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Jam-packed with pictures and articles about Nevada by well-known western writers, the Special Centennial Issue was distributed in Nevada this summer. You may still buy a copy by sending us your order soon.

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STARS ON THE NEVADA HORIZON

OCTOBER THRU DECEMBER 1964







Pick a star any star and whether already established in an orbit of its own, or zooming in a meteoric rise of new popularity you'll probably find him or her in one of Nevada's better clubs or hotels. If not today, then soon!

Hear PATTI PAGE, whose multiple-voice technique (five sound-shades of Patti, all pleasing) has amplified her records sales into the multi-millions, and her regular fans at the Sparks NUGGET to continuous capacity crowds. Following Patti at the NUGGET will be ALLAN SHERMAN, a most commanding comic.

SERGIO FRANCHI is but one of an imposing headliner list at the SAHARA's Congo Room in Las Vegas. For the complete Nevada entertainment calendar, see ADVANCE ROUNDUP, as comprehensive a list of STARS on the NEVADA horizon as could be compiled prior to this magazine's deadline.

Clown-team duo, GAYLORD & HOLIDAY are regulars on the fun-roster at Harvey's, Lake Tahoe. They'll be in the Pavilion of Stars, just one of three outstanding entertainment centers star-studded by Harvey's for its guests. LENNY HERMAN with his "mightiest little band in the land" charms diners and dancers in Harvey's 11th floor Polynesian Room and in the Top of the Wheel; pretty JOAN COSTA joins the TOWN PIPERS in Harvey's Theatre Lounge.

MARDI GRAS FOLLIES, now in the new 500-seat Theatre-Restaurant of the Golden Casino in Reno, with dazzling shows nightly.

ADVANCE ROUNDUP

All schedules available on our early deadline date have been corralled here in brief for NEVADA Highways & Parks readers. Since schedules planned months ahead are necessarily subject to some change, it is suggested that local (weekly) entertainment guides be checked by travelers on their arrival in Nevada. Among established entertainment publications are: YOUR HOST, Reno-Sparks-Tahoe area; and FABULOUS LAS VEGAS or KEN's SPOTLIGHT, Las Vegas area. Also, clubs and hotels represented here will mail their own printed schedules on request. Synopsized on a statewide basis, this feature is as complete as space and time allow and will be expanded in future issues.

LAKE TAHOE

HARRAH'S SOUTH SHORE ROOM—October 12 through October 28, Nat King Cole; Dec. 24 through Jan. 6, Donald O'Conner, Shari Lewis.
HARVEY'S TOP OF THE WHEEL—Oct. 13 through Dec. 31, Lenny Herman Orchestra.
PAVILION OF STARS—Oct. 2 through Oct. 22, Gaylord and Holiday, Red Norvo; Oct. 23 through Nov. 11, Rowan and Martin; Oct. 23 through Nov. 3, Senators; Nov. 4 through Nov. 12, Esquires; Nov. 12 through Nov. 18, Duke Ellington Orchestra; Nov. 13 through Nov. 29, Frank Fanelli; Dec. 1 through Dec. 6, Gaylord and Holiday.

LAS VEGAS

CASTAWAYS—Lili St. Cyr, Hank Henry; "Happy Go Lucky" with Jack Larson, Sparky Kay, Danny Jacobs; Barry Ashton's Uncover Girls.
DUNES—"Casino de Paris."
FLAMINGO—Oct. 29, Ella Fitzgerald, Jackie Mason; Nov. 26, Phyllis Diller, Enzo Stuarti.
GOLDEN NUGGET—Oct. 1 through Oct. 21, Judy Lynn.
MINT—Pat Moreno's "Artists and Models of 1964"; "Hong Kong Scandals."
RIVIERA—Starts Sept. 14, "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum."
SAHARA CONGO ROOM—Oct. 13 through Nov. 9, Shelley Berman, Mills Brothers; Nov. 10 through Dec. 7 Phil Silvers, Sergio Franchi; Dec. 26, Connie Francis.
SANDS—Oct. 30 through Nov. 22, Nat King Cole.
STARDUST—Fifth edition "Lido de Paris."
THUNDERBIRD—"Ziegfeld Follies Revue."
TROPICANA—"Folies Bergere."

RENO-SPARKS

GOLDEN—"Mardi Gras Follies."
HAROLD'S CLUB FUN ROOM—Nancy Wilson starts Oct. 13.
HARRAH'S RENO LOUNGE—Oct. 1 through Oct. 21, Mary Kaye Trio, Bros. Castro, Jack Ross, Dennis and Rogers; Oct. 22 through Nov. 18, Judy Lynn, Topnotchers, Tony Lovello; Nov. 12 through Dec. 2, Characters, Big Tiny Little, Hi Hopes; Nov. 19 through Dec. 6, Harry James; Dec. 3 through Dec. 23, Jimmy Wakely, Coquettes, George Rock.
HOLIDAY—Oct. 15 through Oct. 28, Jon and Sondra Steele, Frank Yankovic, Charles Gould and his Satin Strings.
MAPES—Oct. through Dec., in sequence: Abbie Neal, Suzi Arden, Diplomats, Jack Schafer, Varoa Tiki, We Four.
NUGGET Sparks—Oct. 8 through Oct. 21, Andrews Sisters, Dave Barry; Oct. 22 through Nov. 4, Johnny Mathis; Nov. 5 through Nov. 18, Patti Page; Nov. 19 through Nov. 28, Allan Sherman; Dec. 17 through Jan. 3, Fred Waring.
RIVERSIDE Oct. 8 through Nov. 4, Novelites; Oct. 15 through Nov. 4, Ruth Wallis; Nov. 5 through Dec. 2, Clyde McCoy, The Kings IV; Dec. 3 through Dec. 16, Arthur Walsh; Dec. 3 through Dec. 23, Tommy Page and the Page Boys; Dec. 17 through Dec. 31, Vagabonds; Dec. 24 through Jan. 13, Sue Evans and The Scamps.
Because it is planned months in advance, the schedule listed above for Nevada entertainment is subject to change.

HIGHWAYS & PARKS
Nevada
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FRONT COVER:

Pyramid Lake provides a sweeping background for this portrait of two attractive Indian youngsters taken by Highway staff photographer, Adrian Atwater. Pyramid Lake is also the home of the unique pelican colony described on page 18.



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FEATURES

4 Casino de Paris
14 The Day of the Gunfighter *by Robert Laxalt*
18 Pelicans! *by Michael Wotton*
24 Centennial Parade at Carson City
28 Land of the Open Sky, *photos by Philip Hyde*
40 Gingerbread and Chimney Pots
50 Essay in Color, *photos by Cliff Segerblom*

DEPARTMENTS

2 The Entertainment Scene
48 *Dining Out:* Steak on a Hilltop
58 *Tour of the Month:* Ghosts of the Humboldt *by Bob and Peggy Trego*
63 Nevada Notebook

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Casino de Paris

The fabulous show at the Dunes

THEY'VE CALLED IT astounding, extravagant, spectacular and magnifique; and without doubt the big show at the Dunes fully deserves all of these fancy adjectives. But the West Coast newspapers and reviewers in the East seem to have missed the one little word that probably sums it up best: *fun*. From the moment the curtain swings open in the Dunes show room until Bill Reddie's orchestra moves into the finale, *Casino de Paris* is fun—pure uninhibited, often breathtaking fun. Except that it takes place on a stage it's easily as much fun as an old-fashioned American circus. The three-ringed variety.

The show didn't just happen by accident. It took barrels of money and two years' effort to assemble this masterpiece of showmanship that is drawing customers by the thousands. Saucy, sometimes downright impertinent, *Casino de Paris* acts and looks every bit as French as its name suggests. Yet, surprising to many first-time visitors to Las Vegas, the show at the Dunes is but one of four French reviews now being staged on the Las Vegas Strip; and moreover it is the latest entry into what the jokesters in Southern Nevada lately refer to as the Battle of France. Although this is not a shooting battle, it is real enough and the four contenders are seriously competing to win the hearts and dollars of the 14,000,000 annual visitors who vacation in Las Vegas.

The trend began more than six years ago when the Stardust imported its big Lido show, followed in 1959 by the Tropicana's very expensive and extremely successful Folies Bergere. The Dunes entered the race in 1961 with the opening in the Persian Room of *Vive Les Girls,* a sparkling 30-person review; and then came the big one last December, *Casino de Paris* with its cast of 100, overnight the top box office attraction on the Strip.

As if two topranking French reviews were not enough, the Dunes embarked on an ambitious expansion program which will provide a new golf course, restaurants, convention facilities and a 22-story addition which is opening this fall—all in all an impressive setting for the wonderful entertainment the Dunes is presenting.

The fabulous show at the Dunes





CASINO DE PARIS was conceived and put together by one of Europe's foremost impresarios, Frederic Apcar. In 1959 Apcar, to the amazement of many people in the business, closed a deal with the famed Casino de Paris in the French capital to export to the Dunes an American edition of its review. Many parts of the review he brought over intact, notably its dynamic star, Line Renaud, who came to Las Vegas after four years' top billing in the French version. Apcar traveled 250,000 miles to scout out other acts which include, in addition to Line Renaud, Rudy Horn, one of the most amazing jugglers on the boards; the Twelve Rudas, graceful acrobatic dancers from Australia; the Pusztai troop who do things gravity says they shouldn't; the Brix twins who perform a muscleman balancing act; and Les Cinq Peres, a comedy group who romp through a spine-tingling chiller called *Speed Crazy*.

Then there are girls, rafts of them, imported French beauties. And spectacle—all the way from colorful ballet numbers to a rip-roaring reenactment of the French Revolution, complete with flames and the works.





Casino de Paris performers rehearse backstage at



the Dunes







TWO YEARS and two million dollars went into the preparation of *Casino de Paris* and the cast put in weeks of work prior to the opening last December. On these pages, candid views of the girls in rehearsal: Left, they warm up the drums for the spectacular French Revolution number and then (top photo) run through the action in costume. Above, the ladies of the cast try a scene on the long staircase that comes into play several times during the show.

IN ADDITION to the 100 members of the cast who appear in *Casino de Paris,* dozens of others are busy backstage—the stage hands and engineers, lighting and sound experts, wardrobe ladies, hairdressers and so on. Costumes, 518 in all, were purchased for the show along with 250 hats and 500 wigs for each ensemble, and the jewelry was designed in Italy.

OVER AND ABOVE the original Dunes' investment in items such as these, there is the weekly production cost of $60,000. The Dunes will have put $5,000,000 into the show by the end of its first year—money well spent, the management says, because with a sustaining show the continuing hunt for talent is no longer a headache.













And then—the Dunes' big opening night!

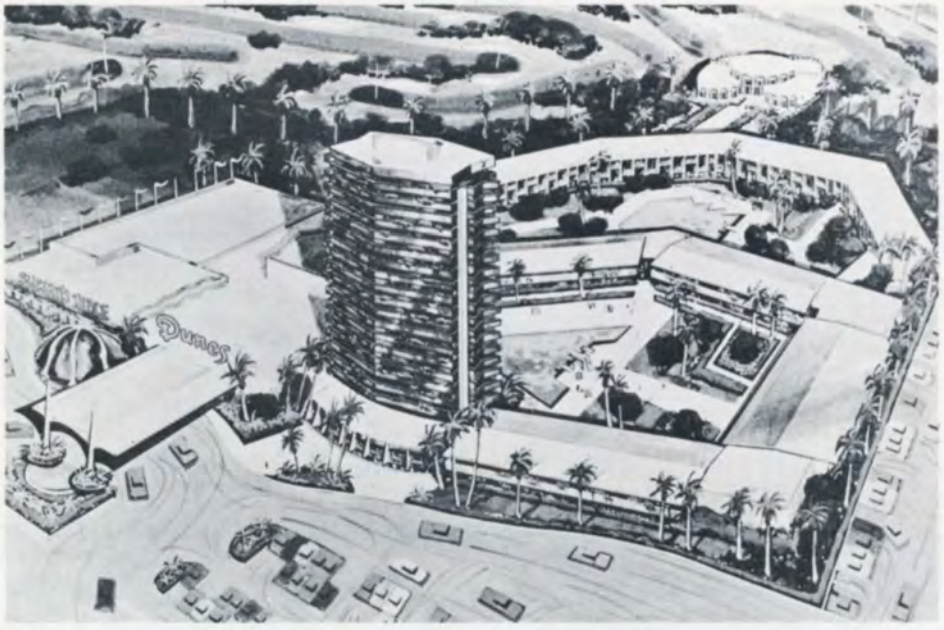
PHOTOS ON these pages suggest what happened on opening night—a combination of beautiful girls, fast-paced action and pageantry that captivated the audience and brought forth a volley of resounding praise from the critics. *Casino de Paris* has many elements of surprise—for example (lower left), the unexpected intervals when the cast moves off the stage and marches into the audience.

GUIDING GENIUS behind the review is Frederic Apcar (seated center in the middle photo, below), French-born impresario who has chalked up so many stage successes in Europe and America that he is widely regarded as a latter-day Flo Ziegfeld. Apcar loves Las Vegas and is happily at home here near the stage life that is his world. Three editions of his *Vive Les Girls* are currently showing.







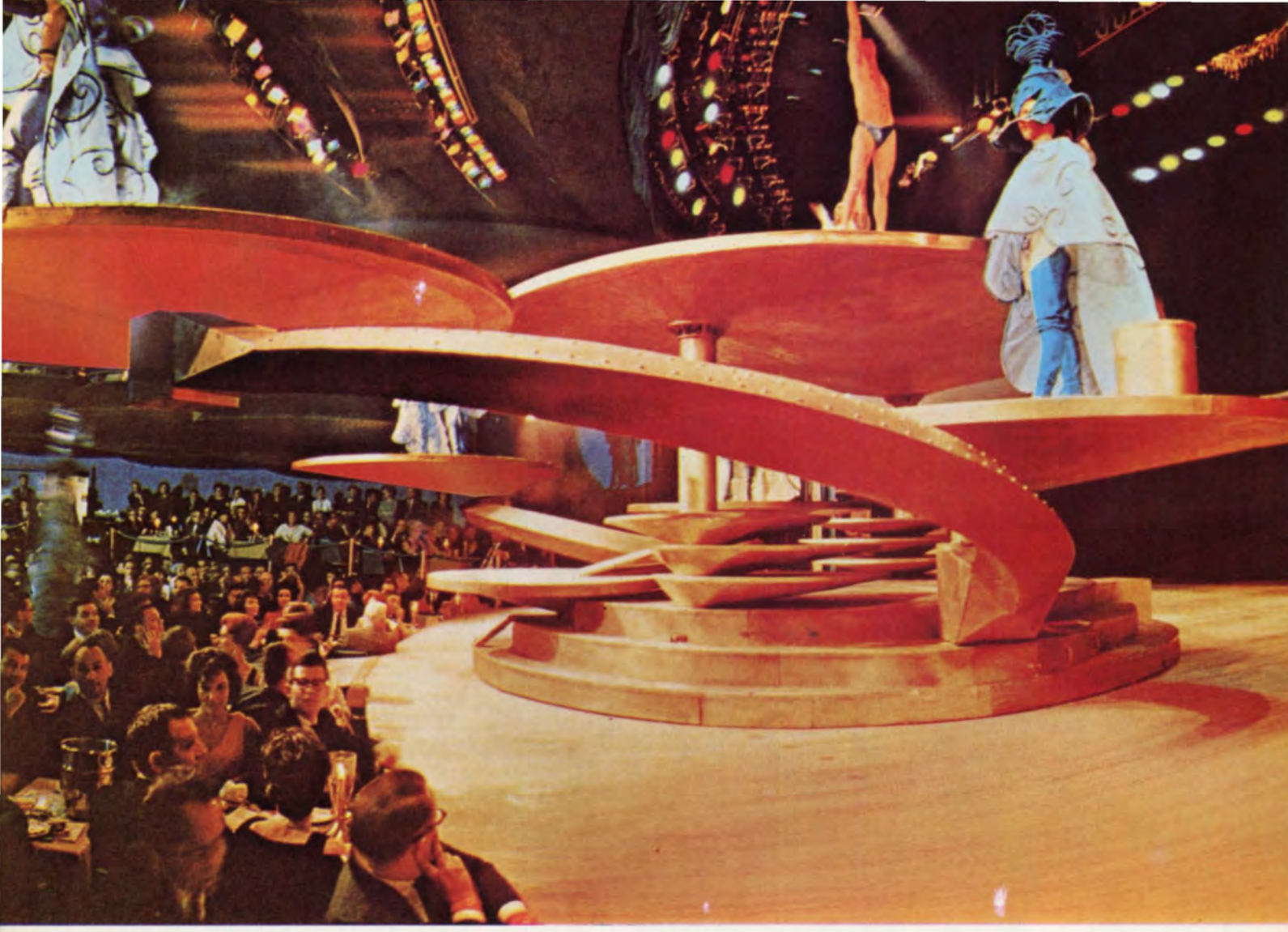




AN INTEGRAL part of the act is the octuramic stage (above right), an electronic monster built by the Dunes in the British Isles especially for this show. The only one of its kind in the world, the futuristic stage moves up, down, sideways, and even over the heads of the audience. To install the stage, the Dunes had to completely remodel its showroom (right)—but one of a series of expansion projects now under way at the Strip resort.

WHEN CONSTRUCTION is completed this fall, the Dunes will emerge as pictured above, a complex of hotel rooms, banquet and convention halls, restaurants, swimming pools, an 18-hole golf course and a 22-story addition called the "Diamond of the Dunes." This 510-room building, at a cost of $15,000,000, is the most expensive structure yet built in Nevada.

BUT BACK to the show! On the far right Line Renaud, French star of *Casino de Paris* ambles down to sing to her fans. And that bevy of cuties in color above? They are the Twelve Rudas, charming acrobatic dancers from Australia.









The marshal waited alone in the sunbaked street. In his lean and tapered frame, he had the air of a man relaxed. But behind the quiet eyes in the clean shaven face, there was an inward tension like a coiled watch spring. His hands hung ready by the twin gun butts in their holsters.

Across the dusty street, the outlaw pushed through the saloon doors. When he had stepped off the boardwalk, the marshal's voice cut his advance short like a whiplash. "That's far enough, mister."
The outlaw laughed. "All right, marshal," he said. "Let's go to it."
But the marshal said quietly, "It's your play, mister."

There was an instant's pause, and then the outlaw's hand flashed downward. But the marshal's six-shooters spoke first, and the outlaw, a look of surprise on his face, tumbled forward into the dusty street.

THE DAY OF THE GUNFIGHTER

By Robert Laxalt

So goes the popular image of the western gunfighter. If the marshal, sporting drooping moustaches and baggy pants, had been hiding outside the saloon doors clutching a five-shooter recently drawn from his bellyband, had shoved it into the outlaw's stomach and snarled, "Draw, you coward," and after hauling his man to the justice of the peace and pocketing half the fine, had returned to the interrupted faro game he was running on the side, the image would have been no further from the truth. In fact, much closer.

What has been done with that uniquely American legend of the gunfighter is a remarkable thing to behold. Each age has stamped its desires upon him, from the incredible *single handed exploits* of Ned Buntline's writing day to the cowboy troubadour of immaculate costume and a heart ever faithful to his horse; the realistic postwar outcast of rude garb, haunted and hunted and trying to live down his wild past; and the natural progression into the most ridiculous extreme of all—the gunfighter who, while blowing the smoke from the barrel of his gun, reflects in thinly disguised psychological terms on the childhood traumas that made him what he was.

Where the gunfighter will go next is anybody's guess. But with the gamut nearly run, chances are that the next go-round, which in some ways has already started, will unfortunately be one of satires and exposes.

The hole-pokers will find plenty of ammunition, some of it deserved, in such assorted truths as the fact that Billy the Kid was an ugly little killer who never gave a man anything amounting to an even

break; that because of the size of his nose, Wild Bill Hickok was known in some quarters as Duck Bill; that Wyatt Earp was a gambler first and a lawman incidentally and parttime; that the classic quick draw showdown usually amounted to having your gun out and ready when you challenged a man; and that even the word *cowboy* was originally a term of derision, literally translated as the boy, not yet a man, who tended the cows.

If there is anything left of the legend after this has been accomplished, it will be a minor miracle. Yet, the gunfighter is mighty elastic, else he would have died long ago. The end result may well be that we will finally see him for what he was, a believable human with human shortcomings. And if for once we can judge him by the morality of his own time, and not ours, he may still emerge as a formidably heroic hunk of clay.

The old frontier quip that *Colonel Colt made all men equal* was more accurate than it was blasphemous. Though he personally never lived to see the production of the great gun that bore his name, the Colt's Peacemaker in effect marked the end of the time when men settled their personal quarrels with knives. His genius, coupled with the boost that the Civil War gave to the perfection of killing instruments, at last gave men of violence hand guns that could shoot fairly straight and stood a chance of going off more often than not.

However, such a fearsome weapon as the Bowie was not to be cast away overnight. Still holding to the respected traditions of knife fighting and a little suspicious of how dependable a pistol really was, there were few gunfighters in later years whose body arsenal did not include a Bowie. But its day for much other than drawing blood to settle an argument not important enough to throw one's life away on was pretty nearly done.

Probably the last of the classic knife duels to the death was fought by Clay Allison of Texas, a novelty in his time in that he wore all the fancy trappings of a modern movie gunfighter. Tall, black haired, black bearded and handsome, he was nevertheless a dangerous man with a gun. And when drunk, he was a demon.

On one of his drinking sprees, he got into an argument with a rancher who was not a bit impressed with the Texan's reputation. When the argument reached the point where both men agreed that the world could hold only one of them, they decided to fight it out with knives. Allison, with a flair for the macabre, suggested that they dig a grave together and fight it out inside, the winner to bury the loser.

And so they did, working side by side with shovels in the graveyard. Then, stripped to the waist and armed with Bowies, they jumped down into the hole. The rancher was no beginner with a knife, and the curious crowd of onlookers who were hunched down on their knees around the grave saw an exhibition that had nearly as much finesse as a fencing duel. Before Allison had carved up the rancher's knife arm enough to sink his Bowie into him, he knew he had been in a fight. He dutifully buried the loser, but he carried the scars of the duel to his own grave.

And further west in Nevada, Virginia City came in for its own share of knife fight lore when Sam Brown—a repulsive specimen happily described by writers as "a reptilian brute" later, when he was safely dead—supposedly carved the heart out of a man in a saloon argument.

In actual climax, the age in which the gunfighter came into his own was much shorter than is realized. It covered a 20-year span from 1865 to 1885, or roughly, from the end of the Civil War to the time when the West was fairly well organized.

Except in the Southwest, and Nevada, it is significant that no single person either within or without the law earned himself any big reputation as a man killer in such cities as Denver, Colorado, and San Francisco. By this time, communities of any permanence in the West had a good working semblance of law and order, even to the point of ordinances forbidding the carrying of guns. For the most part, the outlaw elements of thieves and rustlers shied away from these organized towns and made their hideouts in mountain and desert, little out-of-the-way settlements consisting of not much more than a general store and a few saloons, and the mining boom camps such as Virginia City before they grew up. Considering how thinly-peopled the West was, however, there were more than enough badmen around to suit anyone.

Enter the Gunmen

Texas in particular posed a situation unique unto itself. Following the Civil War, it was money poor and torn apart with the bitterness of carpetbagging Reconstruction. Caught in the struggle for power between negro and white man, law and order was hard put even to know what was demanded of it. This potpourri of politics, poverty, and confused claims of atrocities by both races in a state that prided itself on independent attitudes exploded into violence and outlawery. And out of this were born the West's first celebrated gunfighters, or gunmen, as was the proper term for those outside the law before the word became a catchall.

Probably the two most famous were William Longley and John Wesley Hardin. Though trying to establish how many men a gunfighter did or didn't kill will always be a ghoulishly unresolvable western pastime, Longley is said to have done away with 30 men, mostly negroes, before he was hanged at the age of 26. Hardin's bloody career is reputed to have amounted to killing eight men by the time he reached the tender age of 18, and 39 assorted gunmen, law officers, Mexican vaqueros, negroes, and Indians by the age of 21. Along with Brooklyn-born William Bonney, or Billy the Kid,



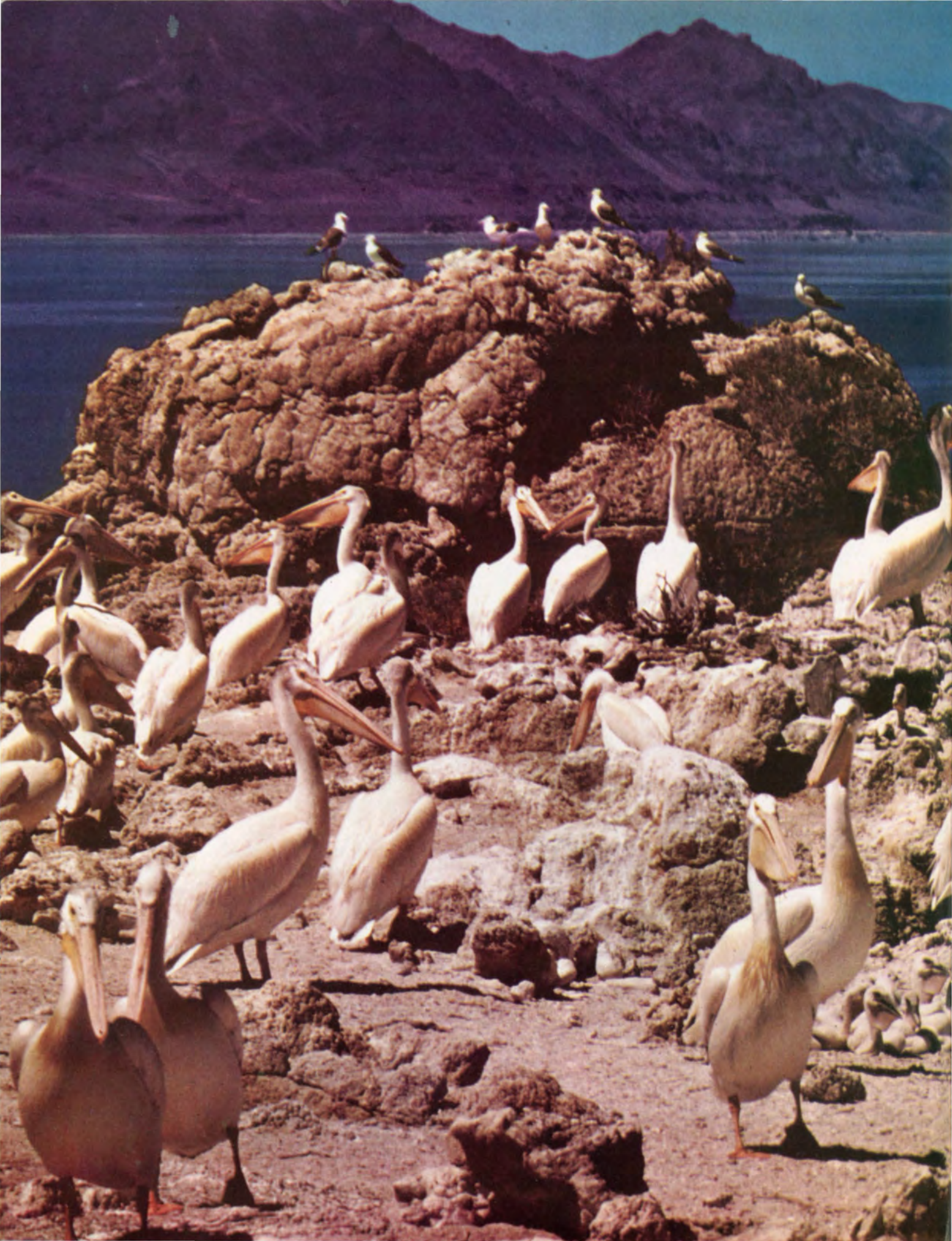
whose total of 20 men before he was 22 years old is fairly well established, both Longley and Hardin were homicidal maniacs. They were in sharp contrast to the more temperate gunfighters of the Kansas trail towns, such as Wyatt Earp, who killed only five men, and Doc Holliday and Bat Masterson with four each.

Their youthful ages are revealing of one thing. As fiction, movies, and television for some undefinable reason persist in portraying, the West of the gunfighter's day was not a country filled with grizzled old men. It was dominated by people sufficiently young and strong to have endured the hardships of opening a raw and frightening new land, and the Indian dangers, hunger and thirst, and loneliness that went with it. And in addition to those pioneers seeking new horizons for their growing families, it was an emptying-out place for the youthful adventurers and fortune seekers of many lands, and inevitably, the criminal outcasts of more civilized communities.

To illustrate this, the gunfighters were with rare exception nearly all youngsters. All three of the Fighting Earps—Wyatt, Virgil, and Morgan—were in their twenties during the boom days of the Kansas trail towns. Bat Masterson was in his late teens, and Doc Holliday in his early twenties.

The same thing holds true of the score of southwest gunfighters less well remembered but equally as prominent in their own day. Ben Thompson, a wandering printer turned gambler from Yorkshire, England, was one of the West's most feared men when he was in his twenties, as was Clay Allison. The Texas bandit, Sam Bass, was only 27 when he was finally run down and killed after many elusive years. Virginia City's gentlemanly Langford Peel was also in young manhood when he

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46



PELICANS!

They come by thousands to Nevada's strange Pelican Island

By Michael Wotten

To a pelican there's no place quite like Anaho Island. Each spring the great white birds come back to their refuge in Pyramid Lake as surely as the swallows come to Capistrano. They come in thousands, in some years more than ten thousand—and set up housekeeping in America's largest pelican city. Only 35 miles north of Reno they lay eggs, raise gawky youngsters, and then leave again.

The birds were wintering in far-off Mexico when General John Fremont's band of adventurers stumbled on the great lake on January 10, 1844. "It broke upon our eyes like an ocean," he wrote in his diary. But there were no pelicans for him to record.

Even in summer it's easy to overlook them. You can stand on the lake shore close to where Fremont made his winter camp 120 years ago, and look across the smooth water to Anaho Island. It floats like a giant sombrero, high-crowned with red and purple rock, rimmed with broad white beaches. Seen from afar the slopes look barren and lifeless.

But high over the island—if you're lucky you'll spot tiny points of white, soaring, turning slowly against the deep blue of the sky.

Clumsy and comical on the ground, in the air pelicans are transformed. Majestic then and dignified, they delight to drift so high on summer thermals that they almost disappear from sight.

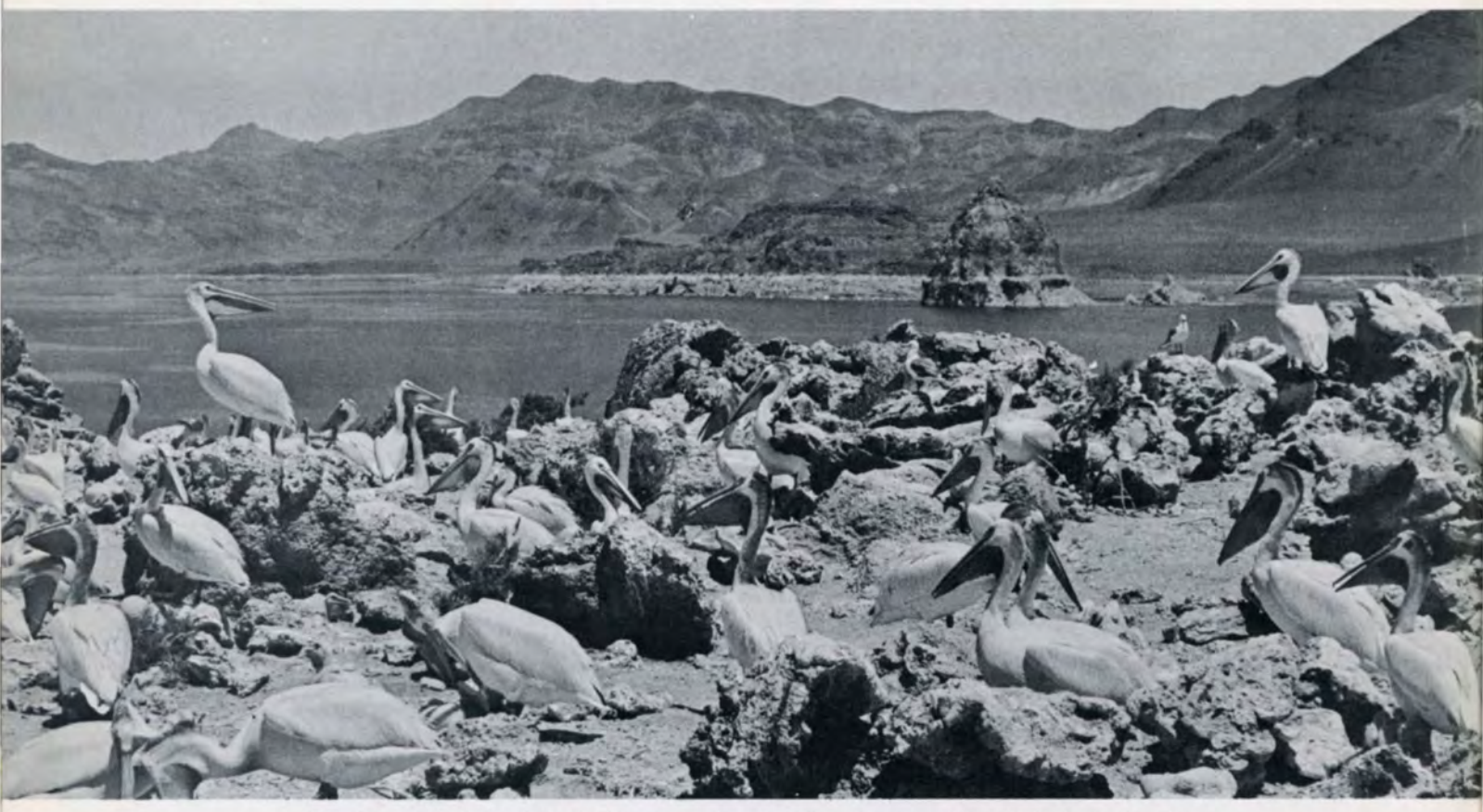
Few birds are easier to recognize. Their creamy-white plumage, black-tipped wings, and massive orange bill make them unmistakable. Size, too, sets them apart. Six feet long and almost ten across the wings, they rank among America's largest birds.

These are white pelicans, but there are brown pelicans too. The brown birds can be seen along the warm Atlantic, Gulf, and Pacific coasts where they sail magnificently above the long ocean swells. The larger white pelicans on the other hand, are inland birds that raise their young on lakes and marshes throughout the arid parts of the West. And whereas brown pelicans catch



The pelican colony on arid Anaho Island in Pyramid Lake, shown in this remarkable series of photos by Michael Wotton.

To a pelican there's no place like Anaho Island



Haughty and aloof, they baby-sit. Pelicans may be awkward on the ground but in flight they're jet pilots.





They fly to Anaho every year, rear their gangling youngsters, then depart en masse to spend the winter in the sunny south.

fish by plunging headlong from the air, white pelicans fish quietly as a team.

On summer mornings the big white birds are a regular sight as they fly 60 airline miles to feed in the Stillwater Marshes near Fallon. Often they make the trip rather than dine from the deeper waters of Pyramid Lake. On the marsh pools they swim side by side trying to trap fish against the shore, or ring them with a circle of their gaping orange beaks. Slowly, cautiously, they close in on their finny prey, then lunge. A gulp and a swallow, and the meal is over. Carp and other coarse fish are favorite foods.

The idea that pelicans carry fish in their bills is a myth. The gaudy orange membrane beneath their beaks is more of a scoop net than it is a shopping basket.

The pelicans' fishing trips to the Fallon and other Nevada marshes offer your best chance to see these spectacular birds, for at home in their island colony they must be left in peace. If the birds were frightened from their nests by visitors the naked chicks would be sun-broiled in half an hour.

It was to protect the pelicans that Anaho Island National Wildlife Refuge was established in 1913. And it was by accompanying a Fish and Wildlife Service biologist on an inspection trip that a friend and I were able to see and photograph the birds at home. Our visit was carefully timed to catch the young birds at a stage of their development when they would suffer least from whatever slight disturbance we might cause.

As our boat approached the island the rocks that had looked so barren from the shore began to show signs of life. Soon we could see pelicans off duty from their nests. Some were idling. Others were waddling along the beach on flat orange feet, their comic orange bills settled on pouted breasts. Disturbed, they leaped clumsily into the air; a few flaps, and they became masters of their element. Alternately flapping and sailing, wings sighing, it was easy to believe these powerful fliers pass their winters as far south as Panama.

We made camp in a spot well out of sight of the birds and began to explore. There were many birds to see besides pelicans. Rock wrens flitted between jagged boulders, and marsh hawks swung over tiers of stranded beaches grown dense with alkali weed. Great blue heron chicks ogled us from bulky nests atop greasewood thickets. Along the shore were double-crested cormorants' nests. And at the far end of the island California gulls screamed defiance, and Caspian terns shielded their eggs from the sun, panting, blood-red bills agape.

To avoid disturbing the main pelican colony we selected an isolated group for our closeup photographic work. As we approached, the adults flew off. Quickly we set up a hiding tent well removed from the nearest



Arrival at Anaho Island. David Marshall of the Fish and Wildlife Service and Leonard Conkling were photographed by author Michael Wotton.

nests. Then from a distance we watched the adults to make sure they returned to their chicks without delay.

Later, we came back to move the blind closer, a little at a time, until it stood surrounded by nests. Yet its approach had been so gradual the birds were unaware that anything had changed. Now we were ready for picture taking.

My companions installed me in the blind with my tripod and cameras, and then left. To a circling pelican unable to count, two figures picking their way downhill among the rattlesnake-haunted boulders were evidence enough that all danger was past.

Left alone in the blind, I waited for the birds to return. From the peephole I could see the ground outside that had been beaten smooth by the milling feet of generations of pelicans. Woolly grey youngsters were huddled in groups among the rocks and greasewood bushes. It was hot, and the chicks were still.

As I waited I looked beyond the young birds across the blue waters to the "very remarkable rock" that prompted Fremont to call this place Pyramid Lake. High on the rock's flank are watermarks that tell a sober story.

Early in the present century a dam was built on the Truckee River to divert the lake's only inflow for irrigation purposes. Since then the lake's level has dropped almost 100 feet. If Anaho Island becomes a peninsula —which may happen very soon—the safety that goes



Pelicans' nests are made of gravel or plant debris. The birds share the island with odd neighbors, rattlesnakes which inhabit the rock crevices.



Photos were taken from a blind, hard work because of its oven-like heat.



Adults prudently shade the youngsters from the sun.

with the colony's isolation will be lost. And without special protection the pelicans may be lost, too.

Just then I heard the sighing of powerful wings, and from my peephole saw the shadows of great birds passing over the blind. The pelicans circled, and swung lower. Then they went around once more. Suddenly one bird made up his mind and came in braking hard with flailing wings and outstretched feet. Then he was down, standing half surprised with head erect. Others came from all sides, wings beating, kicking up dust. More and still more of them came until the rocks were covered with birds. Many waddled off to their chicks, grunting.

The colony settled down. Old birds fluttered their pouches like orange flags in a breeze. Some were so close I could have prodded them.

Two hours went by, and my hiding place was like an oven. Outside I could see pelicans by the thousand, coming and going, feeding and tending their homely chicks as they have done on these slopes through ages long gone.

Pelicans are historic birds. Almost certainly they have lived by these waters since Ancient Lake Lahontan—once 50 times the size of Pyramid Lake—covered most of Western Nevada.

As I watched, a hungry chick reached up from its parent's shade and nibbled the grotesque beak that hung overhead. As the beak opened junior in his eagerness to be fed almost climbed inside, probing and rummaging after fish far back in his parent's cavernous throat. Then he tumbled back satisfied—and promptly went to sleep.

This scene has been set every summer since long before man walked the earth. Every year for eons past white birds on mighty wings have soared in blue western skies. And you can see them still—living gems of Nevada's wildlife heritage.



An alert citizen surveys the scene—and likes it.

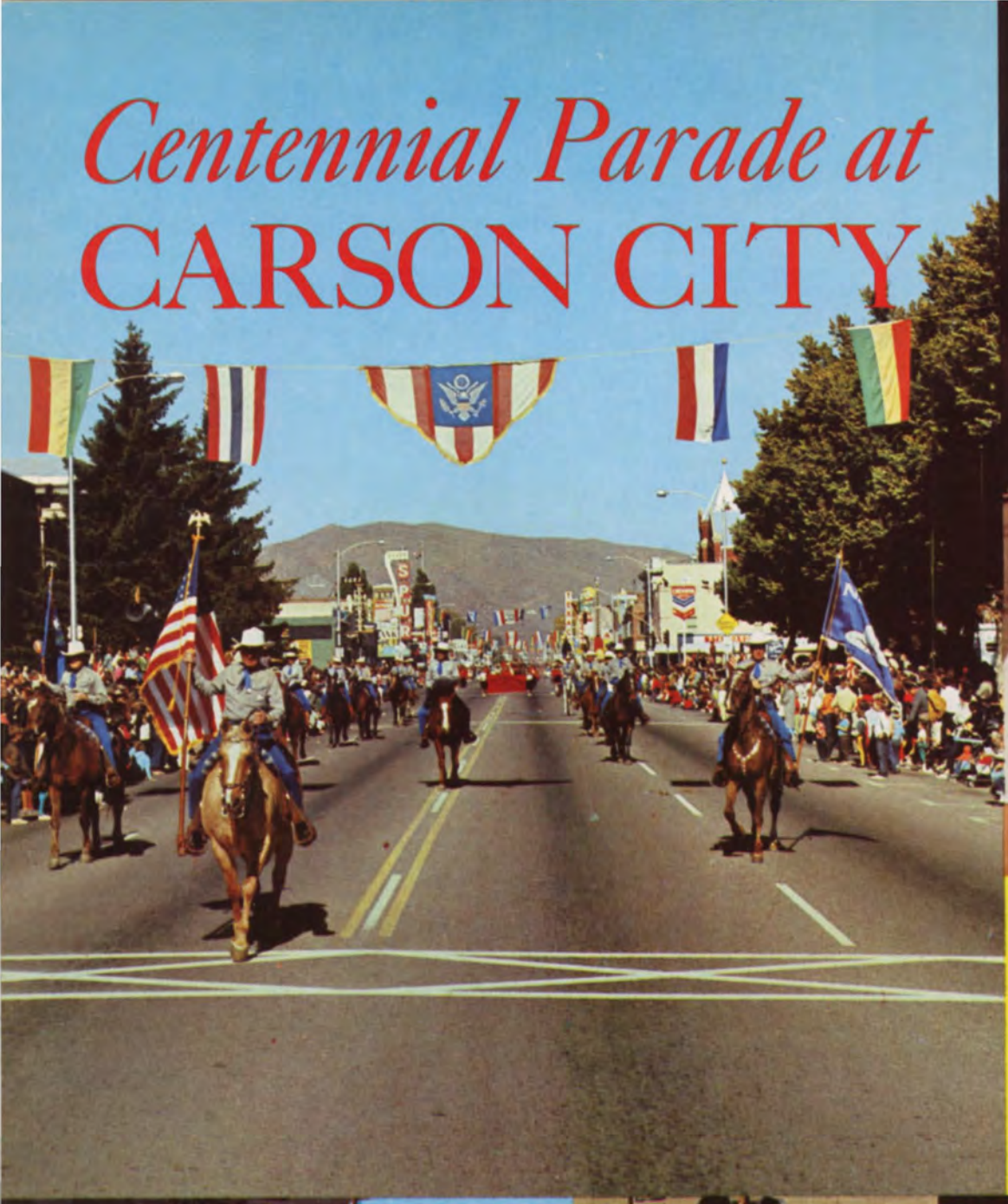


Anaho is busy with birdlife—pelicans, caspian terns and gulls.



Members of this unusual expedition brought along a mountain of gear.

Centennial Parade at CARSON CITY





The sounds of many bands intermingle as the big parade draws closer. Here, flags leading the way, Nevada's biggest parade moves down Carson City's main street, which is lined by thousands of enthusiastic spectators.





It happens every year—the Nevada Day parade marking this state's admission to the Union in 1864. Hot dogs, paper hats and soda pop are much in evidence on this day, a gay and memorable one for the kids.



Nevada's Centennial parade will be the biggest in Carson City's history. Some 2,000 marchers, including members of 25 bands, are expected. Here, the Nevada Indian Band is led by feather-decked Chief Harry Winnemucca.



Dozens of entries are slated for the main parade on October 31: huge floats, marching groups, cowboys and Indians and bands such as these, the popular Nevada Indian band from Reno and the brightly uniformed high school band from Sparks.





An old wagon accompanied by 30 riders, a sentimental reminder of trail days, represents Western Stables of Reno. A turnout of 50,000 enjoyed the event last year and several times that number are expected to invade Carson City for this year's excitement.

Bands away! And the crisp October air is filled with music. This group came in 1963 from Bishop, California. Many western states will be represented this year in the four parades, balls, Indian celebrations and many other events to be staged in late October.

Below, a bit of western tomfoolery takes place on the sidelines. This year's series of parades and events, scheduled for the last week in October, will mark Nevada's most important birthday. There will be everything from fireworks to square dancing for the thousands of visitors.

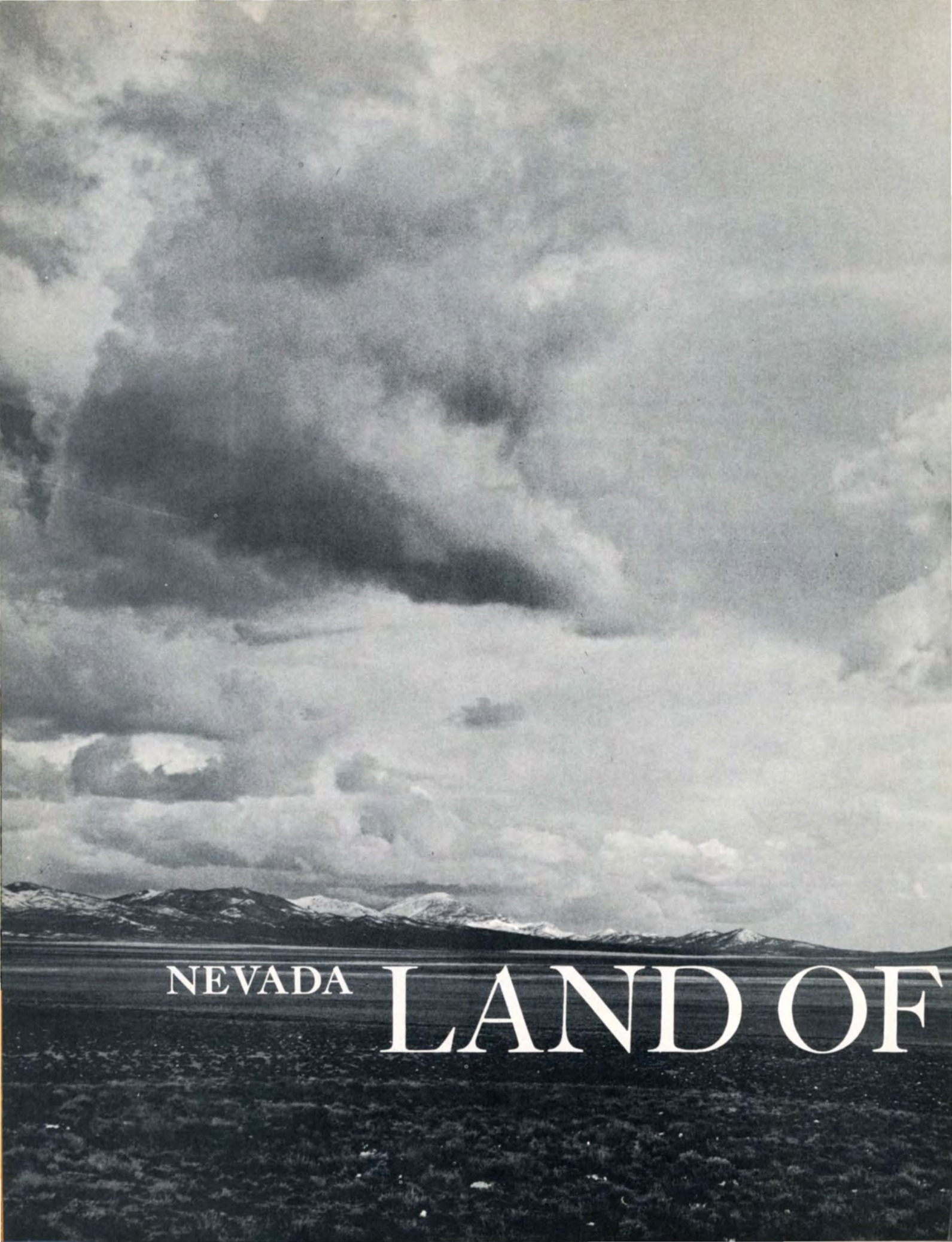


Balloons and all the trappings. The mile-long main parade on October 31 will include most of the state's dignitaries, Indians from many tribes, colorful floats—and all the excitement that can possibly be packed into this long-planned and well-staged event.



Nevada's Colorful Centennial Parade...

Celebrating the State's Birthday, on October 31st


NEVADA
LAND OF

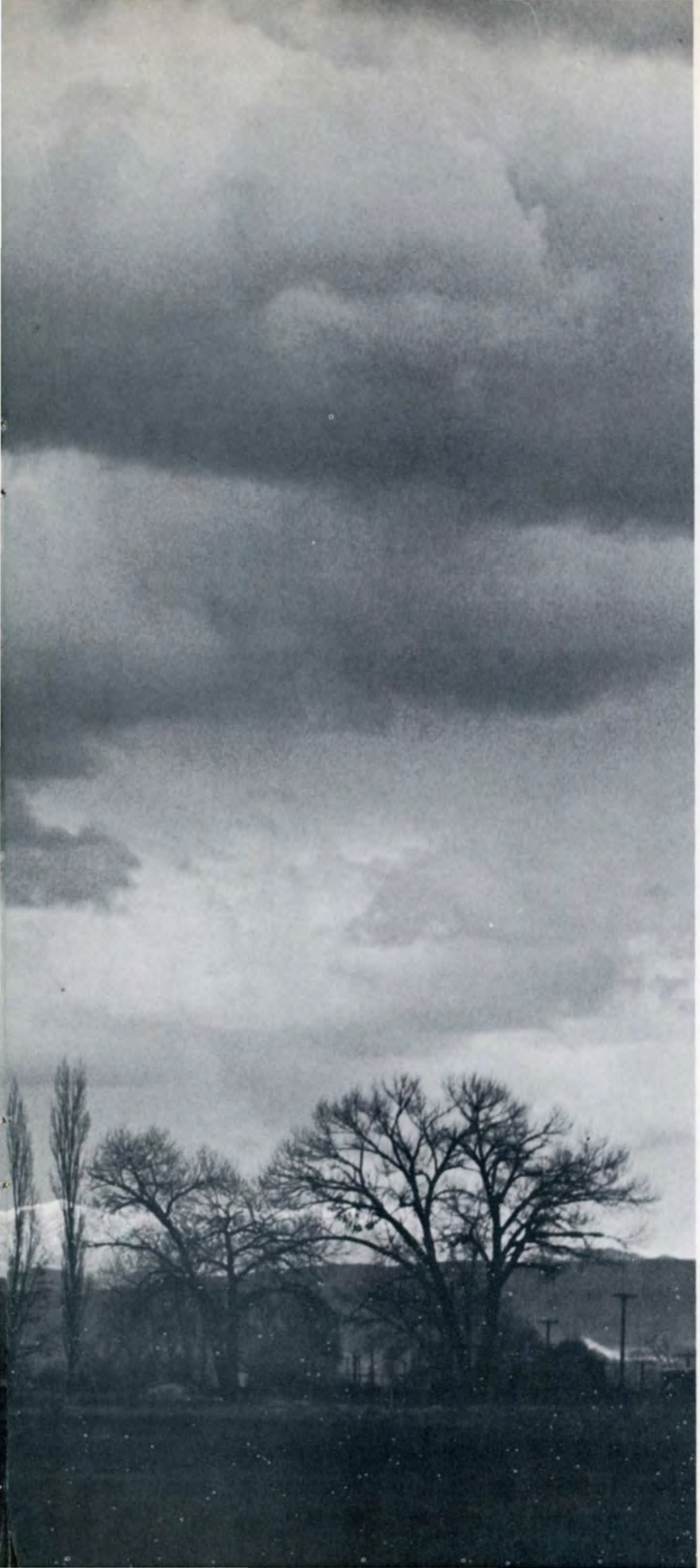


THE OPEN SKY

PHILIP HYDE VIEWS THE DESERT

Space. A commodity so precious that men are beginning to look to the planets to find it, space is what Nevada is made of. It comes in various shapes, bounded perhaps by distant hills, by clouds poised above a far-off horizon, or by the vague limits of the sage-covered plains. Philip Hyde, outstanding photographer of the West, catches the mood in these remarkable photos.





The Marching Trees

Farther west in Churchill County, Philip Hyde lingered to view the Stillwater Range, translucent under a mantle of new-fallen snow. Seen from a ranch near Fallon, the soft folds of these hills provide a subtle backdrop for the old cottonwoods and poplars, a bare-limbed army in march formation.

The Surprise of Green

On the center pages following, a portrait of a gentle valley south of Yerington. Taken in early spring, the photo shows the scene after a shower when leaves still await a sun signal and thin grasses are beginning the push to summer. This could be one of many valleys in Nevada, one of the lovely pasturelands that nestle at the bases of the desert mountains.









Black and White

Sage-sprinkled hills and departing storm clouds tower over the bold, black and white snow spots caught in these photos taken by Philip Hyde near Black Rock Summit on U.S. 6 southwest of Ely. This is a volcanic area, identified by its dark soil and lava-covered, frozen craters.

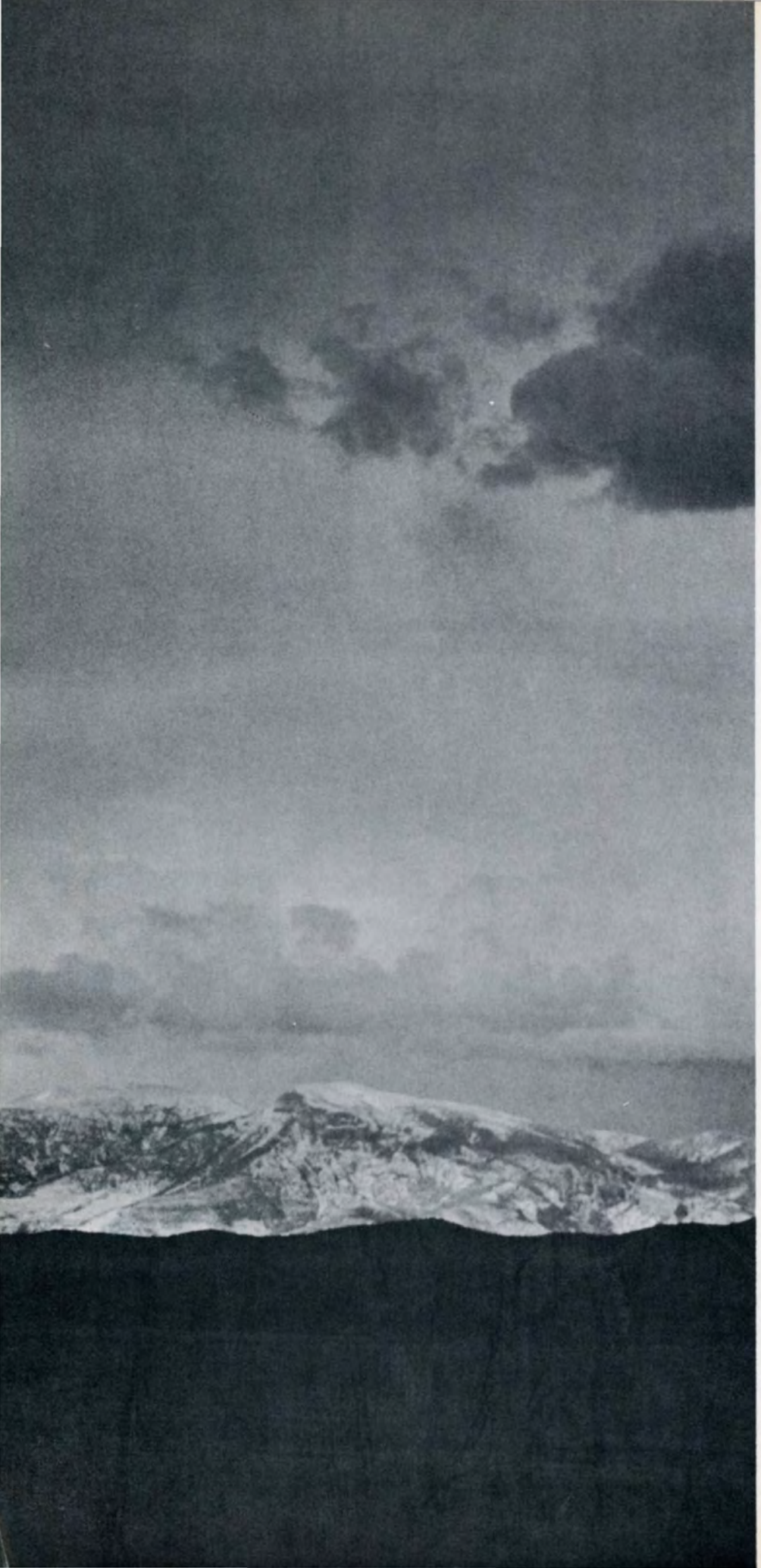


The Unfenced Land

Discovery. Tramping through the Nevada hills, or viewing them from the highways, you become an explorer; and it is difficult to suppress the feeling that you are the first to see and understand this landscape. Philip Hyde enjoyed an instant of discovery when he stopped here, near Black Rock Summit.







The Big Sky

Space, clear air and sweeping landscapes that fasten into the mind, unforgettable. A definition of eternity is told in the Nevada scene in any season, but here, in early spring, looking toward Wheeler Peak and the Snake Range, Philip Hyde found a remarkable moment in time.

Gingerbread and Chimney Pots

The wonderful old houses of Carson City



THE TOUR BEGINS at 1217 North Carson Street, the main business thoroughfare. Here is an old house which definitely shows its years, and is noteworthy for the variety of lacy wood trimming of its eaves. The house was built in Washoe City and moved to Carson in 1873.

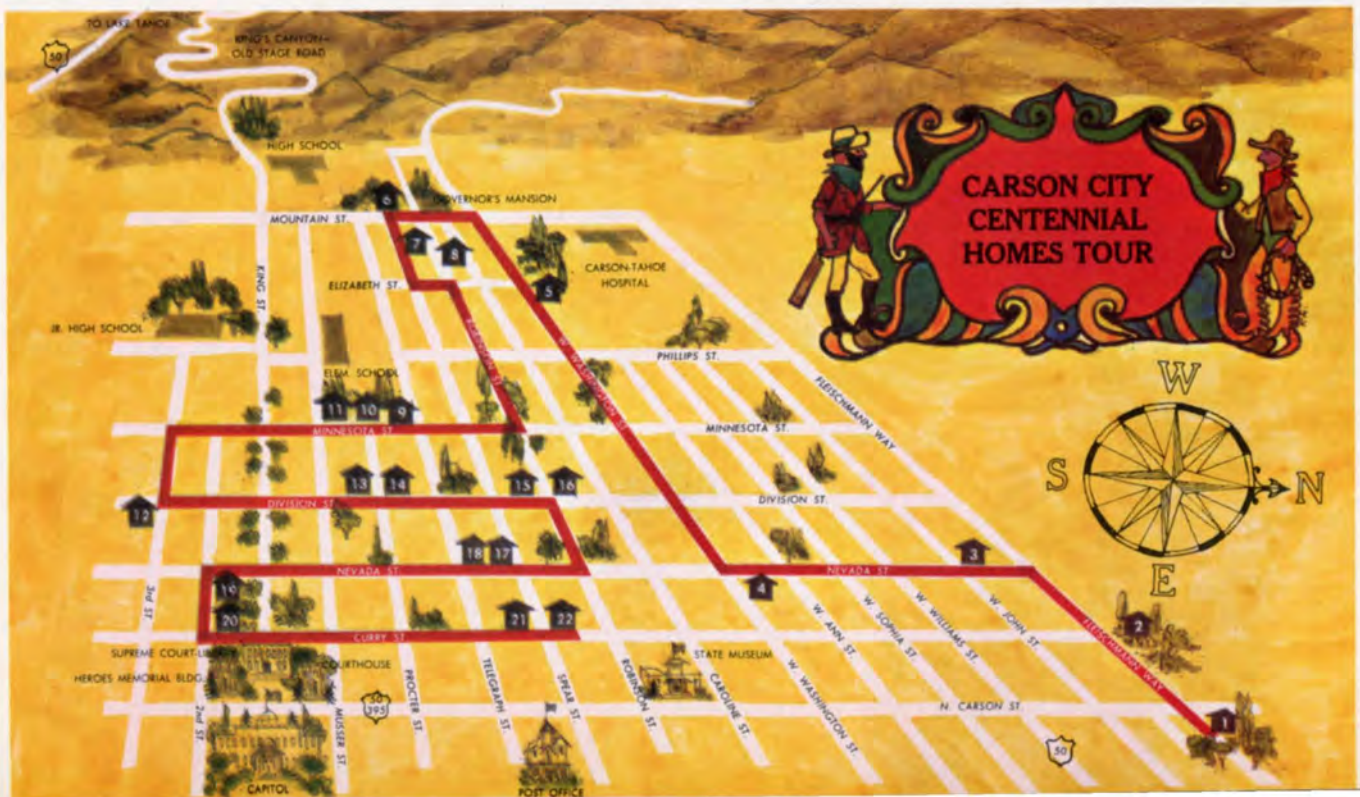
ILLUSTRATIONS BY THELMA CALHOUN
Based on research by Olga Reifschneider

Energetic Abe Curry came to Eagle Valley in 1858 and the following year laid out the town that was to become the state capital. Near the center of the village Abe, with amazing foresight, reserved space for the capitol, which was built there ten years later. Stimulated by traffic to the Comstock, by the Pony Express, and the transcontinental telegraph line and, in due course, by the coming of the Virginia and Truckee Railroad, the town grew rapidly.

And it grew well. Along Abe's carefully planned streets began to appear substantial, well-built homes, a good number of which were patterned after the houses in New England where so many of Carson's residents grew up. Although some of the earliest were made of adobe, the majority of these homes were built of sturdier stuff, fine timber from Lake Tahoe, brick, or stone from the quarry near the city. They were comfortably large and in some instances even pretentious, in keeping with the ornate and elegant tastes of that prosperous Victorian era when gingerbread and chimney pots were a must.

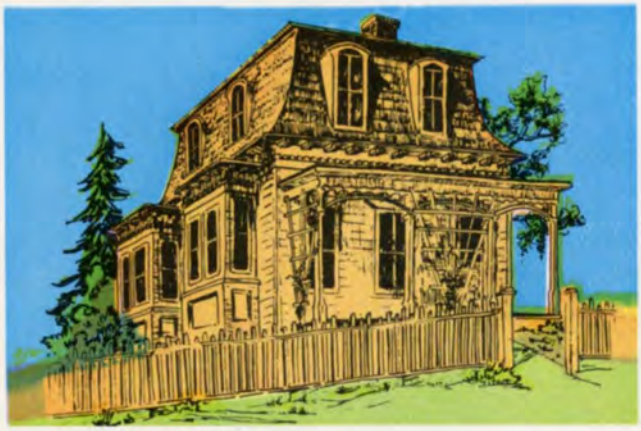
Carson's first families, energetic planters of trees, gardens and lawns, rapidly converted Abe's sandy acres into the neat and attractive garden spot it is today.

The great American game of house spotting is easily and rewardingly played here. The rules of the sport are simple: drive slowly or better yet, walk; keep a sharp eye; and above all, please do not disturb the residents. The map on this page leads to but a few of the wonderful old homes that Carson City's citizens are wisely and proudly preserving.





AT 106 FLEISCHMANN WAY is the elegant, three-story home built by Theodore R. Hofer and his bride, Elizabeth, granddaughter of Senator Stewart, in 1906. This is one of the homes built in Carson following the Tonopah boom that ended a 20-year depression caused by the decline of the mines in Virginia City. This sturdy home has a large entrance hall containing a built-in clock which has marked the hours continuously.



THIS GEM OF A HOUSE at 1206 North Nevada Street was built in 1875 and is virtually a carbon copy of a similar house, now an antique shop and bar, two blocks east on Carson Street. In 1880 this house became the property of Judge C. H. Belknap, a Nevada Supreme Court Justice, who added three rooms and renewed the classic mansard roof.



AT 807 NORTH NEVADA Street is this small but carefully constructed home built in Washoe City about 100 years ago and later moved into Carson City. One of its owners was Tom Easton, superintendent of the Carson Box Factory, a once-thriving enterprise. A later owner was David Anderson Smaill, whose daughter retained it until a few years ago.



TUCKED FAR BACK from the curb at 608 West Washington Street, this old house is worth seeking out because of the curious ornamentation along its roof ridge. Originally it was the John Bath home, built on the family ranch about 100 years ago and moved in the early 1900's to its present location. The Baths were among the earliest settlers here.



AT 500 NORTH MOUNTAIN Street, two doors south of the Governor's Mansion, is this fine example of the architecture of the Tonopah boom period. Built just 50 years ago by Dr. Ernest Krebs, it is notable for its unusual roof construction, the colored glass panels installed in most of its windows, and for its circular porch, a popular feature of the period.



DIAGONALLY ACROSS THE STREET from the Governor's Mansion, at 707 West Robinson Street, is this well-preserved, nine-room home built in 1879 by the road chief of the V & T Railroad, David Bender. At the turn of the century it was sold to James T. Davis, banker and superintendent of the V & T, who added the large and impressive porch.



PERHAPS THE MOST IMPRESSIVE house in Carson City is this mammoth and elegant mansion directly to the east of the Governor's Mansion on 710 West Robinson Street. It was built in 1879 by the D. L. Bliss family. Made of fine timber from Lake Tahoe, it has 15 elegant rooms and seven marble fireplaces.



AT 340 NORTH MINNESOTA Street was located Carson's first schoolhouse. In 1898 Dr. Simeon Lem Lee bought the property, razed the school and from the salvaged materials built this fine, large home. Unusual for its extremely complex roof structure, the home contains 11 rooms including two 15-foot bathrooms. Panelling in the dining room and casings of the doors and windows is of solid mahogany shipped from the coast.



THIS HOUSE AT 302 North Minnesota Street, built about 1903 by H. H. Springmeyer, boasts a quaint "widow's walk." Probably the house was designed by the same architect who was responsible for the adjoining house, for the same conical-roofed circular porch is featured on both. At the rear of the house is a small octagonal building topped by a large stack, an early-day smokehouse.



PRISON LABOR WAS EMPLOYED in the construction in 1883 of this home at 204 North Minnesota Street, a fact that was apparently something of a scandal at the time because its owner was a district judge. It is made of native sandstone quarried at the Nevada State Prison, the same material used for the State Capitol Building.



BUILT AT 311 WEST THIRD Street in 1879 by George Washington Ferris, this house has a lovely, arched window bay and elaborate columns supporting the roof and porch. Several hundred feet of the original fence have been restored. Several other early homes are nearby.



AT 212 NORTH DIVISION Street is this home built by Richard Kelly in 1874. It was sold for $1,600 in 1884 to Otto Schultz, a native of Germany who operated a butcher shop for many years in Carson City. The house contains six rooms, each heated by a separate stove with its own chimney. The house features an elaborate roof ornamentation, bay windows and a striking Victorian bird bath.



AT THE CORNER of Division and Proctor Streets the rectory of St. Peter's Episcopal Church was completed in August 1868. The adjoining church, a classic New England beauty, celebrated its centennial in November 1963. The lamp which lights its entryway was originally used in Virginia City.



THE HOME BUILT in 1875 by Henry Marvin Yerington at 510 North Division Street reflects the aristocratic tastes of this prominent early tycoon who was known as "the empire builder." Its twelve rooms were decorated in fine detail: pale Italian marble fireplaces, and plaster bas-relief floral designs on the walls in soft blues and greens.



AT 214 KING STREET is the house built in 1880 by the Alcovich brothers, Benjamin and Hyman. Purchased in 1885 by George Meyers, the house has had excellent care as is evidenced by the well-preserved, lacy trimming of the porch and eaves, and carved porch pillars. The old house retains its original, attractive lines.



AT THE CORNER of Curry and King Street in 1874 the elegant Rinckel mansion was built by merchant Matt Rinckel. Made of pressed brick and foundation of native stone, the mansion is in splendid condition. The house and its original furnishings are open for public viewing.



TO DESIGN THIS HOUSE at 402 West Robinson, Dr. W. H. Cavell imported an architect from San Francisco. Completed in 1907, it boasted all the latest features of the day—low ceilings, hollow cement block walls, gas and electric fixtures and hot water heating for its spacious rooms. Another house, almost identical, was built at the same time by the same architect at 510 West Fourth Street.



KNOWN AS THE CHARTZ house ever since it was completed in 1870, this house at 406 North Nevada Street was built of sandstone from the Prison quarry. Striking features of this home are its classic bay windows, elaborately roofed entry, and the trellises in front of the windows.



AT 406 NORTH NEVADA is one of the historic houses of the city, the residence of the man who founded the capital, Abe Curry. Shown here as it was originally constructed in 1871, the house is built of stone from the prison quarry that Curry operated. Originally it had a cupola that admitted sunshine to the large dining room. The cupola and large front porch were later removed. It is still one of the finest examples of early Carson City architecture.



AT 412 NORTH CURRY Street in 1875 this home was built by James P. Woodbury, superintendent of the Mexican Mill on the Carson River. The facade of the house is today hidden by foliage but its elaborate roof ornamentation and other architectural features indicate that this was one of the town's handsome homes 90 years ago. Its large backyard is shaded by very old trees.



AT 204 WEST SPEAR Street, Wilson Brougher built this imposing home for his family in 1903. He came to Carson after striking it rich in Tonopah. His house is unusual for its two-story circular porch, curved glass windows, and the round, port-hole windows at the front of the house.

THE DAY OF THE GUNFIGHTER CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

ruled the *maneater* crowd in that booming silver camp.

Perhaps the best testament that gunfighters and frontiersmen alike were youthful is seen in the example of Wild Bill Hickok. His day was already considered long done when he was shot from behind and killed in Nuttall's saloon in Deadwood. Although regarded as a relic of the past, he was 41 years old when he died.

The real showdown gunfighter as we popularly know him flourished in the boom towns of a region that belts the middle of the United States. Roughly, it ranged from Deadwood, South Dakota, in the North to Tombstone, Arizona, in the South. Ironically, prosaic sounding Kansas, in such towns as Wichita, Abilene, Dodge, Ellsworth, and Hays City, has a richer heritage of famous gunplay than many of the Western states that make a fetish of their violent frontier history.

Two things caused the boom in this belted area —Texas cattle in the Kansas railroad towns and mining strikes in Deadwood and Tombstone.

North From Texas

There has never quite been anything in western history to match the dramatic quality of the Texas cattle drives. In its poor postwar days, that sprawling state teemed with upwards of four million cattle. With no local market for them and constant rumors of a beef-hungry East where cattle were selling for ten times more, the Texans swallowed the pride of Civil War hurts and decided to sell their meat to the Yankees.

Up the famed trails such as the Chisholm and the Dodge moved a 15-year cavalcade of longhorns trailherded to those tiny railheads in Kansas that would deign to handle them. This permission was a practical thing, since in many parts of Kansas, the not nearly so meek sodbusters often turned back the herds with armed resistance. Their reason was that the longhorns were carrying Texas tick fever, and the farmers didn't want their own livestock infected.

The impact of the trail herds was staggering. Forlorn little whistlestops that before had amounted to a few shacks reeled and shook with unexpected prosperity. And then there were the herders or drovers—*cowboys* as they were later to be dubbed in insult in Dodge City because of their wild antics. Booted and spurred and sombreroed, with a tradition of noisy guntoting and incidentally, still carrying a Civil War chip on their shoulders, they made their invasion of Yankee territory. And if these ingredients were not already volatile enough, there were the added ones of miserable months in the saddle, nerves rubbed raw from stampede and Indian dangers, and the natural yearning for a good bustout at the end of the trail.

The coming of the herds and herders and money went together to give birth to a clique that was to remain remarkably cohesive in the years to come, even to the point of picking up stakes and moving together from one boom town to the next.

It was made up of saloon keepers, gamblers, prostitutes, just plain hangers-on, and professional politicians who could see many advantages in organizing town governments and collecting taxes. This nomadic clique gathered from the four points of the compass and proceeded to set up shop. And the shops were nothing to sneeze at. In the honky-tonks, for example, little was spared that money could buy. The mahogany bars boasted of a variety of mixed drinks, and painted prostitutes provided companionship. There were elaborate gambling tables, chandeliers, and even stages for such entertainment as can-can dancing and bawdy ballads.

If the lonely little town had known any such thing as a sheriff or policeman before, he usually turned in his badge or left town overnight. In the face of hundreds of touchy, drunken cowboys carrying guns, and saloon keepers and gamblers with rumored reputations of man killing, it was the sensible thing to do.

Even to the professional organizers, it soon became obvious that the towns could not survive without some degree of law and order. Saloons and regular business houses were making money, of course, but destruction and violence were mounting. Shootings were frequent, costly furniture was being broken in brawls, mirrors and chandeliers and glasses shot up, and the respectable merchant element terrorized by an old Texas custom called *treeing a town,* in which a whole contingent of cowboys would run their horses down the main street, screaming like Cossacks, shooting in the air and through store fronts, and sometimes, innocent bystanders.

Men of reputation, who were not Texans, were needed to keep the cowboys in line. Since there were not many around, first thoughts turned to such early frontiersmen-scouts as Bear River Tom Smith and Wild Bill Hickok. The latter was supposed to have killed 43 men, not counting Indians. But of course, the gunfighting fraternity knew better, since they were not averse to telling a few stretchers themselves.

Saga of Wild Bill

Though Hickok did more than a creditable job in holding down the cowboy crowds in Abilene, thereby setting the pace for marshals that were to follow, he was pathetically out of his time. Even in appearance, he was an oddity with his flowing, shoulder-length hair, crimson sash, and body arsenal of guns, knives, and clubs, when the professional society was tending toward such conservative dress as tight-fitting sack coats and bowler hats.

The last fortunate thing that happened to him was the way he died. At the lowest ebb of his life, drunk most of the time and reduced to begging handouts to keep him in gambling money, he walked into a poker game in Deadwood. Though he insisted on sitting in his usual place with his back to the wall, the rest of the players joshed him out of it.

A shabby vagrant named Jack McCall was standing at the bar. For some reason known only to himself, he edged around behind Hickok and shot him in the back of the head.

So Wild Bill was cowardly assassinated while he sat for the first time with his back to the door, by a gun that had only one good cartridge in it, and while dying, smiled and faced up what was to become known as the Dead Man's hand—aces and eights with a queen kicker.

It took a while for these classic elements to be appreciated by the public. In fact, his murderer, McCall, was actually let go in Deadwood because of a fabricated story of revenge and the low esteem in which Hickok was then regarded. The Eastern journals went wild with the story, dredged up Hickok's past exploits, and generously added a few more men to his credit. When the West realized what a man it had lost, it sentimentally re-arrested Jack McCall and hanged him.

There is a certain hypocrisy in concealing the fact that the gunfighting marshals we idolize now were selected from the wandering clique of gamblers and saloonkeepers. In the first place, gambling was part of that frontier day in nearly every town and settlement. Moreover, these men were just about the only ones around in the boom towns whose occupation demanded that they be handy with a gun. And of course, the gambler's poker face for bluffing purposes didn't hurt, either.

However, they were not about to give up full time at their lucrative tables by taking on a lawman's job at little pay, and risking their lives daily to boot. Though a few forgotten men like Bill Tilghman and Ed Masterson did do just that, the great majority were just not that civic minded. So, the town fathers had to make the jobs attractive enough to draw capable men. This they did for the most part by making lawmen tax assessors on the side, with the right to keep a share of the collections, and also, a share of the fines levied against those they arrested. With this arrangement, some lawmen in the boom towns could count on making as much as $20,000 a year, which even to a gambler was quite well worth the risk. The

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56



STEAK ON A HILLTOP





Dinner in the relaxed atmosphere at the Lancer comes with a bonus, the unexcelled view over Reno.



Manager Marvin Goings talks over the menu with the chef.



Here, he stops to chat with a guest on the cool terrace.

The terrace at the Lancer, hilltop restaurant perched high above Reno, provides a view that the customers never forget—a sweeping panorama over beautiful Truckee Meadows, the mountain-rimmed valley that contains Reno and Sparks along with generous thousands of acres of surrounding open country.

Winter or summer, from the terrace or through the Lancer's huge plate glass windows, this is a view Nevadans enjoy as much as do the many out-of-state visitors who have happily discovered this delightful dining spot on the Mt. Rose highway.

The view isn't all they come for. For its outstanding meals, served unobtrusively and efficiently in an atmosphere of warm hospitality, the Lancer has become known as one of the finest eating places in the state.

Beef is king in the Lancer's kitchen. Whether in the form of a juicy prime rib, a New York rloin or an appetite-whetting chateaubriand from the roiler, beef is cooked to perfection here and delivered with side dishes that are exactly right—a chubby baked potato, for example, topped with sour cream and chives. Equally popular items on the busy menu are the tasty broiled lamb chops, fried chicken, lobster, and the crisp spinach salad which has become a Lancer trademark. In the dessert department, there is the do-it-yourself rainbow sundae, an entertaining trayful of goodies which can be combined in as daring a manner as the customer chooses.

Housed in a large building on its hilltop site, the Lancer, in addition to its dining rooms, has a large banquet room, a comfortable bar where an organist plays nightly, and ample parking facilities.





The bar offers its own view of the valley from huge windows.



Plenty of parking on the flat hilltop location above Reno.

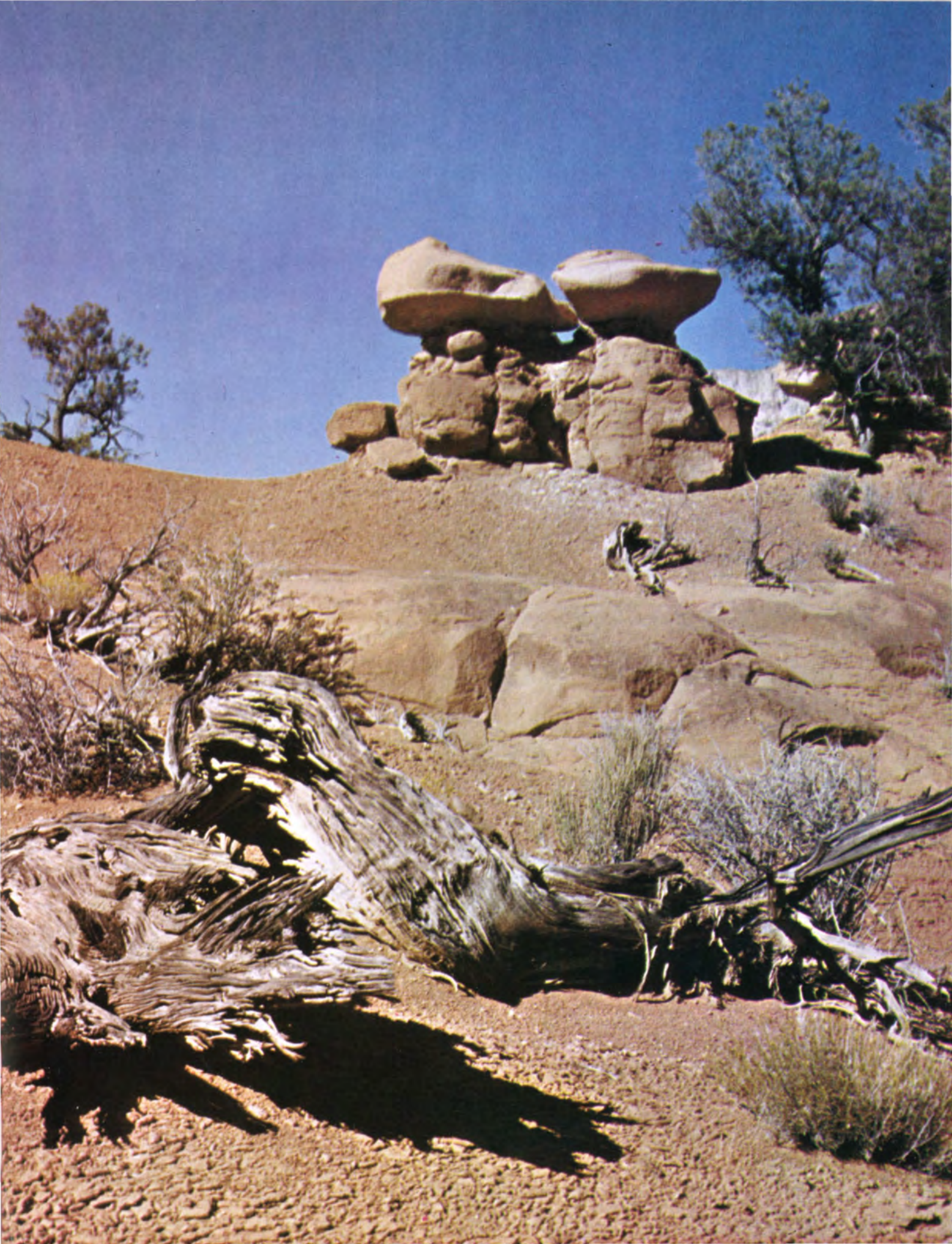


Essay in Color

Cliff Segerblom catches the desert scene near Las Vegas

But a short distance from the neon and trumpets of Las Vegas is a quieter, far-different world, an expanse of desert country that offers the refreshment of its relaxing beauty to all who would find it.
This is a country of sharply jagged peaks, brush-covered hills, subtly tinted sandstone and sprawling alkali flats. There is no monotony here. Colors deepen, the mood changes as shadows shift from dawn to dusk, as clouds impose tentative patterns and as the seasons in turn take charge to dictate leaf and ground hues and the scent of air.
Lovely country, it opens to view from the major highways leading from Las Vegas, but for a more intimate look the back roads must be explored. The roads are there, and they will take you to scenes such as these, sensitively recorded by Cliff Segerblom's camera.

Weird rock formations in the Grand Wash area near Overton.

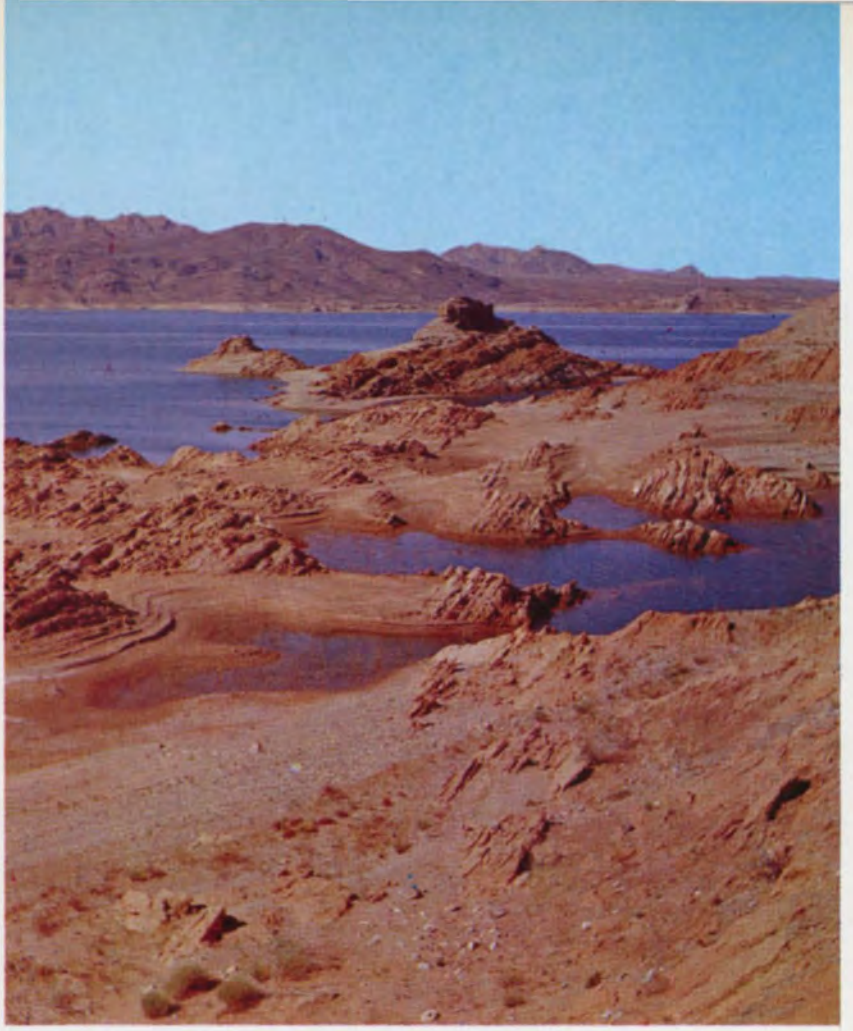






Joshua trees, such as the one pictured above in late afternoon's golden sunshine, produce huge, creamy blossoms. Center, clusters of desert primrose decorate one of Clark County's typical sandhills. Barren most of the year, the desert erupts into blossom after spring rains to provide vivid displays such as this.





Above, Lake Mead's sparkling blue surface offers cool contrast to the yellow red sandstone in the foreground, the same type of formation that is found across the bay in the unique Valley of Fire State Park.

All of the locations pictured on these pages lie within an easy drive from Las Vegas. The Joshua trees were photographed on the newly paved highway between Searchlight and Nipton in Nevada's sharp southern tip. The sandhill is located near a new road the Park Service has installed to Callville Wash on Lake Mead. And Lake Mead? It may be viewed from many spots. Above is the Glory Hole on the Overton Arm of the lake, where some of the best bass fishing is to be had.
These areas and others farther from the beaten track are worth sampling. All it takes is a map, a sturdy vehicle, and the incentive.



Another of Clark County's spontaneous spring gardens, this one discovered at its prime near Callville Wash. You may wander through these bright desert flowers and pluck them to your heart's content. There are acres remaining.

about the
CONTRIBUTORS

PROMINENT NEVADA AUTHOR Robert Laxalt, whose story on western gunfighters appears on page 14, has completed a book which will be released by Harper and Row in October. Titled *A Man in The Wheatfield*, the novel is enthusiastically rated by its editors who say that its style has a Hemingway-like quality. The author's last book, *Sweet Promised Land*, excited critics in all parts of America, has been republished in German and British editions.

WELL-KNOWN WEST COAST photographer Philip Hyde interprets the Nevada landscape in an outstanding series of pictures beginning on page 28. A leading California conservationist, Hyde reflects his philosophy through the many photos he has taken for Sierra Club publications, the most recent the hard-hitting volume, *The Last Redwoods*.

ANOTHER SENSITIVE series of photos appears in Cliff Segerblom's *Essay in Color* on page 50.

BOB AND PEGGY TREGO, prolific and popular husband-and-wife team have written dozens of articles for western publications and are represented in these pages by their knowledgeable tour story on page 58.

CARSON CITY artist, Thelma Calhoun, skillful manipulator of both brush and pen, produced the exacting sketches of the old homes described on page 40. The article was based on research by Olga Reifsschneider of Reno.

PHOTO CREDITS: Photos of the Dunes taken by the Las Vegas News Bureau, courtesy of the Dunes. Artist Vic Anderson drew the sketches for Laxalt's story on gunfighters and from Irving Pressman's camera came the lively views of the Centennial parade on page 24. Two other Carson City photographers are represented — Adrian Atwater for the cover and views of the ghost towns described on page 58, and Don Boone who took the photos for the *Dining Out* feature on page 48. A belated credit, with the editor's apologies, goes to Cliff Segerblom whose color view of Clark County appeared on the back cover of the last issue.



THERE'S BEEN QUITE A CHANGE SINCE THE EMIGRANT TRAIL PASSED THIS WAY!

This site, near Fernley, Nevada, has been touched by two events of import in the state's development. Over a hundred years ago the Emigrant Trail passed this very spot during westward expansion. Today, this same location is marked by a new symbol of western development — the impressive structures of Nevada Cement Company which will produce a million barrels of cement annually to meet the swelling construction needs of northwestern Nevada. This Centennial year is an appropriate time for the advent of this important new industry which thrives where pioneers once passed.

NEVADA CEMENT COMPANY

OFFICES: FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, RENO, NEVADA

THE DAY OF THE GUNFIGHTER CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

unfortunate byproduct was that the job of law officer was too often thrown into a vicious form of politics, which later was to reach a head in Tombstone, Arizona.

On the other hand, the money lure helped to do the job. It drew out such men as the Earps and Bat Masterson, who were to do heroic work in curbing lawlessness in general and the Texas cowboys in particular. Though their exploits have been exaggerated out of shape or diminished to nothing, the fact remains that it took much courage to face up to the hordes of Texas cowboys and bring a higher degree of law and order to the Kansas boom towns. The long roster of dead lawmen and the remarkably few who lived to have their adventures penned is evidence enough of that.

Texas never forgave the Kansas marshals such as the Earps. Their original title was promptly changed to the Fighting Pimps, and for many years afterward, such tidbits of information as that Wyatt Earp lived with a mistress all the time he was in Tombstone made the rounds of the state.

Gun Protocol

Many of the finer points of gunfighting originated in Texas, but nevertheless, the art was to reach its highest peak in the cattle and mining boom towns. The violent gentry made a fetish of all sorts of guns, places to hide them, how to get them into action, and even how to shoot. There were Colts, Smith and Wessons, Whitneyvilles, and Hopkins and Allens; revolvers and derringers; six-shooters and five-shooters; rubber grips and walnut grips; smoothed down actions and tied back hammers; open holsters, shoulder holsters, swivel holsters, and even leather lined pockets.

A lot of it such as fanning or shooting two guns at the same time was nonsense of a sort, because when things came down to the serious business of fighting for one's life, fanciness was forgotten. More often than not, gunfighters adhered to the simplest of trappings, dependable guns in plain, stripped down holsters or even stuck in the same belt that held up their trousers, and of course, the ability to shoot straight in a pinch.

The unswerving code of conduct for showdown duels that we now take for granted was at best a flexible thing. About the only hard and fast rule of ethics was that of not shooting an unarmed man. This also had its practical considerations, in that it kept one inside the all-inclusive excuse of self defense. Holding a gun in another man's stomach and challenging him, shooting in the back, or rearing up unexpectedly from behind a rain barrel with shotgun blazing were common occurrences. However, there was widespread disgust when someone carried this too far, such as Billy the Kid.

Probably the closest thing to a fair fight that Billy the Kid ever mixed in was when he killed Badman Joe Grant. Hearing that Grant was gunning for him, Billy the Kid made it a point to hunt him out in a saloon. But he had no intention of calling the self-styled badman to account just then.

Instead, he cajoled Grant with smiles and jokes and drinks. In one of these moments of horseplay, he asked Grant if he could see his gun for a minute. Grant was drunk and thrown off his guard enough to hand it to him. Billy the Kid looked the gun over and secretly turned the cylinder so that the hammer would hit on an empty chamber. Then he handed the gun back to Grant, and a little later, turned deadly serious and called him to carry out his threat. When the badman lay dead, Billy the Kid was not content to let it go at that. He had to tell the saloon crowd just how clever he had been.

Fast draws had their place in situations like barroom brawls or gambling quarrels. When a man did not know his adversary well enough to predict what he was going to do, it paid to be quick in getting a gun into action. The boom town marshals used quick draws to advantage against the Texas cowboys, but almost always buffaloed them with pistol whippings rather than kill them. Wyatt Earp, essentially a humane man, was a past master at this, which accounts for the small number of men he killed in his gunfighting days.

However, this was only one part of the gunfighting picture, and at that, it was no particular disgrace to back out of a fight when you were beaten to the draw. There probably wasn't a single gunfighter who did not choose this out in preference to death at one time or another in his career. Both Clay Allison and Ben Thompson, tested and proven for blind courage, are said to have backed down to Wyatt Earp, with one of them offering the logical explanation that it wasn't his day and he didn't particularly feel like dying just then.

Personal quarrels often amounted to long sieges of insults and threats upon the other man's life. If these antagonists ever got to the serious stage, they could spend days trying to get close enough to each other with drawn guns to shoot at point blank range. The most common threat of the day was, "I want just ten feet off you," and sometimes, only four feet of distance.

Western history is filled with inglorious gunfights outside this range. The deadly Doc Holliday was supposed to have fired an entire revolver full at a barkeeper at long saloon range, scoring only a minor crease.

Then there's the story of two men in a street fight, who chased each other all over town until they had shot up all their ammunition. Finally, one of them sneaked down to the hardware store to buy some more cartridges. He entered, breathing a sigh of relief, and was shot down at customer distance over the counter. His opponent had gotten there first.

Fight at the O.K. Corral

The gunfight at the O.K. corral is of course the note on which all western stories should end. However, this is not because of all the exaggerated elements of right against wrong, heroic lawmen against outlaws in a grim and bloody drama to the death. In its neglected reality, it is even more worthy of remembering, because from beginning to end it epitomized the immense gray zone and the actual unblack and white way of the gunfighter's West.

Tombstone, Arizona was the last of the lawless boom towns. Perhaps in some sort of unconscious awareness of this, its inhabitants chose to make it the most lawless of all. Knifings, shootings, and killings were almost daily fare. But by that time, the West was entering into a respectable age and was sick and tired of violence. In effect, the gunfighter had outlived his day and had fallen into disrepute.

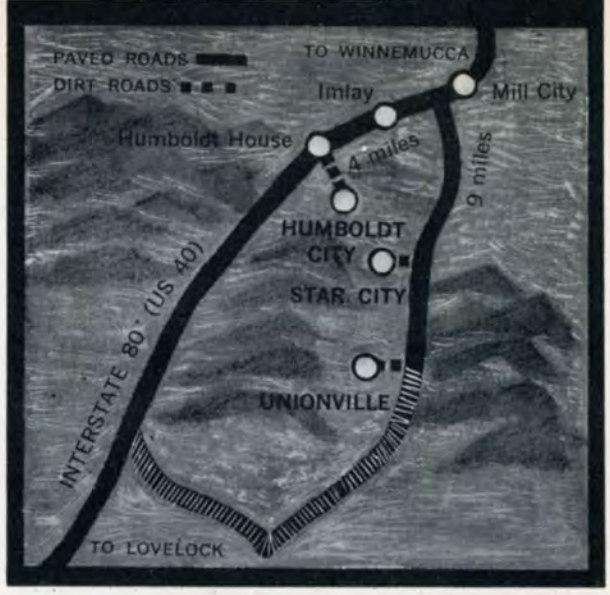
The political intrigue that had dogged the boom towns reached a rife level in Tombstone, especially in the grab for local government posts. One facet of this was the attempt of the Earp brothers' faction to unseat the so-called cowboy group that had placed gambler Johnny Behan in the job of sheriff and assessor, and which included in its ranks a number of known thieves and rustlers. Freewheeling journalists of the frontier variety took highly-biased sides, adding fuel to the fire and unhappily obscuring for all time any objective assessment of the state of affairs.

There were deals and counter-deals, and finally,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 63



GHOSTS OF THE HUMBOLDT



By Bob and Peggy Trego



Fragments of stucco on this old wall in Humboldt still carry bullet marks from the town's one-night "Indian War." The town is located in green canyon setting, not hard to find as the map above indicates.



Humboldt canyon, and ruins of the old town.

Close to today's beaten track in mileage, but a century away in history and memories, are Humboldt City, Star City and Unionville.

These three once-booming little cities, only a few miles from each other in Pershing County's Humboldt Range, were founded in 1861 when the "rush to Humboldt" drew the adventurous and the disappointed 200 miles north from Virginia City in hopes of another Comstock Lode. Mark Twain, then an unknown named Samuel Clemens, had a look at the Humboldt uproar and summed it up as a "beggar's revel."

The truth of the situation was somewhere between Comstock riches and begging. A few fortunes were founded, and enough revelry went on to make the three towns lively for a decade. Today Humboldt and Star Cities are true ghost towns and Unionville is a quiet privately owned canyon of trees and farms where only 18 people live year-around. Sporadic mining still goes on in the general area, but Nevada's centennial finds these three little cities dozing, their own century mark unobserved.

All three are easily reached. Humboldt City is only four miles from busy Interstate 80 (U.S. 40) and the other two are within five miles of Nevada State Route 50 which leaves U.S. 40 at Mill City. Route 50's pavement in Buena Vista Valley closely follows a portion of the stage route of another era when travel was heavy between Silver City, Idaho, and Virginia City, via Ragtown.

The Humboldt interchange on Interstate 80, 34 miles northeast of Lovelock, is the entrance to Humboldt City.

Signs reading "Humboldt Canyon" point the way, and where the pavement ends a rough but passable dirt road heads into the hills. Near the top of the rocky canyon cut by Humboldt Creek is the ghost of the once-brilliant little city, and a very good ghost it is.

Humboldt City boasted 200 houses, two hotels, two saloons, a blacksmith shop, two mercantile stores, "and children, chickens, pigs and dogs enough to give the place a lively appearance," according to an 1863 writeup. That year, too, it planned its greatest venture—a two-mile tunnel clear through the mountains to Star City, with announced intent of purloining all valuable ore along the way. The tunnel never materialized.

Humboldt City's unique water system did function, however. This plan diverted Humboldt Creek along the top of a low bluff from which it cascaded into town and was divided in such a way that every property had its portion of the stream. To this day in wetter parts of the year the stream still bounces over its hillside and trickles toward the many stone and adobe walls, foundation pits and several complete buildings that mark the townsite. Some of the stucco plastering on the old walls shows bullet marks, mementos of Humboldt City's "Indian War." This battle was concocted one night by Humboldt's rougher citizens who loped around town war whooping and firing guns with the unkind intent of scaring away a group of newly arrived Chinese.

Today the wildest part of Humboldt City is its setting. Trails and jeep roads lead from the trees and wild roses along the creek to the old mines above town; and the view to the west is spectacular. The panorama takes in what was once the California Trail, much of it now covered by the blue waters of Rye Patch Reservoir. A patch of intense green marks the site of old Humboldt House, an oasis for travelers of long ago. Far into the distance the conical knob of Haystack Butte is visible, once a landmark for those who turned off near there to take the tragic Lassen-Applegate Trail to California. Humboldt City is a good place for camping and for exploring far into the hills and into the past.

Star City

Star City is in another wild area which appeals to campers and hikers, and the fishing in Star Creek is very



A portion of Humboldt City's Main Street, a busy thoroughfare in the early 1800's. In the distance is part of the wide view of the Humboldt River flats crossed by thousands of emigrants on the trail to California during goldrush days.



Under Star Peak's towering shoulders, once-gay Star City flourished.



Empty walls guard the site where Star City sprang into being and boomed 100 years ago. It occupied a beautiful nook in the rugged Humboldt Range.



Tangled cables still hang from the old tramline frame above Star City. Ore was brought downhill on this overhead tram to the mill, whose site is marked by the white tailings dump below.

Massive stone walls are all that remain of J. C. Fall's Mercantile Store in Unionville. The big building, site of Unionville's first dance in the sixties, fell victim to an earthquake in 1915.

good. Star's "driveway" is nine miles from Mill City on State Route 50, marked by the Sheba Mine sign. It was in this same Sheba that a man named George Hearst got his start, a profit that grew into the Hearst newspaper empire not so many years later. Today the Sheba is much in evidence, although not working, and one of its entrances has been dubbed "Hearst Tunnel."

The dirt road to Star City is also rough but passable to conventional cars, and leads directly toward 9,835-foot Star Peak. The old townsite lies in a dramatic bowl on the peak's skirts. Of the rowdy and promising little city, which numbered 1,200 souls in 1864, there are only fragments of buildings, a tired tree or two, and the glint of innumerable bits of glass and other rubble amid the sagebrush. It is still possible to visualize the town in its setting, although it has been a long time since the Eagle Restaurant offered "hot coffee, stewed oysters, ham and eggs served at all hours," and there was hot competition between the Express Hotel and the Bank Exchange and the Sheba Saloon in serving "the best wines and liquors."

A steep and rocky road beside Star Creek leads uphill from the townsite to the upper bowl where the big mines were—the Sheba and DeSoto in particular. A trail which takes off across the road from the Hearst Tunnel leads a few hundred yards to an interesting rock, far older than Star City, covered with Indian pictographs. Along the road is the wreckage of the tramline which hauled ore to the big mill whose only remnant is stone walls and an expanse of whitish, sandy tailings.



Unionville

Seven miles from Star City's turnoff, at the end of State Route 50's paving, is the dirt road to Unionville. Unlike its sister cities, Unionville has been inhabited continuously since its founding. Several of the buildings still in use are "originals" from the 1860's, and the handsome little school house, built in 1870 and used as a school for 85 years, is now a dwelling.

The lower part of town, originally called Union, once held a grid of streets bordered by dozens of buildings —hotels, stores, the inevitable saloons, a church, a newspaper office, and even a courthouse, for Unionville was the first county seat of Humboldt County. All these buildings are gone. Of the ruins left, the most outstanding is the tall stone front of J. C. Fall's mercantile store, fronting on what was Main Street.

The upper part of Unionville, now entirely residential, was at first called Dixie, and its Southern sympathizers had something of a private war with the Northern supporters down canyon at Union, until Dixie disappeared into the overall name of Unionville. The site of Mark Twain's cabin is marked on a rock not far from the halfway point between Union and Dixie. The rock is in the Youth Camp yard, the cabin itself having disappeared long ago.

Land on both sides of the canyon, fenced and unfenced, is private property, and several descendants of Unionville's early families still live there. Mrs. C. A. Ernst, a Unionville native, occupies the town's only two-story house, which has been her home for nearly seven decades. Mrs. M. A. Leonard came to Unionville as a baby in 1869 and has spent most of her life there. Her daughter, Mrs. Spence Davidson, was Unionville's last postmistress, holding the position for more than 49 years. Mr. Davidson has lived in Unionville for all but five of his 80 years; his late father was Unionville's last justice of the peace. Like the rest of Unionville's people, they wonder somewhat about the label "ghost town." Unionville's ghosts still cast shadows, and they are proud of their



Traces of plaster still adhere to the inside walls of Fall's once-bustling store in Unionville.

town's heritage and of its present charm. Visitors, but never prowlers, are welcome in Unionville.

Unionville was very much a one-mine town. The Arizona, owned nowadays by the Ernst family, supported the city during its great silver boom in the 1860's and has had several revivals since then. Currently it is being core-drilled with a good chance of tapping more of its rich ore. The Arizona's "back door" is all that is visible from down below, its main workings being over the hill from the town and 1,000 feet above it. That 1,000-foot climb was part of a miner's walk to work 90 years ago, but the hardy breed that made that hike, to and from the mine, had enough energy left after a 12-hour shift for $3 pay to keep the town lively. Unionville was a comparatively peaceful community for its era, and has deepened the tranquility as a ranching and farming town today.

Main Street branches above the private lands into two narrow, rough roads leading into open sheep and cattle range along Wilson and Straight Creeks. The streams are not stocked and fishing is virtually nil. The Marigold Mill, on a hillside above Wilson Creek dates from a later-day mining venture of the 1930's. Unionville's several large mills of the 1860's were at the lower end of the canyon; traces of them can be found below the crossing where Buena Vista Creek cuts a deep gully on its way out into the flats of Buena Vista Valley. The town's old dump was also in this area, and bottle hunters are directed there.

There are no stores, gas stations or other accommodations nearer to Unionville than Mill City, nor have there been any commercial establishments for a long time. Old timers remember when things were quite different, and even with a dwindling population Unionville was famous for its Fourth of July picnics, and for gay dances in the school house.

As Mrs. Leonard remarks in her 95th year, "There have been a few changes in my time."

Broken walls of another of the town's ruined buildings, its window apertures still intact, contrast with the green fields of the old town which has been continuously inhabited since 1861. Nearby and still standing is the handsome schoolbuilding, now a residence, built in 1870.

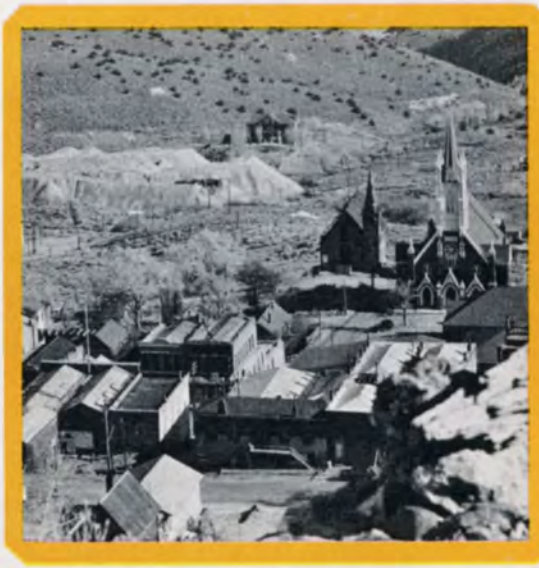


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THE DAY OF THE GUNFIGHTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57



one of them set the stage for the O.K. corral showdown on October 26, 1881. Wyatt Earp, then a part-time deputy marshal running a faro game on the side, made a deal with cowboy Ike Clanton whereby the latter would inform on three of his friends who had held up a stage and killed its driver, a popular man in Tombstone. Clanton was to get the reward money, and Earp, by his own later testimony, "the glory," so that he could win the next sheriff's election.

However, word of the deal somehow got out. Then followed a succession of, "You told on me," and, "I did not; you told on me." From then on, with both men exposed to the public, the tensions between the two factions led to the bloody business at the O.K. corral.

Even at that, the fight nearly didn't come off. For the days and morning preceding it, there were the usual threats and challenges, with men on both sides taking turns backing down. In one of these brushes, Wyatt Earp held a gun to cowboy Tom McLowry's stomach and challenged him to draw and fight, but McLowry declined the invitation.

Then, at two o'clock in the afternoon, with the Clantons and McLowrys either getting ready to leave town or waiting for a shootout, the moustachioed and frock-coated Earp brothers and Doc Holliday went down to the vacant lot next to Fly's building, only later known popularly as the O.K. corral, to arrest them for disturbing the peace.

In the later murder charges, flights from arrest, and the welter of disclaimers that followed the showdown, it will be forever impossible to find out who started the gunplay, whether two of the cowboy group were unarmed and defenseless, and from there, whether it was a fair fight or a murderous massacre at point-blank range. But when the thunderclaps had stilled and the billows of white smoke had lifted, three men of the cowboy group lay dead, and two of the Earps were wounded. In less than ten seconds, the bloodiest standup fight in the history of the western boom towns had erupted and ended.

And with it, the day of the gunfighter bowed out with the magnificently classic showdown it had been looking for since the beginning. In a grander sense, it was the story of Wild Bill Hickok all over again.

NEVADA NOTEBOOK

By Warren Lerude

SURE, THERE ARE A LOT OF RAMBLING ranchhouses dotting the Nevada landscape. But not everything's spread out. Take Las Vegas, for instance, where things are going upward. Like the 12-story First National Bank building. Or the 22-story Dunes Hotel tower. Or the 24-story Sahara Hotel complex. And then there's the 16-story First National Bank building in Reno. All of which goes to show that the hotels aren't the only structures going up. The banks are doing nicely, too.

AND, SPEAKING OF RAMBLING, when you wander over Nevada's 110,000 square miles, you see a lot — parks, ghost towns, modern cities. And when you stop by Genoa —the oldest settlement in the state—you even get told what you're seeing. You turn a switch on a gadget and it tells you the historical story of the old Mormon settlement as you look through the mock fort on the site and see the articles of a bygone era.

MORE ON RAMBLING: When you are—around Nevada, you not only find out where you're going, but where you've been when you take along one of those Nevada Highway Department maps that point out Nevada Centennial interests. Like landmarks, pioneer trails, ghost towns. Sort of a look backward as you go forward.

AND, WHEREVER YOU GO, you're bound to see some familiar faces in all those places, for Nevada includes among its residents actor Joel McCrea in Elko County, actor Lash LaRue in Reno, singer Ella Mae Morse in Reno, actress Carol Channing in Las

Continued next page



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Christmas in October?

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NEVADA NOTEBOOK

Continued

Vegas, writer Walter Van Tilburg Clark in Virginia City, ex-football great Eddie LeBaron in Reno and ex-punting champ Pat Brady of Reno.

AND, THEN IN LAS VEGAS, they may not all live there all the time, but they spend a good portion of a good time there. Jack Benny, Ella Fitzgerald, Harry Belafonte, Frank Sinatra and his pals Dean Martin and Sammy Davis Jr., Danny Thomas, Debbie Reynolds. Where does it stop? It doesn't.

AND, IF YOU SEE MORE PEOPLE in Virginia City when you visit the old Comstock town than you did last time around, there's a reason. Riverside, California, High School football coach Buddy Brooks likes the old mining town so well that he spends his vacations there, working as a bartender in the Red Garter Saloon. The town's population doesn't increase by just one when he comes to town, however. It jumps by 10, for he brings his whole family along, and he and his wife Ruth have eight children. They decided to stop at eight, says Ruth, because triplets run in the family. Triplets? Six of those eight kids are three sets of TWINS!

WHEREVER YOU GO, however, you'll find accommodating people. Like Elkoans. When hundreds of Basques showed up in that Northeastern Nevada town to celebrate the first international Basque Festival, the local newspaper, the Elko Daily Free Press, greeted them: "Zorionizuak Ipar Amerike edo Lalerri Aikartu oneitan gagozan Euzkaldunok." Only the Basques know for sure what that means, since it is in their language. The Free Press explained it was too difficult to translate, so it said hello in the most accommodating way it could.

☆

Among the articles you will enjoy in the next issue . . .

FROM GLORY TO CAULDRON

Story of the wild horse in Nevada by the well-known western writer, Tony Amaral.

LAKE TAHOE PROFILE

A scenic visit to what many consider America's most beautiful lake.

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