Rafael Park, 825-9636

Donner Lake Triathlon, 11, near Truckee, 916-587-2754

Sherwood Forest Festival, 11-12, arts and crafts fair, games of valor and strength featuring the Society of Creative Anachronism and the Black Knights of Justice, eating and drinking, Robin Hood, Maid Marion and the Merry Men, 10am-7pm on Sat., 10am-4pm on Sun., Mills Park, Carson City, 883-1976

Pershing County Junior Rodeo, 11-12, ages 6-18, Lovelock, call Roy Biggs, 273-2611

Hobie Race, 11-12, Reno Hobie Fleet 203, Topaz Lake, 322-4853

Early Baroque Performance Workshop, 11-19, musicians and scholars meet at Zephyr Cove, some public performances, 789-6830

Hidden Cave Tours, 11 and 25, 9:30am sign-up, 10am tour, meet at Churchill County Museum, Fallon, 423-3677

4-H Western Horse Show, 12, Regional Park, Fallon, 423-5121

Hazen Express Cribbage Tournament, 12, \$150 first prize, entry fee \$10, 11am, advanced registration ends 8/5, Hazen Bar on U.S. 50-A in Hazen, 867-3066

Antique Show and Sale, 14-16, 6-9pm Tues., noon-9pm Wed., noon-5pm Thurs., \$2.75, \$1 for senior citizens on Wed., Community Center, Fallon, 423-4556

Jackpot Team Roping and Barrel Race, 15, Regional Park, Fallon, 423-5121

Nevada 84, 15-29, photo show, Courthouse Museum, Genoa, 782-2940

Western Regional Bocce Classic, 16-18, combination of horseshoes, shuffleboard, and curling, \$3,000 in cash, prizes, and trophies, Reno Ramada Hotel, 788-2000

Queen of Hearts Coin and Stamp Exposition, 17-19, Pioneer Theater, 786-5105

Churchill County Fair, 17-19, pig races, 4-H exhibits, tractor driving contest, tennis tournament, mucking contest, kiddie events, dairy show, tractor pull, horseshoe pitch, pasta cook-off, youth gymkhana, Ronald McDonald visit, silver drawing, and 4x4 pull, Regional Park, Fallon, 423-5121

Antique Show and Sale, 17-19, \$2.75, Community Center, Carson City, 887-2291



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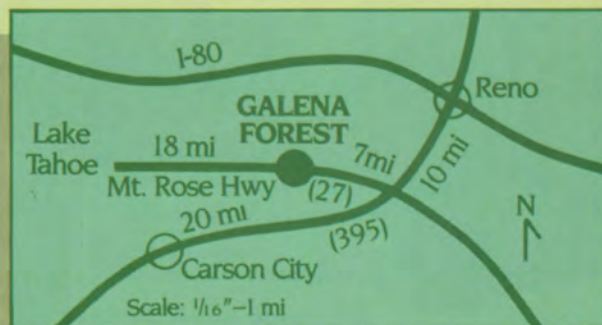
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for the U.S. Olympic Team.

Team up, Nevada. The 1984 Olympics start today.



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BRENDA BLAND

Fast Times in the Cow Counties

This summer promises plenty of dirt-track action around Nevada as super-stock and mini-sprint events take place on weekends. Races are scheduled throughout the summer at Tonopah Speedway, Battle Mountain Raceway, Lovelock Speedway, and Rattlesnake Speedway near Fallon.

Pony Bob Junior Rodeo, 17-19, events for cowboys and cowgirls 18 and under; saddles, buckles, and pins awarded to winners for all events, Joe Gandolfo Arena, Sparks, 851-2103

Washoe County Mounted Sheriff Poses' Rodeo, 18-19, fairgrounds, Reno, 883-4878

Hunter Pistol Silhouette Match, 19, centerfire high power pistols and .22 rimfires, open to public, Palomino Valley Gun Club, 22 miles north of Sparks on Pyramid Lake Hwy., 323-3950

Air Force Band Concert, 20, free, 8pm, Pioneer Theater, Reno, 786-5105

Reno Padres v. Visalia Oaks, 21-23, class-A pro baseball, 7:30pm, Moana Stadium, Reno, 825-0678

National Old Time Fiddlers' Contest, 23-26, \$6,000 total prize money, continuous music and entertainment, western barbecue and dance, fiddlers' workshops, Mills Park, Carson City, 1-800-492-4774 or 882-1565

Lyon County Fair, 23-26, rodeo, parade, frog jumping contest, tractor pull, and demolition derby, Lyon County Fairgrounds, 3 miles east of Yerington, 463-3721

Nevada State and World Gold Panning Championships, 24-26, 10am, on Sat. night hoedown and barbecue at 6pm, Karl's Hotel parking lot and Lillard Railroad Park, Sparks, 358-4771

Reno Padres v. Lodi Crushers, 24-26, class-A baseball, 7:30 p.m. on Fri-Sat, 6pm Sun. double-header, Moana Stadium, 825-0678

Western Karate Championships, 25, 8am-11pm, Pioneer Theater, Reno, 786-5105

Stock Car Races, 25, Lovelock Speedway, 273-7213

Special Olympics Golf Tournament, 25-26, Eagle Valley Golf Course, Carson City, 882-2141

Carson City Chess Club Picnic, 26, open picnic for chess enthusiasts, 10am-6pm, Bowers Mansion, Washoe Valley, 883-5728

Big Bore Metallic Silhouette Match, 26, Reno Silhouette Assn., 849-1188

Reno Padres v. Fresno Giants, 31-9/2, class-A

baseball, 7:30pm, Moana Stadium, 825-0678

Lion's Junior Rodeo and Parade, 9/1-3, fairgrounds, Fallon, 423-6811

Silver State Marathon, 9/2, race of 26.2 miles, Davis Creek, Washoe Valley, 789-4658

Holiday Steam-Up, 9/2-3, Virginia & Truckee Railroad Museum, Carson City, 885-4810

Labor Day Parade, 9/3, down Maine Street, 10:30am, Fallon, 423-6655

Coming Attractions

September

Nevada State Fair, 5-9, Reno, 322-7011

Great Reno Balloon Race, 7-9, 788-3025

Virginia City Camel Races, 8-9, 847-0311

Reno National Championship Air Races, 13-16, 826-7600

20th Annual Harvest Festival and Fair, 14-16, Pahrump, 727-5314

Panasonic Las Vegas Invitational Golf Tournament, 17-23, Las Vegas, 739-2222

October

Nevada State Dirt Track Championship Races, 6, Lovelock, 273-7213

Art in the Park, 6-7 Boulder City, 293-3787

Frontier 500, 8-13, Vegas to Reno, 734-0110

Las Vegas Jaycees' State Fair, 9-14, 457-8832

Imperial Palace Antique Auto Run, 26-28, Las Vegas, 731-3311

Nevada Day, 31 Carson City, 882-1565

A Reminder: to confirm dates and times, use the phone numbers listed with each event. For out-of-state callers, the area code is 702 throughout Nevada. For toll-free phone numbers, call 1-800-555-1212. □



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IDAHO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

When high-grading equaled the legal ore in the boom camp of National, the mine owners knew it was a job for Siringo.

By Dorothy Bell Ruby

GOLD CAMP SLEUTH

National high-grade! It was said to be the richest ore ever found in Nevada, and news of the strike whipped like wildfire through the western mining camps of 1909.

National had been prospected two years before by Jesse Workman, who coaxed his National automobile up creek beds and through the sagebrush to lay his claims on Buckskin Peak in the Santa Rosa Range north of Winnemucca. Workman leased his claims, and Frank and George Stall, who held one of the lease blocks, discovered the vein of electrum—an amalgam of half gold, half silver—that started the rush to National. Adventurers, gamblers, barkeepers, prostitutes, and even ordinary miners poured into the new camp. Within a year a community of 1,800 people had sprung up. National was wide open then, perhaps the most lawless town in Nevada.

The rich ore delighted the mine owners but was temptingly easy for miners to pocket. It has been said that as much gold was pocketed, or high-graded, at National as officially mined. That would be about

\$7 million for the company and a similar amount carried out in saddle bags and cartridge belts.

Clearly, what the company needed was someone to identify and stop the high-graders.

At the same time in Texas, Charles A. Siringo, a 55-year-old ex-Pinkerton detective, was suffering fits of boredom on his retirement ranch. So when he was offered a job at National in 1910, he jumped at it. In his autobiography, *Riata and Spurs*, Siringo says that he was instructed to meet secretly at a way station west of Ogden, Utah, with three Chicago financiers and John E. Pelton, mine manager at National. Pelton explained the high-grading problem and suggested that the detective start his work by meeting the Gumshoe Kid, who was said to be the leader of the high-graders and a dangerous gunman.

Siringo was confident he could do the job. Wiry, tough, and a cowboy from the age of 12, he was quite at home with cattle rustlers and outlaws. When he was about 30, he became a sleuth for the Pinkerton

National Detective Agency. The climax of his career came in the 1890s when he infiltrated the Western Federation of Miners in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, became union secretary, and made it possible for the Mine Owners Association to outmaneuver the union. The result was violence met by martial law and mass arrests. One question never answered in the affair was whether Siringo had acted as an agent provocateur.

Whatever his part, Siringo had a colorful career, and in his later years he wrote two autobiographies. They both read like western fiction with a straight-shooting, hard-drinking, quick-thinking hero playing out his manly roles while dance-hall music tinkles faintly in the background. Even before writing his books Siringo proved to be a prolific penman. Nearly every day at National he wrote 20 or more pages to Pelton, recording his conversations and investigations in detail.

Several of Siringo's contemporaries have written about their liking for him. His victims must have also found him charming for, according to his letters, it

took only a night or two of carousing before they confided to him their most incriminating secrets.

A week after the meeting in the Utah desert, Siringo boarded the stagecoach in Winnemucca for the 70-mile trip north to National. He dressed as a tramp cowboy and assumed the name of Leon Carrier. Two nights later he managed to go on a drunk with the Gumshoe Kid and, he reported, "shot up the town in true cowboy fashion."

To keep an eye on the men underground, Siringo brought in a confederate, a miner named Riley who worked swing shift in the mine. Riley reported what he saw to the detective while Siringo mined the bars and dance halls for information. He particularly cultivated Roy Gillam, secretary of the Western Federation of Miners, in the belief that unionism encouraged high-grading. In Siringo's list of sins, being a gunman and a thief was far more honorable than being what he called "a rabid socialist."

In time Siringo was on good terms with Gillam. "I'm going to get a harness for Riley that fits up under the arms to smuggle high-grade," he confided to Gillam.

"Don't fool with that kind. I'll make you one that fits the lower part of the body like a truss for rupture," advised Gillam.

Siringo had hit paydirt. For the rest of his stay in National he pumped Gillam for information.

The detective also learned about high-grading through chance encounters. One cold December afternoon Siringo was drinking in McGriff's Saloon. He glanced up and then turned away as a miner named LaDuc came in. LaDuc slid into a seat at the stud poker table, clipped the end of his Cuban cigar, and riffled a stack of silver dollars on the table in front of him.

"A round on me!" he called to the bartender.

The gamblers and miners around the table flicked quick glances at one another. LaDuc was a careless gambler, but some people called him the slickest high-grader in camp.

In half an hour LaDuc spent \$175. Rising, he grinned and shook hands all around. "I'm taking the stage out in the morning," he said. "Someone finked and Pelton fired me."

Siringo, who admired such style, enjoyed a good time himself. He later wrote that at National "I led a swift life drinking and dancing at night, often spending as high as \$50 between sun and sun." His actual expense claims were about \$8 a day; his memory may have become livelier as the years went by. For the miners' part, nightlife in a town like National probably depended on high-grading. Miners' wages were only \$4 a day, yet the population of 1,800 supported 17 saloons and six dance halls.

Saloonkeepers and madams weren't the only business people who made their living from illegal gold. Dump operators who reduced the ore to gold bars bought high-grade from the miners for about half its worth. Several dumps were hidden in the hills and canyons around National. Naturally Siringo was eager to visit the dumps, but it was not an easy tour to arrange. Finally Roy Gillam agreed to take him to his own dump if Siringo would get some high-grade from Riley.

"My partner at the dump is a gunman," warned Gillam. "He wouldn't hesitate to kill a spotter."

The dump itself was ingenious.

"They had a cellar dug under their cabin and had a floor put in about two feet below the regular floor," Siringo wrote. "On this false floor they kept their groceries, etc., stored as though to keep them

from freezing. And in one corner of this false floor a trap door opened into the cellar proper, where the furnace and assay outfit were kept. From the furnace a small smoke pipe led up through their cook stove so that all the smoke came out through the cook stove pipe."

As part of their campaign to discourage high-grading, the mine owners set up a change room with an armed guard. However, the system was only as effective as the guards chose to be.

One day Siringo was in the back room of McGriff's Saloon with the proprietor when a young miner named Joe Murphy limped to the door.

"Can I talk to you?" he asked McGriff.

"Sure, close the door," said McGriff.

Murphy opened his lunch box and handed McGriff a three-pound rock laced with pale yellow electrum.

McGriff hefted it in one hand and looked at it speculatively. "Hundred fifty?" he asked.

Murphy nodded and McGriff peeled three fifties off a roll of bills he took from his pocket. He put the rock in his safe, pulled the cork from a whiskey bottle, and poured three glasses.

"What's wrong with your leg?" he asked, pushing one of the glasses over to Murphy.

Murphy shook his head. "I tied that rock on the inside of my leg, up near the crotch, so's I could walk out through the change room. The strings cut the flesh so I don't think it will heal for a week."

Siringo visited Patsy Patterson, one of the change room guards, in his home. Afterwards he wrote what Patterson said: "I was nearly compelled to catch a poor fellow who was loaded with high-grade last shift. He made a regular botch of changing his clothes. He couldn't hardly pull his pants up over the stuff. He was aware that I knew it and he looked at me pitifully. I'll have to tell him to be more careful. He makes it too hard on the guards."

In the course of his work Siringo was offered various propositions. One man wanted his help in holding up the mine. Another wanted to rob the stagecoach. Someone invited him to go down to the mouth of the Colorado River and smuggle opium. Bert Moffit, who was called the King of the Cacti, had made one stake smuggling Chinese into the U.S. from Mexico and wanted to try that again.

However, the most common activity in Siringo's circle was stealing each other's high-grade caches.

One time Siringo and Moffit broke into McCarthy's cabin to search for high-grade, but they couldn't find it. Just after they left the house they ran into McCarthy on the road outside.

"My God!" said Siringo. "If he had

(Continued on page 86)

Named after its founder's car, the boom camp of National produced rich ore and attracted a seasoned lot of high-graders to its mines 70 miles north of Winnemucca.



Nevada Golfer's Scorecard

Nevada Golfers Scorecard									Pro Shop	Driving Range	Restaurant	Snack Bar	Bar	Head Pro
Course, Location	Phone (702)	No. Holes	Par & Yards Men's	Women's	Green Fees 18 holes (M-F/SS)	Cart Rentals (18 holes)	Dates Open							
Las Vegas														
Desert Inn Country Club	733-4444	18	72/7,018	72/5,754	\$20g, \$30n	\$16*	all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Dave Johnson	
Dunes Country Club	737-4746	18	72/7,240	72/5,982	\$18g, \$28n	\$16*	all year	✓		✓	✓	✓	Don Welch	
Las Vegas Country Club		18	72/6,730	74/5,777	mbr-gst		all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Bill Farkas, Jr.	
Las Vegas Golf Club	646-3003	18	72/6,600	72/5,750	\$8.75†	\$11.50	all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Ron Fogler	
Sahara Country Club	796-0013	18	71/6,815	71/5,761	\$30g, \$35n	(included)	all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Gary Klein	
Tropicana Country Club	739-2579	18	70/6,647	72/5,697	\$29g, \$36n	(included)	all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Dick Huff	
Winterwood Golf Course		18	Will reopen in the fall when renovation is completed, probably with new name.											
North Las Vegas														
Craig Ranch Golf Course	642-9700	18	70/6,001	70/5,221	\$7	\$10	all year	✓	✓		✓		Thomas Felt, mgr.	
North Las Vegas Community Golf Course	649-7171	9	27/1,128	27/1,128	\$2.50/\$3††		all year	✓			✓		Frank Cortez, mgr.	
Henderson														
Black Mountain Country Club	565-7933	18	72/6,373	74/5,714	\$9/\$10	\$14**	all year	✓	✓	✓		✓		
Showboat Country Club	451-2106	18	72/7,045	72/5,420	\$15g, \$25n	\$16*	all year	✓	✓	✓		✓	Joe Kelly	
Southern Rural														
Boulder City Municipal Golf Course	293-2526	9	37/3,463	37/3,027	\$8.50	\$12	all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Gale Parcell	
Calvada Valley Country Club, Pahrump	727-5866	18	71/7,045	73/5,916	\$12/\$16	\$14*	all year	✓	✓		✓	✓	Dennis Gierhart	
Calvada Valley Executive Course, Pahrump	727-4602	18	59/3,516	60/3,140	\$6	(walk)	all year	✓			✓	✓	Dennis Gierhart	
Reno & Sparks														
Hidden Valley Country Club	358-4735	18	72/7,054	75/5,972	mbr-gst†††	\$12	all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Ed Jones	
Lakeridge Golf Course	825-2200	18	72/7,045	72/5,430	\$18	\$16*	all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Cork Corl	
Sierra Sage Golf Course	972-1564	18	71/6,693	72/5,551	\$8.50	\$14	all year	✓	✓		✓	✓	Mike Mitchell	
Washoe County Golf Course	785-4286	18	72/6,551	74/5,866	\$8.50	\$14	all year	✓	✓	✓	✓		Barney Bell	
Brookside Golf Course	322-6009	9	36/3,050	36/2,791	\$5	\$10	all year	✓	✓		✓		Dave Warez	
Wildcreek Championship Golf Course	673-3100	18	72/7,039	72/5,499	\$20	(included)	all year	✓	✓		✓	✓	Don Krivanek	
Wildcreek Executive Golf Course	673-3100	9	27/1,420	27/1,170	\$7	(walk)	all year	✓	✓		✓	✓	Don Krivanek	
North Lake Tahoe														
Incline Championship Golf Course	832-1144	18	72/7,138	72/5,754	\$40	(included)	May-Oct.	✓	✓		✓	✓	Bob Marshall	
Incline Executive Golf Course	832-1150	18	58/3,505	58/2,875	\$25	(included)	May-Oct.	✓		✓	✓	✓	Bob Marshall	
Northstar Golf Course	†562-1017	18	72/6,890	72/5,518	\$19	\$16***	May-Oct.	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Jim Anderson	
Ponderosa Golf Course, Truckee	†587-3501	9	36/3,000		n/a	n/a	May-Oct.	✓			✓			
Tahoe-Donner Golf Course, Truckee	†587-6046	18	72/6,899	74/6,021	\$18/\$24	\$16	May-Oct.	✓		✓	✓	✓	Fred Elliott	
Woodvista Golf Course, Kings Beach	†546-9909	9	35/3,470	35/2,880	\$13	\$14	April-Oct.	✓	✓	✓		✓	Brian Elders	
South Lake Tahoe														
Bijou Golf Course	†541-4611	9	30/2,015	33/2,015	\$6	\$8	May-Sept.	✓			✓			
Edgewood Tahoe Golf Course, Stateline	588-3566	18	72/7,477	72/5,673	\$50	(included)	May-Oct.	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Orrin D. Vincent	
Glenbrook Golf Course	749-5201	9	32/6,133	33/6,133	\$16	n/a	May-Oct.	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Warren MacCarty	
Lake Tahoe Country Club	†577-0788	18	71/6,697	72/5,687	\$20	\$14	April-Oct.	✓	✓		✓	✓	Scott Wein	
Tahoe Paradise Golf Course	†577-2121	18	66/4,119	68/3,893	\$12	\$12	May-Oct.	✓	✓	✓		✓	Lance Hourany	
Western Cow Counties														
Eagle Valley Golf Course, Carson City	887-2380	18	72/6,658	72/6,030	\$10	\$14	Feb.-Dec.	✓	✓	✓		✓	Tom Duncan	
Carson Valley Golf Course, Gardnerville	265-3181	18	71/5,895	71/5,195	\$8	\$12	all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓		
Casa De Mar, Fallon	423-4616	9	36/3,250	36/2,767	\$5	\$8	all year	✓	✓		✓	✓	Preston Kyle	
Mason Valley Country Club, Yerington	463-3300	9	36/3,319	37/2,927	\$5/\$6	\$11	all year			✓		✓	Greg Hunewill, mgr.	
Walker Lake Country Club, Hawthorne	945-7705	9	34/2,704	35/2,596	\$5††	\$7	all year	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Dick Lehms	
Sandy Bottom, Gabbs		9	Desert clay course.											
Eastern & Northern Cow Counties														
Winnemucca Municipal Golf Course	623-9920	9	36/3,250	37/3,250	\$6/\$8	\$12	March-Oct.	✓	✓		✓		Bill Phillips	
White Pine County Golf Course, Ely	289-4095	9	36/3,278	38/3,072	\$6	\$12	March-Oct.	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Joe Cullinane, Jr.	
Rainbow Canyon Golf Course, Caliente	726-3420	9	Course under development but casual play allowed											Harvey Talbot, mgr.
Ruby View Golf Course, Elko	738-6212	18	72/6,951	73/6,187	\$6/\$8	\$12	March-Oct.	✓	✓		✓	✓	Rick Longhurst	
Spring Creek Golf Course, S. of Elko	753-6331	18	71/6,450	71/5,500	\$7/\$8	\$12	April-Nov.	✓	✓	✓		✓	John A. Heller	
Jackpot Golf Course	755-2264	9	36/3,476	38/2,935	\$6/\$7	\$14	March-Nov.	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	Billy Downs	
Wells Golf Course	752-3928	9	35/3,080	37/2,850	\$7/\$8	\$14	April-Oct.	✓	✓		✓	✓	Al Jones	

* carts mandatory; fee is for a two-person cart

** carts mandatory on weekends before 11 a.m.

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Desert Greens

Nevada's golf courses offer everything from major pro tournaments to golfing under the stars.

By Jim Crandall

What do you do with 110,540 square miles of wide-open high desert once you discover that, with water, almost anything will grow? You cultivate a lot of golf courses, some for cow-town recreation, some for city duffers, and others to rank among the finest links in the world.

It should be no surprise that Nevada has become a favorite stop on the pro tours for Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus, Craig Stadler, Nancy Lopez, Donna Caponi, and Patty Sheehan—all attracted by challenging courses and six-figure purses at Las Vegas, Reno, and Lake Tahoe.

In fact, the Panasonic Las Vegas Invitational is the richest tournament in the history of the PGA, offering more than \$1 million in total prize money. Its debut last year marked the return of PGA golf to Las Vegas after a seven-year absence. The Desert Inn had brought pro golf to town in 1953 with the Tournament of Champions, but the T of C eventually left and in 1976 so did Las Vegas' other big event, the Sahara Invitational. This Panasonic tourney, September 17-23, will be played on four Las Vegas courses—the Desert Inn, Tropicana, Showboat, and Las Vegas country clubs. Last year Fuzzy Zoeller took the


\$135,000 first prize. The purse has been increased to \$1,122,500, with a \$165,000 winner's share.

For the women, the \$200,000 J&B Scotch Pro-Am, held at the Desert Inn and Las Vegas country clubs each spring, was a favored stop on the LPGA tour even before the sponsors flavored the action with a potential \$1 million bonus. The bonus goes to the player who wins the J&B two years in a row or who wins the Nabisco Dinah Shore and the J&B back to back. That's not bad odds considering that Nancy Lopez won the J&B in '79, '82, and '83, and Donna Caponi in '80 and '81. This

JAY ALDRICH



In Nevada you can walk in Arnie's cleat marks or play challenging rural courses like Gardnerville's tree-lined layout (above).



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year's winner, Ayako Okamoto, is sure to return in '85.

For golf's good ol' boys, Northern Nevada is a favorite duffing ground. The attraction began when Arnie and Company showed up for the first annual Gatlin Brothers Seniors Golf Classic in the spring of 1983 at the Wildcreek Golf Course in Sparks. By 1984 the senior PGA event was among the top four in total prize money with a \$250,000 purse.

The pine-studded links of Edgewood Tahoe Golf Course in 1985 will be the site of the seniors' major championship—the Seniors U.S. Open on June 27-30. Head pro Orrin Vincent says the total purse will be at least \$200,000 and that the event at Edgewood will surely draw every top pro on the senior tour.

These pro-tour stops are great spectator events, but for the duffer who chooses to watch his or her own golf ball sail off to glory, here are some notes of interest:

Nightlife on the Links

By adding \$130,000 worth of lights, the North Las Vegas Community Golf Course became the first in the state to offer night golf. The par-27 nine-holer greeted the first nocturnal golfers last April. Night play runs until midnight, seven days a week. Some golfers prefer playing under the stars, saying it's much cooler and that their golf balls are easier to find because they tend to reflect the artificial light.

Planting the Seeds

The Silver State is experiencing an outbreak of bluegrass as cities, counties, and private groups scramble to install new courses.

In Las Vegas, the old Winterwood city course is undergoing a total facelift by the Desert Rose Golf Corporation, the same group that has been upgrading the Las Vegas Golf Club. Steve Lambert of the Desert Rose says the revamped 18-holer will open under a new name this fall.

Pahrump's new 18-hole Calvada Valley Executive Course opened last March. It requires that players walk, while down the road at Calvada Valley Country Club, a championship course, carts are required.

At Caliente, nine holes are open for play at the brand-new Rainbow Canyon Golf Course. Meadow Valley Properties general manager Harvey Talbot says the master plan calls for 36 holes in all, as well as tennis courts, spas, hot springs, hotels, restaurants, and condos.

And Jackpot is finally adding the second nine holes to its luxurious links. Seeding began last spring, and the course, which is laid out on rolling hills north of town, will be a full 18-holer by fall. □

Associate Editor Jim Crandall began playing golf at age 10 and has been working on his slice ever since.

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When director George Stevens needed a Sea of Galilee for *The Greatest Story Ever Told*, he found his promised land at Pyramid Lake. The 1963 movie was four hours long and had an all-star cast that included Charlton Heston and Max Von Sydow (above).

Gunfights, Gangsters and Galilee

The main terminal of McCarran Airport is abandoned now. Wind whistles through its locked doors, and a thick layer of dust blankets the interior. It seems that there should be people here, frantically running about, instead of the eerie silence that prevails. It was busy once, even though no travelers ever used this terminal, nor any skycaps, ticket agents, or, for that matter, any airplanes.

The building, in fact, isn't in Nevada at all. It lies deep in the heart of old Hollywood, on Las Palmas Avenue, about a half mile from the gates of Paramount, in the middle of Zoetrope studios. The McCarran terminal is part of the set for Francis Ford Coppola's film, *One From the Heart*, a Las Vegas romance shot completely on this Hollywood lot. The set is a fitting, albeit dusty, monument to Nevada's elusive image in the movies.

Indeed, it fits a pattern. Although Nevada's diverse landscape has been used by film-makers to portray everything from the Sea of Galilee to the Canadian Rockies, Hollywood's version of life in Nevada is often filmed on a set. In Hollywood's version, Reno is strewn with giant cacti, Virginia City sits on an open plain vulnerable to Indian attacks, and in Las Vegas people are either showered with money or eaten by amazing colossal



The Godfather Part II (top), set at Lake Tahoe, won five Academy Awards. The Covered Wagon was filmed in Snake Valley in Eastern Nevada. Director James Cruze had been born over the border in Ogden.

Movie directors have used the Silver State to portray everything from Mexico to Mars, while films meant to portray Nevada life are usually shot on a Hollywood set.

By Joseph M. Ansolabehere

beasts that have grown 60 feet tall as a result of atomic testing.

The reason for this image mix-up is obvious. Producers generally try to avoid the expense of shooting on location. Housing a crew, hauling equipment around, and constantly shuttling back and forth by car or plane to L.A. for special film services can quickly deplete a limited budget. Yet the result of on-location shooting is often a visual richness that cannot

be duplicated in the studio.

One of the first directors to take a big production on location was James Cruze, a man of foresight and immense artistic energy. At a time when films were primarily shot on sets, Cruze decided to break tradition and film his story about life on the Oregon Trail at sites where the real wagons had passed 80 years before. Paramount studios financed his production at Snake Valley, in Eastern Nevada, in

1923. *Covered Wagon* was a break-through movie, a precedent for other directors such as John Ford. Critic Arthur Knight called it the first "big western" and pronounced that "...amidst the same hot sands and torrential rivers that had harassed our ancestors...Cruze produced a film of tremendous sweep and spirit."

It was exciting to Hollywood movie-makers of the day that a western could be shot on the same locations where the real



Each of these four movies are set in Nevada, but only two were actually filmed here. A famous Nevada movie is the 1961 western drama, *The Misfits*, which was the last picture for both of its principal stars, Clark Gable and Marilyn Monroe. Most of the filming took place at Dayton, Pyramid Lake, and Reno. Above, Eli Wallach, Monroe, and Thelma Ritter stand in front of the Washoe County Courthouse. At lower right is a Reno movie that was shot in Hollywood. *The Women* was a popular 1939 release set at a dude ranch. In a discussion about riding western style, from left, are Paulette Goddard, Rosalind Russell, Joan Fontaine, Norma Shearer, and Mary Boland.

adventures had taken place years before. It was more exciting still that a nearby place, such as Nevada, could substitute for exotic, inaccessible locations.

Since then, Nevada has passed as everything from Mexico to Mars. In an old *Twilight Zone* episode the desert becomes a bizarre, distant planet; as Mexico, the Southern Nevada desert has tricked audiences for years. Rhyolite, a famous ghost town near Death Valley, has appeared in

so many movies that the film crews have given it a permanent face lift. Not so long ago, for instance, the John S. Cook bank building, a Nevada landmark, was saddled with an iron grill work to make it look even more "Mexican."

A recent example of Mexico-Nevada is *The Professionals*, a fast-moving 1966 western in which Lee Marvin and Burt Lancaster cross the border to rescue Claudia Cardinale from bandito Jack Palance. In

reality they just chase each other around Valley of Fire, 60 miles northeast of Las Vegas.

The most unusual setting the state has ever portrayed was in George Stevens' 1963 production *The Greatest Story Ever Told*. Stevens took his production all over the Southwest as he tried to recreate the inspirational aura of Palestine during the time of Christ. The director said, "I want to approximate the Holy Land as it looked



PHOTOS: ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES



One of the biggest hits of 1979 was filmed in Las Vegas and the Southern Nevada desert. The Electric Horseman starred Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, and the horse Redford rode out of a Caesars Palace showroom, up the Strip, and on to Mesquite and Utah. The movie featured Willie Nelson and several of Nelson's songs. It also was a homecoming for costar Valerie Perrine, who once danced in Las Vegas shows. At top left, Nastassja Kinski and Frederic Forrest enjoy the view from a car hood in a Southern Nevada junkyard in *One From the Heart*, a Francis Ford Coppola movie about Las Vegas that was filmed on a Hollywood set.

centuries ago. Today it looks nothing like it did then. The land shaped their lives, their hopes, their zeals."

Stevens needed a Sea of Galilee. After rejecting dozens of sites, he finally came upon Pyramid Lake north of Reno. Apparently, he made the right choice, for when the Inbal Dancing Troupe from Israel arrived at Pyramid Lake to appear in the film, the members were stunned to find that the terrain not only looked like

the Holy Land but conveyed its mood as well. An expensive replica of the city of Capernaum was built on the lake's shore, thousands of extras were hired, and Max Von Sydow as Christ led an all-star cast that included Charlton Heston and John Wayne. However, Nevadans enjoy an inside joke when viewing *The Greatest Story Ever Told*. Stevens went to great lengths to create an authentic Biblical epic, but in the background of most

scenes at Capernaum one of the state's oldest landmarks, the great tufa pyramid, pokes out of the Sea of Galilee, mugging for the camera at every chance.

Ironically, while the many faces of Nevada's landscape have played a variety of roles, scripts actually set in Nevada are frequently shot elsewhere. A good example is Michael Curtiz's 1940 movie, *Virginia City*, a story of Southern sympathizers who smuggle Comstock gold for



In 1957 *The Amazing Colossal Man* left critics and moviegoers screaming when a man attacked Las Vegas after atomic radiation turned him into a 60-foot-tall monster.

the Confederacy, starring Errol Flynn, Humphrey Bogart, and Randolph Scott. It should have been a sure-fire hit, but Curtiz's view of the Comstock was both historically inaccurate and dull. He trussed Bogie up in a black suit and thin, villainous moustache and built his Virginia City on an expansive plain in Arizona. In spite of a highly touted premiere in Reno and Virginia City, the movie never had the following that other Curtiz-Flynn vehicles enjoyed.

Arizona doubled for Nevada again in 1970 in *The Great White Hope*, the story of black prizefighter Jack Johnson who beat Jim Jeffries in Reno for the heavyweight boxing championship. Director Martin Ritt set the historic fight in the anachronistic little town of Globe, Arizona, ersatz Reno, 1910. The 6,000 citizens of Globe were reportedly too proud of their public image to play sin city prostitutes, so Ritt had to send out for extras.

For years Hollywood has toyed with Reno's image. On the one hand it was a fast city of bright lights and loose women, while on the other it was a sagebrush town that teemed with hicks and buckboards. George Cukor's *The Women*, 1939, finds a set of New York socialites in Reno for quick divorces. The place is unrecognizable. The high Sierra foothills that were translated on the studio set into rock, sand, and cactus are more than a little reminiscent of Arizona. Fortunately

the movie isn't about Nevadans, and Cukor is forgiven for the slapstick caricatures.

Some sets representing Nevada have verged on the ridiculous. *The Amazing Colossal Man*, 1957, is a "B" movie classic by schlock director Bert I. Gordon (also called Mr. B.I.G. for reasons that soon become apparent). He used low-budget miniatures and obvious rear-projection to tell the tale of an unfortunate man trapped in the desert during an atomic test. Exposed to radiation, he grows into a 60-foot-tall monster that attacks Las Vegas with a vengeance. The Colossal Man meets a monstrous end when the Army bazookas him off Hoover Dam.

There have also been surrealistic images of Nevada projected in the movies. In 1943, Walter Van Tilburg Clark's novel *The Ox-Bow Incident*, was translated to the screen by director William Wellman, whose artistic decision was to shoot the story on an unusually barren set. He felt that the power of Clark's brutal depiction of the American West lay in the characters and not in traditional frontier scenery. It is one of the first "serious" Westerns, a dark, disturbing movie that does justice to the original story of heartless lynching. *The Ox-Bow Incident* makes a powerful statement against fascism, and the movie was so controversial that Twentieth Century Fox refused to release it for two years, fearing it would hurt the career of its star,

Henry Fonda. Eventually it was released to critical acclaim but, as feared, commercial failure.

Another surrealistic view of Nevada came through *One From the Heart*, 1982, Francis Ford Coppola's multi-million dollar extravaganza that was never widely released. Coppola's Las Vegas is a city that deals in dreams, perhaps a more appropriate allegory for Hollywood. The director's own dream was to rejuvenate the magic days of old when studio moguls could create an entire city on a sound stage.

Technically, *One From the Heart* is a spectacular piece of film-making. An illusion of Las Vegas evolves from carefully-crafted miniatures and an elaborate, neon-encrusted set built completely inside Zootrope studio. Although the set is complex, the characters aren't. Coppola settles for hackneyed Nevada stereotypes, Las Vegans who are junkyard hicks and aspire only to shake off the dust from their tacky little town.

Nevada's movie career has not been completely schizophrenic, however. A number of very fine films have been shot here because Nevada is an integral part of the plot. Among these are *The Godfather Part II*, filmed at Lake Tahoe; *Diamonds Are Forever*, *Going In Style*, and *The Electric Horseman*, shot in Las Vegas; *California Split* and *The Misfits*, filmed in Reno; and *The Shootist*, made in Carson City.

In *The Godfather* and *The Godfather Part II*, Coppola settles for real people and real

Hollywood Hot Line

If the Silver State's image on the silver screen has been a bit cloudy, it may get clearer because more and more movies are being filmed in Nevada. The recent upsurge in film action here is due in part to the efforts of a year-old agency that serves as the state's Hollywood hot line. It's the Motion Picture Division of the State Commission on Economic Development (dial 702-386-5287). The division's director, Bob Hirsch, works out of its Las Vegas office on East Sahara Avenue.

"You might describe us as a full-service facility for the motion picture and television industry," Hirsch says. "They can come here for help for everything from location scouting to one-stop permit processing." Among the flicks recently filmed in the state are *Romancing the Stone*, *Starman*, *Lost in America*, *Mugsy's Girls*, *Giant Killer*, and the upcoming TV movie, *The Cowboy and the Ballerina*.

For more on Nevada in the movies, be sure to watch for special *Nevada Magazine* movie features this winter.

places. For the Corleone family, Nevada is a land of sanctuary, a haven from which they can run their businesses free of legal entanglements. In *II*, the talented cinematographer Gordon Willis used the Whittell Mansion at Sand Harbor to its fullest advantage, juxtaposing the serenity of Lake Tahoe with the icy brutality of Michael Corleone. Coppola's story also is a metaphor of organized crime in Nevada, from the execution of a Bugsy Siegel type in the first movie to the mob's control of gambling and prostitution in the second.

As one might expect, a plethora of entertaining gambling movies have been filmed in Nevada. For the most part, they are glittering adventures set in the casinos of Las Vegas and Reno. *Diamonds Are Forever*, 1971, features Sean Connery as James Bond, who only gets down to serious spying when he's not gambling, loving beautiful women, scaling buildings high above the Strip, or being chased through the alleys and streets of Vegas. *Going In Style*, 1979, is a fairy-tale film starring George Burns and Art Carney, two octogenarians out for a last fling in Las Vegas, winning their youth again for a brief moment. Robert Altman's *California Split*, 1974, brings a more realistic view of a gambler's life, with George Segal and Elliott Gould playing a pair of down-and-outers obsessed by the hope of making it big.

The Electric Horseman, 1979, is a casino movie of a different color. Robert Redford plays a fading rodeo cowboy, sated with living from one endorsement to the next. He ambles out of Caesars Palace on a famous racehorse and heads for the desert in search of simpler Western ideals.

Of all the movies filmed in Nevada, two of the best remembered are *The Misfits*, 1961, and *The Shootist*, 1976. Both are the last films of legendary Hollywood stars.

In *The Shootist*, John Wayne is an aging gunfighter who learns from a Carson City doctor that he is dying. But rather than going out as a feeble old man, Wayne has a chance to be a hero one last time. Don Siegel filmed this touching movie about the eclipse of the old West in and around the state capital. Washoe Valley is photographed beautifully, and the 19th-century houses of Carson, with dirt covering paved streets, establishes the period perfectly.

Today most film critics and historians think of *The Misfits*, 1961, as only a curiosity piece. All three lead actors died soon after it was made. But it is much more important, for it is really the only movie ever made about Nevada.

Arthur Miller wrote the uncomplicated but profound script as a vehicle for his wife, Marilyn Monroe. Her character is a divorcee who falls in with a group of locals while waiting out her time in Reno.

Clark Gable is a weathered cowboy hanging on to a dying way of life. Montgomery Clift is a young rodeo stud competing with Gable for Monroe's affections. One beautifully simple scene shows the divorcee riding in a pickup with the old cowboy down a desert highway. It is dusk and a sexual tension has grown between them.

"Don't you have a home?" she asks.

"Sure," replies the cowboy. "Never was a better one either."

"Where is it?" she probes.

There is a long pause as Gable looks out upon the passing hills of the desert.

"Right here," he answers.

In the climax a naive Monroe follows the cowboys into the desert for what she expects to be a genteel roundup of wild horses. Instead she witnesses a very harsh 20th-century version of the old West in which men in pickups chase down scrawny, terrified mustangs, rounding them up for dog food.

It was a difficult film to shoot. Arthur Miller constantly changed the script. Monroe was said to be almost never on time, keeping full cast and crew waiting for hours in the hot sun. Director John Huston was to be found gambling in the Reno casinos when it was time to shoot.

In the final scene, the mustang roundup, Clark Gable refused to use stunt doubles on some days. In the hot alkalai flats he wrestled with roped horses, ran behind a speeding truck, and was dragged hundreds of feet in the sand take after take. When he was shown the rough cut, he said, "I now have two things to be proud of in my career: *Gone With the Wind*, and this." Two weeks later he died, apparently from the inordinate exertion.

It's been over 20 years since *The Misfits* was filmed in Nevada. Sadly, some of the landmarks that appear in the movie were torn down long ago. But change is the fate of every growing community, and Hollywood, like Nevada, has also had to deal with change.

Recently, Francis Coppola sold the Zoetrope lot, a consequence of his commercial failures. The neon miniatures of Las Vegas were sold in public auction, and the McCarran Airport set will be dismantled by the new landlords.

Without a doubt, there will be new roles for Nevada to play. New movies will be filmed here. For some it will always just be a place to gamble or get married. But for those with a discerning eye and a modicum of creativity, Nevada offers a gold mine of settings and imagery, where Mars, the Holy Land, and Mexico are only a few miles apart. □

Joseph M. Ansolabehere went to high school in Sparks and graduated from UNR. He has a masters degree in film studies from UCLA and works for a talent agency in Hollywood.



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Photographer Garth T. Elliott captured this shower of energy from his back yard in Sun Valley north of Sparks. "It was just exceedingly good luck," says Elliott. "I had watched the thunderstorm's progress across the valley, and everything just clicked." He used an 85-millimeter lens on a 35-millimeter Konica camera with a 30-second exposure.

Elliott, who works for a Reno novelty manufacturer, makes a photographic hobby of astronomy and atmospheric phenomena. His photo of the aurora borealis was featured three years ago in *Sky & Telescope*, a national magazine.—JC

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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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CATTELMEN'S

Hwy. 395, Washoe Valley
Between Reno and Carson City. 849-1500

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Reno. 786-5700

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**LOUIS' BASQUE CORNER**

301 E. 4th Street

Reno. 323-7203

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Verdi. 345-0288

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Showguide

By Melissa Cronin

Following is a muster of the stars, revues, and extravaganzas you can see in Nevada showrooms in July and August. 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. Call 1-800-555-1212 for the hotels' toll-free phone numbers.

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Aladdin, 736-0110: Entertainment TBA

Barbary Coast, 737-1111 Irish Showband, 9:30pm, midnight & 2am; Royal Dixie Jazz Band, noon-6pm; no cover, no minimum

Caesars Palace, 731-7324: Tom Jones, thru 7/3; George Burns/Bernadette Peters, 7/10-16; Diana Ross, 7/18-30 (dark 7/24); Sheena Easton, 7/28; Manhattan Transfer, 8/1-6; Beach Boys, 8/4; Smokey Robinson/Deniece Williams, 8/7-13; David Copperfield, 8/15-20; Sammy Davis Jr./Bill Cosby, 8/29-9/3

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

Desert Inn, 733-4566: "One of a Kind," musical variety show, indf., 7pm & 11pm cocktail show; \$15, includes 2 drinks

Dunes, 737-4110: Robert Goulet, thru 7/19 & 8/3-9/6; Jack Jones, 7/20-8/2

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

Flamingo Hilton, 733-3333: City Lites, revue, indf.; 8pm dinner show from \$14.50, midnight cocktail show \$9.95, includes 2 drinks

Four Queens, 385-4011 Dondino, indf. (except Mon.); Monday night jazz show, Shorty Rogers and Bud Shank, 9pm & 2am

Frontier, 734-0240: Siegfried and Roy in Beyond Belief, thru 11/25; 7pm & 11pm cocktail shows Tues.-Sun., dark Mon.

Fremont, 385-3232: Entertainment TBA

Golden Nugget, 385-7111 Entertainment TBA

Hacienda, 798-0571 Fire & Ice, ice spectacular, indf.; 8pm optional dinner show from \$13.95, 8pm and 11pm cocktail show \$9.95

Holiday, 369-5000: Wild World of Burlesque, indf.; 10pm & 12:30am Mon.-Fri., 8pm, 10pm & 12:30am Sat.; dark Sun., \$6.95, includes 2 drinks

Imperial Palace, 733-0234: Legends in Concert, indf., 8pm & 11pm cocktail show \$11.95; dark Sun., Mickey Finn Show, indf., 2 & 4pm cocktail show \$8.95; dark Sun.

Landmark, 733-1110: Nightly dancing

Las Vegas Hilton, 732-5755: Bal du Moulin Rouge, indf., starring Charo, 7/18-10/9; 8pm dinner show from \$18.50, midnight cocktail show \$15

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

MGM Grand Hotel, 739-4567: *Ziegfeld Theatre*: Jubilee! indf.; 8:15pm & 11:45pm, \$23.50

Marina, 739-1500: Breakdance Fever, revue, indf.; 8:30pm & 10:30pm Sun. & Tues.-Fri., 8:30pm, 10:30pm & 12:30am Sat.; dark Mon.

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

Mint, 385-7440: Entertainment TBA

Palace Station, 367-2411 Lounge entertainment daily, 11am-5am

Riviera, 737-1755: Solid Gold/The Lettermen, thru 7/3; Solid Gold/The Smothers Brothers, 7/4-9/25

Royal Casino, 733-4000: Bernie Allen's Burlesque 2000, thru 8/12; Freddie Bell Show, 8/13-9/16

Sahara, 737-2424: George Carlin, 7/24-29; Don Rickles, 7/24-29 & 8/31-9/9

Sam's Town, 456-7777: alternates indf. between Gary LeMaster & David St. David

Sands, 733-5453: Entertainment TBA

Silver Slipper, 734-1212: Boy-Lesque, revue, indf.; 8pm, 10pm & midnight; dark Thurs., Branded, revue, indf., 9pm & 11pm Mon.-Thurs., 7pm, 9pm & 11pm Fri.-Sat.; dark Sun., \$6.95

Stardust, 732-6325: Lido de Paris, indf., 7pm & 11pm nightly; \$17.50, includes 2 drinks

Sundance, 382-6111 Nightly entertainment

Tropicana, 739-2411 TBA

Union Plaza, 386-2444: Broadway entertainment nightly; 8pm dinner show from \$11.95, 11:45pm cocktail show from \$7.50

Lake Tahoe

Caesars Tahoe, 588-3515: Julio Iglesias, thru 7/3; David Copperfield, 7/5-15; Manhattan Transfer, 7/23-29; Lily Tomlin, 7/30-8/5; George Burns/Susan Anton, 8/6-12; Joan Rivers, 8/20-9/2

Crystal Bay Club, 831-0512: Nightly entertainment and dancing

Del Webb's High Sierra, 588-6211 Zella Lehr/Super Gold, thru 7/1 Pat Collins, 7/2-22; Jimmie Rodgers/Frenz, 7/23-8/5; Danny Marona/Cathy O'Shea, 8/6-26

Harrah's Lake Tahoe, 588-6611 *South Shore Room*: Engelbert Humperdinck, thru 7/5; Don Rickles/Deniece Williams, 7/6-12; Wayne Newton, 7/13-26; Eddie Rabbitt, 7/27-8/2, Donna Summer 8/3-5; Andy Williams, 8/6-9, Tom Jones, 8/10-23; Crystal Gayle, 8/24-30; Roy Clark, 8/31-9/6; *Stateline Cabaret*: Breakin' Loose, revue, indf; War, thru 7/8; Paul Revere & The Raiders, 7/10-15; Tower of Power, 7/17-22; The Platters, 8/7-12

Harvey's, 588-2411 *Top of the Wheel*: Ron Rose Sound, indf., Al Sebay & Diamondhead, 7/1-8; Bruce Zarka, 7/10-8/12; Fortune, 8/13-9/9; *Casino Theatre Lounge*: Edell Anglin, indf., Body Heat, revue, indf., Too Hot to Handle, revue, indf., David Proud, 7/1-15; Winchester Cathedral,

7/2-15; Carleen Terrano, 7/16-29; Kenny Laursen, 7/16-8/5; Prairie Fire Band, 7/30-8/12; Muggins, 8/6-9/2; Calamity Jayne, 8/13-26; Kicks, 8/27-9/9

Hyatt Lake Tahoe, 831-1111 Scooter & The Bee, thru 7/9; Lelands, thru 7/1 Jay Ramsey Band, 7/3-15; J.W. Moon Orchestra, 7/11-23; Martha's Children, 7/17-29; Laura Bright, 7/25-8/20; Bach, 7/31-8/12; Don Lewis, 8/14-26; Abbey Road, 8/22-9/24; Rush Hour, 8/28-9/9

Nevada Lodge, 831-0660: Hot Lava, thru 7/8; Ink Spots, 7/10-29; Ron Dons, 7/18-8/6; Four Tunes Plus One, 7/31-8/12; Rainbow Express, 8/8-27; Whiskey Ridge, 8/14-9/2; L.A. Strut, 8/29-9/10

Reno, Sparks & Carson City

Carson City Nugget, 882-1626: The Motifs, 7/3-29; Cheryl Cotton, 7/31-9/2

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

Comstock Hotel, 329-1880: Weekend entertainment

Eldorado Hotel, 786-5700: Nightly entertainment, Tues.-Sun.

Fitzgerald's, 786-3663: Winchester Cathedral, thru 7/1 Calamity Jayne, thru 7/9; Rainbow Express, 7/3-22; Stan Galli, 8/1-20

Harrah's Reno, 329-4422: *Headliner Room*: Suzanne Somers/Fred Travalena, thru 7/4; Rich

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MGM Grand Hotel, 789-2285: *Ziegfeld Theatre*: Hello Hollywood Hello, indf.; 8pm dinner show from \$22; midnight cocktail show \$18.50; family dinner show (no nudity) every Sun. during July and August, children 9-18 are \$11, *Lion's Den*: Danny Marona, thru 7/24; Gary Raffanelli & Sandy Selby, 7/25-8/21 Pat Collins, 8/22-9/18; *Leo's Lair*: Cleveland, thru 7/31; Launi Christopher, 8/1-21

John Ascuaga's Nugget, Sparks, 356-3300: Wade Brothers Band, thru 7/1; Magic & Illusion Show, 7/2-8/12; Zella Lehr, 7/3-22; Liz Damon Show, 7/24-8/5; Nugget Dixieland Jazz Festival, 8/24-26

Ormsby House, Carson City, 882-1890: Glenna & Fortune, thru 7/1 Spice, thru 7/15; DeMarche Sisters, 7/3-22; Two of Clubs, 7/16-8/5

Peppermill, 862-2121 Crystal, thru 7/1, Wray Brothers, thru 7/15; Wizard of Coz, thru 7/15; Mark and Cindy, 7/2-8/12; Lelands, 7/17-8/12

Peppermill's Western Village, Sparks, 331-1069: Mark and Cindy, thru 7/1 Roll-On Band, thru 7/1 South Pa, thru 7/8; Whiskey Ridge, 7/2-22; Don Cox Cowtown Bands, 7/2-15

Reno Hilton, 785-7100: *Opera House Theatre*: Razzle Dazzle, indf., 4pm family matinee (no nudity) & 8pm cocktail show Sun., 8pm & 11:30pm cocktail shows Tues.-Sat.; dark Mon.; *Rainbow Cabaret*: Dae Han Sisters, thru 7/2; Power Play, thru 7/9; Reycards, 7/3-30; Super Gold, 7/17-8/13; Martha's Children, 7/31-8/27 Entertainment Committee, 8/14-9/10

Reno Ramada, 788-2000: Entertainment TBA

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

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DOUG McMILLAN

40 Miles From a Phone

Last summer we rode the trails of the Jarbidge Wilderness, moving hoofbeat by hoofbeat into the past.

By Dennis Tristram

We had been on the trail less than an hour when the thunder began far off and the clouds began building above us. It was time to get into camp. Pulling the string of horses and mules off the trail, we could see that the campsite we had chosen was safe and comfortable. A tent ridgepole was propped on scissor poles and there were the remains of a temporary corral for horses. A tiny creek, not more than four inches deep, trickled beside it, and the grass was knee high.

The first thing we did was rig a 12-by-14-foot rain fly so we'd have a dry place for the gear while unloading the mules. The tarp was just up when the rain hit—a

solid, steady, beating rain not unusual for a summer shower in these remote mountains in the Jarbidge Wilderness.

My wife Mike and I and our three women guests huddled under the tarp, expecting the shower to last just a few moments, but suddenly we were in a mountain hurricane. The wind came like a cyclone, shooting the rain at us horizontally. The tarp above our heads flapped like a demented buzzard and, despite our rain gear, we were soaked in seconds. Lightning sizzled all about us, and aspen trees were snapping off six feet above the ground. As an outfitter and horse camping guide, I began to worry about the effect this might be having on our three

customers, who were novices and only a half-day into a five-day wilderness trip. That's when one of the women exclaimed, "Wow, look how big the creek is!"

The little trickle was now four feet deep and six feet across. It was roaring, but we couldn't hear it because of the wind and thunder. My wife stumbled to where a pack horse was tied to a nearby tree and began hollering for me to help her. The horse was almost to its knees in rushing water. The creek had jumped its banks and our little campsite was now an island.

"Get out of here!" my wife ordered the women as she pointed uphill. I untied the horse, took it to high ground, and then ran back in the abating rain for the gear. Our

guests grabbed what they could and sloshed through a 15-foot river where, a few minutes before, they had walked through deep grass on dry ground. Mike and I lugged saddles and pack boxes to a new, higher camp site.

With the thunderstorm moderating to a light drizzle, I figured it was time for me, as boss mountain man, to restore order and serenity to the proceedings. While my wife and the guests re-rigged the kitchen fly and erected the sleeping tent—very efficiently, I observed, considering the guests had never done it before—I was (in proper, heroic, chief-guide fashion) getting soaked as I searched for dry firewood under the dripping firs.

Hunched over my soggy twigs, trying to chant the flames into life, I was surprised to hear one of the women ask, "What are you doing?"

"Building a fire," I replied, hoping I sounded like Jack London.

"What for?" puzzled another. Then I saw that all three of them and my wife had changed their wet clothes for warm, dry, brightly-flowered long underwear and were eating salami and cheese and sharing a bottle of whiskey. They were laughing. I was cold, wet, and totally superfluous, and I didn't take it kindly when they suggested I come out of the rain.

Two weeks later, in the tiny town of Jarbidge, longtime residents told me they had never seen it rain so hard, so fast, with so much wind, in all the years they'd been there.

But the storm that threatened to annihilate our city-living campers had turned them into born-again pioneers, and the following morning they gaily hung clothes to dry on bushes and tree snags and exhorted me to get the mules loaded so they could head deeper into wild country.

This wilderness is 100 miles north of Elko in the Humboldt National Forest. The Jarbidge Wilderness is an officially-designated, federal sanctuary. No wheels may turn within its boundaries; no motors may rattle the leaves of the aspens or the needles of the sky-piercing firs. It is 65,000 acres of some of the most rugged country in Nevada, and the land around it is so empty of man-made things that it is sometimes difficult to tell where the real wilderness begins.

Throughout the summer Mike and I worked out of a base camp 15 minutes by foot or horse from road's end. A thin trail etched into the mountainside east of camp was our route into the wilderness itself. The main camp was set up almost as simply as the overnight camps we would make on the trail. A fallen log provided most of the seating and a creek was our running water. Hot water came from a bucket on the grill over the rock fireplace. A three-month supply of canned and dried food was stored in a white wall tent.

Everything that came into the camp or went out of it, including horse feed, which was required by the U.S. Forest Service, was carried on the back of a horse or mule. The nearest telephone was 40 miles away, the nearest post office 15 miles by very rough dirt road.

Tin Cup Adventures is what we called our outfit, hoping to convey the simplicity of our camping trips, the serenity of stepping briefly out of the 20th century and moving hoofbeat by hoofbeat in another direction.

We found that the Jarbidge, as it is almost always called by those most familiar with it, is a tricky place—tender as a new mother on a warm summer day, cruel as a blacksnake whip in a sudden blizzard.

Yet there are those who seem to adapt to it as easily as the deer or the cougar. The Mexican sheepherder who shuffled his flock for weeks in the country around our base camp was out with his animals from before daylight until after dark in every kind of weather. Despite an apparently scanty wardrobe, he seemed to take no more heed of hot sun or freezing dawns than did his sheep. Although he had horses, he herded afoot, lived in a small canvas tepee, and ate what his camp tender brought him. On bright days we would sometimes see him at noon in his tiny camp high on a bald ridge doing his laundry with water packed all the way up there by him or his tender.

One evening just before dark he rode his horse through the trees beside the creek and stopped at our camp. Across the front of his saddle he held a big lamb. Its front and hind legs were tied together on either side of the horse. Two medium-sized, hairy, mottle-coated dogs stayed silently back in the underbrush, sitting and watching. In simple, carefully chosen English words he said the lamb had hurt his leg, maybe broken it. The horse stood quietly, ignoring our horses and the awkward bundle on its withers. The lamb was strangely serene, its eyes untroubled, its body absolutely relaxed. How he had put the squirming, 70-pound lamb on the horse and then managed to climb up after it was a question he didn't give me the chance to ask. Abruptly, his socializing was over. He nodded his head and touched his horse, and they moved off in the twilight through the trees. His dogs sidled after him, hanging back, like coyotes.

Time has a way of slipping along in the mountains, and except for the arrival and departure of guests, day names and dates became meaningless. We bathed with buckets of water heated by the campfire. The creek water was soft, but we learned to dose it with vinegar so it would cut the soap—a colossally satisfying discovery when the rinse for your bath can be two, instead of four, icy buckets of water hauled straight from the creek.

I came to dread the infrequent day-long round trips to Elko for horse feed and fresh vegetables. That modest town was a metropolitan calamity after the quiet society of the mountains. In three months Mike never saw a town other than Jarbidge with its dirt main street and its single small general store. A radio never played in our camp and a newspaper never crackled at the breakfast table. Bad news was a wandered-off horse. Good news was a fresh tomato.

With our guests we talked of the mountain world of rope and leather, horse sweat and canvas, and wood, water, and grass. The focus was on important things, like good coffee. The best way is to use glass-clear creek water, a handful of grounds for each cup, and, above all, vigilance. Never let it boil. Give a single roll of the grounds and snatch the pot from the fire. Let it stand for two minutes and pour it bronze, steaming and groundless into a tin cup. No, it won't float a horseshoe.

Horses and mules, of course, are the heart of horse camping. Because of them, almost anyone can visit the wild country, but a good mountain horse is special and hard-to-find. It doesn't shy when a covey of grouse explodes under its nose, and it steps carefully over logs down across the trail. There is no hysteria when it walks into a boggy spot or crosses a narrow, rushing creek. It is a horse like one of ours, Rusty Wagon Hank, a former roping horse who lost his nerve. The pressure of arena work made him a reckless juggernaut, but for him the mountains were a sedative. Striding along a trail with his ears flopping like a good mule, he was almost unflappable. One day I looked back over the string of horses and mules I was leading and watched our friend and guest Ben Murph, a retired air force colonel, put Hank on automatic pilot by simply dropping the reins over the saddle horn. Then, while I gritted my teeth, he reached into a saddle pocket, withdrew a map, and with much popping and rattling and crinkling he unfolded the map before him like a newspaper. Hank walked on, ears flopping. A different kind of horse could easily have launched itself and Ben into space.

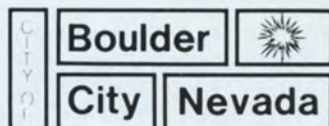
Aspens grow like grass in the Jarbidge, and their bark is an excellent medium for knife carving. Over the years, the sheepherders—some with highly artistic style—have used their knife-points to leave names, dates, pictures, and messages of longing or humor on the handy wilderness blackboards. One day we followed Jose Oleaga along the trail from grove to grove, finding his name on the trees as he traveled his summer grazing route. The carvings had been done years before, but it was like following a friend who was showing the way. *Paso por aqui*, Jose kept saying, I came by here. I am alone in these

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mountains with these sheep and I will make my mark on the world, if only on an aspen tree. Jose has probably been gone from the country for 30 years or more, but we often passed other herders' camps and sometimes had to move slowly through the sheep themselves. In our base camp we often heard their muted calls and the faint clanging of the leaders' bells. At the evening campfire it made a peaceful and friendly accompaniment to the quietness and solitude. A ewe blasting a curt message to its lamb at dawn one day awakened us to a new aspect of sheepherding. We were sheeped—hundreds of them grazed within 50 feet of the campfire and, viewing them over a cup of coffee, I theorized it was not loneliness that supposedly drove some herders crazy. It was pure and constant noise, a barrage of blating, an interminable cacophony of hundreds of sheep all talking at once. They had all they could eat and a surfeit of company, I mused, so what could they possibly be exclaiming so mournfully? It struck me then that spending a summer in the wilderness thinking about what a sheep was thinking about could rattle anyone's mental timbers.

In retrospect, our wilderness summer was a paradox. In order to contrive a way of living in the most basic manner in a place as remote from contemporary society as we could manage, we had to get a license from the state, a permit from the federal government, and an expensive insurance policy. We used the latest in technology to attract customers and were entirely dependent on a truck to bring us supplies from distant sources.

Still, for days Mike and I lived alone with our horses and mules, talking with no one but each other, and, strangely enough, reading outdoor magazines and books about camping and wilderness trips. We cut wood and hauled water. As the aspens began turning gold, we packed in food and supplies to a trail crew working deep in the wilderness. It was just the two of us on that trip, the last of the summer, free of the responsibility of guests, riding with everything important and necessary packed on the back of a mule the way it has always been during the happiest times for us together.

A few days later in a heavy rain we dropped the tents and packed the horses and mules and rode the 15 minutes of trail to the truck that would roll us into another world. There was no one to wish us farewell. Even the shepherd had gone. It was just as well, we weren't saying goodbye. □

Dennis Tristram of Washoe Valley is a former newspaper reporter and columnist who now works as a freelance writer, mule packer, and horseshoer. He and his wife Mike, a horse trainer, plan to return to the Jarbidge Wilderness this summer.



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SLEUTH (Continued from page 61)

come a minute sooner he would have caught us in his cabin."

"In that case," growled Moffit, "our only show would have been to slug him and put him out of business."

In January Siringo sat in Faye's sporting house talking to a girl named May.

"Where's your boyfriend Gumshoe?" he asked.

"Left town," she said. "He took a load of high-grade out a week ago to have it run into bullion for some miners." She grinned. "He beat them out of the money, all right, but they won't squeal."

Siringo pushed back from the table and stood up. "I guess we won't see him around here anymore."

"Oh, he'll be back when he's broke," May said. "I've known him in other camps and he's got gall enough."

McGriff kept illegal high-grade bullion in the safe in his saloon office. Every month a one-legged man named Tamale Dick drove a team into National and carried McGriff's accumulation of high-grade to a dump in Golconda, a railroad town near Winnemucca.

"We could hold up Tamale Dick when he leaves here with his next load," Siringo suggested to Moffit one evening in Faye's.

"Count me out," Moffit said. "Tamale Dick is a warm friend of mine." Then after a pause. "I could let you know when he leaves town, though, if you want to do it yourself." Moffit chuckled. "Old Dick's a fighting SOB. You'll have to get the drop on him."

Siringo left National before the plot against Tamale Dick thickened. In all, the detective spent eight months in the camp and declared that he had "put a stop to high-grading." In *Riata and Spurs* he says, "My chums, Gumshoe Kid, King of the Cacti, and the Katzenjammer Kids, hated to see me leave, as I was considered one of their 'kind of people.'"

The National Mine already had had its most productive year. Later, production was halted during a protracted lawsuit over ownership of part of the vein. Eventually the mine reopened, but the vein petered out, and by 1915 National was on its way to ghost town status.

Siringo tried retirement one more time but couldn't tolerate the simple life. He became a ranger in New Mexico, where he says he "had many close calls, with death staring me in the face." Finally at the age of 67 he hung up his gun in Hollywood. There he wrote his books, became friends with movie cowboys, and, no doubt, contributed his colorful yarns to Hollywood's version of the Old West. □

Dorothy Bell Ruby is a Santa Cruz, California writer who as a girl lived four miles from National at Buckskin, another mining camp.



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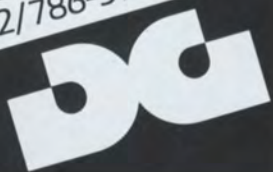
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"Light at the Horizon," oil, 24"x30"



"Deer Tracks," oil, 30"x40"

Art & Artists

Robert A. Winter

This Carson Valley painter finds expression in the spirit of the open range.

Artist Robert A. Winter of Carson Valley says, "In western art you see a lot of very cold work. There's a big difference between an illustrator and a painter. An illustrator's work is like a newspaper's report of an incident. A true painting is like poetry. I began as an illustrator. Now I'm trying to inject more feeling, more sensitivity into my work. To get looser, more impressionistic, to let the painting work for itself."

Winter's efforts are being rewarded, and awarded. He produces two or three paintings a month, but that's not enough to handle the demand for them in Dallas,



"Fall Roundup at the 96 Ranch," oil, 24"x36"

Santa Fe, and Scottsdale, where the Savage Galleries handle his work. Then last March his painting, "Feeding Time," won best of show at the prestigious Charles M. Russell Auction in Great Falls, Montana.

The 35-year-old artist has been studying his craft since he could hold a crayon and sold his first painting for \$150 when he was in the eighth grade. He majored in art at Monterey College and took correspondence courses. After his 1971 graduation Winter was drafted and sent to Vietnam. The Army eventually saw his talent, and he was transferred from mortar duty to combat art. Following his tour he

was sent to Europe to depict Army life there.

Back in the states, he enrolled at the Art Center College of Design, then in Los Angeles. There, in 1976, he did his first western painting. "I loved it, the way the painting told a story. That first painting was of a stagecoach, and I still have it. I gave it to my wife as a gift."

Although western art intrigued him, commercial art paid the bills. He worked on everything from backdrops for CBS to pen-and-ink sketches for ad agencies. "I hated that work. I felt like a prostitute, like a robot, like a tool in another man's hand.

Plus, I spent a lot of my time in small claims court trying to get my pay from ad agencies."

He pursued his western work and met his wife at his first small art show in L.A. "We wound up traveling to her home ranch in Texas, seeing a lot of the Southwest, taking a lot of photos." Now the West is his life. He moved to Gardnerville two years ago from Monterey and laughs when someone approaches him to do a commercial job. "I just say, 'No, I only work in oils, and I only do this.'"

—Jim Crandall



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Nevada Notes

Ravenous ravens, domesticated tortoises and a bumper crop of artful plates.

By Jim Crandall

Tahoe Trail Blazers

A plan is underway to build a trail that would open thousands of acres of Lake Tahoe wilderness to hikers and horseback riders. The Tahoe Rim Trail would snake its way along high Sierra peaks, connecting some existing trails and creating a 150-mile scenic loop.

The panoramic path is the brainchild of U.S. Forest Service recreation officer Glenn Hampton. He says, "I dreamed it up in 1980, when I saw how overcrowded the Desolation Wilderness was and how relatively untouched the other three-fourths of the mountains surrounding Lake Tahoe were."

Hampton's idea was lauded by outdoor groups, and in 1982 a Tahoe Rim Trail Board of Sierra Clubbers, horse club members, Boy Scout leaders, and other nature lovers was formed to oversee the all-volunteer trail project. The main labor and fund-raising scheme is a Trail Adoption Program in which corporations, businesses, and individuals can "adopt" a mile-long section of trail or a trailhead. Larger donations, such as a trailhead, will carry a brass plaque honoring the donor. Straight, tax-deductible cash contributions are also welcome. For more information write: Tahoe Rim Trail, Box 10156, South Lake Tahoe, CA. 95721.

Looks Like a Million

Nevada's population will reach one million by the end of 1985 if the state continues to be the fastest-growing in the nation. Nevada has had that distinction since it surged from 488,738 residents in 1970 to more than 800,000 in 1980.

The greatest growth is in the Las Vegas area, where the number of residents increased from 127,016 to 535,150 (321 percent) between 1960 and 1983. The Reno area grew from 84,743 to 212,870 (151 percent) in the same period.

In 1940 the state, which is 110,540 square miles in area, had about one person per square mile. With a million people, that would be a little more than nine people per square mile.

Golf the Raven, Nevermore

For more than 10 years Jackpot golf pro Billy Downs watched helplessly as a flock of ravens stole thousands of golf balls from the Northeastern Nevada course. The thieving ravens would swoop down, grab a ball in their claws, fly high in the sky, and then drop the ball on the rocks in the desert nearby.

"I finally figured out that the ravens thought the golf balls were eggs," Downs says, "and when one wouldn't break open for a meal, they'd just come back and get

another one." Downs says that during his first two years on the course, 1972 and '73, the birds stole more than 2,400 balls.

Now, finally, Downs can relax. "The county moved the dumpsite from just north of the course to a location three miles away, and that seems to have solved the problem," he reports. Now the skies are clear over Jackpot, and Downs' only reminder of the barnstorming birds is a stuffed raven—complete with a golf ball in its beak—that is perched high on his trophy case.

Fashion Plates

The Nevada Department of Motor Vehicles has changed the face of bumpers across the state by issuing full-graphic, color license plates, a first in the U.S.

Raised blue numbers (six for standard, up to seven for personalized) interrupt a two-tone silver background in which a bighorn sheep stands sentinel on a rugged peak and a Joshua tree waves to a desert vista. Above, in blue, is the *Nevada Magazine* logo. "The Silver State" is the legend at the bottom.

DMV registration chief Hale Bennett says the new plates are hot items. "They're selling like ice cream cones in August," he says. In fact, the demand is so great that DMV's prison plant, which employs 18 to 23 inmates, may have to extend its six-and-a-half-hour work day.



With a shiny plastic background glued to aluminum flats, the plates look decidedly foreign in contrast to the blue and white models that have adorned Nevada grills and rear ends since the 1960s. Promoters of the new plates say the unique graphic explosion of Nevada assets will help promote tourism, besides looking attractive.

The plates cost \$25 for personalized, \$5 for standard issue, and \$10 for a new plate with your old letters and numbers.

Evasion of the Tortoise Snatchers

"Next to poodles, I love desert tortoises more than just about anything," says Ruby Davis of Las Vegas. Davis, a member of The Organization for the protection and care of Resident Tortoises (TORT), is jubilant about a recent rule change by the state's Wildlife Commission that makes it legal for her and thousands of other Southern Nevadans to own their pet tortoises.

The ruling was an attempt to solve a longtime tortoise problem. Las Vegas have been collecting the roaming reptiles from the desert for years and taking them home as pets. So, while the population in the wild has decreased to the official "rare" status, the backyard population has been booming. Wildlife non-game biologist Craig Mortimore estimates that any-

where from 7,000 to 40,000 tortoises are held as pets in Las Vegas Valley.

With the law change, groups like TORT can openly operate adoption agencies for tortoises already in captivity. Mortimore says the tortoises are very prolific—"the males are always eager"—and that enough of the creatures should be born in captivity to satisfy demand. He hopes the ruling will leave the wild population to procreate in peace.

That means Davis, who runs an adoption service, is free to proclaim her tortoise love to the world. Last winter she had 22 in her spare bedroom, all nestled into cardboard beds for their long winter naps. She kept the room's temperature between 48 and 50 degrees and tucked the tortoises in with soft blankets.

Davis' personal pet, Mister, has eaten carrots and string beans out of her hands for 15 years. She says he acts just like a baby. "When I pick him up and hold him in my arms, he sticks out his long neck and lays it right on my shoulder," she says. "And when I go out in the yard and call him, he comes right to me. Although, my husband says it's just a coincidence." □



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