Today's Old-Time Prospectors ▪ Squaw Valley: The Last Great Olympics
Waddie Mitchell and Elko's Cowboy Poets ▪ Backstage Stars in Reno

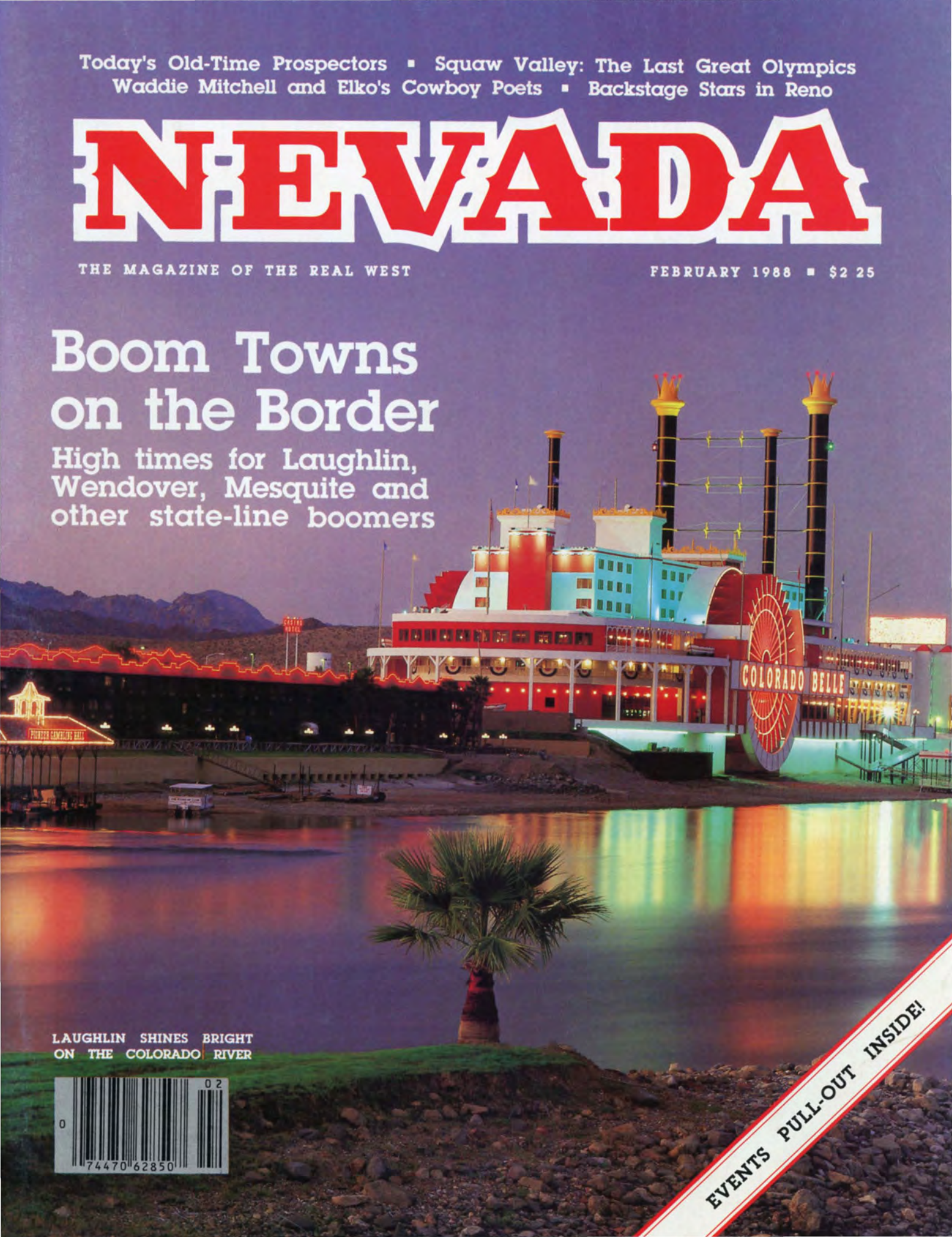
NEVADA

THE MAGAZINE OF THE REAL WEST

FEBRUARY 1988 ▪ $2 25

Boom Towns on the Border

High times for Laughlin, Wendover, Mesquite and other state-line boomers



LAUGHLIN SHINES BRIGHT ON THE COLORADO RIVER

0 74470 62850 02

EVENTS PULL-OUT INSIDE!

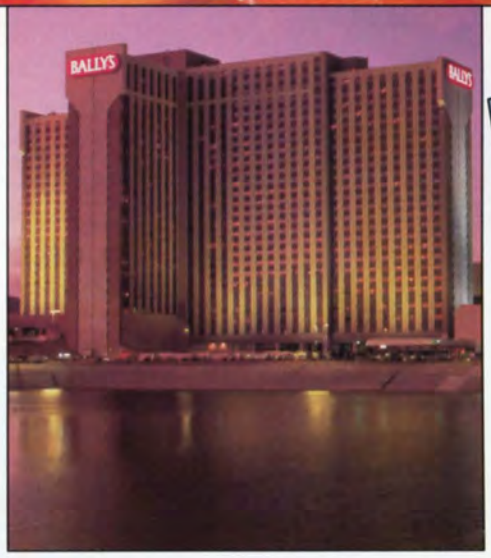
BALLY'S IS...*Excitement!*

Excitement means different things to different people.

At Bally's it means the world's largest casino, Reno's longest running stage extravaganza, Donn Arden's "Hello Hollywood, Hello!" indoor and outdoor sporting activities, world class accommodations, and seven delectably different restaurants.

Add full health club facilities and a unique shopping arcade of 40 specialty stores and you'll agree that Bally's Reno is excitement.

Call your travel agent or toll free 800-648-5080



BALLY'S
RENO

MONTARA MEADOWS

A Unique Retirement Community

Are you ready for the grand tour? There's a lot to see and do at **Montara Meadows.** As we enter the lobby the rich, vibrant colors tantalize the senses. The huge aquarium with luminescent tropical fish is inviting and relaxing. Notice the large picture windows with spectacular views of romantic lagoons and exotic landscaping. Stop to admire the exquisite chandeliers and the beautiful oak wood accents. It's unique!

Check out the ice cream parlor It's help-yourself and has everything--all free, of course. Getting hungry aren't you? Three superb meals are served daily with a variety of entrees prepared to perfection by our very own accomplished chefs.

There's so much to see and do! There's the fully equipped health spa with masseuse, arts & crafts center hair salon, party room and even a billiard room! Did you notice who's pitching horseshoes; who's using the putting green; who's in the swimming pool and do you think those folks are going to use the exercising stations, or jog in our own safe area? You can't tell the residents from the guests, and that includes grandchildren!

There's the activity director introducing everyone, and making sure they sign up for all kinds of transportation needs, including medical, shopping, "The Strip" and even free university classes! Did you hear about the party tonight? No worries because there's 'round the clock security. Some residents are taking long walks with their pets.

There's more time to enjoy because housekeeping comes weekly (we supply the linens and facial soap), and they relieve you of the chores.

A single monthly payment includes everything you can imagine plus your choice of chateau style studio, one or two bedroom apartments (utilities are included, of course). **Montara Meadows** is a fabulous new concept in retirement communities for Las Vegas, and was designed with only **you** in mind. Stop reading and start doing Take a real tour!

MONTARA MEADOWS

3150 E. TROPICANA

(702) 435-3150

Howard Hughes didn't come to Las Vegas to take chances.

As a visionary man, Howard Hughes recognized the potential of this dynamic desert community and invested in his dreams—dreams that have become a reality.

Today, as Southern Nevada's impressive growth continues, Howard Hughes Properties is setting the pace. With developments of visible distinction like Hughes Center, Park 2000 and Hughes Airport Center, the needs of expanding office, retail, manufacturing and distribution operations continue to be met.

To learn why a Las Vegas location should be a part of your business plan, contact Richard Dykes, P.O. Box 14000, Las Vegas, Nevada 89156, (702) 791-4369.

howard hughes properties
a division of summa corporation

VOLUME 48, NUMBER 1 JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1988

NEVADA

Boom Towns

See page 10

Features

See page 45

Yesterday

See page 37

See page 48

Departments

See page E-30

On the Cover: The Colorado River flows by Laughlin. Photograph by Christopher Taylor and Cynthia Wood.

Nevada Events

LETTERS

The Plane Facts

Camel Kudos
Congratulations on Douglas McDonald's "Camels on the Comstock" (Sept/Oct '87). This excellent article showing some research and concern for accuracy is really appreciated.

May I offer a strange artifact to his last paragraph: On the south edge of Lahontan Valley north of Allen Springs, can be seen the remnant of a camel corral used by the camel trains carrying salt from the fields near Salt Wells east of Fallon. My grandfather, Sylvester "Vet" B. Smart, entertained us with the stories of camel caravans as they had been seen by his father in this area as well as in Washoe City where he had lived as a young man. For more than a century the worn-smooth basaltic rocks have resisted the desert winds and still partially stand as a monument to another time.

Thais Sherman-Yeremian
Fairfield, CA.

Reptile Repast
I wish to congratulate you on the Sept/Oct issue. I also submit a picture (one of a series of nine) of a bull snake devouring a fat lizard. I took a progression of pics from start to finish. If you are interested in these, let me know.

Robert A. Reimus
Yerington

Sorry, Reimus. The photo was too fuzzy, and the subject just wasn't appetizing, but thanks anyway.—Ed.

Nevada Events Forever
I have just received volume 1, number 1 of *Nevada Events: A Traveler's Guide.* It's great! I like the product, the concept, the typography, and especially the upbeat and positive image it creates for our state.

Congratulations on this product and on one of the best ideas to come along in years.

James P Hawke
State Office of Community Services
Carson City NV

The Old Hip-O
I wish to thank you for the nice illustration of my poem, "Hip-O," that you published in the Sept/Oct issue. When my poem appeared, I heard from friends I had been out of contact with for 30 years. It made me feel good.

Chet Meyer
Goldfield

Black in the Saddle
I very much enjoyed the piece by Matt Wetzell on Art Black, the "High Country Cowboy" in the Sept/Oct issue. If we could see more writing by this young man on similar themes, I'd be delighted.

Frederick S. Wyle
San Francisco, CA.

Flivver Fan
In your Sept/Oct issue on page 8, you ask readers if the picture is of a 1928 Oakland automobile. Enclosed is a picture of what

I'm sure is an Oakland—I remember the disc wheels. This was taken in 1928 in Grass Valley California, where we still live. That's me in the picture.

Avern E. Ducotey
Grass Valley CA.

Wayne, Wayne, Wayne
I just picked up your Sept/Oct 1987 issue and read the letter to the editor regarding Wayne Newton. Please advise me as to what I need to do to get copies of any articles you have about this fine entertainer.

I enjoy your entire magazine tremendously.

Barbara King
Carson City

King, just send $2 for the Fall '74 issue, which has a cover story on Wayne. In fact, because of the constant stream of mail regarding the swoon king of the Strip (see below), we may have to start running this notice as a regular department. —Ed.

Less than two weeks after the July/August issue arrived (with my letter to the editor), my husband told me I could go to Las Vegas and see Wayne Newton again. I mean, what could he say when I told him that "Fig Newton" was singing a special tribute comemorating the 10th anniversary of Elvis' death?

So, for the second time in four months, I went back to "heaven" and saw Newton and those wonderful Nevada mountains. Elvis would be proud of Wayne's tribute to him—it was a showstopper.

I also had the chance to see more of Nevada's mountains and scenery. I nominate Highway 160 as "The Road Less Traveled By" (July/August '87). I passed a total

of three cars on the 84-mile stretch which goes through Pahrump and winds back to Las Vegas. It was wonderful.

Renee Carter
Port Arthur, TX.

Summer Traveler

I find that *Nevada Magazine* is the most informative of all state publications. I look forward to each new issue to discover new towns and sites to visit. I travel quite extensively during the summer months. The past two summers I enjoyed the beauty of Southern Nevada. The summer of '88 will find me traveling westward from Wendover to Reno and Carson City via Interstate 80, then back eastward on Highway 50 to the Lehman Caves. I intend to absorb as much beauty of Northern Nevada as possible in a three-month span. Your various articles have placed a desire within me to visit and talk a spell.

Anthony Ohanesian
Dearborn Heights, MI.

Expresso Yourself

Enjoy your magazine, especially the future events listings. The current issue was especially valuable. We go to Reno quite often and stay two to five days at either Fitzgeralds or the RV park behind Bally's. I go through withdrawal unable to find a real coffee shop—I must have one expresso or cafe latte daily. When I saw the Deux Gros Nez article in Sept/Oct, I leaped out of my chair, ready to go to Reno.

Also, one reason we renew your magazine is the photographs by David Muench. I feel he equals Ansel Adams' works.

Kay Arnold
Napa, CA.

The Plane Facts

Even upside down, with bent prop and partly crunched, the plane shown in "Will Rogers' Nevada Days" (Nov/Dec '87) is still beautiful. It is a brand new Air Express built by the fledgling Lockheed Aircraft Company—one of their legendary "plywood bullets." The plane was a sister ship (with variations) to Amelia Earheart's *Vega*.

The subject is sprawled elegantly on the Las Vegas Airfield, a bare roadside patch owned by the Rockwell family whose son later became a Western Air Lines pilot. The airfield was then two miles south of town on what became Highway 91, opposite the future site of the Last Frontier Hotel on the Strip.

The "air route" mentioned was actually only the new (1926) air mail run from Los Angeles to Salt Lake (see logo on the plane's tail fin) with the one stop at Las Vegas. Passenger-carrying was only an afterthought, although special people like Will Rogers and movie stars had, at first, ridden without seats in the mail bin.

The pilot, Fred Kelly was WAE's first-hire. He had been an Olympic high hurdler in 1912 in Stockholm. He once landed his east-bound M-2 in the open Nevada desert so that a passing fellow pilot could meet

Photo: Will Rogers Memorial

Bebe Daniels, who was riding with Kelly.

The photograph shows to advantage the open cockpit over the Indian head logo and the structural details of the wooden wing tip, and, by golly, those are heater pipes going up into the forward cabin floor. Next thing you know they'll be serving the passengers coffee, or something.

I am an aviation history buff and hope this brief glimpse "behind the scenes" will prove interesting to your other subscribers.

Robert Berreyesa
Sacramento, CA.

Complaint Department

How do you pick the winners for the Great Nevada Picture Hunt? By the name, you would think the photographs would have to identify Nevada in some way.

Surely the 10th-place winner depicts our state more realistically than numbers four and five—kids are everywhere. While the Coors Classic is exciting, bicycle races take place all over the country. The Goldfield Hotel is also unique. Why wasn't it in the numbers?

Maybe you should consider changing the name of the contest. I've submitted pictures in the past, but maybe I was looking for the wrong subject!

Susan M. Lynch
Reno

Lynch, thanks for your thoughts, and we hope you send photos in again this year. The more varied the views, the better the contest. —Ed.

Sweeping the Nation

Recently we have had requests for *Nevada Magazine*, along with very favorable comments. We now have *Nevada Magazine* in each of the 50 states and even a couple of newsstands in Canada.

Diann Roe, President
48 States News Distributing Co.
Grants Pass, OR.

Thanks, Dale

It is with regret that we announce that art director Dale Smith will be leaving the magazine after this issue. Taking his place will be Brian Buckley of Las Vegas.

Dale, chief of Smith and Jones Graphics of Incline Village, has given us more than a great looking magazine over the past seven years. He's also given us the benefit of his wit, wisdom, and sense that even in the craziest moments of deadline, humor will win out. We'll surely miss him.

All of us at *Nevada*

10 GREAT

AMAZING FACTS

Attention, Nevada buffs. Did you know that...?
By Richard Moreno

The sheriff of Goldfield was once paid a higher salary than the president of the United States. In 1906 Claude Inman was paid $10,000 a month to bring law and order to the tough Central Nevada mining town. At the time President Teddy Roosevelt made only $50,000 a year.

•

The bright lighting of a typical Las Vegas hotel-casino accounts for less than 10 percent of the power used by the hotel. The biggest use of electricity at a Las Vegas hotel is, not surprisingly air conditioning.

•

The tumbleweed, although it is closely associated with Nevada and other western states, is not native to this country. The plant originated in Eurasia, where it is called Russian thistle. Seeds of the plant came to America in the clothes and belongings of Russian immigrants and found a receptive environment here in the West.

•

The ghost town of Tobar in Northeastern Nevada was named by railroad officials for a directional sign they found in the area. The sign read, "To Bar."

•

Explorer John C. Fremont was the first non-Indian to see Lake Tahoe, yet he never actually visited the lake. In 1844 Fremont traveled through the mountains south of the lake. He spotted a large body of water to the north, which he named Lake Bonpland after a French naturalist. However, Fremont did not travel down to the lake's shore.

•

It takes about 25 tons of rock to produce one ounce of gold in a typical Nevada open-pit mine. Miners consider five one-hundredths of an ounce of gold per ton to be a better-than-average yield.

•

As an agricultural area, Pahrump originally was noted for its grapes. In the 1880s farmers planted hundreds of acres of grapes in the valley, located 50 miles west of Las Vegas. However, by 1891 the grapes had been replaced by cotton, a more profitable crop. Now town boosters are hoping grapes will make a comeback. Several acres are being eyed for cultivation, and there is talk of building a winery.

•

The Million Dollar Courthouse in Pioche was so named because by the time it was paid off, it had cost county residents nearly a million dollars. The building was originally contracted for $26,000 in 1871. Due to corruption and cost overruns, the courthouse was refinanced several times, and by

A buck a brick?

1907 the debt had reached $670,000. When it was finally paid off in 1937—four years after the building was condemned—the courthouse had earned a colorful sobriquet.

•

Virginia City which produced nearly a billion dollars in silver, was first mined for gold. In the late 1850s prospectors discovered a promising gold vein buried in a sticky blue mud. The mud made mining difficult and was washed away. A local farmer finally had some of the blue mud assayed and found it to be some of the richest silver ore ever found.

•

Nevada's constitution was rushed by telegraph to Washington, D.C., on October 17 1864, so Nevada could become a state before that year's presidential election. The document contained 6,543 words and cost $4,303.27 making it the most expensive telegram ever dispatched in the U.S. at the time.

Richard Moreno is public information officer for the Nevada Commission on Tourism. This item's contributors include Jan Nachlinger of the Desert Research Institute, Virginia Ridgway of Goldfield, and the Nevada Department of Minerals.

Photo: Kathryn M. Kuranda, Nevada Division of Historic Preservation and Archaeology

NEVADA

THE MAGAZINE OF THE REAL WEST
Capitol Complex, Carson City, NV. 89710
702-885-5416

Nevada Magazine (ISSNO1991248) is published bimonthly by the State of Nevada at 101 S. Fall Street, Carson City, NV.

Second-class postage paid at Carson City, NV. with additional entry at Long Prairie, MN. 56347.

Subscription Rates: $11.90 for six issues (one year), U.S.; $12.90 Foreign. Please allow six weeks for delivery.

Expiration Date: You'll find the date of your last issue in the upper right-hand corner of your mailing label; e.g.: MAY 88 means your subscription expires after May/June 1988.

Change of Address: Please send new address with old address label to: Nevada Magazine Subscriptions, Capitol Complex, Carson City, NV. 89710. Allow six weeks' notice.

Postmaster: Send form 3579 to Nevada Magazine Subscriptions, Capitol Complex, Carson City, NV. 89710.

Submissions: Nevada Magazine assumes no responsibility for damage or loss of material submitted for publication. A stamped, self-addressed envelope must be included.

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations and the Regional Publishers Association

BOOM TOWNS ON THE BORDER

These budding burgs are expanding Nevada's horizons.

Life on the Nevada border was once like being on the edge of creation. Today, especially in towns like Laughlin and Wendover, it's more like being on the leading edge.

For years Nevada's borders were invisible to everyone except cartographers, having been drawn straight across sage flats and mountain ranges after Mexico, Utah, and finally Arizona were relieved of their claims to Nevada soil. Then in 1931, when casino gaming was made legal, the state line took on a sociological as well as a political meaning.

Since then the border itself has turned out to be a natural resource, sometimes causing as much excitement as gold strikes of yesteryear.

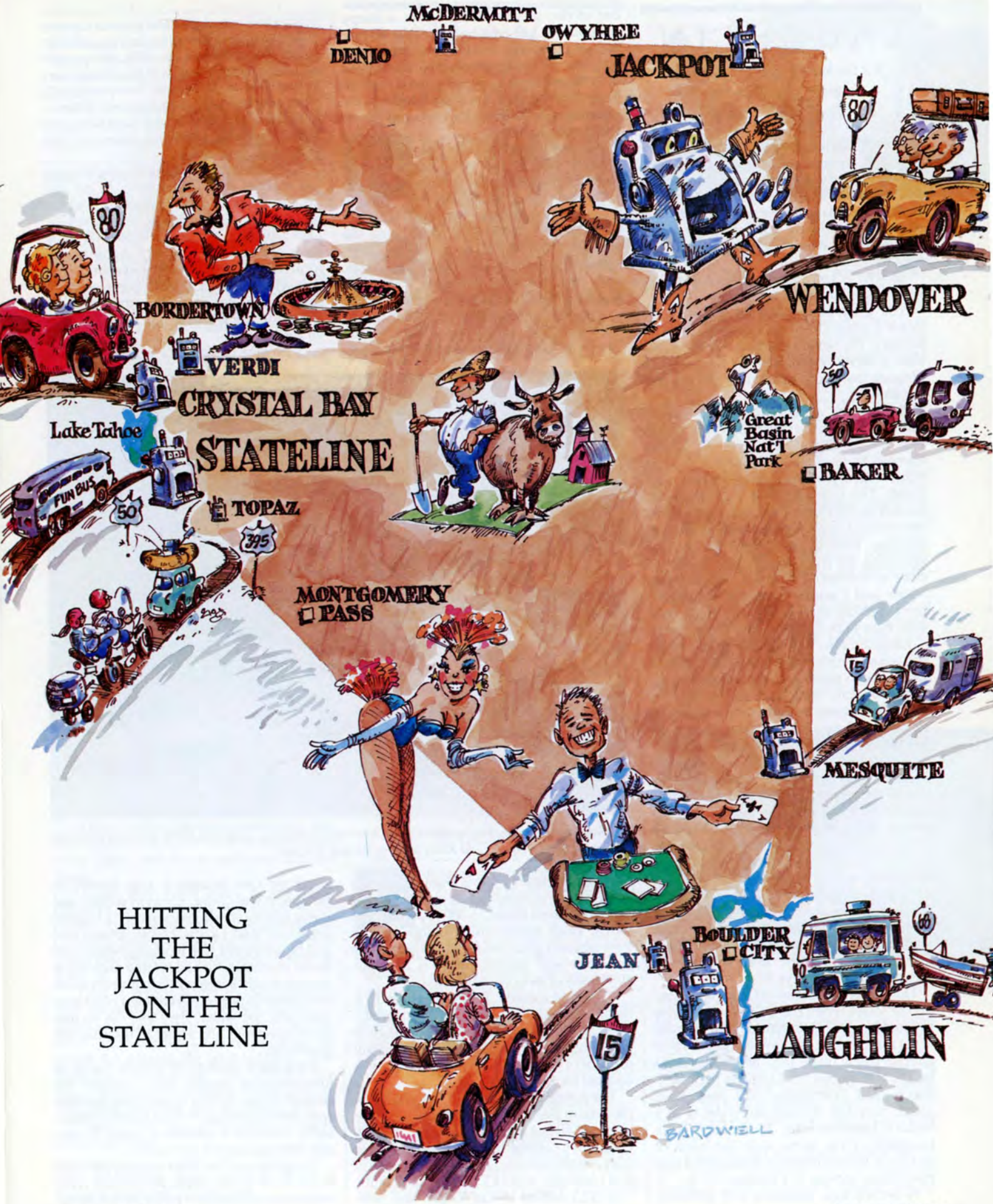
In fact, the fastest growing communities in the state, percentagewise, are all situated along the outer limits. Those burgeoning burgs include Laughlin, Wendover, Jackpot, Mesquite, and the interstate gaming meccas of Whiskey Pete's near Jean and Boomtown near Verdi. Some of the towns have subtly acquired personality traits—not to mention the time zone—of the state next door.

In the following reports you'll meet Nevada's boom towns on the border, whose bright lights, if wags are right, someday might allow astronauts to see the state's outline from outer space. One thing's for certain—these towns are putting Nevada on the edge of something new

(Continued)

Laughlin: More than bordering on booming along the Colorado River

Photo: Christopher Taylor and Cynthia Wood



HITTING THE JACKPOT ON THE STATE LINE

Illustration: John Bardwell

LAUGHLIN

It's the hottest spot in America in more ways than one.
By John F Persinos

Take an afternoon stroll in Laughlin in the middle of the summer, and the sun blasts you in the face like a klieg lamp on a movie set. In July and August the temperature can reach an astounding 120 degrees or more, making the isolated desert town the hottest spot in America.

So why is Laughlin the fastest-growing gambling center in the country?

You get a better idea when you walk down Casino Drive on a beautiful day in January. The sun warms you. The temperature is about 65 degrees. In winter it's a blessing that Laughlin is the hottest place in the nation.

Besides the climate, there's the water. The town sits on the Colorado River, which rolls by on its journey from the Grand Canyon to the Gulf of California, and in many ways the river is Laughlin's lifeblood. The Colorado and Lake Mohave, backed up by Davis Dam, offer boundless recreational opportunities such as fishing, hunting, boating, and water-skiing. All year long, the river draws visitors from as close as Southern California and as far as Maine and Canada. They are the recreational-vehicle crowd, and they flock west with their kids, campers, and credit cards.

Laughlin also has something its neighbor across the river, Bullhead City, doesn't have: casino gambling. With gamblers arriving by car, boat, and plane, in 1986 Laughlin casinos brought in more gaming revenues than Lake Tahoe, home of Nevada's original border towns.

The genesis of this mania lies in the vision and energy of Don Laughlin, the town's namesake. Laughlin, 56, discovered the area in 1964, when he was piloting his private plane through the desert in search of virgin territory to create a casino oasis. He plunked down $235,000 for a bankrupt, decrepit casino and motel located on six acres next to the river. The shambling resort, called the Riverside, sparked an economic boom larger than even Laughlin had expected. "We immediately started growing like gangbusters, and we haven't stopped since," he says.

Don Laughlin bestowed his own name on the locale when the U.S. Postal Service insisted he give his domain a name in order to get mail service. "I followed the advice of an Irish postal inspector," he recalls with a laugh. "He suggested Laughlin because it was a good Irish name." The post office, which now has its own zip code, is in a logical location—the Riverside. Thus Laughlin's P.O., along with the town of Jackpot's, has the honor of being one of two post offices located in a casino.

A decade ago, Laughlin was growing, but to the outside world it was a sleepy community just beginning to take advantage of its strategic location. Just three years ago the federally-landlocked town had only 98 residents to go with its six casinos. Now that the land has been freed up, the population is 3,000 and growing as fast as the riverfront hotels.

For years Don Laughlin had the town to himself, but in the last decade several prominent gaming firms have bought or built their own establishments. Among them are Circus Circus, with the Edgewater and Colorado Belle; Del Webb, with the Nevada Club; Sam's Town, with its hotel-casino; the Pioneer, also out of Las Vegas; and Harrah's and Ramada, which are building their own Laughlin hotels.

Laughlin's growth has paralleled that of Bullhead City, which was known in the 1940s and '50s as the closest town for workers building nearby Davis Dam. The fledgling Arizona suburbia has grown in the past two years from about 16,000 to 20,000 residents. Their relationship—Laughlin with new jobs and glamour, Bullhead with more residents and private land—is a classic symbiosis of twin border towns.

"Without a doubt, Bullhead's growth is being created by Laughlin's prosperity. The gambling on the other side of the river is the engine," says Clyde Wyker, assistant director of planning and community development for Bullhead.

The hotels and casinos in Laughlin employ more than 7,000 people, the vast majority of whom live in Bullhead. In 1986 Laughlin's casinos reaped gambling revenues of $187 million. Gambling revenues in that same year were $2.3 billion in Atlantic City, $2.2 billion in Las Vegas, and $659 million in Reno. Admittedly, those figures make Laughlin a mere drop in the gambling ocean. But from 1981 to 1986, the town's gambling revenues grew at an annual compound rate of 36 percent, compared to 7 percent in Las Vegas and 5 percent in Reno. In terms of gambling intake, Laughlin is the fastest-growing gambling center in the entire nation.

Real-estate deal-making in Laughlin also has reached epic proportions. In the last decade, the price of some pieces of land has quintupled. After buying the Riverside, Don Laughlin acquired almost 100 more acres of riverfront property. According to local realtors, now an acre of riverfront land is worth at least $500,000. Some strategically-located parcels, such as those near the Riverside, are worth as much as $2 million an acre.

"I bought the land 23 years ago, when everyone else thought it was worthless, because it was cheap, it was available, and it was located smack on the river," Laughlin explains. "And I knew, before anyone else had figured it out, that working people who loved to gamble but had limited disposable income would someday visit this part of the Southwest in droves. Of course, I was right. They like the water, they like the recreational diversion, and above all they like the gambling."

Laughlin's strategy is simple: Cater to lower-income people who gamble for smaller stakes, and to vacationing families with limited resources who haven't necessarily come for a gambling spree. So far, that plan has served him well.

Laughlin and the other casino operators in town try to entice people to their river country by offering low prices, down-home

Besides gambling, 99-cent breakfasts, and acres of RV parking, Laughlin offers plenty of water, as seen from Sam's Town Gold River looking toward Arizona.

Photo: JaNice Ott

service, and all-you-can-eat buffets. Laughlinites are fond of saying that their town is "like Vegas used to be." Don Laughlin says, "We're scooping up the business that they're driving away. We've got them scared."

With $3 million of his own money, Laughlin built a bridge over the river and donated the span to Nevada and Arizona, which will maintain it. The bridge reaches about 1,600 feet from the doors of the Riverside, making his casino's prime location even more advantageous.

All of the clubs have been building. The Riverside, the northernmost club, has added 310 rooms, new convention areas, and a showroom, which recently was opened with a kick-boxing match and then a gala performance by Charley Pride. The new escalators were the first in the U.S. to be installed in one piece.

The next establishment downriver is the Regency Casino, a small club with table games and live entertainment.

Next door is the Edgewater. Owned and recently expanded by Circus Circus, the Edgewater has 602 rooms, a fine steak house called the Embers, a 24-lane bowling alley, and the best jazz for miles.

Next is the big new arrival on the river, the Colorado Belle. Where there was once a small casino, Circus Circus has created a casino-hotel wrapped inside a 600-foot replica of a steamboat. With a Huck Finn theme, the Colorado Belle has five dining areas, 1,238 rooms, and the town's biggest casino.

The Pioneer Hotel has another replica—of Vegas Vic, the famous neon cowboy of downtown Las Vegas, except here he's called River Rick. Rick stands tall over the busy hotel, whose Granny's Room is a popular meeting and party headquarters.

Del Webb's Nevada Club has the area's only rock and mineral display, strolling Dixieland musicians on week nights, and the new Quarterdeck Buffet, which has floor-to-ceiling windows for a river view.

Further downstream is Sam's Town Gold River, where the theme is mining. The hotel-casino is known for its unusual neon mine signs and for its gourmet Sutter's Room.

At the next little bend in the river Harrah's is building a 468-room hotel-casino. Another new one—inland from the Colorado Belle—is Ramada Station, where a narrow-gauge railroad will transport guests.

"Don is getting some serious competition these days," says Robert Bilbray a developer and major landowner. Bilbray says Don Laughlin deserves most of the credit for putting the once-ignored gambling town on the map. "The man is a pioneer," he says. "He predicted a need that no one else was filling, and he filled it first."

It seems the rest of the town is busily following suit.

John F. Persinos is an associate editor at Venture *magazine in New York.*

JEAN

The Strip's biggest longshot. By Julie Quinn

When Peter A. "Pop" Simon settled in Jean, Nevada, in 1942 to pursue mining interests, he bought a small bar and casino and named it Pop's Oasis. His son Peter now runs the establishment in this growing hamlet 12 miles from the California border on Interstate 15. The younger Simon calls his business "the first casino on the Strip" because Jean, like the Las Vegas Strip, sits on the old Los Angeles Highway.

Today Jean and the I-15 border area are experiencing a new surge of activity. Pop's Oasis has a new neighbor across the street, the Gold Strike Hotel and Gambling Hall. Opening this winter, the 300-room establishment is a sister casino of the Gold Strike Inn—another border spot—between Boulder City and Hoover Dam.

Coming upon Jean, population 75, is like driving into many other tiny Nevada towns. It is mostly desert terrain, and the Gold Strike and other businesses are immediately in view. The Letica Corporation and its factories make restaurant-size plastic containers for foods like pickles and mayonnaise and also containers that slot players use to hold their coins. The corporation, which is planning another plant in the area, employs 400 people, many of whom live in Henderson and Sandy Valley.

Another big employer in town is the Southern Nevada Correctional Center, a state minimum-medium prison.

The dirt is flying at Whiskey Pete's near Jean.

Down the highway at the California border is Whiskey Pete's Hotel-Casino. The place is named for an old cowboy Peter McIntyre, who owned a few gas pumps and a restaurant there. He also ran an illegal whiskey still in a cave. When Whiskey Pete died, the tale goes, he was buried standing up, wearing his hat, boots, and gun, with a jug of whiskey at his feet.

In the 1950s Reno casino owner Ernest Primm bought 800 acres of border land that included the truck stop. Under his direction it grew into a 12-room motel with a lunch counter, slots, and two gas pumps.

Primm's son Gary took over in 1981 and dreamed of building a resort. Now Whiskey Pete's has grown into a castle-like structure with 262 hotel rooms and suites, a pool and Jacuzzi, three restaurants, music lounge, and casino. Primm also converted the Tower Club across the street into Kactus Kate's Casino.

Border watchers are waiting to see if Primm's spot, which he calls Stateline, continues to grow and whether Jean's stretching its seams.

Julie Quinn is Nevada's *production editor*

MESQUITE

Things are smokin' up on Interstate 15. By Lyman Hafen

For most of this century Mesquite was known as that quiet green bend in the road on the way to or from Las Vegas. Truckers would pull in for fuel and a chicken-fried steak at the old Western Village, which then consisted of a few fuel pumps, a quaint cafe, and some slot machines. Tourists might stop for a cheeseburger at the Polar Freeze or a hot beef sandwich at Faye's Cafe. Some might spend the night at one of the many motels lining the highway but come morning they were gone as fast as a Southern Nevada cloudburst.

That was the old Mesquite—Mesquite B.P (Before Peppermill). Things have changed considerably here on the Arizona border since a couple of young entrepreneurs named Nat Carasali and Bill Paganetti purchased the old Western Village in

Mesquite A.P (After Peppermill).

1981. The two already had successful restaurants and resorts in Reno and Las Vegas. Seeing the on-the-border potential in Mesquite, they established the Peppermill Resort. Mesquite A.P (After Peppermill) is a new place, a destination beckoning Utahans and Californians who cruise Interstate 15 between Salt Lake and L.A., seeking an oasis.

"You come off the desert into the valley. It's green, gorgeous, and a welcome change," says Mesquite's upbeat mayor,

Photos: Whiskey Pete's (top); James LeGoy (bottom)

Jimmie Hughes, a rancher who has a wild-game farm. "It gives people a first impression of Nevada and shows them what the state has to offer. It's really the best of both worlds."

Longtime residents and ranchers in this town of 2,100 seem to have adjusted to the resort's appearance on the scene. One local says, "Only thing I worry about is when you get more people running around out in the hills, you start getting cattle rustled. But we've been lucky so far."

The area was first settled in the 1880s, when Mormon pioneers staked out a town in the mesquite brush that was known simply as the camp across the Virgin River from Bunkerville. Eventually the place was called Mesquite Flats, and after three attempts to settle the area, a workable canal was built and a town was born in the 1890s.

For the next quarter-century Mesquite existed as a farming and ranching town. In the 1920s and '30s automobiles began passing through on the dirt road that would become U.S. 91, a major link between Southern California and the Rockies. Motels, gas stations, cafes, and stores began popping up. As more water from the river was harnessed and more wells were drilled, a greenbelt developed and a dairy industry grew in Virgin Valley.

When the Peppermill opened in 1981, it offered a new vision of possibilities. "What it did is show people what can be done here," the mayor says. "People traveling across the country have a preconceived notion of Nevada. They're looking for excitement and they find it in Mesquite. The Peppermill has done a nice job. It's a class outfit and we're proud of it."

The Peppermill has 344 rooms with 470 more under construction. The casino has 400 slot machines, table games, keno, restaurants, a dance floor, and live entertainment. It has 45 RV spots, four swimming pools, two Jacuzzis, tennis courts, a full-scale rodeo arena, truck wash, trucker's lounge, and a big truck service station. The resort also is headquarters for outdoor activities like horseback riding, hay rides, cookouts, and hunting and as a launching point for scenic excursions to Lake Mead, Valley of Fire, and Zion National Park.

The climate is one of Mesquite's chief attractions, says Ray Yori, sales and marketing director at the Peppermill. "When it's cold and snowy up north, it's pleasant here. Our climate is similar to Phoenix and Palm Springs. We get a real mixture of visitors—couples, retirees, and families in station wagons. And we still get a lot of truckers because we offer full facilities for trucks."

No one could deny that Mesquite has changed. But if you drive through the heart of town, past the homes and long, sweeping fields, you'll notice that although the camp across the river from Bunkerville has become a gambler's retreat, it still has a small-town feeling.

Lyman Hafen lives and writes in St. George, Utah, two borders over from Mesquite.

JACKPOT

The town created by slot-craving Idahoans.
By Carl Hayden

The founding of Jackpot in 1954 was induced by an act of Idaho's lawmakers. One-armed bandits—prevalent in the Potato State for years—were suddenly banned.

That left a horde of disappointed avids.

So gamer Don French scratched his noggin. What could he do for those slot-craving residents of Idaho?

What he did was establish a town by erecting a slot-machine emporium in the lonely spaces of mesa country. So came into being the Horseshu Casino, notched into Nevada a dice throw from Idaho's southern border.

On the north of the Horseshu was a ragtag barn so low a horse had to keep his head at half-mast even if its owner called, "Oats time!" There was a pole corral that sagged from the weight of a flopped-over rawhide

The town's namesake keeps Idahoans happy (top). Above is the Horseshu circa 1956.

quirt. But it held for the horses of fast-riding cowboys from surrounding ranches. Depending on the way one looked at it, the place had unlimited or little parking.

Back in those days a count of 35 cars—most originating in Twin Falls, 45 miles north of the state line—was an oversized Sunday crowd, not counting the cowboys. To make arrivals happy French kept a snarling cougar, baying burros, and other animalistic annoyances out front. That made 'em head straight for the welcoming bar, cheap food, and spinning reels.

A thrice-weekly thrill was the arrival of the stage that ran between Twin Falls and Wells. Everyone, bartenders to floor-keepers, sprinted into smoke-free air to greet it and hear word-of-mouth news from the outside.

A six-room motel was built with fortress strength. But who wanted to go to bed amid cascading jackpots?

Another pioneer, Pete Piersanti, went south 15 miles to found Cactus Pete's near Contact, but in 1956 he moved across the highway from the Horseshu to the current site of Cactus Pete's casino. Four nosed-in cars took up the frontage.

The name of Jackpot obviously descended from slot machines dumping their monetary caches. It was also influenced by the Postal Service, which ruled the name Horseshu would be private advertising. Back then Jackpot was on a rural mail route from Contact. In time Contact shrunk, and Jackpot grew. Eventually the post office moved next to and then inside Cactus Pete's.

Today the post office is still inside Jackpot's biggest casino-resort, but the town has grown to the point where its five casinos accommodate 5,000 fun seekers per weekend. Where a stopping car was once a major event, now hundreds of autos and many buses swell the ample parking areas along U.S. 93.

With success has come progress. Guests not arriving by car are likely to land at the Jackpot Airport. Among the area's diversions—fishing, hunting, and rockhounding among them—is the rolling 18-hole golf course above the town where ravens and coyotes occasionally join foursomes.

In Jackpot, the border mentality is part of everyday life. Take conventions. The lure of "Idaho hospitality spiced with Nevada-style sizzle" (according to the brochure) brings gatherings from both states.

Then there's the matter of time.

Like the rest of Nevada, Jackpot is in the Pacific Zone, but because of its ties with Idaho, which is on Mountain Time, the town has never observed the earlier hour.

In fact, Jackpot has the smallest time-zone overlap—one quarter by three quarters of a mile—in the country. So small is the zone that not even state officials are cognizant. They often arrive late for meetings, in

Photos: Cactus Pete's Collection

the way that tardy dirt-bike racers have been known to miss the starting gun. However, with more and more California tourists visiting this northeastern corner of Nevada, convenience may someday override tradition.

But time usually is forgotten anyway inside the town's five casinos. In 1985 the ever-expanding Cactus Pete's celebrated the grand opening of the 120-room, three-story, $5.5 million stretch-out hotel with swimming pool. Besides the Horseshu, which is part of Cactus Pete's Inc., the 93 Club also dates back to earlier days. Two other establishments have appeared recently. The Rodeo Clown has 100 rooms, and the Four Jacks also has a motel. The latter, by the way is not named for the poker hand but for a family name.

Visitors often marvel at Jackpot's street names, virtually all of which honor games of chance. Among them are Keno Drive, Poker Street, Roulette Road, and Ace Street, the town's major artery.

Nevertheless, no town can possibly thrive without a hamburger stand, and luckily Jackpot now has one, operated by a former Cactus Pete's dealer.

Thus visiting high rollers can enjoy burgers while cowboys in from the Northeastern Nevada hills luxuriate in Jacuzzis.

Carl Hayden, Cactus Pete's publicist and originator of the July Fourth Western States Hollering Contest, is the scribe of Jackpot.

WENDOVER

Winning ways on the Utah line.
By David Copelan

Wendover is changing. The former blur next to the freeway has suddenly grown into a bona-fide community of 5,000 with new casinos, hotels, shopping centers, homes, a movie theater, and even an 18-hole golf course.

There are five major casinos and one tiny one. The 57-year-old State Line bills itself as the oldest licensed casino in Nevada. Four of the others are less than six years old. The youngest is the Peppermill, which opened in 1985.

The rush to Wendover has proved to be a good gamble. Its six casinos take in more than $40 million annually and the town runs behind only Laughlin in percentage gains. That success is due to Wendover's location on Interstate 80 straddling the state line, one part in Nevada, the other in Utah. Salt Lake City with more than a million people, is 120 miles to the east. Elko is 110 miles west, and Reno is a distant 400 miles down the interstate. To get there from here, you have to pass through Wendover.

Nevada's easternmost outpost has a longstanding reputation—especially in Utah's Mormon-dominated environs—as being a wide-open place. Even with its modern hotels, Wendover is still thought of as being on the edge of civilization.

"We get customers in here from Salt Lake City" says Peppermill general manager Brian Berry "and it's like they step into a new world. Suddenly, there's free liquor, hundreds of slots, and cocktail waitresses. It's as if they've entered another time."

Locals like Gina Goebel LaCombe, the justice of the peace, add to the frontier image. According to LaCombe, she is the only 21-dealing judge in Nevada.

"Some people think it's kind of funny to play cards for money with a real live judge. But here it's just something I do. One job doesn't affect the other. It's a small town, so you've got to wear a lot of different hats."

She remembers one holiday when she had five judges from Ogden, Utah, playing her table at the State Line. "We called each other 'Your Honor' and 'Judge. One fella wanted to sit down and play but they wouldn't let him. They said that you needed to be a judge to play at the table."

The casinos try to cultivate that carefree attitude. "We want people to relax, let them get a feeling of western hospitality where they can let their hair down and be themselves," says Bob Aronson, general manager of the Red Garter.

The atmosphere is felt by residents. "The town is still wide-open," says Brian Berry. "Everyone is from someplace else. You

'We get customers from Salt Lake City, and it's like they step into a new world. Suddenly there's free liquor, hundreds of slots, and cocktail waitresses.'

move here, and in a couple of weeks everybody knows you. It's friendly but it makes for a different way of doing business." Berry recalls hiring a woman straight off the street, something that wouldn't be done in Las Vegas or Reno. "Sometimes we've really had to scramble to fill positions. I remember one girl who was just passing through on her way to Denver. She needed gas money. But we hired her on as a cocktail waitress, and she stayed a year."

The desert country around Wendover does grow on you if you stay awhile. Approaching from the west, the scenery is like the rest of Northern Nevada, with long, sweeping sagebrush valleys. You see Pilot Mountain from about 20 miles away its 10,700-foot peak dominating the view.

Drive over some hills, and you suddenly see an endless plain of white salt. The Great Salt Desert at Wendover is so flat and stretches so far east, it is said to be one of the few places in North America that you can discern the curvature of the earth.

About 20 miles south of town is freshwater Blue Lake, home to fish and waterfowl. Due west of Blue Lake are the Goshute Mountains, known for a large concentration of hawks and eagles.

Evidence of the area's earliest human inhabitants was discovered about 50 years ago at Danger Cave, one-half mile northeast of town. Carbon dating placed artifacts and animal dung back to 9,200 B.C.

Explorers ranging from Jedediah Smith in 1824 to John C. Fremont in 1843-45 surveyed the area. In 1846 the Donner Party decided to cross the salt flats to save time, but their wagons became mired in mud. Most historians blame the salt flats and the Eastern Nevada mountains for delaying the Donners' crossing of the Sierra.

After the completion of the transcontinental railroad in 1869, few people visited the area. But in 1907 the Western Pacific laid its tracks through the area and built a roundhouse and settlement in Wendover. Spring water was found 20 miles north. Most of the building was on the Utah side of the line. Driving through old sections of Wendover, Utah, you can still find houses made entirely of railroad ties.

With the opening of the Victory Highway in 1926, Wendover became a natural watering place for motorists. It also was a

Wendover Will, the neon brother of Vegas Vic and Laughlin's River Rick, greets visitors to the State Line (top). Once there, you can stroll through the skywalk to the Silver Smith (center). Above, the State Line has been attracting visitors with ultra-modern gizmos since the '40s.

Photos: Paul Wayman (top); Richard Menzies (center); State Line Casino Collection (bottom)

Wendover's most famous resident was the *Enola Gay*, the B-29 that dropped the atom bomb on Hiroshima.

source of liquor during Prohibition.

The next great chapter in the town's history came during the Second World War. The military saw the salt flats as an excellent bombing range and Wendover, 800 miles inland, as safe and secret. The base's most famous resident was the *Enola Gay*, the B-29 that dropped the atom bomb on Hiroshima.

More than 19,000 servicemen and family members were stationed in Wendover during the war. With peace, however, everyone left. In 1947 the base became an Air Force reserve outpost, finally reverting to the city of Wendover, Utah. Nevada officials bemoan the waste of the 9,000-foot runways, lost in Utah city and FAA red tape. The Air Force now comes out in the spring and summer with F-15 and F-16 fighter jets for Red Flag and Silver Flag exercises, which are based at Nellis AFB.

Wendover's current boom began about 10 years ago. Utah's expanding economy coupled with the energy crisis, made Wendover a natural stop for tourists and travelers, and business increased on the highway.

But even in the early '80s the town still was largely undeveloped, as reported in the April 13, 1981, *New Yorker*: "In Wendover, a town of a thousand or so people, it is not easy to find a paved street. There is no taxi or pharmacy or movie theatre. At five o'clock on a winter Tuesday morning, though, there are people—people from somewhere pouring money into the dollar slot machines at the State Line Casino."

A year after that article appeared, developer Dick McDougal and Reno attorneys Bob Berry and Peter Laxalt joined in building the Nevada Crossing Casino and Motor Lodge. That was the start.

Next came the Red Garter Casino. In 1983, McDougal's firm began to sell home sites, which provided much-needed employee housing and gave residents a chance to put down roots.

The Smith family opened the Silver Smith across from the State Line in 1984. Apartment complexes on both sides of the border started going up. Wendover's most aggressive property the Peppermill, opened in 1985. The next year saw improvements to the town's water supply, a new sewer system, elementary school, shopping mall, and a Nevada-side clinic.

Now nearly all the casinos are talking expansion. The Nevada Crossing put in a new hotel and is remodeling its casino. The Red Garter is opening a Super 8 Motel and

Lee Dubin

For the past decade, LEE DUBIN has provided us with wonderful renderings of the Victorian Era. Her work allows us the chance to appreciate and experience the life of a by-gone era. Collectors of fine art are in awe of her mastery in detail. It is not surprising that Lee has sold out nine of her recent limited-editions and has accumulated a waiting list of customers to purchase her original oils. Her whimsical eye, combined with outstanding craftmanship has given her the stature of increasing popularity in the marketplace.

In her latest release, Lee's appreciation of a Victorian Era sophistication is evident. The articulate designs in the gowns to the expressions on the gentleman's faces are impeccable displays of the ambiance of yesteryears.

ROYAL ART PUBLISHERS is pleased to announce LEE DUBIN'S latest masterpiece, "BACCARAT" Printed by one of the finest ateliers in Paris, France, "BACCARAT" is a 22 color lithograph, limited to 275 impressions, signed and numbered by the artist.

"BACCARAT"

Published Exclusively by

Royal Art Publishers

Executive offices: 17200 Redhill Ave. Irvine, Ca. 92714
714-261-5641 Sales offices: 702-588-2461

Original paintings by Lee Dubin available by appointment

remodeling its restaurant. The Peppermill is remodeling its hotel. By December, the State Line's casino will have been expanded.

But beyond casino expansion, the town is becoming more of a community every day. Residents appreciate Nevada's lack of a state income tax, says real-estate broker Donna Crick. "And with Salt Lake's opera, professional theater, ballet, orchestras, and skiing just hours away they really have the best of both worlds.

"Five years ago people were in Wendover on their way to somewhere else," she says. "Today you hear more and more talk of staying. Staying here for good."

David Copelan of Wendover is managing editor of the border town's local newspaper the High Desert Advocate.

TAHOE

The line on the state's first boom towns.
By Michael Sion

Most Californians who crest Echo Summit on U.S. 50 and gaze down on the fabled Lake Tahoe Basin know that the lake's emerald waters are pierced by the state line. But few are sure exactly where the line is.

Driving through metropolitan South Lake Tahoe, California, visitors might expect to see a spangled arch or 100-foot sign when they reach the state line. They'll see Harrah's and Harvey's highrises on the

A pair of lovelies toe the line in the Cal-Neva's bi-state pool (top). Above is a shot from the '30s when Crystal Bay was one of the leading border boomers in the state.

Photos: Cal-Neva Lodge

border, but a green one-by-two-foot marker on a traffic light will be the only official indication that they've arrived in Stateline, Nevada.

The lack of fanfare illustrates how blase most Tahoe citizens are about the line, which has been fuzzy through the years anyway. On the south shore, civic and marketing groups from the two communities regularly join forces. Thousands of Nevada casino employees live on the California side. Some residents have to cross the state line to get to their post-office box. Harrah's Tahoe's parking lot stretches across the border, and if the slot machine handles on the west wall went backward, they could end up in California as well.

On the north shore, west meets east just as casually at Crystal Bay where several clubs greet gamblers on wooded Highway

Harrah's Tahoe's giant parking lot stretches across the border, and if the slot machine handles on the west wall went backward, they could end up in California as well.

28. The swimming pool of the Cal-Neva Lodge is divided by a black line on the bottom, with "California" and "Nevada" delineated in black lettering on either side. However, the line is only a guess. "As far as its positive location I don't think it's been spec'ed," says Beverly Vine of the resort's marketing department. "But the border's approximately in that area."

Indeed, the border between the Silver and Golden states at Tahoe has been questioned for more than a century.

As recalled in E.B. Scott's *The Saga of Lake Tahoe*, Edward Beale and Sam Mowry rode camels around the area in 1860 to perform a boundary survey for the U.S. Army. When they were finished, several square miles of Nevada had been wrongfully given to California.

That may not have been Mowry's and Beale's fault: The bounding gait of camels drove riders bonkers. What's more, humpbacks were known to bolt to the crest of any nearby mountain, their seeming desire only to gaze over the other side.

The camel survey created the first documented gray zone between California and Nevada, but nobody was overly concerned about it. Folks were too wrapped up in the gold and silver rush as California miners headed over the Sierra to the Comstock. That rush brought about Tahoe's first white settlement, Lake House. A deluxe inn built on the south shore in 1859, Lake House

hosted unwashed miners three to a bed.

Later, logging camps and mill towns sprang up. By 1871 tourism had become the basin's most promising industry. The lumber camp of Tahoe City had three hotels, including the Grand Central, a resort that offered fishing, horse riding, boating, billiards, bowling, croquet, and a bar. Closer to the north-shore border was Dr. Bourne's Hygenic establishment with its mineral baths, health food diets, and pure alpine air as cures for the sickly. On the south shore, Carney's Stateline House was aptly named—an 1874 survey put the Nevada-California border right through the dining room. In 1899 the south-shore boundary was resurveyed and fixed for good 2,000 feet to the east.

By the turn of the century tourism had become the great Tahoe mainstay, with wealthy Californians building log castles along the shoreline. At Crystal Bay, San Francisco developer Robert Sherman bought land in 1926 to build the Cal-Neva Lodge. It may have seemed a bad move with Prohibition on the horizon, but Sherman—and anyone else owning a piece of ground on the Nevada side—lucked out. In 1931 gambling was legalized in the Silver State, and people began to take the business of boundaries a little more seriously.

After Prohibition's repeal the Cal-Neva blossomed into a big-time club along with the nearby Crystal Bay Lodge. Later came the Tahoe Biltmore, the Nugget, and Incline Village's Hyatt. Today, all are benefiting from the north shore's boomlet.

At the other end of the lake Harvey Gross, a Sacramento meat distributor, built Harvey's Wagon Wheel Saloon and Gambling Hall in 1944. Besides gambling apparati, it had what was said to be the only all-night gas pump between Placerville and Carson City. Soon afterwards, Eddie Sahati's Stateline Country Club opened across U.S. 50, which resembled a narrow country lane and closed whenever it snowed too hard.

In 1947 U.S. 50 was touted as an all-year road with state snow-plow support, and the Stateline area was ready to boom. In the '50s Gross built an eight-story hotel, and Harrah's Tahoe supplanted Sahati's. Later Del Webb's High Sierra and Caesars Tahoe join them as behemoths on the border.

Today the hotels use earth tones and mirrored walls to reflect Tahoe's beauty. And, the truth is, even diehard gamblers can miss the change in states. After all, why worry about boundaries in paradise?

Michael Sion of South Lake Tahoe writes for the Reno Gazette-Journal *and the* San Francisco Chronicle.

BAKER

It could be next in line if the dough rises.
By Richard Moreno

They're getting a new post office in Baker, Nevada. In a town where change is something you get when you break a dollar, the post office is not only big news in itself. It's also indicative that something might (the accent is on might) be happening in this sleepy Eastern Nevada village of about 60 residents.

Baker is the kind of town where you can count the streets on one hand. There are no fast-food restaurants, movie theaters, or supermarkets. Sidewalks and curbs are rumors.

The main street consists of a small motel and gift shop, two bars, a restaurant, a gas station-convenience store, and the old one-room post office. The town has an elementary school, and a mission-style, brown-stucco building triples as town hall, school auditorium, and indoor basketball court.

If they ever remake *Petticoat Junction*—heaven forbid—they could film exteriors in Baker. The houses and buildings have a weathered, comfortable look—like a lot of the people. Bakerites are an independent lot; a person doesn't live in such remoteness without a desire to paddle against the current. Besides, what other explanation

What makes Baker a boom candidate is its location—seven miles from the Utah border and five miles from the new Great Basin National Park.

could there be for an eight-foot marble statue of a nearly-nude muscular Greek—said to be Jason of Golden Fleece fame—that stands in the yard of one local resident?

What could make this ranching town a future boom town is its location seven miles from the Utah border and five miles from the new Great Basin National Park. Created in October 1986, the 77,100-acre park already has brought more visitors. In 1986 about 40,000 people visited the area, then known as the Wheeler Peak Scenic Area and Lehman Caves National Monument. By the end of this year, an estimated 70,000 people will have visited Great Basin National Park.

While there are few visible signs of a boom, there is plenty of talk. Property values in Baker have increased. The price of one five-acre parcel reportedly jumped from $50,000 to $250,000 after the park was created—although at least a few locals believe the glacier on Wheeler Peak will melt before prices get that high.

As rumors float about regarding East Coast investors and bigger motels, a few folks are beginning to prepare for what they hope will be Baker's eruption. "I think there's a lot of potential in this area. The new park will be a catalyst," notes Denys Baker, owner of the Border Inn, a motel-restaurant-truck stop located about seven miles from Baker on the Nevada-Utah border.

Baker (the town is not named after her family) said she is a little concerned that the park will support only a six-month economy. She says one solution might be more gaming, letting Baker lure nearby Utahans, much like Wendover does.

Rita Berger, owner of the Outlaw Saloon and Restaurant, the only restaurant in Baker, says she's considering a number of ideas, including an ambitious plan to develop a small trout-fishing lake with rental cabins. Berger says she also owns some land on the road leading to the park. "We're talking about several things—but you need money " she says.

Living in a ranching town, however, Baker residents know enough not to count their eggs too early.

Richard Moreno visits Baker regularly.

WHEELER

TO THE TOP

Ready with skis, we set out
to be the new park's first conquerors
of the peak. By Stewart Aitchison

A few weeks after President Reagan signed the bill that created Great Basin National Park in October 1986, I went ski-mountaineering there with some friends. It was still somewhat early in the season, but our party of three—Tom Bean, Martos Hoffman, and I—had something else in mind besides cross-country skiing. We also hoped to be the first in the park's brief history to climb 13,063-foot Wheeler Peak, the area's major landmark and the second highest point in Nevada.

Although snow blanketed the park's main road, my four-wheel-drive station wagon plowed easily through the fluffy white stuff toward 9,950-foot Wheeler Peak Campground. As we climbed higher and higher, sagebrush, manzanita, and giant mountain mahogany gave way to limber pine, Douglas fir, quaking aspen, and Engelmann spruce. At each switchback in the road there was an uneasy silence as I turned the wheel. Too slow and we might not have enough momentum to continue upward; too fast and we might slide over the edge.

With triple sighs of relief we finally reached the road's end. From there it appeared that the sun and wind had cleared the highest ridges and south-facing slopes of snow, so we decided to leave ice axes and crampons, our metal-spiked footgear, in the car. We strapped on our cross-country gear and were ready for skiing.

Our skis glided smoothly along the snowy trail until we emerged from the trees onto an open slope. Crunch! The awful sound of rock against ski base—something akin to running fingernails down a chalkboard. Maybe if we were careful, we could go a little Scrape! Off came the skis.

A short walk took us across a broad alpine meadow and to the edge of frozen Stella Lake. A friend of ours had described the lake in summer as a *Sound of Music* movie set look-alike. But bundled in layers of wool and down I felt more like Nanook of the North than Julie Andrews.

We could see the trail switchbacking up to the ridge north of us. However, the peak was to the southwest, and the long slope directly in front of us was in partial shade and loaded with snow. We had come to ski, not to hike, even if it meant flailing around in deep, unconsolidated powder. We strapped on climbing skins—amazing devices that allow, in theory, a ski to slide forward but not backward—and began to ascend the hill. At first, a straight-on attack succeeded, but the higher we climbed, the steeper the slope became. Eventually we were forced to angle across the face until trees and cliffs forced us to kick turn and switch back. No wonder the official trail didn't go this way.

We were quite surprised when we topped the ridge and were immediately blasted by a gale-force wind. Our sweat-soaked shirts chilled us as we dug into our daypacks for more clothes.

It was exhausting, hot work, and we were quite surprised when we topped the ridge and were immediately blasted by a gale-force wind. Our sweat-soaked shirts chilled us as we dug into our daypacks for more clothes.

We could see that the snow along the ridge to the summit was patchy, and what there was of it had melted and refrozen into suncups and ice. Skiing was out of the question, so we decided to leave our skis. Afraid that the wind might carry them off, we tied the skis securely to a small, twisted limber pine.

As we continued climbing, we left behind the protection of the krummholtz—the stunted trees of timberline—and were exposed to the full fury of the wind. The screaming gale whipped our clothes and threatened to blow us over. The slippery footing was of no help as we cautiously kicked steps in the crusty snow. If only we had brought the ice axes and crampons.

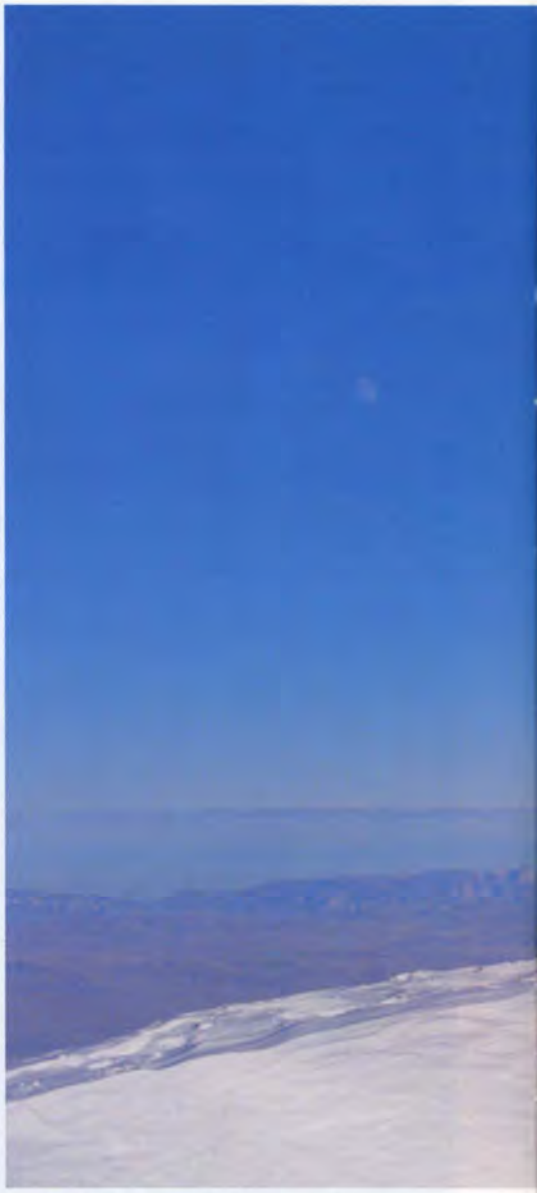
We gained the final ridge to the summit by mid-afternoon. The glacier-carved cirque below Wheeler's northeast face was already in deep shadow. We found some of the park's bristlecone pines, which have struggled to survive scouring winds and arctic temperatures over the centuries. We learned later that this particular grove of 4,000-year-old trees and the nearby remnant glacier were rediscovered only 30 years ago.

A bit anticlimatically, another few steps brought us to the relatively long, flat summit of Wheeler Peak. The world dropped away on all sides. Off to the south, the rest of the Snake Range slithered off in a series of ridges and peaks. To the west and east, range after range stood in parallel rows,

As we approached the windbreak made of stones on the summit, we wondered if the rocky foundations marked the site of a 19th-century heliograph station.

Photo: Tom Bean

Camping below Wheeler's cirque (bottom), an ancient bristlecone pine (center), and the view from the 13,063-foot peak.



separated by sagebrush-covered valleys.

Other climbers had constructed small windbreaks with stones on the summit. We wondered if one of these rocky foundations marked the site of the heliograph station set up on the peak in the late 1800s to survey the area. Behind one of the walls we found the summit register only to discover that several other parties had been here over the last week. But it didn't really matter. Many others have passed this way, from Indians to prospectors to government surveyors. For us, this first ascent with its sublime view was reward enough.

As the sun set and the alpenglow turned from orange to pink, we quietly made our way down. A nearly full moon lit the lower snowy slopes. The glittering landscape turned into a mystical scene. Lucky is Nevada to have such mountains, and lucky are we as a people to have the wisdom to preserve such a special place.

Stewart Aitchison of Flagstaff, Arizona, is the author of five books on the outdoors. His latest is Utah Wildlands *(Utah Geographic, Salt Lake City).*

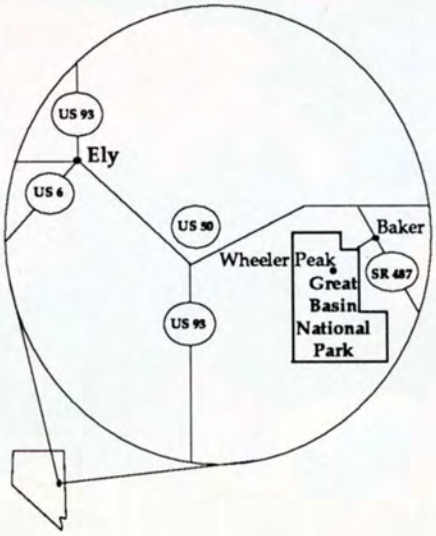
Photos: Tom Bean

The world dropped away on all sides as we skied across Wheeler's summit, other ranges receding in the distance.

WINTER SKIING IN THE PARK

Great Basin National Park, 68 miles east of Ely and five miles west of Baker near the Utah border, is open year-round. Lower Lehman Creek Campground, with 11 spaces, remains open, although the water will be shut off. Tours of Lehman Caves are conducted four times a day through winter, and the park's visitor center is open from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily except major holidays. However, the cafe next to the visitor center is closed in winter, so Baker is the nearest place for food and other services.

Park rangers strongly recommend that skiers and winter hikers first check at the visitor center about weather and snow conditions in the area.



There are several options for skiers and climbers headed for the upper slopes of Wheeler. The road may be closed, but skiers can park at Upper Lehman Creek Campground and ski 10 miles up the road to Wheeler Peak Campground, where the trail to the peak picks up. Times will vary, but it's usually a four- to eight-hour trek for intermediate skiers. Or, advanced skiers can take a four-mile trail between the two campgrounds, a two- to four-hour climb. The trip from Wheeler Peak Campground to the peak and back represents a strenuous four- to eight-hour roundtrip. On the way back skiers can warm up at Lehman Caves, where the interior temperature is a constant 50° F.

For more information write Great Basin National Park, Baker, NV 89311, or call 702-234-7331.

ACCENTS ON FUN & FOOD

Peppermill Country

Border to border, *'round the clock casino action, exceptional restaurants, deluxe rooms, sumptuous buffets, nightly entertainment and dancing.*

Peppermill's *famous restaurants have earned the reputation for fabulous food. Buffets featuring extensive selections of delicious entrees, salads, fresh fruits, vegetables, breads and mouth watering desserts are available daily at affordable prices. 24 hour menus offer breakfast, lunch, dinner and snacks that are sure to please.*

Peppermill Resort Hotel & Casino • Mesquite
Located on I-15, 80 miles Northeast of Las Vegas. 24 hour restaurant, 344 new rooms, casino, buffet, nightly entertainment, dancing, heated pools, tennis, spas. ***(702) 346-5232 (800) 621-0187***

Peppermill Inn & Casino • Wendover
Located on I-80, 120 miles West of Salt Lake. 92 rooms, casino, 24 hour restaurant, buffet, nightly entertainment, dancing, free parking, shuttle service. ***(702) 664-2255 (800) 648-9660***

Peppermill's Western Village Inn & Casino • Sparks
Located on I-80, 1 mile East of Reno. 300 rooms, casino, 24 hour coffee shop, Pancho & Willie's Mexican Restaurant, Gourmet Steak House, nightly entertainment, swimming pool, dancing, free valet parking. ***(702) 331-1069 (800) 648-1170.***

Backstage Stars

The stars in the showroom wouldn't be quite as dazzling without the people who work behind the scenes. Here's a look at five of Reno's unseen star makers.
By Guy Richardson

Lit by a single spotlight, Sammy Davis, Jr. sings "Bojangles," pummeling ringsider's hearts. When the song ends, part of the crowd rises.

An astute observer at that moment would notice that not only are the stage lights turned on, but also the house lights are subtly brighter, so the rest of the crowd can see the budding ovation, and also stand.

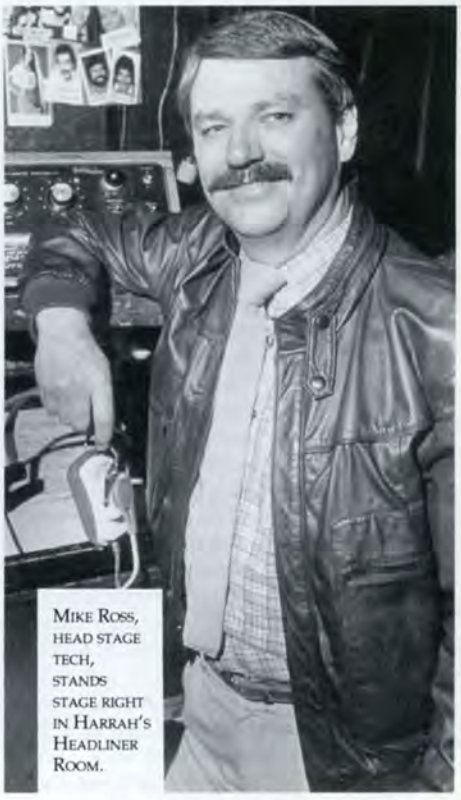
"You people are something!" Davis exclaims.

The same observer would hear a slightly different, less resonant quality in Davis' amplified voice than when he's singing.

While Davis and other performers work before the audience, backstage a dozen or more men and women labor with two things in mind. make the star look great and put the audience on cloud nine. These wizards—members of the sound crew, lighting people, stage managers—are part of an invisible army without whom Nevada's glittery showbiz scene would glow considerably less bright.

Working even further behind the scenes are the costumers, publicists, entertainment directors, and even that much-maligned group, the agents.

Let's pop the lights up in Reno and meet five of those star makers behind the scenes.



MIKE ROSS, HEAD STAGE TECH, STANDS STAGE RIGHT IN HARRAH'S HEADLINER ROOM.

MIKE ROSS

Mike Ross' job is to get it done. Period. Whatever it is. He calls his responsibility "stage logistics and manpower," but when the rock band America's equipment truck died in the Nevada desert near Austin, Ross drove to the rescue. When an elevator door crumpled Bobbie Gentry's set, Ross worked 60 hours straight to repair it, dragging it on stage 10 minutes before show time.

He's in charge of the 10-person stage crew at Harrah's Headliner Room, plus another 11 or so in the lounge, which uses a

Photo: Kurt Molnar

big crew because of its long hours.

Ross is a perfectionist in the Harrah tradition. "When Bill Harrah was alive, he'd sit in his booth and check his digital watch to make sure we started the show on time to the second. So each day we called the atomic clock in Boulder, Colorado, to make sure we were on time by Greenwich Mean Time. That's the kind of philosophy we still cling to in the entertainment department."

Ross, who grew up in Herlong, a little California town northwest of Reno, went to college and to work in California before moving back to the Reno area in the winter of 1971. He had a B.A. in cinema and mass communications from Hayward State and was working in film in San Francisco. One cloudy and dreary morning he woke up and told his wife to pack.

"What?" she said.

"We're going to Reno. I'll get a job on Harrah's stage crew and work my way up."

Three days later they arrived in Reno, and reality struck. Harrah's said Ross was overqualified to be a stagehand. So he worked in a gas station. "I pumped gas in the freezing winter for three months and crawled through the snow every day to Harrah's to beg for a job."

Nine days before Christmas, the gas station closed. "I had a wife, baby, and no job," he recalls. The day after Christmas, Harrah's came through with a job renovating hotel rooms, and then a stage position.

"My first New Year's Eve I spent in the ceiling over the Headliner Room, tripping the switch that dropped the balloons. I said to myself, 'So this is show business.'"

Within three years Ross became head stage technician. At Harrah's he's done impossible jobs—putting an ice show into the cramped main room, inventing a way to move multi-ton stairs in a lounge revue, tearing down a show and building the next in one night. "It's a do-it-till-you're-done job," Ross says. When a new show moves into the cabaret, Ross and his crew often put in 16- to 30-hour "days," when he'll catch a few hours' sleep on his office floor and then go back to work.

Ross is proud of his crew. Among others, he praises lighting director Cherk Chang and sound supervisor Jim Jirovsky. "We go through some people who can't handle the abstract hours. This job takes priority over your private life, over everything. Everyone in the entertainment department is totally dedicated."

Some headliners bring complex technical problems. "I'm on the phone weeks in advance talking to their technical people so we can make things as smooth as possible." Probably the toughest was magician David Copperfield, with huge illusions and sets.

The easiest performer for Ross is Bill Cosby. "There's a chair, an ashtray, and a cigar—Cosby does the rest."

Ross has to make sure the chair and ashtray are arranged just right. As for the cigar, Ross says with a laugh, "He carries it out there himself."

WILLIS ALLEN

In the past few years the Peppermill has grown from an exquisite coffee shop with a small casino into a major casino-hotel with new towers that will put it clearly in the big leagues.

Part of the Peppermill's success is due to its entertainment, an eclectic mix of late-night rock groups and early-evening lounge veterans, with an occasional country group, plus a smidgen of comedy.

The man responsible is Willis Allen. Unlike many entertainment buyers whose expertise is more in gold chains than nuts-and-bolts, Allen, who grew up in Smith Valley has worked as a backstage tech and as a musician. He is undoubtedly the only entertainment director who has ever played piano with the Clamtones.

He possibly may be the only one with a land speed record. He set it while working for Harrah's in 1972, ferrying Ferraris around the country for Bill Harrah. One day Allen left Reno in a 12-cylinder Daytona. Three hours and 55 minutes later, he pulled into Las Vegas, 430 miles away. "I even stopped for a hamburger in Beatty," he says. That's an average of 110 mph.

He says he also is the only man to inadvertently drop the curtain on Jim Nabors while Nabors was singing his trademark "Man of La Mancha." Still, working on Harrah's crew gave Allen an appreciation for perfection.

He came to the Peppermill as a sound man in 1983 and worked his way up to entertaiment head. At one point he booked entertainment at four Peppermill properties, and he still puts in 60- and 70-hour weeks in the dual role of entertainment buyer and technical director.

As entertainment director for the Reno and Mesquite Peppermills he buys well over a half-million dollars' worth of acts each year. In lounge groups, the first thing he listens for is the kick drum and bass player, the solid underpinnings of music. "I also take a good look at the crowd they get," he says. The type—not necessarily the size—of audience that a group draws is crucial. For early-evening groups, Allen wants a well-dressed crowd. For the late-night bands, he wants to see if they draw younger fans, bringing in swing-shift employees getting off at other clubs.

When the second tower-building phase is completed in late 1988, Allen will have a 1,200-seat, balconied showroom and a slate of stars and semi-headliners. Among the latter may be Roy Orbison (who has played the Peppermill's convention center with great success), Dion and the Belmonts, and Neil Young.

Four generations ago Allen's ancestors walked to Nevada alongside a wagon train. Today they'd be amazed at his line of work. Of course, being used to slow travel, they'd also be amazed at that 1972 highway scorcher.

ENTERTAINMENT DIRECTOR WILLIS ALLEN HAS THE PEPPERMILL'S AUDIO-VISUAL WORLD AT HIS FINGERTIPS.

Photos: Kurt Molnar

BACKSTAGE AT "HELLO HOLLYWOOD, HELLO," DOTTIE ORCHARD CHATS WITH DANCERS GEORGIE BERNASEK (LEFT) AND KATE VANDERLIET.

DOTTIE ORCHARD

When her daughter Jayna took theater in junior high school, Dottie Orchard helped with the costumes. She continued the needle work as Jayna went through Reno High School.

As her daughter continued to find roles in plays, Orchard volunteered to help with Reno Little Theater's costumes and assisted UNR's theater department. Then she saw an ad announcing that the soon-to-open MGM needed wardrobe people. "I thought, 'Gee, that sounds like fun.' Now I don't have time for anyone else's costumes," she says. "But I'm still doing it for the fun of it. I just love it."

Orchard has been with "Hello Hollywood, Hello" since before its opening in June 1978. As assistant wardrobe manager, she is in charge of the day staff that helps keep up to 1,500 costumes repaired for the show. "I have a wonderful group of people who are very creative," she says with affection. Orchard and wardrobe manager Maria Romaggi, who works at night, supervise seamers, hairdressers, frame workers, and other wardrobe attendants. When they repair one of the 10-year-old costumes, Orchard says, "I like to think it's like new "

Feathers are a special challenge. Many of the costumes use turkey vulture feathers, which are no longer available. "We wash 'em, spray paint 'em—anything to keep the costumes going." From out front, the show looks as fresh as the day it opened, and Orchard says she's proud of that.

Another reward of the job is working with the dancers, she says. "They are wonderful kids. Now they're scattered all over the world. I have invitations to stay with people everywhere—and I haven't had time to go yet."

And what about Jayna, the actress daughter who got Orchard started in all this? "She changed to costume design," Orchard says. "She teaches costuming for the University of Alaska in Fairbanks. I don't know if daughter followed mother or what."

BILL COSBY IS ONE STAR WHO VALUES CANDY PEARCE'S JUDGMENT.

CANDY PEARCE

The common image of a publicist is a hard-drinking bald guy who chews a smelly cigar. The reality of one of Northern Nevada's most respected publicists is Candy Pearce, a woman with an easy laugh and a will of iron.

Her firm, the Pearce Company looks after corporate clients such as International Game Technology and show-business figures like Eddy Arnold and John Denver for special events. She also is one of the chief organizers behind the annual Great Reno Balloon Race.

Pearce found her show-business connections after graduating as a journalism major from UNR and later serving as entertainment editor of the *Nevada State Journal* and *Reno Evening Gazette* in the 1960s. She wrote an interview with Bill Harrah that so impressed the late casino owner that he hired her. Eventually she became the first female publicity director for Harrah's before leaving two years ago to start her own company.

Harrah's is still a client, as are many showbiz personalities who came to respect the Pearce style. "There are no set rules. A publicist isn't there just to grind out material," she says. "You need to find out the goals of companies you represent and how to help them reach those goals."

Entertainers may have different needs than corporations. "Sometimes clients just need someone they can trust to talk to, and there are times a star just needs to be left alone. You always have to keep in mind their goals. You also work with them on their image."

Image means the client gets to be the good guy while Pearce gets to say "no" to reporters. "Some entertainers like their privacy—Bill Cosby is a good example. He claims his favorite thing about me is that I say 'no' so well."

Some publicists get their names in the paper almost as often as their clients. Not Pearce. "I don't ever want to be the person out front," she says. "I want to be the person making someone else out there look good."

BOB WOERNER

Some agents hang around the Polo Club buttonholing big entertainment buyers. Then there's Crazy Bob the Boonie Booker.

Only in Nevada.

Bob Woerner books little groups into little clubs, often in little Nevada towns. He's a hip-pocket agent, a guy with a client list in his head. The names of his acts don't appear in 10-foot-high marquee letters. Most, like The Amazing Elliott (who can switch from his magic act to country musician or Santa Claus or leprechaun—your pick), do not go for the big letters yet.

Crazy Bob was a New York beatnik who became a hippie, and at 54 he still looks the part. "I don't hot-foot as much as I used to," he says. "Now it's mostly sending out mailers and following with phone calls. I do whatever it takes to stay alive."

Music first called him to New York's Greenwich Village in the '50s, where he hung out with Richie Havens, the Mamas and the Papas, Ramblin' Jack Elliott—and watched Bob Dylan work for a few dollars a night. He recalls, "I used to bang on the drums, but then I discovered if I booked the group, they let me into the club free, plus the band bought me drinks."

Then Woerner flower-powered into San Francisco in 1965, but eventually his petals were plucked by Bill Graham's giant promotional machine. "There was no room for someone booking small acts," Woerner recalls. It was on to Los Angeles. "But," he says, "Hollywood was too crazy for Bob."

His 1972 arrival in Nevada was inauspicious. As he puts it, "I went to Las Vegas to book an act, and I got booked instead." Finding the room of an act, he got caught in the middle of a marijuana bust. When he got out, Woerner began booking without a license, putting bands in Reno parks for free shows. "Nobody minded, but when I started booking into casinos, I needed a license." Armed with letters from people in the community Woerner went to then-Governor Mike O'Callaghan and won the pardon he needed.

When Carson City's T-Car Speedway had rock concerts in the mid-'70s, Woerner booked many of the acts. "Lydia Pense, Bo Diddley, Dewey Martin of Buffalo Springfield—they knew me because I booked them into a bar somewhere in San Francisco when they started."

He's never been able to crack the big casino market, though. He laughs: "The acts I know are either too big or too small."

So he books groups into rock bars, small casinos, the Fallon Naval Air Station, conventions, "and don't forget Christmas parties—those are the fattest jobs in town."

In a word, Woerner hustles. "If they want Willie Nelson, I tell 'em, 'I'm sorry Willie's booked, but I just happen to have this other group '"

Guy Richardson is a columnist and reporter for the Reno Gazette-Journal.

HIP-POCKET AGENT BOB WOERNER WORKS OUT OF HIS CAR, HIS HOME, HIS HEAD.

Photos: Kurt Molnar

Nothing but the best for less.

If you want to have the best time of your life in Elko there's only one place worth staying. The Red Lion Inn & Casino. Nowhere else will you find a top quality hotel with these kind of special prices.

Dollar Stretcher Package

$23*

- One Night's Luxury Accommodations
- One Dollar Off Breakfast per person
- $3.00 in Slot Money
- Fun Pak with Gaming, Drink and Gift Shop Coupons, per person

Gold Fever Package

$59*

- Two Nights' Luxury Accommodations
- Prime Rib Dinner for Two
- Breakfast for Two for Two Days
- $10.00 in Gaming Chips Per Person
- Fun Pak with Gaming, Drink and Gift Shop Coupons

We'll pamper you with gourmet dining in our award winning restaurant. Or give you the convenience of our 24-hour coffee shop. And after dark, we light up the night with electrifying live shows.

Plus there's the added excitement of Mega Buck Slots, Craps, Roulette, Blackjack, Keno and Texas Hold 'em Poker.

So when it comes time to decide—remember who gives you the best for less.

RED LION INN AND CASINO

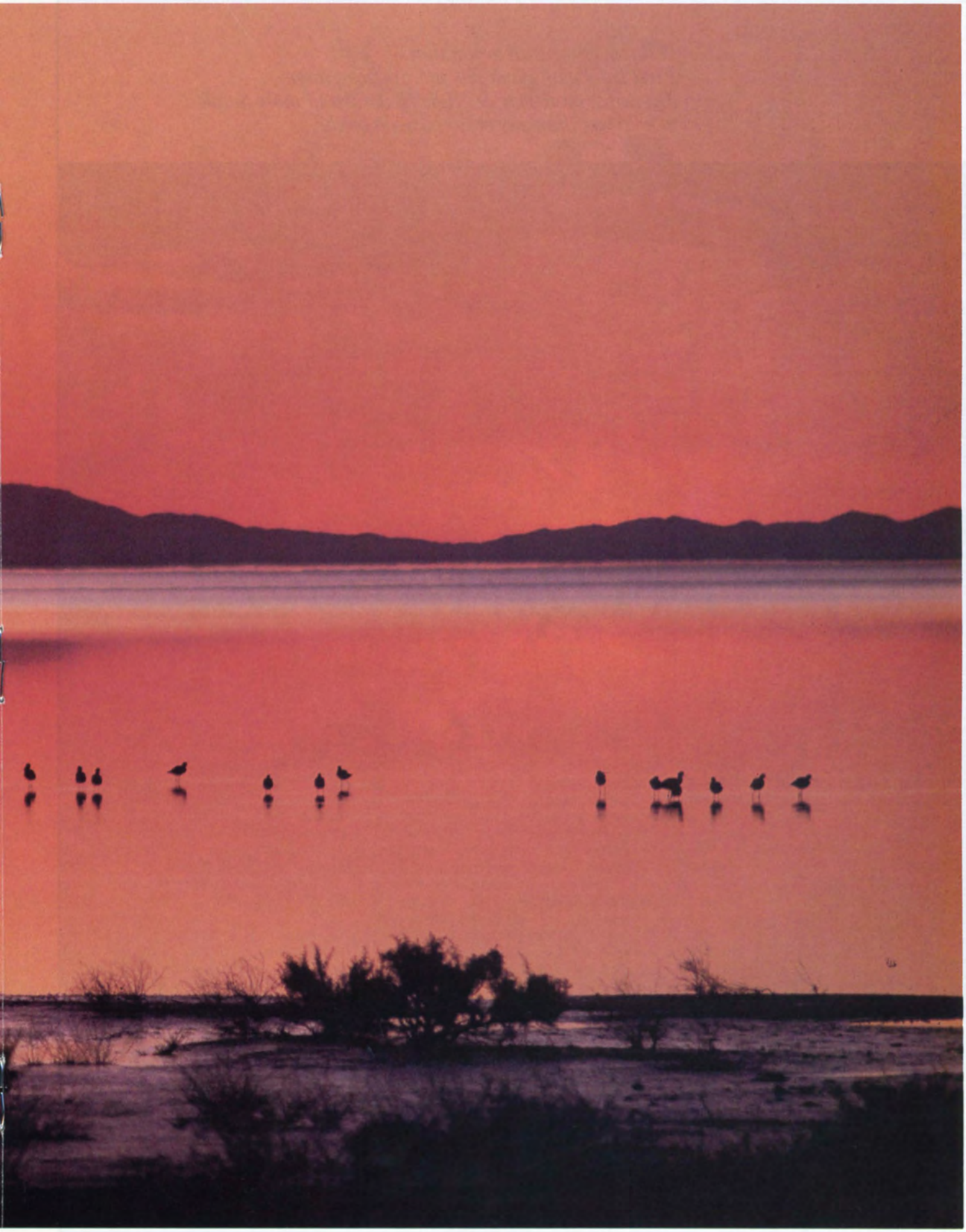
738-2111

*Per Person, Double Occupancy, Plus Tax. Sunday through Thursday. Weekend rates slightly higher. 2065 Idaho Street, Elko, Nevada 89801 (702) 738-2111

GALLERY

As the sun rests on the horizon, it softens the colors of the Black Rock Desert in Northwestern Nevada, turning white and brown into red and orange. Pioneers knew this place as a terrible, waterless stretch to be endured before reaching California. But here, as the evening cools, the desert welcomes travelers like the long-billed dowitchers that congregate on a rare patch of water and voice their approval with sharp, shrill *keeks*.

This scene was captured by the late photographer Richard Rowan. A Monterey, California resident and frequent *Nevada* contributor, Rowan was an avid traveler himself and visited all corners of the Silver State with his camera.



What does it mean to you that First Interstate Bank has more offices, more drive-ups, more Day & Night Tellers® and more people to help you than any other Nevada bank?

It means you'll have more time for more important things.

Member FDIC

First Interstate Bank
Nobody makes banking easier.

AS OTHERS SEE US

Even in Paris or Rome, all roads lead to Fernley

By Karen Jaehne

For the last 20 years, I have been "from" Nevada. I set out looking for fame and fortune, globe-trotting and harbor-hopping, only to find out what I'd always been—a sagebrush revolutionary. That particular identity would not make sense to anybody not "from" Nevada, but it came about because every time a stranger asked where I was from, their reaction helped me to figure out just what a Nevadan was.

Everyone I have met—Turks, Greeks, Germans, Swedes, Fins, North Koreans, Argentinians, even Iranians—invariably repeats, "Nevada?" A friend of mine from the Baltic makes a similar complaint; he's Estonian. Perhaps being from such places in the heart helps us better to see ourselves, as others see us.

My first glimpse in that mirror took place when I left Fernley for college in Utah, where my fellow students equated Nevada with iniquity. Away from Utah's puritanism I continued my liberal arts studies in Salzburg, Austria, where at least the town had a casino. It was, however, the kind of casino you see only in movies, with glamorously coifed women and men with discreet watches and black ties.

Curious, I went to the club one evening with Austrian friends. In the casino a man patronizingly fingered a chain around my neck and asked if it was genuine gold. That someone from Austria—the country, as the joke goes, that has convinced the rest of the world that Beethoven was from Vienna and Hitler from Germany—should ask such a question amused me because I had begun to consider it the land of politics topped with whipped cream.

"No," I answered with a poker face, "I can't register this gold chain, but not because it's not authentic. It was taken illegally out of my grandfather's mines." Knowing he would repeat this, I vowed to tell yet another, taller tale the next time. "No, my mother won this in a poker game, just before she lost the ranch."

This kind of invention had a risky air of dancehall daring, but it seemed an appropriate response to the kind of hauteur that inspired questions about my origins. I had already had a fair experience in dealing with disdain. Having been raised in Fernley, and secretly proud of it, I got used to feeling inferior to Reno High cheerleaders at an early age, to 4-H campers from Fallon and Sparks, to Girls Staters from Carson City, and to Junior Miss contestants from Las Vegas. But once over the state line, Fernley is no different from Nevada's bigger towns, a leveling principle I came to enjoy.

In the early '70s I found myself working as a museum and travel guide. I spent a lot of time in Greece, traveling through the countryside and visiting the islands of Crete and Corfu. After a few evenings of hanging around the old marble casino that the British built on Corfu, someone asked me where I was from. "Nevada," I answered distinctly. People gathered around suddenly, dragging their chairs across the outdoor cafe.

"Do you know Nick the Greek?" was asked in dozens of different ways, and being Greeks, they were not going to accept my denial. Another time, in the southern part of the Peloponnese, which is about as far-flung as Owyhee, an old sailor responded, "Nevada?" and rushed off to write a letter to his relatives, named Pappas, in the Reno area. He had no address, but he was sure I could find them. By the time I got back from my own Odyssey, there were too many Pappases in the phone book to even begin calling. And what

Illustration: John Bardwell

would I say? That I was from Greece via Fernley?

In my wanderings I remember one sight that sent me into a dubious nostalgia. In the red-light district of Amsterdam, where the tourists swarm to see the girls bulging out of their fastidious little Dutch doors, I looked through a window and saw a bumper sticker for that I-80 landmark, the Mustang Ranch.

I've found that Italians are hard to throw off when you say you're "from" Nevada, which may have something to do with how many sons and daughters of Italia live in the Silver State. One time in San Remo at a casino (I have visited them everywhere as part of my research) a cashier looked at my passport, smiled knowingly and said, "Reno!" with a wink, "Better than Las Vegas, heh? No ta-ta-ta-ta-ta," imitating the sound of a machine gun. He probably knew something I didn't, or perhaps he had just seen *The Godfather*

Over dinner with some Italian friends near Rome, when I said, "I'm from Nevada," my kind hostess quickly put in, "But you are not associated with the mafia, I'm sure." The way she suddenly began clearing away the salad plates left me doubting just how sure she was.

'I developed a fondness for the interior of Spain, which looks deceptively like Nevada.'

It was in Sicily where my roots sprouted the best results. In the Villa Igeia, a hotel in Palermo, the hotelier was going through the motions of registration with the deft gestures of a croupier when he smiled across the counter, apologizing in French that no gaming was allowed in the hotel.

I have a number of friends in Paris, most of them involved in the film industry. They are far too sophisticated to take notice of exactly where in America one is born since they are trying to be tolerant of one's failure to speak unaccented French. But I could keep conversations rolling by explaining the discrepancies in *Bonanza*—such as the quick horse rides between the Ponderosa and Virginia City—and speaking of Mark Twain's time in Nevada. That had the true ring of wilder-than-thou West, and the French ate it up.

The only remarkable reaction came from an old Frenchwoman who tended house and watched television avidly. She asked politely where I had been born, and at the mention of Nevada, her eyes twinkled and she said in clear English, "Kiss. Kiss. Bang. Bang." And those were her last words to me for three days.

A quite different reaction came out in Yugoslavia, where I found myself for 10 days on the Istrian Peninsula. In a mountain-village cafe advertising roast suckling pig on handwritten, misspelled signs, I sat with a family under a spreading chestnut tree drinking wine and talking in elbow-to-fingertip Italian and German and English. Nothing was too coherent until the name Nevada came up. "Tonopah!" they declared, eyes aglow. Then came a rush of what I think was Serbian or Croatian telling me, to judge from the tone, that I had just announced the whereabouts of Paradise.

For an unrealistic picture of Nevada, the Germans can't be beat. It's a tradition begun by Karl May, a German who wrote

Illustration: John Bardwell

Western novels even though he never crossed the Atlantic. His tales are read by every German schoolboy.

I once worked for a German filmmaker named Roland Klick who had made what we call a blintz Western—related loosely to Italy's spaghetti Westerns—on the shore of the Red Sea. He said he wanted me to script a desert love story along the lines of "boy meets cactus-of-a-girl." I drove this Bonnie-and-Clyde pair straight from Reno to Tonopah, intending them to end up in Goldfield, where I envisioned a lonely Antonioni-style emptiness in their ghost town love affair. Ah, but the German filmmaker wanted an interlude on an Indian reservation complete with chief in feathery headdress. Then I found out the German thought Robet Raughn, central casting's traditional bad guy, would make a good Indian chief. My Nevada Indian friends would not have approved. I cashed in and climbed out, humming, "Know when to fold 'em."

Berliners, however, had a slightly different take on Nevada. To them, Nevada meant Las Vegas, Reno, the best cabarets. Most good cabaret acts in Berlin aim to play

'In Yugoslavia, I sat with
a family drinking
wine and talking
in elbow-to-fingertip Italian
and German and English.
Nothing was too
coherent until the name
Nevada came up.
"Tonopah!" they declared,
eyes aglow'

the Strip someday. They appreciate the clang of names like Frank Sinatra, Liza Minnelli, Barbra Streisand, Johnny Carson. They understand people who gamble, these Berliners who gamble with life more than mere marks.

My origins were useful to the Berliners when Pia Zadora and her husband, Meshulam Riklis, owner of the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas, visited the divided city to launch her film career. Since I was from Nevada, I was asked to moderate Miss Z's press conference. I went to the back of the room, where Mr. Riklis was keeping a very low profile as Mr. Zadora, to shake his hand and align myself with him as a Nevadan. He brightened slightly at the sound of Nevada but asked warily "What are you doing in Berlin?" I told him I had lived there for about six years and it was a good place to be an American, if one lived in Europe. He shot me a look of disbelief and asked how many Americans were in the city. I guessed

6,000 including the Occupation Forces. He declared, "Not enough."

Incidentally, in defense of Pia Zadora, she was the best-humored and most professional person I have ever seen face a firing squad of critics. After a Swiss journalist denounced all that she represented, she delivered what I have since cited as a "Nevada defense." She explained very politely that she lived in the American West because she liked the democracy and opportunity it afforded. Furthermore, she was in no way ashamed of her husband's bankrolling her career. She did not consider it a gamble. She considered it an investment, and that, she told the Swiss, was the difference between the old West and the new.

During those years I developed a fondness for Spain—not for the Spanish coast where outsiders cluttered up the landscape, but rather the interior of the country, which looks deceptively like Nevada. Also, they pronounced "Nee-vah-dah" so elegantly. The best thing, however, about being from Nevada to a Spaniard was the idea that we were almost once part of the Spanish realm.

Because of an incident in 1973, Virginia City will forever remind me of Turkey. Lost in Istanbul, a few friends and I found ourselves in the ancient, uneven, filthy streets of a fierce people, where little boys fingered stones as if they were waiting for us to try to stake our claim. Among these silent, hostile

> 'I said I hadn't known that my state had such great salt flats. He admitted with equal charm that he hadn't known people were actually born in Nevada.'

folk we wound our way for most of an hour through the streets toward the Bosphoros. All the way I was reminded of a procession through Virginia City one cold night in 1965, after the Fernley basketball team had won on Virginia City's own court. We were virtually escorted out of town by disgruntled Mucker fans, reflecting our schools' fierce rivalry in those days.

My friends noticed my smile, and at the ferry one of them challenged my sanity. I started to explain, "It reminded me of something that once happened in Nevada," but their eyes ballooned. "You had to be there," I offered helplessly, hoping the Nevada Commission on Tourism never found out about my betrayal.

I seldom met anybody with more than one concept of Nevada. Gambling, night-

clubs, the mafia, the desert, mountain lakes, the wild West—they were not thought of in one gulp. At an exclusive club in Monte Carlo, I ran into a race-car driver who adored Nevada for its salt flats. I tried to put some charm into my admission that I hadn't known until then that my state had such great salt flats. He admitted with equal charm that he had not known until that moment that people were actually born in Nevada.

It was at the biggest crap shoot of them all—the Cannes Film Festival—that I finally met someone with a reasonable knowledge of where Nevada was, who lived there, and what the tax breaks were. He had cashed in his real estate chips for movie-mogul tokens and found himself

wishing he had spent the four mill he anticipated losing on a clunker of a movie in several Nevada sand dunes. I commiserated, recounting my father's real estate and development (ad)ventures. He listened politely for a while, and then I heard for the first time the immortal words, "What is a nice Nevada girl like you doing in a place like this?"

It was a rhetorical question, presumably. I associated it with a rhetorical question from a movie recently made in and about Nevada. In *Desert Hearts*, set in the glitzy dust of a '50s dude ranch for weepin' wives fixin' to untie the knot, the old gal who tends the divorcees-to-be is asked by a New Yorker, "What do you do about the heat?"

"Lotsa ice tea and no deep thinkin' " she says, summing up a lot of things I love about Nevada.

I, too, had a husband for a while, a man who claimed to be a diplomat from Massachusetts. In his rationalizing swamps, he would spout such things as "You come from a part of the country with no roots, whereas I identify with the full force of the revolution and founding of our nation." My reminders of the once-noisy Sagebrush Rebellion left him unimpressed. He pronounced Nevadans' revolutionary style "atavistic" and proceeded to explicate—and this, on the predictable eve of our divorce—"You see, the difference between us, Karen, is that I have a tragic sense of life, whereas you have a comic."

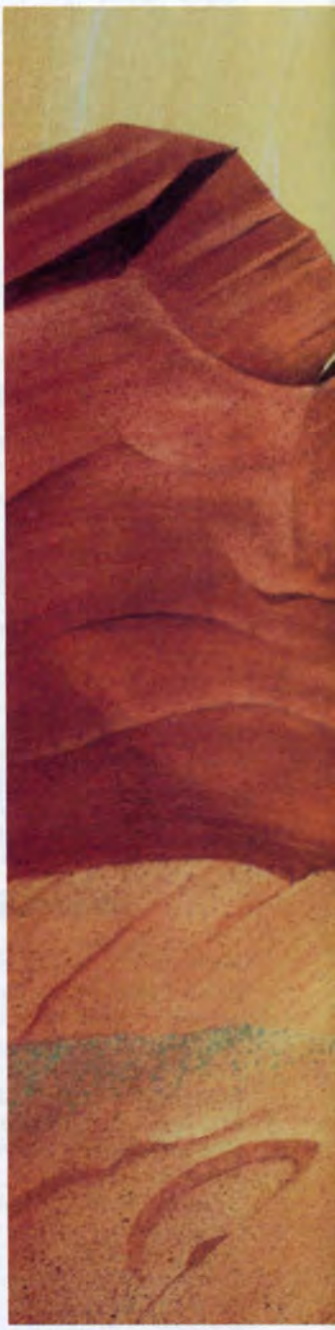
If comedy is about renewing hope, then Nevada is a funny place, because what people haven't recognized is that Nevada is a place for starting over, for trading in a bad risk for a good or at least a better one. I was reminded of that by a joke I heard not long ago, based, I believe, on a poem by Walter Van Tilburg Clark.

We all know it took God six days to create the world—flowers, trees, rivers, and lots of lush, grassy knolls. Well, on the seventh day, when He decided to take a rest, He had a large area left over called Nevada. So He decided to create people who liked it that way. That's us. That's why so few of us are "from" Nevada.

Karen Jaehne, who now lives in New York City, works for a specialty film distributor and writes for the film magazine Cineaste *among other publications. Although she insists, "There's got to be more to life than a boarding pass," she says she is continuing the film festival circuit and the search for somebody, somewhere, whose eyebrows won't elevate over the fact that she's from Fernley, Nevada.*

Illustration: John Bardwell

"Echoes in Sandstone"
GOUACHE, 21x29"
"I was overwhelmed by Valley of Fire. I had a fantastic time climbing in and out of the rocks and cliffs."



RUTH HILTS

For Nevada colors, she goes right to the source.

Ruth Hilts is an artist who likes to get her hands dirty. Over the past 10 years she has been gathering Nevada soils and minerals and making paints out of them. The resulting artwork in her Nevada Earth Colors series is boldly and beautifully colorful.

The series includes seven paintings of the Valley of Fire, the red-rock country northeast of Las Vegas, and others depicting desert places north of Reno. Two of the Southern Nevada scenes are shown on these pages.

Hilts, who calls her style "a dialogue between reality and abstraction," works in acrylics, oils, and watercolors as well as other mediums. She developed her earth-paints in part to make a point. "As a Reno native I have little patience with folks who see our high-desert country as colorless," she says.

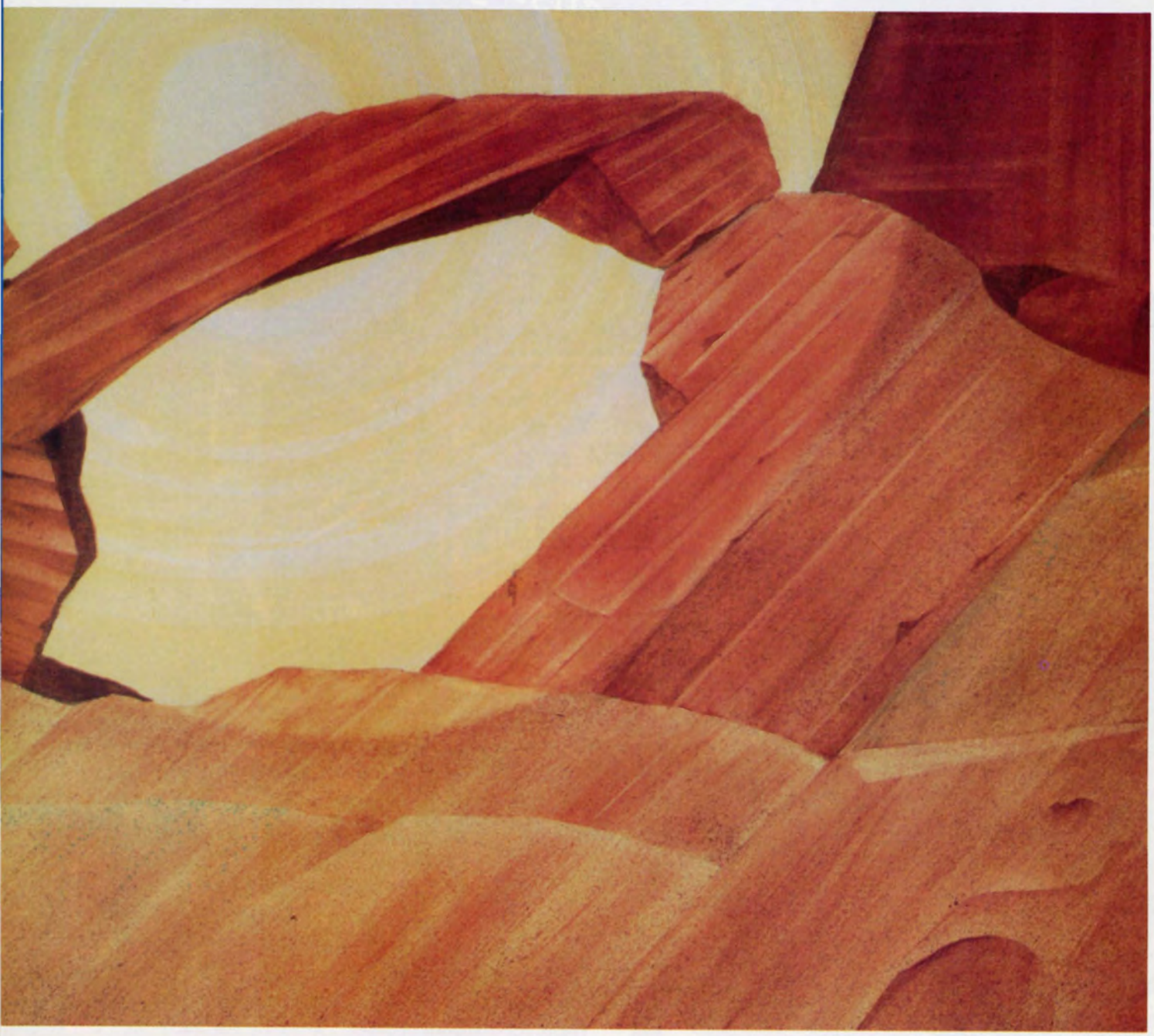
Hilts hand-ground most of the earth colors with a mortar and pestle and filtered them through a handkerchief. She then made them into a kind of gouache, or opaque watercolor, and learned how to apply it. "What was new for me was adopting a different style of painting with this deliberately crude paint, focusing on the colors and textures of the desert rock surfaces."

Hilts, who studied with longtime art professor Craig Sheppard at the University of Nevada-Reno, says, "I have climbed all over such rocky parts of Nevada, loved the experience, and have found this way of sharing it with others."

Her Nevada Earth Colors series will be shown at the Sierra Nevada Museum of Art in Reno through January 8. Other works by Hilts are shown at the Native Nevadan Gallery at Frame-Up and at the Artists Co-op Gallery, both in Reno. —*Julie Quinn*

Self portrait: "In the Eye of the Beholder"

"Primitive people the world over have gone to the earth for their colors—to paint their pots, their dwellings, themselves."



"Red Arch, Dawn"

GOUACHE, 21x29"

"I saw this in late afternoon and imagined what it would look like at dawn."

McCarran 2000

The talk of the aviation industry

We Made It Bigger and Better, As Promised

McCarran International Airport, in Las Vegas, Nevada, is publicly owned and operated by the Clark County Department of Aviation under the authority and direction of the Board of County Commissioners.

McCarran 2000

ELKO'S POET LARIAT

Cowboy poet Waddie Mitchell is a sagebrush celebrity and occasional star on the Carson show, but at heart he's just a versified balladeer.

By Lora Paoli Minter

The lanky storyteller waited patiently behind the stage curtain while the brassy theme music of *The Tonight Show* rang in his ears. Occasionally the waxed tips of his eight-inch handlebar mustache trembled slightly In two minutes Waddie Mitchell would stride before the television cameras armed with just his pride and his knowledge of his craft.

Had it only been that morning that Johnny Carson's people had fast-talked him into appearing? Mitchell hadn't wanted to come; he was tired, had a touch of the flu, and was behind in his ranch work. He didn't own a TV set and had heard of *The Tonight Show* only in passing.

But Carson's people had not been interested in the other Nevada cowboy poets he suggested. For some reason—he couldn't fathom what it was—they wanted him. They had even offered to send a plane to Elko (he took a commercial flight instead) to hustle him to Burbank.

Standing with fellow cowboy poet Nyle Henderson of Colorado, Mitchell heard their names announced. When he walked on stage, he noticed that there really weren't that many people in the audience. He took a breath and began a humorous poem about life on the range. The audience became so absorbed in his tale that there was no need to flash the "Applause" sign.

Carson never did get to his next guest that evening. Mitchell and Henderson, cowboys and poets, entranced both audience and host. The other guest sat forgotten offstage.

At 5:30 a.m. the next day Waddie Mitchell was back on the 8,600-acre ranch he calls home, both he and his tractor mired in several inches of Nevada mud and snow Hungry cattle were bawling for the hay stacked high on the wagon that was sinking slowly into the ooze.

The poet had told of dreams. The cowboy was knee-deep in reality

Cowboy poetry is experiencing a bit of a renaissance. The Cowboy Poetry Gathering in Elko drew poets from throughout the West in 1985, its first year In 1986, the cowboys were joined by national and international writers and TV crews. The 1987 event was even bigger, and the fourth annual on January 28-30 should draw the largest crowds yet.

"We've got people comin' out of the woodwork from all corners of the country They've been carrying on the tradition," Waddie Mitchell says, "and here we thought there were very few of us left."

Mitchell, who lives 33 miles south of Elko in Jiggs, devotes a great deal of time to help organize the event. "I spend most of my time trying to keep it authentic," he says. "We don't want it Hollywood-ized."

It was on his family's ranch near Sherman Creek in Elko County that an ancient cowhand introduced

Photo: Richard Rowan

the young Mitchell to "recitin' "

"There was this old fella called Kicky that had a piece of poem for everything that come along in the day," Mitchell says. "He'd hardly ever recite a whole poem but just give ya a line or two that seemed to fit the situation. They called him Kicky 'cause he was always kicking at something or another, ya know, complainin' "

Mitchell remembers one winter evening when the cowhands were hunkered around the potbelly stove in the bunkhouse. Kicky had just finished entertaining the crew with a sad, beautiful story, and the 12-year-old Waddie turned away to shield his tear-streaked face from the hardened men that crowded the room. As he ducked his head in shame, he noticed that everyone else in the room was choked up, too.

"That poem really touched me," Mitchell says. "I pestered old Kicky for days, asking him to put that poem on paper." The persistent kid finally wore the old storyteller down, striking an agreement that if Kicky would just recite the story one more time, Waddie would do the writing.

"He started tellin' it, and I was such a slow writer he got ahead a me before I'd got two lines written," Mitchell says, recalling the teacher's frustration at the slow scribblings of the intent pupil. Kicky finally gave up in despair, unable to tolerate the constant repetitions and told the boy they'd finish up later.

"We never did get back to it, and old Kicky died. I was really sad that I didn't get that poem," Mitchell says, his voice softening. In the 24 years that followed, he has not heard Kicky's story again.

Prompted by his experience with Kicky Mitchell began composing his own verse and actively seeking out the stories of others. If he liked a poem, he'd work hard at memorizing it for his own repertoire.

"I'd trade 'em or pay 'em or do anything I could to get those poems," he says. "They were hard to come by. There aren't many written down."

Mitchell says he cared so much about cowboy poetry's oral tradition that for a number of years he refused to write down his poems for publication. He says, "Hopefully it won't ever lose its identity as an oral tradition. That's the way it was given to me, and that's the way I hope to pass it on."

He has softened his stance on that issue somewhat, saying he realizes that someone could read a book, learn a poem, and then pass it on orally. He himself has memorized about 85 poems, "enough to do a four-hour show and not worry about using stuff over," he says.

In fact, Mitchell has been a guest on the Carson show three times. He also has appeared in a video, recorded some of his verse on cassette, and has seen published a book of his Christmas poems. (Poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti was among the guests at the book signing at City Lights Bookstore in San Francisco.) Still, he's a purist at heart.

"I have a real hard time thinkin' TV or any kind of media is as good as the one-on-one, the human element in storytelling."

Mitchell's "human element" is apparent when he appears before a crowd, whether it be grade school children, a high school reunion class, or university professors. His eyes sparkle, the thick eyebrows furrow, the hands gesture, the voice slides around carefully chosen words as he builds to a crescendo.

"I think I get my biggest thrill if I can take a common moment, something that might just be in a conversation and touches you for that fleeting second, and put it down and have it thought out to where it can touch the funny bone or the heart," he says. "That gives me a lot of satisfaction."

For a majority of his 37 years, Waddie Mitchell has lived and worked on ranches around Elko, roping, riding herd, branding, tending cattle—cowboying. He says he has never considered any other profession. A verse from one of his poems sums it up:

"Not so awful long ago,
Afore I married Toot
An' settled down an' had some kids,
I wore a fancy boot.
An' rode with the big outfits
That pulled the wagon out,
An' roping' cows an' ridin' broncs
Was all I cared about."

He and his wife Toot, whose real name is Carol, have five kids now: Chaz, 11; Sage, 9, the lone daughter; Cy, 7; Seth, 4; and Shade, 2. Mitchell admits that providing for his family has required him to get off his horse and climb behind a desk as a ranch manager. For the time being, the endless hours on horseback have ended for this cowboy.

Actually Mitchell says he prefers the term "buckaroo" to "cowboy." The former word dates back to the Spanish vaqueros who rode the West in land-grant days. "'Buckaroo' is an Americanization of the Spanish word," he explains, drawing out each syllable. "Vaquero, buckera, buckaroo."

What attracts a person to the buckaroo life? It certainly isn't the money; cowboys just don't make that much. And there are often long days upon end, the man alone with his horse and cows, maybe a few partners to break the monotony.

In Mitchell's words, a cowboy is a special breed:

"He'd have to own a few necessities,
Like a saddle that costs
at least two month's pay,
A bridle, a bedroll, a slicker some chaps,
Some spurs an' a mouth harp to play.
He'd have to accept varied menus,
Like biscuits an' beans an' meat,
Or meat an' beans an' biscuits
With coffee throw'd in for a treat.
Now you'd think with this list
of requirements
That the job would've been hard to fill,

'I couldn't see recitin' in China. I have a hard enough time tellin' Californians a lot of cowboy poems because of the jargon we use.'

But the human race now an' then
breeds a throwback,
And for some reason these men fit the bill."

Even though some cowboys are caught up in their own romantic ideals, they are very aware of the realities of the cow camp, Mitchell says.

"I suppose some things that draw us are the heritage, the fleeting moments of terror sandwiched between the long, dull months of hard work, the pride we take in our work, the honesty—we're basically a real honest bunch of fellas."

Not many of the cowboys he knew 20 years ago are still cowboying, he says. The work is hard, and, he adds, there aren't many women willing to put up with a life far away from town. A few years ago Waddie, Toot, and the kids lived on an isolated ranch near the Idaho border, a 180-mile drive from Elko and 35 miles from the nearest paved road. They had no electricity or telephone. They came to town only four or five times a year.

"We lived a quiet, good life there," he sighs. "I'd *gladly* go back to that."

More than anything, the sudden media attention has interrupted his quiet. His phone, for instance, rings almost constantly. "I really enjoy recitin', but back then I didn't have everybody in the country callin' me to come and do this or that. You know, they asked me to go to China," he exclaims. "China! Now, I know this sounds terrible, but I didn't even want to go to China. I couldn't see that they'd even understand me. I have a hard enough time tellin' people in California a lot of cowboy poems because of the lingo and jargon we use. And, to be honest with ya, I thought to myself, I can't leave the ranch that long. I just couldn't do it."

Mitchell's public storytelling blossomed in the early 1980s when Elko art patron Sarah Campsey began recording and interviewing Northern Nevada rodeo cowboys about their daily lives. She organized a folk festival and included Mitchell on the roster of performers.

The next thing Mitchell knew he was invited to the University of Nevada-Reno for a storytelling festival. From there he traveled to a gathering put on by the National Association of the Preservation and Perpetuation of Storytelling (NAPPS), and

things began to snowball.

"Sometimes I've had people come up to me and say, 'I never thought I'd like poetry at all, but I really like your stuff. Is all cowboy poetry like that?'" Mitchell says. He replies that it's "all in the tellin'" and each cowboy poet has his or her own approach.

"When I read Robert Frost and other great poets, I can see where a really good poet might have some problems listening to what we call poetry," he says. "I like to call it cowboy verse myself.

"I'm more a balladeer, a versified balladeer," he adds.

Mitchell says he hated poetry in high school. "I'm sure there's more than one English teacher from Elko High School that dropped their teeth when they heard I'd won the Governor's Award for Literature," he grins.

"There's dry wit, happiness, and wonderful humor in cowboy verse—somethin' that we all kinda miss at times," he says.

The humor and hardships, the low price of cattle, a favorite dog or horse are all part of cowboy poetry. But what if the cowboy should disappear? Just what is the future for cowboys?

"I wish I could tell ya," Mitchell says with a sigh. "Maybe then I wouldn't worry so much about trying to get a book written or turning down a job to go do a film or something."

Waddie Mitchell is a man faced with a decision.

A cowboy who treasures life on a ranch 180 miles from nowhere, he has been sought out by agents, talk-show hosts, book publishers, a Hollywood film producer, and network TV He yearns for solitude.

At the same time he recognizes that the sudden attention he has received will help preserve the art form he loves. That attention also could bring his family enough money to enjoy what many people take for granted—a vacation now and then, and regular visits to the dentist for the children.

"Something I'd love to see this storytellin' get me into," he says, "is to make enough money to where I can go broke on my own place instead of helpin' somebody else go broke on theirs."

The oral tradition or the written word? Solitude or celebrity? Good luck, buckaroo. Choose wisely.

Lora Paoli Minter of Reno is an Elko native. A former newspaper reporter, she is a publications writer at UNR's College of Agriculture.

POETRY IN ELKO

Waddie Mitchell and other rhymers of the range will present their poems at the Cowboy Poetry Gathering in Elko on January 28-30. The get-together, based at the convention center, includes an art show, dances, and the premiere of a documentary film starring Mitchell and other poets. See *Nevada Events* for details.

THE BEST OLYMPICS EVER

Veterans of the Squaw Valley Games in 1960 recall how the snow fell, the sun shined, and brotherhood reigned.

By Robert Frohlich

When the Winter Olympics open in Calgary on February 13, a few spectators and television viewers might recall a similar but smaller spectacle that took place 28 years ago at Squaw Valley. At those 1960 Games, the opening ceremonies were directed by Walt Disney with a last-minute assist from Mother Nature, and they introduced a buoyant spirit that lasted throughout the two weeks of competition.

In fact, that spirit has lasted ever since for many of those who witnessed it firsthand, including Tahoe's close-knit community of '60 Olympic veterans. For them the Games at Squaw perhaps best represented the Olympic ideals of brotherhood and sportsmanship.

"The Squaw Valley Olympics are what I consider to be the last great Olympics," says Jimmie Heuga, who, although not a competitor in 1960, would go on to immortality and a bronze medal in the slalom at Innsbruck in 1964. "All the events except for the cross-country were within walking distance of each other, giving the Games an intimacy absent since. Those Olympics reminded you of what the Games were supposed to be about. The athletes were able to meet each other. You'd see Russian skaters walking with Italian speed skaters. Athletes were able to watch other events besides their own."

The scene was all the more remarkable because Squaw Valley 40 miles up the hill from Reno, had been an obscure mountain meadow only a few years before. In 1955, the year the International Olympic Committee voted to let Squaw host the VIIIth Winter Games, the young resort had one chair lift, a rope tow and a small lodge. Yet Squaw was chosen over such renowned sites as St. Moritz and Innsbruck because a group of Tahoe Basin residents believed such a miracle could happen.

One of those believers was Joseph Marillac, now a Squaw realtor. "In 1954 Alex Cushing came to me and said, 'I'm going to ask you a question, and you must answer it simply yes or no,'" recalls Marillac, who was head of Squaw's ski school at the time. "He asked me if I thought Squaw Valley could put on the Olympics. I answered yes because of the mountain, but no because of the facilities. That's all Cushing needed."

A silver-tongued promoter, Cushing enlisted California's governor and U.S. senators to his cause, and he got the Golden State's legislators to pass a bill that led to a $1-million guarantee for the Games. With evidence of financial backing and a hastily prepared brochure, Cushing sold the U.S. Olympic Committee. Next stop: the Paris meeting of the International Olympic Committee.

In Paris, Marillac played a crucial role in presenting Squaw's case to the 62 delegates. Well known as a war hero with the French Resistance and as a mountaineer, he used his contacts with the French government to win the support of the International Federation of Skiing (FIS) and then the IOC delegates.

"We traveled six weeks throughout Europe," Marillac recalls. "The hardest part was not convincing the delegates that we could build the necessary facilities—the Europeans believed strongly in American construction. To them Americans could build things quicker and better than anyone in the world. It was more if Squaw Valley had a mountain equal to the other great European resorts bidding for the Games."

Trusting Marillac's judgment, the FIS backed Squaw, and at the crucial meeting in Paris on June 18, 1955, the Tahoe resort won its bid, 32-30, over Innsbruck on the second ballot.

Construction at Squaw started the next year. An architect's survey stated that there would have to be sewage and flood control, access roads, an ice-skating rink, practice rinks, a ski-jump area, and at least three new lifts. On top of that, dormitories would have to be built. Total estimated cost: at least $8 million, a new Olympic record. There were money concerns, but the California Legislature and the federal government came up with the necessary backing, and construction proceeded as scheduled.

Oddly of all the problems involved, the biggest snafu didn't have to do with event sites.

"The biggest problem bugging us was parking," says Tim Sullivan, who was hired in 1957 as project manager and became the first on-site employee. "Our original plan was to have people park near the Prosser Lake interchange—10 miles from Squaw Valley—and bus in to Squaw. Eventually that idea was scrapped."

The solution? Ice.

"A Navy team of 18 servicemen from Antarctica was brought in to make a parking lot out of the meadow. They had a hell of a time doing it. They brought in sawdust by the ton and compacted it with ice. They did the entire meadow this way," says Sullivan, now a conservation district manager and Tahoe City resident.

"However, it was an off-winter, with few storms and little cold weather. All in all it was a good thing, because if it had snowed a lot, I'm sure we couldn't have finished a lot of the construction. As a result, the meadow turned into a lake three weeks before the start of the Olympics," he recalls. "I mean those Navy boys were out in the middle of their parking lot rowing around in boats. I'm sure some people got a few

Joseph Marillac in early Squaw days.

Photo: Joseph Marillac Collection

Walt Disney staged the opening ceremonies at Squaw's indoor and outdoor rinks with bands, pigeons, balloons, remarks by Vice President Richard Nixon, and a few formal moments (above). The open-ended Blyth Arena was the site of several dramatic hockey games.

gray hairs over that."

Luckily, temperatures dropped, and the ground set up after a series of small storms. "It was an amazing job. They put that parking lot in and took it out without damaging the meadow. One would never know you had more than 2,000 cars out there at one time."

Another problem concerned the bobsled competition, which eventually was scratched from the Games. The excuse given was that not enough countries could enter teams, but Sullivan confides that the weather and cost were simply too much. "We couldn't depend on consistent cold temperatures so we built concrete sections with freeze pipes near Red Dog," he recalls. "We just didn't have the money to continue it. We ended up tearing it out and burying this mass of concrete and rebar near the Hofbrau in a mass pit. Having no bobsled run really teed off some countries, but what could we do? We didn't even have enough money to paint the interior of the skating arena, which, I'm sure, would have helped preserve that roof," he adds, referring to collapse-demolition of Blyth Arena several years ago.

The Olympics started on time. To the committee members' relief, a series of storms hit the Sierra Nevada right before the Games, dumping a layer of snow that insured plenty of coverage for the alpine events. Soon, however, officials were concerned about the overcast, snowy weather. They worried right up to the first day.

"The opening ceremony was one of the most mystical things I've ever witnessed," Squaw resident John Mortizia says with a laugh. Mortizia was working that day on course preparation with Willie Shaeffler, the director of alpine events.

"We were up on KT in an old Oliver cat trying to keep up with the snowfall when we decided to drive down and catch the opening ceremonies," Mortizia says. "Just as we got down to Blyth, they had Andrea Mead, a past gold medalist, ski down with the torch off of Red Dog into the arena where all the athletes were. It was the only time I think that the bleachers were ever opened up.

"Right then the clouds came back, the sun came through, the balloons and pigeons went up, and from then on there was great weather. Right after the Games the weather came back down on us. Uncanny, I'd say."

The good omen served to open a spectacular ceremony directed by Walt Disney, who had gathered hundreds of musicians and singers from 52 California and Nevada high schools. President Eisenhower couldn't make it, so the Games were declared open by Vice President Richard Nixon.

The Olympics that year had 27 events and 700 athletes. A daily ticket cost $7.50 and allowed the spectator to see at least five major events. It also was the first time the Games were televised daily. CBS paid $50,000 (compared to ABC's $100 million-plus for Calgary) for broadcasting rights. Walter Cronkite was the emcee.

New events that year included women's

Photo: Paul Sullivan Collection

speed skating and the biathlon. In another innovation, scoring and other information was computed electronically and printed on scoreboards.

The Japanese ski-jumping team competed for the first time, and its members became favorites with the crowd because of their revolutionary jumping technique. While other jumpers kept their arms outstretched for balance, the Japanese kept their arms to their sides for better aerodynamics. Meanwhile, Jean Vuarnet of France was the first Olympic gold medalist to use metal skis and no ski wax as he won the downhill.

The United States went on to win three gold, four silver, and two bronze medals. The American medalists included speed skaters Bill Disney and Jeanne Ashworth, figure skaters Carol Heiss, Barbara Ann Roles, and David Jenkins, and skiers Betsy Snite and Penny Pitou. Earlier Pitou, who won the silver in both the downhill and giant slalom with aggressive runs, had given reporters a candid view of her goals at Squaw: "If someone asked me if I wanted a 300 SL Mercedes or a six-year college scholarship, I wouldn't want either. The Olympics are the only thing I want."

While the gold eluded Pitou, a team of young American hockey players was stealing hearts as it skated to one dramatic victory after another.

Before the Games the U.S. hockey squad hardly seemed a team of destiny as it lost to the University of Denver and Michigan Tech in pre-Olympic play. However, at Squaw Valley the Americans solidly defeated Sweden and West Germany before facing a favored Canadian team. The Americans won 2-1 as goalie Jack McCartan turned back a barrage of 20 shots in the second period, making 38 saves in all.

They met the defending champion Soviet team two days later in a stirring contest much like the one played at Lake Placid 20 years later. Watched by the spectators jamming Blyth Arena and a national TV audience, the Americans were down 2-1 but came back to tie the game. Then, with five minutes to play, the U.S. scored. McCartan protected the goal, and for the first time the U.S. had beaten the Soviets at hockey.

"The hockey arena was supposed to hold 6,800 people, but that night there must have been 8,000," Sullivan recalls. "It was absolute pandemonium. The aisles were jammed."

The next morning, in the final game, the exhausted and tense U.S. team trailed Czechoslovakia after two periods, 4-3. During the final break, defenseman Nikolai Sologubov, the Soviet captain, visited the Americans' dressing room and advised them to take oxygen. A tank was found, and the revived Americans went on a rampage, scoring six goals to win 9-4 and secure the gold medal.

Besides remembering the outstanding competition, other veterans of the '60 Winter Games echo Jimmie Heuga's recollections of the open and friendly atmosphere.

'We caught this Spanish skier jumping naked out of the window of a room which housed four girls from Italy,' Sullivan recalls, 'and they still let him participate in his skiing events.'

Oswaldo Ancinas didn't speak English at the time, but he was one of several visiting athletes who decided to remain in Squaw Valley after the Olympics. The skier from Argentina was competing in his second Olympics, having previously gone to Cortina, Italy in 1956; he would also race and coach at Innsbruck in 1964.

"One thing that continues to stick out in my mind was the contact and communication between the athletes," says Ancinas, who placed 14th overall in the three combined alpine skiing events. "At lunch and other meals we all shared the same tables. I remember how at lunch the Italian and French athletes always had wine. It was funny because all around them athletes from other countries had orange juice or milk, and here were these guys drinking wine. One day I approached one of them at lunch and asked if I could share a glass. Instead of a glass of wine the Italians presented me a whole case of chianti to give my Argentina comrades.

"Of course, that kind of gesture and feeling of friendship remains at the Olympics among athletes, and it will always be a part. I know because I was a delegate in Sarajevo in '84 for Argentina. However, Squaw Valley still stands out. I especially realized this when I went to the next Olympics in Innsbruck. There, our Olympic Village was surrounded by a high concrete wall with guards with guns and Alsatian dogs. At Squaw Valley there were no fences. One could come and go and it didn't feel as if you were confined or in a prison."

Ancinas, who lives in Squaw Valley and runs his ski shop Casa Andina, remains in contact with friends he met in 1960. "Some things you keep with you forever," he says. "There is even a friend I still see and have visit me from Iceland. It was at Squaw Valley where I met him."

Sullivan, who was the first on-site employee hired for the Games, served as head of security during the two weeks of events. He recalls how little security was at hand—and how little was really needed.

"I think, all in all, I had 300 security personnel," he says. "We had some treasury agents, about 100 sheriffs, less than a dozen military police, and reserve deputies who were for crowd control and directing traffic. We had no contingency plans either in case something happened.

"However, we had no problems, no defections. Athletes mingled freely with the crowds, especially the skiers on the hill. What was really special about those times were the interrelationships of the athletes and coaches extending to our staff and to the spectator. We had security to the Olympic Village and events, but only to verify tickets and credentials. The Russians came with their KGB, these huge guys in huge overcoats, but even they were low-key," he recalls.

"There was this one employee of ours, Ralph Bly who was a contractor by trade. It was his job to have his Michigan loader ready by the outside rinks in case of snow so as to clear it off immediately. Of course, it didn't snow at all during the Games, but he was out there nevertheless every day sitting on his loader. Pretty soon he became a favorite of the athletes, especially the hockey players and figure skaters. You could always find a group of them from different countries surrounding him up on his loader talking and joking. He had one first-class seat to a lot of events and also a lot of new friendships."

The tolerant Tahoe mood smiled on one Olympian who made some of the Games' fastest moves, although they were after hours. Sullivan, smiling, says it was "the worst thing that really happened" for security.

"We caught this Spanish skier jumping naked out of the window of a room which housed four girls from Italy. One of the chaperones had busted in on him and he'd thrown his clothes out first before following. The Olympic committee, unlike these days, still let him participate in his skiing events."

Today, with Olympic eyes trained on Calgary, there are not many immediate reminders of the '60 Games at giant, trend-setting Squaw Valley USA. The rings are there, but Blyth Arena was removed four years ago, and the ski jump lies dormant, its runoff a parking lot. The speed-skating oval and rinks are long gone. The torch tower and podium near Red Dog have been replaced by condominiums.

"We had something very special, and unfortunately we let it go," says Sullivan, who was chairman of a Squaw committee that bid for the 1976 Winter Games. "Right now, the South Shore Chamber of Commerce is trying to package the 1996 Olympics. I wish them luck.

"But it will be a far fling from the days when Pop Bechdolt would drive out from his Tahoe Inn to Squaw and watch all the construction. So many people at the time thought we would never pull it off. But Pop would come out with his folding chair, his hat, and watch the graders and construction for three years, cheerleading and being the best superintendent in the world. It was a wonderful piece of history." ☐

Robert Frohlich of Truckee skis Squaw as often as possible.

Using compacted snow, ice, and sawdust, a squad of Navy experts solved the Games' most pressing problem—parking.

The Tower of Nations, site of the Olympic flame, was a ceremonial focal point. Ski jumps can be seen in the background.

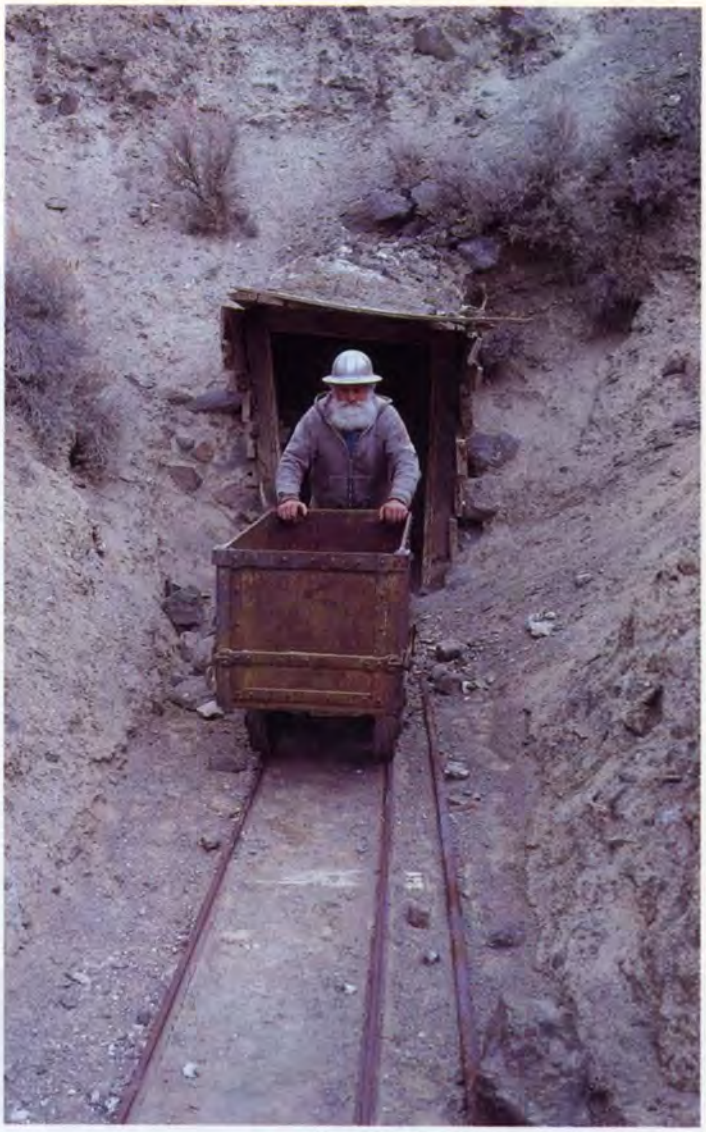
Competitors wing around the outdoor rink in the men's 10,000-meter speed skating event.

Photos: Paul Sullivan Collection

OLD TIME PROSPECTORS

Even in this age of high-tech, some of Nevada's richest mines have been discovered by prospectors using their picks and their wits.

By Suzanne Sobel



Prospector Lee Nelson working his mine.

If you've ever driven off the beaten path in Nevada, you might have seen a dusty pickup truck parked miles from nowhere. No one is around, and brown and sage-gray slopes are hazy in the distance.

Rest assured, there's a prospector in them thar hills.

Prospectors in the old days picked away at gold-speckled rocks, stuffed their sample bags, and, with fingers crossed, walked or rode horseback to an assayer's office. Sometimes they hit. In 1859 Peter O'Riley and Patrick McLaughlin made the initial discovery of the Comstock Lode in Virginia City. In 1900 rancher-prospector Jim Butler revived Nevada's mining industry singlehandedly with his Tonopah silver and gold find.

Today, exploration is a high-tech proposition for most mining companies, but prospectors in Nevada are alive and well and still seeking gold. That special breed of men and women are still finding mines—and big ones at that.

"It's downright embarrassing. We haven't come up with a better method than prospecting," says John Livermore, retired head of Cordex Exploration, which is based in Reno. "Almost all the mines found recently in this area have been found by doing surface geology."

Livermore knows prospecting firsthand. As a young geologist with Newmont Mining, he found the giant Carlin Gold Mine in Northeastern Nevada in 1960. Ten years later, longtime Nevada prospector G. W "Dee" DeLaMare discovered the Preble Mine northeast of Winnemucca. Another persistent mineral sleuth found the gold-rich Alligator Ridge Mine northwest of Ely in the 1970s. Bill and Ardith Anell are credited with the 1983 discovery of Paradise Peak, a fabulous silver-gold property near Gabbs.

> The prospector loves the solitude and the out-of-doors. He has tremendous curiosity

Although their accomplishments are similar, these prospectors differ from the old-timers in training and business sense. The grizzled, illiterate character of Western folklore is a rarity. Today's successful prospector might be a self-taught practical geologist or a mining engineer doing graduate work. He—or she—almost certainly will have a good geological and geochemical library. Sometimes the prospector works as a freelancer; often he is grubstaked by a mining company. In Jim Butler's day a grubstake consisted of grub, mules, and a shovel in exchange for 50 percent of the findings. Today's prospector might receive a salary and expenses and then later a finder's fee and a percentage of production profits. Although it's uncommon, a mine finder could end up a millionaire depending on factors such as the market price of gold. Few of the old-timers had a knack for business.

Photo: Linda Dufurrena

Still, the approach is the same. The prospector decides where to go and what to sample. He loves the solitude, the independence, and the out-of-doors. He has tremendous curiosity. If he's dog-tired at the end of a tough day and sees something interesting at the top of the next hill, he'll climb it. He loves the search and the dream of the rainbow's pot of gold.

As in the past, he shuns publicity. Few pictures of the successful modern prospector are available, and with good reason. Once he's known as a winner, there are innumerable less-talented hopefuls on his trail, sampling where he's sampling. "Caught this fellow in an old black Ford following me around," one prospector recalls. "I learned to stash my gear miles away from where I was looking. Covered it up so no one could spot it." It can be a cutthroat business.

Prospecting was easier in the old days. You put your pan in the stream just behind a boulder and shook it around, letting the sand and gravel wash over the edges and hoping a gold nugget would gleam up from the bottom. Desert prospecting was a bit harder. Old-timers used wind instead of water to separate gold from sand. Gravel was tossed in the air and caught in a blanket. The wind would blow away the sand, and the heavier gold would fall on the blanket.

Most of the gold found these days would float or blow away—you can't even see it. Microscopic bits of the metal are disseminated throughout the rocks and soil. Assays might show values measuring .01 ounces of gold per ton of ore, which is considered promising, but it's like finding a pin head in a tub of gravel.

To find this "invisible gold" a grubstaker uses his expertise when choosing a potential area. He has learned that jasperoid, a silicified rock usually colored a dull brownish-red, is a good indicator of the presence of gold. Perhaps the prospector has studied aerial photographs showing rock colorization. Sometimes he's interested in a reddish iron-stained hue of the hilltop. Or he notices a fault. He checks the outcrops. He looks at the "float" of boulders that have fallen from the slopes above, intending to climb to the source if the rocks show some abnormality. If there's an element of arsenic, antimony, mercury, barite, or flourite that he can identify he's encouraged.

Each day a prospector might take 40 samples, which will cost $10 to $15 each to assay. Few gold seekers can afford those rates—thus the need for financial backing, or a grubstake.

For instance, before he found the Preble, Dee DeLaMare studied the Carlin mine, where disseminated gold was first successfully mined (see *Nevada*, July/Aug '85). DeLaMare then searched for two years in the mountains northeast of Winnemucca for a similar deposit. He figured the rocks were similar to the silty limestone of the Carlin, and he stuck with it. The assaying

was expensive because the gold was invisible, so he was pleased when John Livermore and Pete Galli leased his claims and hired him as a Cordex prospector. More sampling was done on his own claims. He was particularly curious about the jasperoid's purplish tinge. Of 100 samples, only one showed gold, but DeLaMare convinced Livermore to bulldoze a shallow trench along one small ridge. Sure enough, they got 200 feet of mineralization. It sampled low-grade gold, but it was uniform, much like the Carlin.

Taken off its $35-an-ounce controlled price, gold was fluctuating around $400 an ounce by the late '70s. Finally low-grade ore was economical to mine. Production of the 1.8 million-ton ore deposit at the Preble Mine began in 1984. It wasn't a large find, but at the higher prices it was significant indeed.

Successful prospectors like DeLaMare are good students. For instance, DeLaMare is a master at seeing colors in the muddy-looking rock. A former mining engineer, he studies old maps and old mines, and he frequents the Nevada Bureau of Mines in Reno to look up old reports.

Increasingly prospectors also plan for their rewards. Joe Tingley of the Nevada Bureau of Mines says, "I know a prospector who was put on salary by a major company. He was to pay his own expenses and stake the claims in his own name. Then he would submit these claims to the company and would earn a percentage of producing mines. He was successful. Found a great mine."

Mining people are notorious for talking business over a couple of drinks. Geologists and engineers discuss how a company missed out on a good one due to twists of fate or wrong guesses.

Although he is well known to the mining community the discoverer of that "great mine," called Alligator Ridge, wishes anonymity. He is a man always interested in learning, learning, learning. After a full day in the field, he will study far into the night. Like other successful prospectors, he's always thinking, "Where next?"

His find at Alligator Ridge, located between Ely and Ruby Marsh, is one of the largest of the new discoveries. With initially estimated reserves of 5 million tons at 0.12 ounces of gold per ton, it produces 60,000 ounces of gold and 14,000 ounces of silver annually.

This find, like the Carlin, was aided by the use of USGS maps. The prospector figured it might be a good idea to go to the USGS office in Menlo Park, California, and study unpublished material on the Ruby Mountains. The maps showed interesting jasperoid outcroppings. He spent about 10 years, on and off, exploring the range unsuccessfully. American Selco, a large minerals operator, developed an interest in the area and hired the prospector to continue his sampling. In the spring of 1976 he noted an extended run of antimony arsenic, and silicious jasperoid—an anomaly to the knowledgeable prospector. That summer disseminated gold deposits were found.

Paradise Peak, the nation's seventh largest gold discovery in the last decade, was found by Bill and Ardith Anell. A trailer-camper is home for the Anells. They like having the mobility to go to whatever area strikes their fancy—New Mexico, Arizona, and other parts of Nevada. Neither has a mining degree; both are self-educated geologists.

The couple was under contract to Food Machinery Corporation at the time of the discovery. Bob Whittemore of FMC told the *Reno Gazette-Journal*, "I couldn't believe it was just sitting there." Reserves are estimated at more than 1 million ounces of gold and 30 million ounces of silver. The overall life of the mining project, about 10 years, should produce more than a half-billion dollars.

That the Anells were successful at Paradise Peak is ironic considering the area's prior activity. They were certainly not the first to see or sample the hill. There are old mercury workings at the base of the hill, and mercury is an indicator element. Many prospectors and geologists took up their picks and sampled the area. Rumor has it that one well-known company turned down an enthusiastic recommendation from one of its own geologists. The Anells themselves sampled three times before the assays looked favorable. Ironically the silver-gold deposit is as close as 50 feet to the old mercury cuts.

The mine began production in 1986 at a cost of about $100 million and employs more than 180 workers. It was a bonanza indeed for the little town of Gabbs, population 800, eight miles to the north.

Mining people are notorious for talking business over a couple of drinks. Ironies and gleeful accounts abound as geologists and engineers discuss how a company missed out on a good one due to twists of fate, or woefully wrong guesses, or sometimes plain stupidity. Much relished are the stories of the millions of dollars wasted by rich companies and the successful finds of the lowly prospector.

Because of the successes of Cordex, Amselco, and FMC, there is an unusual new development—mining companies are scrambling to grubstake their own full-time practical geologists.

Although a prospector like the late Fred Searls of Newmont may work his way up the corporate ladder to become president of a major mining company, the old spirit never dies. John Livermore remembers standing with Searls, who was then in frail health, looking over the busy workings of the Carlin. Searls was unusually quiet, squinting against the setting sun. Then with a bit of the old dander he said, "Like to find one more, John. Just one more."

Suzanne Sobel of Reno is a freelance writer

THE PROSPECTOR AS ARTIST

A prospector works in the field much like an artist does in a studio. "It's an art. It's all-consuming. It's an obsession to create, like a picture, like the Bach we're listening to," says Pete Galli, a successful prospector and head of Galli Exploration in Reno.

"You try to create a whole picture by reading Mother Nature's signals," he says, adding, "No, it's more visualizing the picture from her features, like outcrops, color, topography, vegetation, and an abrupt change in a drainage stream—all kinds of pieces to fit together."

The tools used to solve this giant puzzle go in a backpack and on a belt. They have to; the prospector often hikes 10 tough miles from sunrise to sunset.

The prospector's most important item is the Brunton compass, which he uses to pinpoint both sample sites and himself. He needs his pick to break up the rocks and sample bags to hold specimens. Each sample is logged in a sample book with its location, size, description, sketch, and bag number. A magnet, a hand lens, and a knife—all used to identify specific qualities of the rocks—are packed in worn leather cases. In a small plastic bottle he carries hydrochloric acid; a drop will fizz on limestone, thus identifying the rock. There also is a sweat-stained leather map holder with extra paper for large sketches and notes.

And there's a GI can opener and lunch. Weekend hobbyists tend to tote sandwiches and beer. The working artist, never—he has a canteen of water and tins of fruit and sardines or tuna. Midday often is a blazing 100 degrees, so he's not liable to get too hungry.

The prospector likes to camp out and cook over a Coleman stove, but nowadays he often drives to a motel in the nearest town. Some prospectors' expenses are covered by company employers—"maybe $500 to $1,000 a month without perks," Galli says.

But when the prospector strikes, it can be a literal pot of gold. "One fellow got $360,000 as payment for his claims," Galli says. "After the mine goes into production he'll get an additional $2 million as royalties. That's not bad."—*SS*

The secret Indian storehouse near Fallon.

EXPLORING HIDDEN CAVE

How a school-day outing became a trip through time. By Laird Jenkins

The buses' doors opened, and 135 kids started running up the hill. It took only a few minutes in the heavy brush and ankle-twisting shale to slow them down to a mild walk. Seven of us teachers were scattered through the group. Everyone walked two by two on the narrow trail, which at first led away from the caves but then doubled back at the base of the hill and headed steeply upward.

Our guide, Brian Hatoff from the Bureau of Land Management, stopped us at Picnic Cave. It didn't look like a real cave but rather more of a small notch in a rock overhang. Soon I was absorbed by his presentation. He said we were standing on the beach of an ancient freshwater lake that covered much of Western Nevada in the Ice Age. Pyramid and Walker lakes—more than 100 miles apart—are remnants of this huge body of water known as Lake Lahontan. It supported giant flesh-eating ichthyosaurs in the Miocene Epoch and a small colony of people who lived on its shore later in the Pleistocene.

As I looked at the neighboring hills, I could see the horizontal lines of rocks and pebbles that marked the action of long forgotten waves. The plain below us was filled with sagebrush, bunchweed, and patches of white alkali. The homes and buildings of Fallon could barely be seen on the horizon.

We continued snaking our way up the hill toward Hidden Cave. The buses grew tiny as we climbed higher and higher. The trail was steeper and harder to climb than we had imagined when we began. Huffing and puffing, we pulled up and stopped on a cement platform at the mouth of the cave. The guide waited for the stragglers to drag themselves up. Then he explained that the cave we were about to enter, a real "crawl-through-the-hole-in-the-cavern" cave, had been used only as a storage area for the hunter-gatherer Indians. They had little light and no ventilation for fire, making living in the cave impractical, so the highly mobile Indians used it to store fishing gear, stone tools, weapons, and foods such as dried seeds and pinyon nuts. They would hide their property in pits, returning later to retrieve the items. Religious rituals may have been performed in the cavern. But the Indians camped outside, preferring the fresh air and access to Lake Lahontan, which was by then a marshy remnant.

> A bat-guano miner in the 1930s complained that digging in the cave would be easier "if it weren't for all the Indian junk."

Breaking away from the setting of thousands of years ago, Hatoff told us of Hidden Cave's recent discovery. In the mid-1920s four boys from Fallon were scouring the hillside for lost treasure, and one of the boys found the cave's secluded opening. They blocked the opening with boulders, later using it as their own hideout. A bat-guano miner named McReilly found the cave in the mid-1930s. He told the postmaster in Fallon about the cave and how digging would be easier "if it weren't for all the Indian junk" in it. That perked the interest of archaeologist Peg Wheat. She contacted Mark Harrington, known for his major digs at the Lost City and Gypsum Cave in Southern Nevada. While looking for the tiny opening Harrington said, "This is certainly one hidden cave." That's how the site got its present name, although locals still refer to it as Bat Cave.

Harrington hired S.M. and Georgetta Wheeler to excavate Hidden Cave, and according to our guide they did an impeccable job. The cave was then largely forgotten until 1951, when geologist Roger Morrison found that the cave's deposits opened a new window to Lahontan's geological history. He hired two archaeology students to help excavate, but publicity also brought out pot hunters and scavengers who attempted to collect artifacts illegally, almost destroying the cave. By the time the BLM took over preservation of the cave in the 1970s, it was in pretty sad shape. Collaborating with the American Museum of Natural History in New York City the State of Nevada, and the University of Nevada, they launched an extensive dig. Hundreds of tiny artifacts turned up, telling of the cave's value as a cache for a lake-dwelling people.

We were led into the cave a few at a time. I had to bend over almost on hands and knees to squeeze through the cement-fortified opening. Once inside, the darkness and musty odor of the hollow hilltop made it readily apparent why the Indians had lived outside. The cavern was 10 to 12 feet high in the middle, tapering down to meet the uneven floor on all sides. It was large enough for 30 people to stand comfortably. The guide moved down into a well-cut trough where small signs indicated the dig's age and finds. A row of naked lightbulbs powered by a noisy generator tried to dispel the dank gloom. We were able to see a replica of an atlatl, a wooden spearthrower from that time. We also saw a preserved quid, which is a piece of vegetation—such as a cattail—that has been chewed on for moisture or flavor and spit out on the floor. The cave was dry enough to preserve such remains.

As I stood outside the cave after the tour, I watched the kids toss rocks and play on the steep hillside. The information I had heard put me in a reflective state. Would the kids of thousands of years ago have been much different? What would the hill have looked like with the lake lapping against a

Photo: Bureau of Land Management

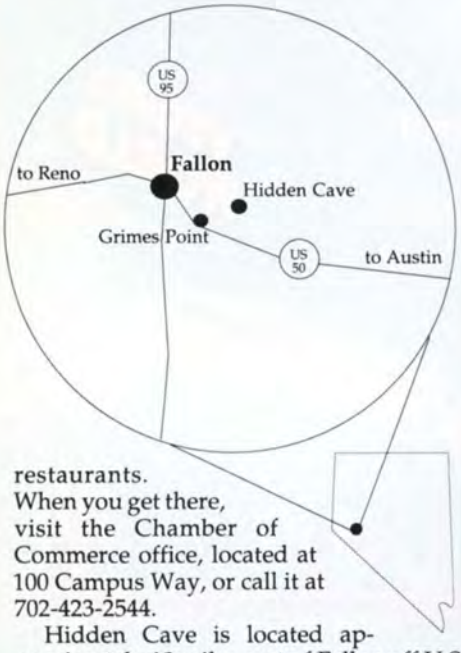
beach? I looked out on the barren desert and imagined the ancient lake. I could see the inhabitants camping on the shoreline: men fishing in the reeds, women weaving mats and drying fish, and the children, much like the students we had brought today, running and playing with shells along the sandy beach.

Laird Jenkins, a former Fallon English teacher is now a school principal in Cody, Wyoming.

FALLON'S PAST

Hidden Cave is one of many archaeological and historical sites in the Fallon area, a farming community of 5,000 people located 60 miles east of Reno. Other points of interest include Lahontan State Recreation Area, Stillwater Wildlife Refuge, Grimes Point Petroglyph Site, and Sand Mountain.

Fallon, the seat of Churchill County, has nine motels, three casinos, and numerous restaurants. When you get there, visit the Chamber of Commerce office, located at 100 Campus Way, or call it at 702-423-2544.



Hidden Cave is located approximately 10 miles east of Fallon off U.S. 50 near Grimes Point. At the cave, guides from the Bureau of Land Management in Carson City and the Churchill County Museum give tours to school groups and also to the general public. Public tour takers should meet at the Churchill County Museum at 9:30 a.m. in Fallon on the second and fourth Saturdays of each month. (See the Rural section in *Nevada Events* for exact dates.) The museum has excellent displays on the history and prehistory of the Fallon area. From the museum, visitors take private transportation to the cave. The tour takes about two hours. Make sure to bring clothing appropriate for the weather. You might want to bring a canteen of water since there isn't any water at Hidden Cave.

For information about the caves, call the Carson City BLM District Office at 702-882-1631, or the Churchill County Museum at 702-423-3677 —*Julie Quinn*

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT!

There's an all new world waiting for you when you cross the threshold at Bob Stupak's Vegas World Hotel & Casino. You step into another time zone you're captivated by the futuristic space-age theme you're entranced by the artistic fibre-optic display of the solar system..

You're In A World Of Your Own . . .

An Experience You Don't Want To Miss

Accommodations

* 600 luxurious rooms & suites * Two superb restaurants
* Large pool & recreation area * Two lounges
* Top entertainment * Full Action Casino

702-382-2000 800-634-6277

Bob Stupak's
VEGAS WORLD
HOTEL-CASINO

2000 LAS VEGAS BOULEVARD SOUTH
ON THE FAMOUS LAS VEGAS STRIP

Century 21®

THANK YOU !

For making CLARK PROPERTIES the TOP SELLING CENTURY 21 OFFICE in the state of Nevada.
We have been serving all of Northern Nevada for over 12 years and we are first because you put us here.
Our fully-trained agents use the "HOMETOWN" advantage to get YOU results when you want to buy or sell real estate in the Carson Valley or northern Nevada.
From a building lot to a subdivision, a business to a cattle ranch, we are prepared to assist you.
Please write, call or check the reader service card in this magazine.

Patty Clark

Patty Clark
Owner/Broker

CLARK PROPERTIES INC.
P.O. Box 960
Minden, NV 89423
(702) 782-7111 or 265-3747

Rustic elegance... state-of-the-art style.

If you want to express your individuality in a uniquely recognizable way, consider the benefits of investing in a Real Log Home. We have over 22 years experience behind our precision pre-cut packages which feature a patented joinery system. And, since many of our 14,000 homes have been built by people with discriminating tastes, we offer a complete inhouse custom design staff. We're experts at turning your dreams into reality...call for our newest color catalog, $6.

For the name of your local representative and a free brochure or $6 catalog, write:

Sierra Log Homes, Inc.
P.O. Box 2083, Dept, NMA
Carson City, NV 89702
(702) 246-0590

REAL LOG HOMES®

STOP!

and consider this...

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR A GREAT PLACE TO LIVE AND AN INVESTMENT IN TOMORROW?

Come investigate and enjoy the beautiful PAHRUMP VALLEY, only 55 miles west of Las Vegas. Come let us show you why we're the fastest growing area in all of Nye County. We offer a variety of properties:

HIGHWAY COMMERCIAL SITES

1 TO 5 ACRE RANCHETTES

GOLF COURSE SITES

HOMES AND MOBILES (affordably priced)

GOLF COURSE CONDOS

WE'RE RIGHT WHERE THE FUTURE WANTS YOU!

DON DENKERS REAL ESTATE
Licensed Broker
Specializing in Pahrump Properties
Star Route
Box 70012
Pahrump, NV 89041

(702) 727-4135

Bowser Realty & Assoc.

#1

AT LAKE TAHOE IN LAKEFRONT SALES

*Specializing in Nevada East Shore from Stateline to Glenbrook,

*Experienced Professional with an average of 20 years at Tahoe,

*Real Estate Counseling and Appraisals.

TROY E. BOWSER

Licensed Broker

P.O. Box 10829
Zephyr Cove, NV
89448

(702)

588-6241

588-3700

FAMOUS NEVADA OPAL MINE

Available for short term lease or joint venture with owner

The Black Rock Opal Mine (formerly called "Little Jo Mine") is the source of the world's largest known Amygdaloidal precious opal the 1744 Carat "Duffield Opal." The Duffield Opal was featured full-size on the October 1974 cover of LAPIDARY JOURNAL. Several other very large beautiful opal specimens have been found on this property, but this 39 acre patented mine remains largely undeveloped. Precious opal in this particular section of Northwestern Nevada is encased in very dense unaltered basalt. Heavy-duty earth moving equipment is needed to efficiently exploit this major opal deposit. This open cut mine is remotely located in the Calico Range just off the Black Rock Desert 41 miles North Northeast of Gerlach on Soldier Meadows Road. If you have the necessary mining equipment, and the time, money and spunk to gamble on an enterprise like this, then please contact:

David Pooley, Proprietor, Black Rock Opal Mine, P.O. Box 149 Gerlach, NV 89412

(No Telephone)

You Missed Las Vegas..

DON'T MISS

WENDOVER

"The Community of Opportunity"

* *Wendover (located on I-80) is one of the fastest growing bordertowns in the West; and is fast becoming a destination resort.*
* *A new 18-hole Championship Golf Course*
* *Gaming and Entertainment*
* *Outdoor Recreation*
* *Continuing Demand for New Businesses and Services*

** *Residential Lots on the golf course (single family and multi-family)*
** *Commercial and Industrial Sites (including Casino Sites)*
** *Custom Homes / Condominiums / Retirement Homes*
** *Financing Available*

FOR THE LINE ON WENDOVER PROPERTIES

HIGHLAND REALTY

Exclusive Agents for West Wendover Highlands A Quality Development

Donna Crick, Owner/Broker

P.O. Box 2440
Wendover, NV 89883

(702) 664-3343 or (702) 664-4011
Outside Nevada: 800-248-5020

OR CHECK THE READER SERVICE CARD

INCLINE at TAHOE

REALTY

- VACATION HOMES
- LONG TERM RENTALS
- INVESTMENTS
- EXCHANGES
- SALES

On the FABULOUS shore of
beautiful LAKE TAHOE

HOUSES, CONDOS, ESTATES, COMMERCIAL

(702)
831-6800
(Western states call toll free)
1-800-843-9399

885 Tahoe Blvd.
P.O. Box 7262
Incline Village, NV 89450

E &R REALTY

Well knownRanch close to Reno, in the heart of Nevada. 1725 acres with 125 AUM'S ,seven artesian wells, with water rights, and more....$275,000.
Oldest School House in Nevada ! 1200 sq ft in excellent condition. Plus 1400 sq ft modern home, 3 car garage, large barn & tack room. Even has a mine, all on 26 fenced view acres. Excellent retirement community....$189,000.
Reduction ! 3500 Sq ft home overlooking Reno, on 40 acres. 360 degree view, hot tube. For the discriminatiing buyer, something unique....
$298,000.
Also Available: Mini-ranches 40 acres and larger. Residential and business properties. Acreage 2-455 acres priced from $175 per acre and up. Call for information or alist and map.
Richard J. Rowe & Evelyn K. Rowe, Realtors
639 N. Rock blvd.,Sparks, NV 89431 (702) 331-2233

DESERT MOUNTAIN REALTY, INC.

Serving all of Northern Nevada

Residential • Commercial
Business Opportunities
Raw Land • Farm & Ranch

1060 Avenue F • East Ely, NV. 89315
(702) 289-8410 or (702) 289-3038

MVM Corp., Realtor

Serving Lake Tahoe and Carson Valley

LOUIS G. MARTIN Realtor
Sales and Vacation Rentals
Nevada 702-588-2668
National 800-962-1489

P.O. Box 5877
Stateline, NV 89449

RED CARPET

The Home Sellers

A MEMBER OF THE SEARS FINANCIAL NETWORK

COLDWELL BANKER

PLUMMER/CANEPA REALTY, INC.
REALTOR®

An Independently Owned and Operated Member of Coldwell Banker Residential Affiliates, Inc.

(702) 827-2660
290 E. MOANA LN
RENO NV 89509-4646

"We sell more homes in Reno and Sparks than anyone!"

UNBELIEVABLE BUT TRUE... YOU CAN OWN YOUR HOME AND LAND FOR ONLY $39,900

- New 3 bedroom 2 bath
- 960 Sq ft
- 1/3 acre/Mountain View
- Roman Tub
- Free refrigerator & curtains

THE CHAMPIONS
REAL ESTATE PEOPLE

224 S. Carson
Carson City, NV 89701
883-4242 (702)
TOLL FREE 1-800-432-4595 Ext.710

Marketplace

Books

Gamblers: The 1988 "CASINO DIRECTORY FOR NEVADA"
Is now available. If you like to gamble where you have the best odds, you need this directory. Used by many to find the best table games in Nevada Recommended by gambling experts. Describes gaming at each of over 150 Casinos in Nevada. $5.Postpaid. C.O.D.s Accepted.
RW Directories
P.O. Box 955
Draper, UT 84020
Satisfaction Guaranteed

Wood Chips To Game Chips

A book by **Bethel Holmes Van Tassel**
featuring
CASINOS AND PEOPLE AT NORTH LAKE TAHOE
& some at South Lake Tahoe plus Reno Spots
234 photographs
$25.00
Write:
Bethel Holmes VanTassel
325 Morningside Drive
Reno, NV 89509

Exploration

Explore old town sites with
PRECISE MAPS OF OLD WESTERN TOWNS
Large prints of thousands of detailed fire insurance maps are available for $2 a sheet from our standard library 35mm microfilm. For ordering information on either the prints or the reels, write:
VLAD SHKURKIN, PUBLISHER (415) 232-7742
6025 Rose Arbor, San Pablo, CA 94806

LOVELOCK
The ♥ of Nevada
(90 Miles East of Reno on I-80)
Historic Round Court House & Other Vintage Buildings • Original Train Station Museums—Tufa Rock Park • Ghost & Mining Towns • Swimming Pool and Park Hunting • Fishing • Camping • Boating
Pershing County Convention & Visitors Center
P.O. Box 986
Lovelock, NV. 89419
(702) 273-7144


FEATS OF CLAY
20-C Hillcrest Drive
Reno, Nevada 89509
Pottery for Every Taste

General Mdse.

ELKO GENERAL MERCHANDISE

"Anacabe's"—50 years of quality at fair prices!
Carhartt/Levi/Wrangler
Tony Lama/Santa Rosa
Lee/LaCrosse
White Boots
Wilson Boots
Stewart Boots
In-stock & made-to-order
416 Idaho Street
Elko, NV. 89801
(702) 738-3295

Ghost Towns


NEVADA GHOST TOWN VIDEO
See the NEVADA GHOST TOWNS as they were in the 1800's and as they are now. Learn the history of the GHOST TOWNS and the people who lived there. Visit the NEVADA GHOST TOWNS from the comfort of your own living room.
Send $39.95 to:
NEVADA GHOST TOWN VIDEO
P.O. BOX 5995
RENO, NV 89513
(Please specify VHS or BETA)

Rentals

Lake Tahoe Accommodations
- *Luxury waterfront rentals*
- *Woodsy cabins*
- *Well-appointed condos*
- *Luxurious homes*
- *For reservations or color brochures, call 800-228-6921 or write P.O. Box 7722 South Lake Tahoe, CA 95731*

Restaurants

Sharkey's NUGGET
Something for everyone
PLUS THE GREATEST AND FINEST PRIME RIB IN THE WORLD
Hwy. 395
Gardnerville, Nevada

Put a Nevada Magazine ad to work for you! (702) 885-5416

Index to Advertisers

Statement of Ownership, Management & Circulation

(1) Date of filing: October 1, 1987
(2) Title of Publication: NEVADA Magazine, ISSN01991248
(3) Frequency of issue: Bimonthly; (3A) Number of annual issues: six; (3B) Annual subscription price: $11.90
(4) Office of publication: 101 South Fall Street, Carson City, NV. 89710-0005
(5) Mailing address: Same
(6) Name and address of publisher and editor: Kirk Whisler, 101 South Fall St., Carson City, NV. 89710-0005; Managing Editor: James Crandall: 101 South Fall St., Carson City, NV. 89710-0005
(7) Owner: State of Nevada, Capitol Complex, Carson City, NV. 89710-0005
(8) Bondholders: Not applicable
(9) Nonprofit status: Not applicable
(10) Extent and nature of circulation

		12-Month Average	Actual Nearest Filing Date
A.	Total number copies:	81,870	88,000
B.	Paid circulation:		
	(1) Dealers, carriers, vendors:	7,122	7,455
	(2) Mail subscription:	67,174	69,939
C.	Total paid circulation	74,296	77,394
D.	Free distribution:	517	527
E.	Total distribution:	74,813	77,921
F.	Copies not distributed		
	(1) Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled:	2,787	6,501
	(2) Return from news agents:	4,270	3,578
G.	Total:	81,870	88,000

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.—*Kirk Whisler, Publisher*

Classifieds

BOOKS

NEVADA AND THE WEST Send SASE for list of books on ghost towns, prostitution, lost mines, cookbooks, etc. McDonald Publishing, Box 1681 Medford, OR. 97501

TOMBSTONE BOOK. Free info. Dancehall girls and gunfighters found in the pages of this absorbing book. Send SASE for free info to Nevada Tombstone Record Book, 1916 Maryland Parkway, Las Vegas, NV. 89104.

A MINER'S CHRISTMAS CAROL. A long neglected collection of humorous mining sketches written by Samuel P. Davis—comic raconteur of the American West, editor of the Carson City Morning Appeal, Nevada state controller, contemporary of Mark Twain and political ally of William Jennings Bryan. Western Tanager Press, 1111 Pacific Ave., Santa Cruz, CA. 95060. $10.95 postpaid.

OUT OF PRINT Nevada books, and maps. 120 emigrant, ghost, lost mines, desert and history books available. Send 50 cents for 3 catalogs. Nevada Publications, 4135 Badger Cir., Reno, NV. 89509 or call (702) 747-0800.

"TALES OF TAHOE" by David Stollery, Lake Tahoe newspaper columnist. Fifth printing. 250 pages of Tahoe history and legend. Illustrated. Order from David Stollery, P.O. Box 1792, Encino, CA. 91316. $10.80 postpaid.

"COPPER TIMES," Ely's 1987 Centennial book by Jack Fleming. Mail $14.50 to Copper Times, Nev. Nat'l Bank, Box 329, Ely, NV. 89301

FREE! To extent of current supply. Bookettes on Northeastern Nevada. Also, fishing and rockhounding maps. Write: Carl Hayden, Box 528, Jackpot, NV. 89825.

SILVER HILLSIDE—The Life and Times of Virginia City by Barbara Richnak. Over 200 pictures, many firsts. 220 pages, hardcover. $21.95 postpaid to Comstock Nevada Pub., P.O. Box W, Tahoe City, CA. 95730.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

NEW IDEA? Innovation Center in Washington, D.C. will assist you through Research and Development/ Free kit—1-800-257-7800.

JEWELRY

LEONARD LUDEL, Diamond Cutter. Our diamonds cut in Nevada. Fine jewelry. By appt. Gardnerville, NV. (702) 782-2646.

MAPS

NEVADA GHOST TOWN MAP. Over 350 ghost towns on Nevada topo map. Send $3 to: Ghost Town Map, P.O. Box 5995, Reno, NV 89513.

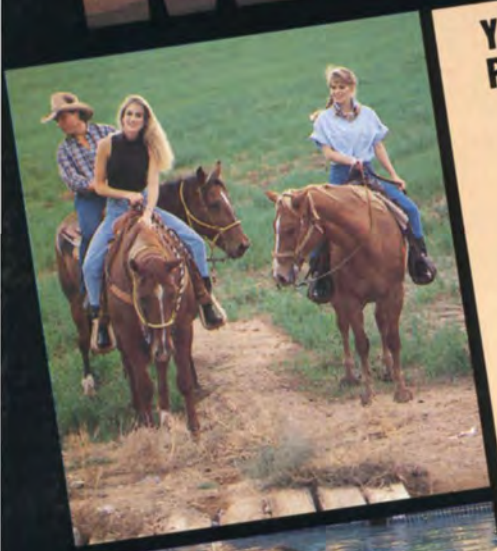
MISCELLANEOUS

UNLIMITED FREE KODAK FILM, plus free quality 35MM camera. Toll free 1-800-433-6312 (24 hours).

HELP WANTED. Nevada Magazine is looking for experienced Account Executives to work on a commission basis in the Las Vegas or Lake Tahoe areas. Send letter and resume to: Nevada Magazine, Advertising Director, Capitol Complex, Carson City, NV. 89710.

Peppermill Resort Hotel & Casino

MESQUITE



YEAR 'ROUND PLAYGROUND

Peppermill Resort Hotel & Casino, Mesquite, introduces a year 'round resort in the heart of "color country." Enjoy a trip to the North Rim of the Grand Canyon by day, relax in the spa at night. The Grand Canyon, Bryce Canyon and Zion National Parks, the Valley of Fire, Lake Mead and Hoover Dam are only a short drive away. Play tennis, swim or bask in the sunlight. Nightly entertainment and dancing, lavish buffets, fabulous restaurants and 24 hour casino action are yours while staying in one of Peppermill's 500 deluxe new rooms.

Located just 80 miles northeast of Las Vegas on I-15.

Peppermill Resort Hotel/Casino,
Mesquite, NV. **(702) 346-5232**
(800) 621-0187

HOLIDAY CASINO · HOLIDAY INN · LAS VEGAS

The Ship On The Strip!

AMERICA'S LARGEST HOLIDAY INN . . . one thousand clean and comfortable rooms at sensible prices plus the added convenience of 24-hour room service. Ask about our group rates and special room and show packages.

EXCITEMENT NIGHT AND DAY at the newly expanded Holiday Casino. All your favorite games including slots and blackjack, a new Race & Sports Book with live TV racing daily and all major sports on 24 color monitors, the friendliest deck hands on the Strip and entertainment in the new Holiday Theatre.

FUN IN THE SUN at our olympic-size pool and sun deck with convenient poolside bar, exercise room and saunas.

FIVE GREAT RESTAURANTS including Claudine's Steak House and Piano Bar for intimate dining, The Bayou Restaurant featuring fish and seafood Cajun style, The Veranda for an informal meal anytime, the Derby Deli snack bar and The Galley, home of our famous all-you-can-eat breakfast, lunch and dinner buffets served daily.

PERFECT FOR MEETINGS with 23,000 square feet of dividable meeting space, catering and banquet seating for up to 1,000 guests.

CONVENIENTLY LOCATED right on the famous Las Vegas Strip just minutes from the airport and convention center.

HOLIDAY CASINO

Holiday Inn®

3475 Las Vegas Boulevard South • Las Vegas, Nevada 89109
Call Toll Free 1-800-634-6765 • In Nevada (702) 369-5000

A Harrah's Hotel and Casino

HILTON— NEVADA'S MOST REQUESTED ADDRESS

RENO HILTON / **LAS VEGAS HILTON** / **Flamingo HILTON**

1-800-648-4882 1-800-732-7117 1-800-732-2111

NEVADA

JANUARY/FEBRUARY SPECIAL EVENTS ... INSIDE THIS ISSUE

Mr. Warmth
Plus Las Vegas & Reno shows
See page E-11

Vance Fox

Winter Festivals at Tahoe
Snow much fun!
See page E-16

Lew Griswold

What's She Doing?
Chariot racing in rural Nevada
See page E-22

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:
Today's Old-Time Prospectors • Boom Towns on the Border • Backstage Stars in Reno
Squaw Valley · The Last Great Olympics • Waddie Mitchell and Elko's Cowboy Poets

FREE INFORMATION

TOURISM AGENCIES

101 ☐ Boulder City Chamber of Commerce
102 ☐ Carson City Tourism Auth.
103 ☐ Lake Tahoe Vis. Auth.
104 ☐ Las Vegas Conv. & Vis. Auth.
105 ☐ Nevada Commission on Tourism
106 ☐ Pahrump Chamber of Commerce
107 ☐ Reno/Sparks Conv. & Vis. Auth.
108 ☐ Wendover Conv. & Vis. Auth.
109 ☐ Winnemucca Conv. Bureau

HOTELS/CASINOS

201 ☐ Bally's/Reno
202 ☐ Best Western International
203 ☐ Carson Valley Inn/Minden
204 ☐ Circus Circus/Reno/LV
205 ☐ Colorado Belle/Laughlin
206 ☐ Comstock Hotel Casino/Reno
207 ☐ Continental Lodge/Reno
208 ☐ Edgewater Hotel/Laughlin
209 ☐ Eldorado Hotel/Reno
210 ☐ Four Queens/LV
211 ☐ Gold Strike Inn/Boulder City
212 ☐ Harolds Club/Reno
213 ☐ Harvey's Hotel & Casino/Lake Tahoe
214 ☐ Hilton Hotels/LV/Reno
215 ☐ Holiday Inn Casino/LV
216 ☐ Imperial Palace Hotel/LV
217 ☐ John Ascuaga's Nugget/Sparks
218 ☐ Maxim Hotel & Casino/LV
219 ☐ Mini Price Inn/LV
220 ☐ Ormsby House/Carson City
221 ☐ Peppermill Country
222 ☐ Peppermill Hotel Casino/Reno
223 ☐ Peppermill Resort Hotel/Mesquite
224 ☐ Red Lion Inn/Elko
225 ☐ Riverside Resort/Laughlin
226 ☐ Sam's Town Gold River/Laughlin
227 ☐ Stardust Hotel/LV
228 ☐ Station House/Tonopah
229 ☐ Truckee River Lodging/Reno
230 ☐ Vale Hotel/Boulder City
231 ☐ Vegas World/LV

ATTRACTIONS/GALLERIES/MUSEUMS

301 ☐ A-1 Casino Collectables/LV
302 ☐ Burk Gal'ry/Boulder City
303 ☐ Ethel M Chocolates/LV
304 ☐ Kit Carson Sculpture/Carson City
305 ☐ Liberace Museum/LV
306 ☐ Nevada Opera/Reno
307 ☐ Royal Art Gallery/Lake Tahoe

RECREATION

310 ☐ Las Vegas Boat Harbor

TRANSPORTATION

401 ☐ Lloyd's Int. Rent-A-Car/Reno
402 ☐ McCarran Int'l Airport/LV
403 ☐ Sierra Nevada Stage Lines/Reno

REAL ESTATE

501 ☐ Bob Nelson Real Estate/Pahrump
502 ☐ Bowser/Coldwell Banker/Lake Tahoe
503 ☐ Circle Realty/LV
504 ☐ Clark Properties/Century 21/Minden
505 ☐ Don Denkers Real Estate/Pahrump
506 ☐ Foster Realty/Carson City
507 ☐ Highland Realty/Wendover
508 ☐ Incline at Tahoe Realty/Lake Tahoe
509 ☐ Itildo/Coldwell Banker/Minden
510 ☐ Plummer Canepa Realty/Reno
511 ☐ Real Log Homes/Carson City

RETIREMENT CENTERS

512 ☐ Montara Meadows/LV

RETAIL OUTLETS

601 ☐ Basalite Wood Stoves/Reno
602 ☐ Felix Sanchez Prints/Carson City
603 ☐ Gambler's Bookstore/Reno
604 ☐ Golden Fleece/Minden
605 ☐ Grace Dangberg Foundation/Carson
606 ☐ Undermountain Press

ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT

701 ☐ Echo Bay Mines
702 ☐ Howard Hughes Properties/LV

FINANCIAL

801 ☐ Nevada First Bank

Discover more about travel and leisure in the Real West.

Simply complete this special card, checking the advertisers you're interested in, and receive **FREE** brochures loaded with useful information.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please return this form by February 15, 1988

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

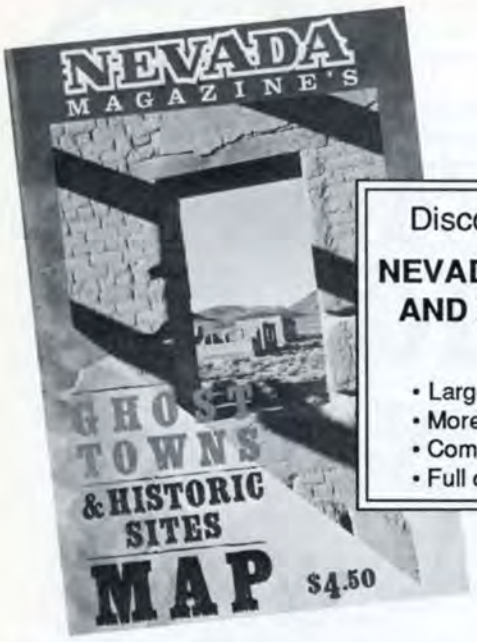
BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 17, CARSON CITY, NEVADA

0-1435

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

NEVADA
THE MAGAZINE OF THE REAL WEST
101 S. FALL STREET, CARSON CITY, NV 89710-0005

MERCHANDISE ORDER FORM



Discover the Real West!

NEVADA'S GHOST TOWNS AND HISTORICAL SITES MAP

- Large 22" x 34" format
- More than 400 historical sites
- Complete index of towns
- Full color photos of famous towns

Only $4.50 each!

	quantity	price	sub total
Ghost Town Map		$4.50	
Historic Posters			
Girl's Basketball Team		$3.75	
Cowboy Camp		$3.75	
Boozy Burros		$3.75	
Prospector		$3.75	
Set of 4		$11.00	
Snake Poster		6.95	
Tee-shirt, small		$7.50	
Tee-shirt, medium		$7.50	
Tee-shirt, large		$7.50	
Tee-shirt, extra large		$7.50	
Binder		$7.25	
Gaming Issue		$5.00	

Total Order ☐

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

*Check enclosed ☐

Charge my ☐ **VISA** ☐ **MasterCard**

Acct. # __ __ _____ —

Expires _____

Signature _____

***Sorry, no bill me's with merchandise**

This Issue's Special

Save $5 on a set of award-winning Posters! For just $11, you'll receive four huge historic posters (24" x 18"), printed in warm duo-tones, with witty quotes accenting the borders. **Singles, only $3.75 each!** (Reg. $4.75)

1) 1907 Girl's Basketball Team
2) Cowboys at Home on the Range
3) Boozy Burros go Bar Hopping in L.V
4) Lonely Prospector

Buy Snakes!

Unique and colorful 30" x 12" poster of rattlesnakes dancing to the tune of "I Love Nevada." Hard to believe, but true! ***$6.95 each.***

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

Please begin a subscription to...

3881

NEVADA ... for just $11.90!

☐ For Myself ☐ As a Gift ☐ Myself and a Gift

My name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Gift's name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ **I understand I'll receive a one-year (six issue) subscription packed with articles that will help me discover the Real West.**

☐ Check enclosed

☐ Bill me

Each subscription one year (six issues)
Foreign add $1, U.S. bank funds only

☐ New

☐ Renewal. Please give account number
BR _____

Please allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery