NEVADA

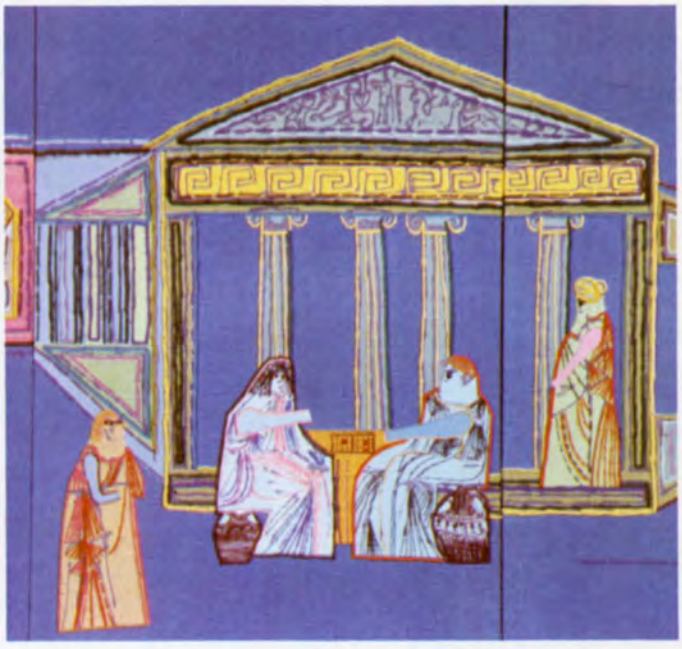
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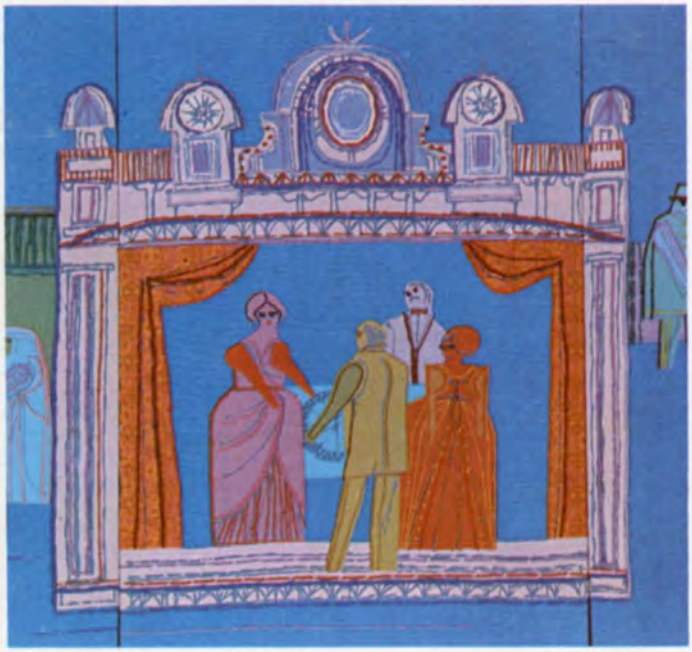
HIGHWAYS AND PARKS

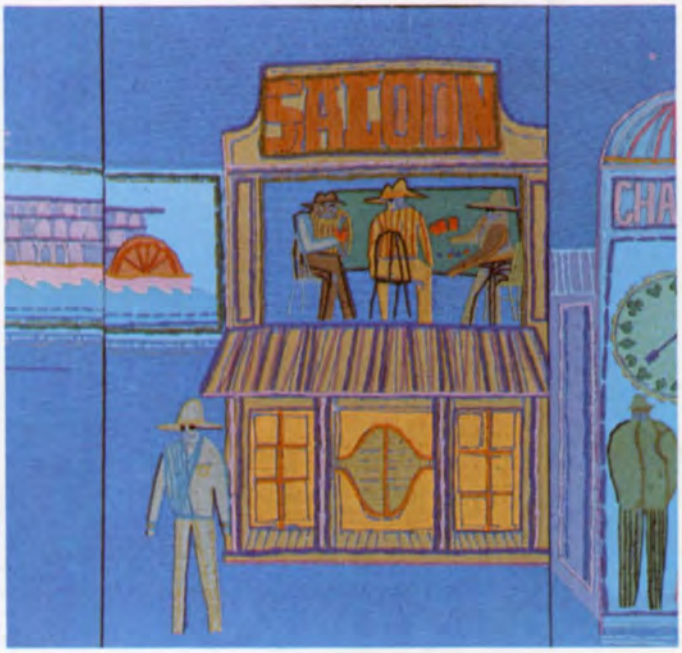
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GAMBLING THROUGH THE CENTURIES □ MITCH MILLER
THE WILD HORSE IN NEVADA □ RETURN TO BUCKSKIN □
BASQUES, BEARDS & TRAIN ROBBERS □ JAZZ ON CAMPUS









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Reprieve at Ragtown — exhausted pioneers reaching the Carson River threw themselves into its waters, drank, then washed their tattered clothes and hung them to dry — hence the name, Ragtown.



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FRONT COVER
Four panels from an unusual tapestry showing the history of gambling. Executed by a talented Los Angeles artist, Eleanor Neil, the tapestry is located in the upstairs lounge in the new terminal building at McCarran Field, Las Vegas. For more about the tapestry, see page 22 in this issue.

NEVADA

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STARS
ON THE

ADVANCE ROUNDUP

Entertainment schedules at most Nevada resorts are planned months ahead and may necessarily be subject to change. Visitors are therefore advised to consult any of the several entertainment guides published in Nevada for the latest information—these are *Your Host,* covering the Reno-Sparks-Tahoe area and *Fabulous Las Vegas* and *Ken's Spotlight* covering Las Vegas. Supplementing listings in these guides are the entertainment sections carried by many of the state's newspapers. In addition, the clubs and hotels mentioned here will gladly send their own printed schedules on request. Where no specific dates are included below, shows are to run indefinitely.



Top repeaters like Eddie Fisher, shown here when Tropicana opened its lavish hotel and showroom in 1957, are very much at home in Nevada. Eddie has also sung at the Desert Inn and will headline at Riviera December 21 until January 20, when he moves north to star at Harrah's South Shore Room at Lake Tahoe from March 11 to 31.



The lively Kim Sisters will be treating audiences at Harrah's Tahoe Stateline Lounge January 14-February 3 and at Harrah's Reno Lounge February 4-24.

LAKE TAHOE

HARRAH'S—South Shore Room

Robert Goulet, to Jan. 20; Phil Silvers, Connie Haines, Jan. 21-Feb. 3; Mitzi Gaynor, Feb. 18-Mar. 10; Eddie Fisher, Mar. 11-Mar. 31; Dinah Shore, Apr. 1-Apr. 14; Connie Francis, Edgar Bergen, Apr. 15-Apr. 28; Kay Starr with Jim Nabors, Apr. 29-May 11.

Stateline Lounge

Kim Sisters, Jan. 14-Feb. 3; Louis Prima, Gia Maione, Feb. 4-Feb. 14; Harry James, Feb. 15-Feb. 24 (return Apr. 8-Apr. 28); Billy Eckstine, Feb. 25-Mar 17 (return May 20-June 7); Spike Jones, Mar. 18-Apr. 7; Earl Grant, Apr. 29-May 19.

HARVEY'S—Pavilion of Stars

Tommy Dorsey, Jan. 13-Feb. 7; Shecky Greene, Feb. 9-Feb. 21; Ray Anthony Orch., Feb. 22-Mar. 7; Della Reese, Mar. 8-Mar. 21; Arthur Lyman Orch., Apr. 20-Apr. 30.

Theatre Lounge

Louis Jordan & the Tympany Five, Mar. 16-Mar. 29.



Phil Silvers makes his debut at Harrah's Tahoe South Shore Room on January 21. The lively comedian will be appearing there with Connie Haines for two weeks.

Top of the Wheel

Ted Fio Rito, Jan. 13-Feb. 28; Orrin Tucker, Apr. 1-June 23.

LAS VEGAS

CASTAWAYS

Lili St. Cyr, Hank Henry; "Happy Go Lucky" with Jack Larson, Sparky Kay, Danny Jacobs; Barry Ashton's Uncover Girls.

DESERT INN

"Hello America," exciting musical panorama.

DUNES

"Casino de Paris" starring Line Renaud of Paris; produced and directed by Frederic Apcar.



Singing Star Robert Goulet will appear at Harrah's Tahoe South Shore Room January 7-20. Comic Charlie Weaver, the Moro-Landis Dancers, and Leighton Noble's Orchestra will also be featured in the show. From March 23 to April 19 "An Evening with Robert Goulet" becomes the attraction at Sahara's Congo Room in Las Vegas.



Connie Francis stars with Guy Marks at the Sahara Congo Room December 26 through January 25, and will share the stage with Edgar Bergen at Harrah's South Shore Room at Lake Tahoe April 15-28.

NEVADA HORIZON

JANUARY THROUGH APRIL, 1965

FLAMINGO

Jack Carter, Molly Bee, to Jan. 20; Smothers Brothers, Vicki Carr, Jan. 21-Feb. 4; Gordon and Sheila MacRae, Feb. 4-Feb. 25; Rosemary Clooney, Myron Cohen, Feb. 25-Mar. 11; Trini Lopez, Mar. 11-Apr. 1; Sid Caesar, Leslie Uggams, Apr. 1-Apr. 15; Shirley Jones, Apr. 15-May 13; Mitzi Gaynor, May 13-indefinite.

MINT

"Hong Kong Scandals," nightly 4 pm-10 pm; "Toni & The Tempest" plus Watusi Dancers, 10 pm-4 am.

RIVIERA

Eddie Fisher, Dec. 21-Jan. 20; Debbie Reynolds, Jan. 21-Mar. 3.



Debbie Reynolds will make a Nevada appearance on the Riviera stage January 21 to March 3. Debbie has previously starred at other hotels in the state.



Band leader Harry James, with vocalist Ruth Price and drummer Buddy Rich, will be at Harrah's Tahoe Stateline Lounge February 15-24 and again April 8-28. He will be at Harrah's Reno June 10-23.

SAHARA—Congo Room

Connie Francis, Guy Marks, Dec. 26-Jan. 25; Donald O'Connor, Sheri Lewis, Jan. 26-Feb. 22; Milton Berle in "Make A Million," Feb. 23-Mar. 22; "Evening with Robert Goulet," Mar. 23-Apr. 19.

SANDS

Patti Page, Marty Allen, Steve Rossi, Jan. 6-Jan. 19.

STARDUST

Fifth Edition "Lido de Paris."

THUNDERBIRD

"Ziegfeld Follies Revue" with Sue Carson. Adults only.

TROPICANA

"All New 1965 Folies Bergere."

RENO-SPARKS

GOLDEN

Barry Ashton presents "Hello Tokyo," direct from Japan.

HAROLDS CLUB—Fun Room

Don Cornell and Four Step Brothers, Jan. 5-Jan. 31.



No Nevada newcomer is Dean Martin, equally at home at the Sands in Las Vegas or at Harrah's South Shore Room at Lake Tahoe. Dino is a frequent star in the Silver State's finest clubs, both northern and southern.

HARRAH'S—Reno Lounge

Louis Prima, Gia Maione with Sam Butera and the Witnesses, Jan. 4-Feb. 3 (return Apr. 8-May 2); Kim Sisters, Feb. 4-Feb. 24; De Castro Sisters, Feb. 24-Mar. 17; Gaylord & Holiday, Mar. 18-Apr. 7.

HOLIDAY

Charles Gould and His Satin Strings.

MAPES

Don Staiton, the Cover Girls, and Rene Paloa, Jan. 17-Jan. 30; Suzi Arden, starting Jan. 31.

NUGGET—Sparks

Remodeling Circus Room to seat over 700; Re-opening in early February; Mills Bros., Rowan and Martin, Feb. 18-Mar. 3; Frank Fontaine, Apr. 15-Apr. 28; Jimmy Durante, May 17-June 2.

PRIMADONNA—Casino Showbar Lounge

"International Follies."



Ever-popular Louis Prima will be featured in Harrah's Reno Lounge January 14 through February 3 and again from April 8 through May 2. Gia Maione, Sam Butera and the Witnesses will appear in the show. Prima will be at Harrah's Tahoe Stateline Lounge February 4-14.



At Last... A Park


for Lake Tahoe

No longer a summer lake, Tahoe bids the skier

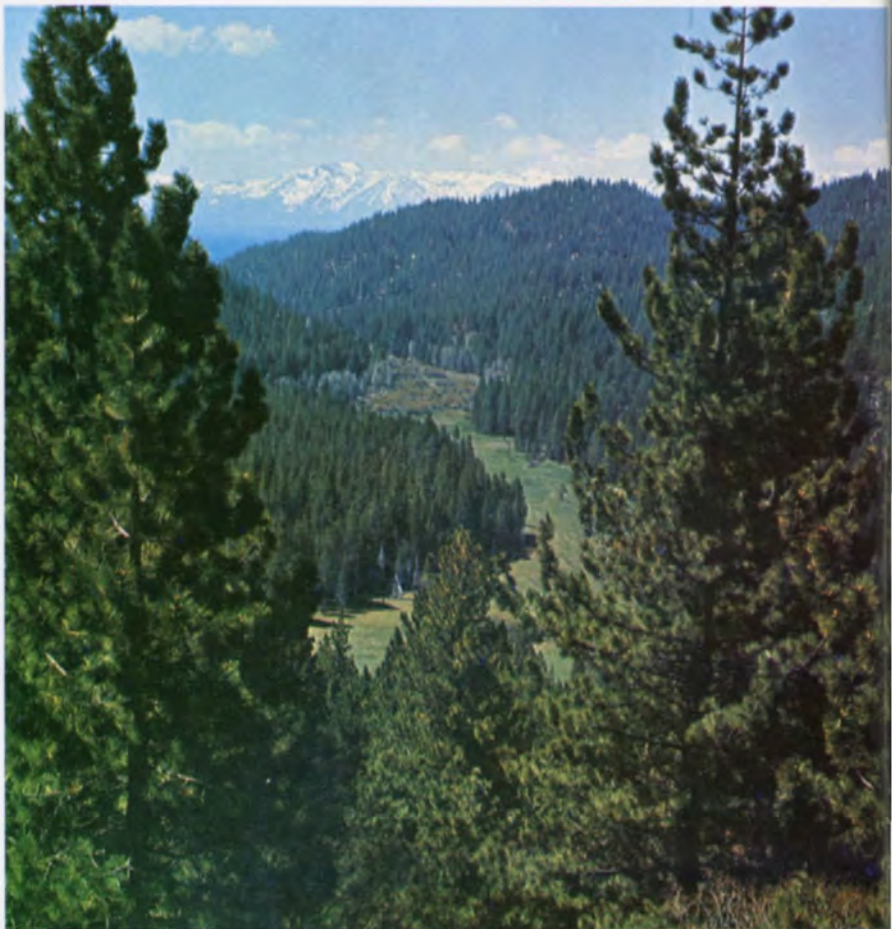




Flung like a discarded necklace, a string of rocks found this magnificent setting near Sand Harbor. This is typical of the shoreline area included in the new park.



From atop the rugged peaks behind Sand Harbor this view opens out. Right, Slaughter-house Canyon was named during the early lumbering days at the lake. The canyon's floor is a pleasant meadow that promises easy ambling for Sunday hikers.





Not inside the park, but nearby, are a number of first-rate ski slopes such as this one at Slide Mountain.

BY SAMUEL G. HOUGHTON

It has been the dream of many people, particularly during the past three decades, to set aside enough of the unspoiled land along the east shore of Lake Tahoe for a real park, a Nevada park, for the enjoyment and education of the people. And now, at what might very well be the last possible moment, such a park verges upon reality. With the legislative authority established and a specific park area designated, money appropriated from state funds, and a substantial additional grant offered by the Max C. Fleischmann Foundation of Nevada, it becomes only a matter of time until the dream of the planners will come true.

The magic of Lake Tahoe lay concealed from all but the Indians until unbelievably recent times. It was not until St. Valentine's Day in 1844 that white men came upon it. Captain John C. Fremont and Charles Preuss, a member of his party, were exploring the West and discovering many wonders. They were the first to proclaim the lake's rare beauty to mankind.

One of the highest lakes in the world of any size, Tahoe's natural rim lies at 6,223 feet above sea level. This body of water has a surface area of 193 square miles of which 70 are within Nevada. No lake is more spectacular, for Tahoe is rimmed with majestic peaks and forest carpets forming the northernmost extent of the Sierra Nevada. Mt. Rose at the north end and Freel Peak to the south are both over 10,000 feet high. The somewhat lower Rubicon, Tallac, Pyramid, Ralston, Job's Sister, and Slide are among many that please the eye and challenge the climber. Cliffs, cascades and lesser lakes adorn the highland basin to which our "Lake of the Sky" is focal.

Here have come hordes of people in recent years, attracted by the quiet splendors of the place, to build their summer homes and establish businesses, so that now all open space is threatened and the very qualities that brought men running are themselves in jeopardy. Smoke rises from lumber mills to make a haze, the roar of motors dispels that quietness they sought. Some thoughtful ones believed at least a portion of the shores and forests could be saved as they had survived from immemorial times, spared from destructive change, and bequeathed to future generations.

Meanwhile intelligent use was being made of some of the beaches, the backlands, and the overlooks, through park development. A few such areas were established, each very small and each very shortly overwhelmed by popular demands. Clearly a big park had to materialize if responsible government prevailed. Only through government could this take place.

How did it finally come about that people realized the opportunity and finally did something positive about it? There were many factors. Looking back to the 1930's when depression lay on the land, the idea of buying land for a park was out of the question; much of the basin in Nevada



To the Sierra ski slopes they come from many lands



The Mt. Rose Ski Lodge, on the highway linking Reno and Lake Tahoe, is a popular, long-established ski center.

belonged to the Hobart and Bliss estates. In 1938 Captain George Whittell purchased 14,623 acres from these holdings, including lakefront from the east side of Crystal Bay south to Zephyr Cove. Other property remained in a relatively undeveloped state until after the second World War, when population pressure rapidly began to mount.

Various attempts at promoting these lands either for park or commercial purposes miscarried, until at last a substantial area at the north end was conveyed and developed into what is now Incline Village. By 1960 it was apparent that all of the Nevada shore might go, as the California shore already had gone, into clustered housing and service areas, with forests sliced by the bulldozer for roads and tracts, shorelines converted to private use and cluttered with structures of unsightly mien.

Chief among the proponents of an ample park, and undoubtedly in the best position to give the movement real momentum, was Governor Grant Sawyer of Nevada. In his message to the 1963 session of the Nevada Legislature he urged creation of a bi-state park on the Nevada side of the lake, which would operate along the lines of previously established and successful joint ventures such as the New York-New Jersey facility on the Hudson River, the Palisades Interstate Park. (The land was in New Jersey but much of the financing emanated from New York.) The Governor's proposal turned out to be highly controversial, debate became acrimonious and a public hearing dissolved

Squaw and Heavenly Vallies, Alpine Meadows—a few of the many ski resorts near Tahoe. (left) Slide Mountain.



Half the fun is comparing slopes and skis.



Lake Tahoe is queen but she has rivals. Washoe Valley, to the east, vies for beauty honors. (Doc Kaminski photo.)

in some chaos. The legislation died in committee and with it the entire bi-state concept.

Meanwhile, conservation groups were not idle. Largest of these was the Sierra Club, whose membership is currently of the magnitude of 25,000 with chapters in all parts of the United States. Dr. Edgar Wayburn of San Francisco, then president, appointed six members of the two chapters most closely concerned with Lake Tahoe—the Toiyabe Chapter in Nevada and the Mother Lode Chapter in Sacramento—to form a Lake Tahoe Park Committee. These men, with the aid of William J. Hart, formerly director of the Nevada State Park Commission, raised considerable money and worked toward a wider understanding of the park's value among all citizens. Radio and television time was purchased, speakers were provided, reports were distributed. These efforts did not stop even though the Governor's first attempt to obtain legislation failed.

Why was legislation necessary? First of all, a park such as the one suggested, and definitely justified by a demonstrable need, required authorization and delineation by law. Secondly, lest such a project fall between stools, it was essential to secure funds, either by direct appropriation or borrowing—that is to say, voting a bond issue. And it was even necessary at the time to permit by law the acceptance of donated lands or funds from non-government sources because gifts of this kind were not legally acceptable. Thirdly, in case of refusal to sell on the part of owners within the designated park area, the power of eminent domain had to be established for these specific lands.

In the summer of 1963, Governor Sawyer devised a plan to accomplish two things: revive interest in the Lake Tahoe park, and bring to the key people in the picture a first-hand knowledge of the area itself. He obtained permission from Captain Whittell to enter upon his land, and he asked for and promptly received the assistance of the Washoe County Jeep Squadron (a unit of the Civil Air Patrol) to provide off-highway transportation. All legislators, other officials who might be affected, press, radio and television media men were invited. The expedition, which came to be known as the "Sawyer Safari," proved eminently successful. All potential park areas were visited by a caravan of four-wheel-drive vehicles, and the Marlette Lake vicinity—which had been acquired already in the 1963 session for water supply needs—came under direct inspection. An overnight encampment, well provisioned, took place in Little Valley, where it is hoped the park may be extended for special study purposes as well as recreational needs. Included in the schedule was a journey along the lakeshore from Zephyr Cove to Incline, by boat.

The expedition accomplished its purpose beyond doubt, and that was to focus public attention—and the legislators' —both on the area and on the idea. One may judge by results, of course. For soon afterward the Governor called a special session for January, 1964, and gave as one of his reasons the pressing need to vote a park.

At this special session two different bills were introduced. One of these was the old bi-state park act, which once again was allowed to expire. The other provided for a Nevada "go-it-alone" park and was passed into law. It carried the power of eminent domain, permitting such exercise within precisely defined boundaries. Moreover, a direct appropriation of $1,500,000 was voted so that funds for land acquisition as well as park planning and the taking of options might proceed.

Once the park had become established by legislation, the Nevada Department of Conservation and Natural Resources became directly involved, and its director, Hugh A. Shamberger, entered the picture. You don't get a park just by dreaming, or even begin with delineation and land classification. Then needs and uses are studied and the kinds of land matched with the use. At the same time, procedures leading to acquisition must be initiated, and in the case of this park, more money raised.

So in April of 1964 when the dust had settled after passage and adjournment, a group met in Carson City to advise and assist the Governor. It consisted of public officials and interested private citizens and included most of the members of the Sierra Club's Lake Tahoe Park Committee. One very urgent item discussed had to do with additional funds. Where might they be obtained? How should the state go about soliciting them?

A number of important steps resulted from this meeting. First of all, a survey of all the large private foundations in the country was prepared and analyzed for "likelihood."

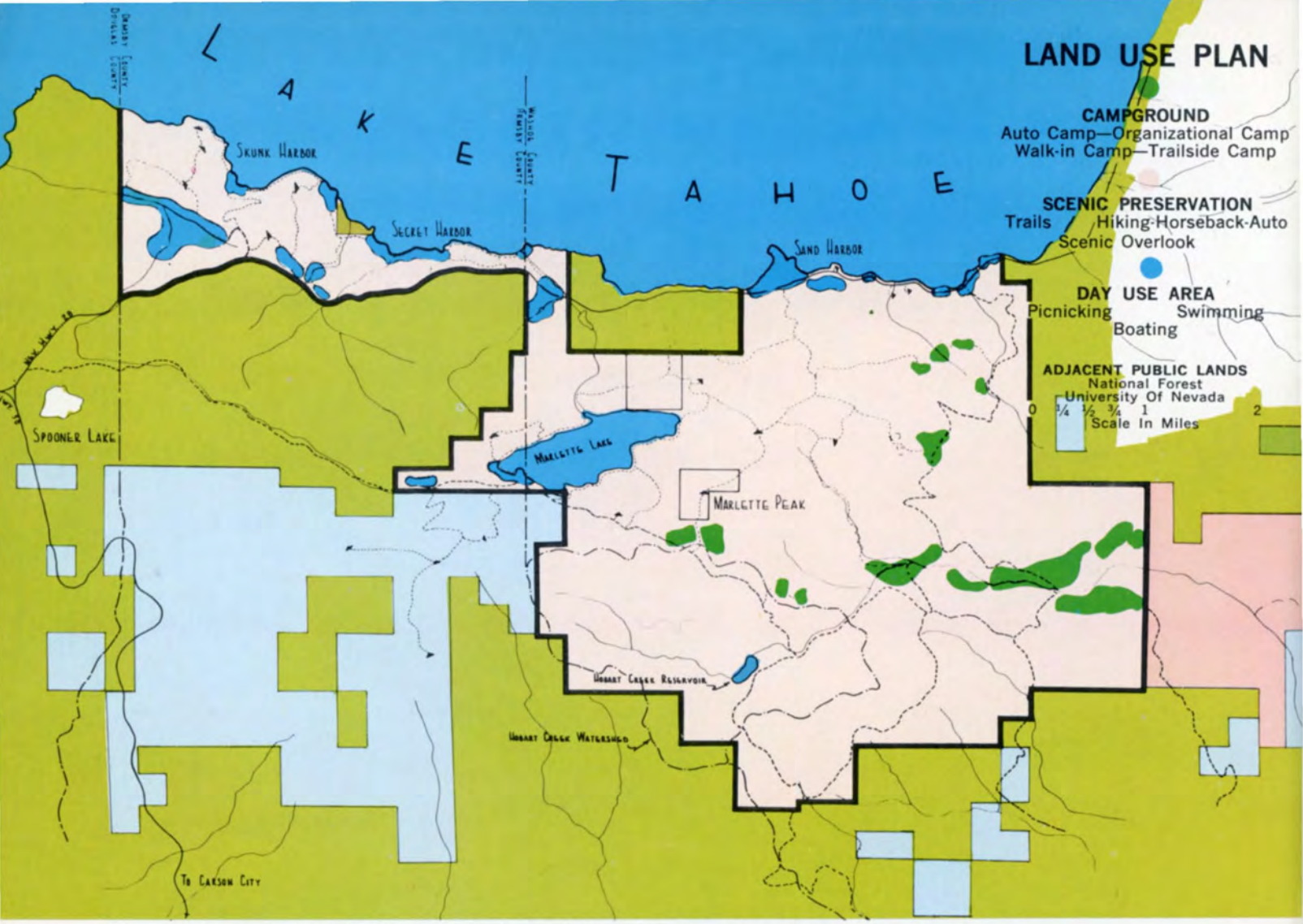
Preserving for the future—the park at Lake Tahoe



What a name for a bay—Secret Harbor! Part of the secret is disclosed here—bold rock shapes on brilliant blue.



Another aptly named bay, Sand Harbor, nestles in a winter crescent of tall trees and boulders capped by snow.



Plans for the new park on the Nevada shore. Some of the boundaries as shown here will later be extended.



Sand Harbor in summer. Operated as a public beach for the past five years, it attracts thousands of visitors yearly.



Shoreline or meadow? The park has both



In meandering canyons high above the lake alpine gardens abound. This is North Canyon.



If one of the foundations came through with a grant big enough to match the million and a half appropriated, then with three million the state might be able to double its available funds when and if the pending Land and Water Conservation act passed the U.S. Congress. At least $4,000,000 would be required to buy the portion of Captain Whittell's holdings, according to appraisals already submitted by independent agents. For the rest, public subscription could be invited.

A continuing committee was formed at the meeting last April to prepare, besides the foundation survey, a brochure to be used in approaching prospective donors and to stand by at the Governor's request for any assistance he might want. The brochure was ready for distribution last June. It was decided that the first to be approached should be the Max C. Fleischmann Foundation of Nevada, for the reason that of all private foundations this one seemed most sympathetic to the sort of thing the Lake Tahoe park stood for. Major Fleischmann had lived at the lake and his interests had included public recreation and youth. Who but the young could derive most benefit from unrestricted access and use of these resources?

Once the approach to the Fleischmann Foundation had been made, the committee turned immediately to other sources, for money makes the mare to go—and it takes plenty to buy land at Lake Tahoe, as everyone knows. The Governor went in June to New York to the Nevada Day observance at the Worlds Fair and while there talked to trustees of a few of the largest foundations whose purposes



Stunning in winter white, the rocks at Secret Harbor frame a silent lake. From remote coves along the northeast shore, one sees Tahoe at its best.

The golf course at Incline Village (center) and the adjoining residential area were designed to complement the surrounding natural setting.

Another day, another mood. This was the view at sunset one cold day, over the sombre winter surface, looking toward the California side.









During a cold drizzle, it becomes a crystal world, as in this view from Slide Mountain looking south, taken by Doc Kaminski.

included assistance to public recreation. Before he returned, word came from the Fleischmann Foundation that their board had approved a conditional grant amounting exactly to the $1,500,000 he had requested. Meanwhile an effort was being made to obtain donations from private individuals—and successfully so as indicated by a gift of $6,000 received from an anonymous donor last December.

Clouding the picture somewhat, however, was the fact that a syndicate had earlier obtained a contract to buy almost the entire Whittell estate. The syndicate had expressed willingness to sell to Nevada the parkland desired, but this was complicated by litigation the syndicate had brought against the owner. Commenting on that situation, the Governor established two points: one, that all acquisitions should be made by negotiation, if possible; and two, that it hardly mattered who owned the land since the power of condemnation would always be at hand.

At presstime, many of these issues are unresolved. But the money to start acquiring land is set aside and understandings with landowners are immediately possible. If the park is not yet in being, the plans are made and the means to achieve it are at hand. And everyone who has had a part in these preparations can attest the words of Robert Frost,

> 'Men work together,' I told him from the heart,
> Whether they work together or apart.'

Just how will the Lake Tahoe state park serve the people —not only the local populace, but as well the citizens of all

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

THE WILD HORSE IN NEVADA

FROM GLORY TO CAULDRON

BY ANTHONY AMARAL

As recently as 50 years ago there were more wild horses in Nevada than there were citizens. Estimates vary, but about 100,000 of the free-roaming equines were as much a part of the personality of the state as its antelope and mantle of pinyon. Across the far-spreading flats, in the canyons or wherever the land branched and man had not pressed too deeply his prints for permanent culture, the wild horse was as natural to this land as the sagebrush.

Across all of the trans-Mississippian West these wild horses had earlier left tracks. Herds were so large they rivaled the buffalo in population and like the buffalo, they also felt the sting of slaughter. But today only Nevada has the herds that are reminders of the legends and lore that were woven in their image in the days when they represented mountain and plain monarchs to the eastern mind and sheer nuisance to the western rancher.

Although Nevada has always provided a rich source of material for cowboy and pony express literature and for stories about mining fortunes and rowdiness, the wild horse is more real, more true to this land than the cowboy myth. Certainly the sport of chasing wild horses was more exciting to the mustanger than was the miner's task of picking his way into a shaft. Many men are identified with the wild horse story in Nevada. There was Will James, for example, who rope-hunted the wild horses in eastern Nevada and later wrote stories and sketched pictures of the wild ones. Pete Barnum, another mustanger, stayed with this calling and made his fortune by means of an ingenious device for capturing the horses *by the wholesale*. There were the mustangs themselves—Sontag, Blue Streak and Scar Neck—animals that became legends in Nevada as mustanger after mustanger attempted to fix their loops on these horses' necks. And then there was another mustang called Stampede and his plucky Shoshone rider named Nookie, and a strange destiny that awaited both of them.

While the term *mustanger* refers to men of a dangerous trade, a way of adventure, *mustang*, as the word refers to the horse, is an obsolete description. True of many Spanish words that came to the new world only to be twisted by lazy-mouthed Anglos, mustang is a contortion of *mesteño*, which in Spain meant sheep that had strayed and were claimed by the *mesta*—the organization of sheep owners. Eventually, in the new world, when the horse strayed from the *Conquistadores* (or, a more likely theory, strayed from the missions) horses were also called *mesteños—gone wild*. Mustang became the English corruption. Even the early Spanish horse, of Andalusian and Arabian blood, lost its identity over the centuries as it mixed with other stock that strayed or was turned loose.

Once these Spanish strays moved out into the natural grass wilderness that was without a scar from the plow, their rate of increase was phenomenal. Men of those times were overwhelmed to see how naturally the horse had adapted itself to this new land. But, unknown to those observers, the horse's natural affinity to this land was not without precedent.

During the early Pleistocene period when natural bridges locked North America with Asia and southern Europe with Africa, the horse was native here. He was a wanderer, a grass feeding migrant who through pressures from the primitive hunters or competition with other grass eaters, or as a result of the glacial times and inter-glacial period that altered the geographical and



Remarkable photos of wild horses on the run, taken near Pyramid Lake by Gus Bundy.

botanical realm of this continent, migrated to the other lands and mysteriously disappeared from his former home. There was not a horse in North America until the men with their tin sombreros probed and colonized this hemisphere and brought with them their livestock. Only then did the horse return to its ancient incubator. Within 200 years after the indomitable Cortex waded ashore at Vera Cruz with his small army—and the horse set himself again on this land—the horse population gushed to an estimated five to seven million head!

For the western adventurer, mountain man and explorer, sniffing their way over and through the grassland and mountain wilderness, the wild horse herds were an awesome sight. George Catlin, who went west to paint the Indian on canvas, could not help but note the horses he saw:

> The track of country over which we passed . . . is stocked with numerous bands of wild horses . . . There is no other animal on the prairies so wild and so sagacious as the horses; and no other so difficult to come up with. So remarkably keen is their eye, that they will generally run "at the sight," when they are a mile distant . . . we saw all colours . . . some milk white, some jet black—others were sorrel, and bay and cream colour—many were of iron grey; and others were pied, containing a variety of colours of the same animal. Their manes were very profuse, and hanging in the wildest confusion over their necks and faces—and their long tails swept the ground . . .

No less in his written narratives than on his canvases, Catlin was an accurate portrayer of what he observed. Others who gazed upon the wild horses told more imaginative tales about them for an anxious and romantic audience in the East. Not without some truth, however, these writers arranged words of glowing descriptions about the wild horses; the magnificent stallions and their great fights for supremacy of a mare herd; and of the stallion leading his faithful followers across the plains at a run. (More often a mare led the herd on the run while the stallion stayed behind and urged the laggers on.)

In the last century as in the current, stories about wild horses have been as widespread as about the cowboy. Zane Grey had his Wildfire. Mary O'Hara created Thunderhead and the Lone Ranger stories featured Silver. Presumably, any writer who can find a majestic name for a wild stallion tale can easily add to the already voluminous parcel of wild horse folk tales.

While easterners were nurturing this myth of the wild horse, westerners—sheepmen and cattlemen—were earmarking the wild horse a nuisance, and for good reason. The open range method of cattle raising was waning by 1890. The range became crisscrossed with fences while railroad tracks thrust their way across the nation. The entire concept of ranching flip-flopped and the death knell that was to continue for decades began to toll for the wild horse.

Grass became precious and the wild horse became its predator, a useless eater of grass and drinker of precious water. In their great mass they were also destructive, fighting and trampling the water troughs, running off the cattle who had come to drink, and lapping the salt. But one habit of the wild stallion infuriated the rancher to a burning point that Dante never imagined—they lured away the rancher's domestic horses. The wild stallion might already have a harem of 50 or 100 mares,



Another Gus Bundy photo of the wild ones.

Elko rodeo, 1915, when bucking horses were wild horses and needed no encouragement from a bucking strap to "turn loose."



Pete Barnum, mustanger supreme, preparing a wild horse for the first ride. Photo taken around the turn of the century.



Indian Mustangers in eastern Nevada.

but to gather all he could, by fighting another stallion or sweet-talking domestic mares, was no less an instinct than eating.

Consequently, Nevada became one of the first states to take legal action against the marauding horses who had found a natural haven in the Great Basin. In the ranch county of eastern Nevada, White Pine, Lander, Elko, Nye and Eureka counties, perhaps 80,000 wild horses roamed, a locust-like plague to the ranchers. Stockmen marched into Carson City in 1897, made their protest to the legislature, and a law was promptly passed to permit the killing of all unbranded stock. Bounties on stallions were levied, and horse hunts organized by cowboys and hide buyers resulted in the round-up of thousands of the horses. In one year, 15,000 of them were captured. The herds began to thin, although actually many of them moved east into Utah or further west into Nevada. But in the midst of all this abundance, men became careless. Bounty hunters weren't fussy, and horse hides showing brands of local ranches increased alarmingly in the Chicago hide yards. The stockmen marched again into Carson City, and in 1901 the law permitting wild horse killing was repealed.

But the law had given impetus to the clan of adventurers called mustangers who would pursue the wild horses almost to the present day. Only their methods would change—from saddle horses and lariat to planes and shotguns.

Mustangers were a paradoxical clan. Rough riders and hardened fighters against the wily *broomtails,* they had a passion for the wild horse or the wild chase that was a puzzlement, probably what Arthur Miller suggested when he labeled them *misfits*. They professed a love for the horse, but would pursue them until they dropped from exhaustion, or more likely, until their own saddle horses collapsed in the chase. Will C. Barnes reported this episode in 1909:

> Probably more good horses have been killed outright in this work than were ever captured. A man with the desire to win, forgetful of all but the animal he is after, crowds his saddle pony mile after mile, until with a convulsive shudder the plucky animal drops dead in its tracks and the hapless rider must carry his saddle miles and miles to camp.
> I once saw a man whose pony had thus dropped under him, jerk out his Winchester and pump a dozen shots into the band he was after, each shot with deadly effect in so dense a mass, and then throw his arms about his dying pony's neck and cry like a baby.

Chasing the wild horses by horseback was risky and hardly an effective guarantee of a catch. Another method, vain as it was unsuccessful, was creasing – firing a shot at a prize animal in hopes of striking the top of the neck close to the spinal column and knocking the horse unconscious. Rarely could a cowboy brag that the pony he was riding had the scar of such a perfect aim. More often, creasing only left a dead carcass on the desert.

Soon cowboys learned to ride in relays, as organized crews, coaxing horses into corrals which had wide spreading wing fences. They learned, too, the water routes the horses traveled, and the mustangers positioned outriders and corral traps shrewdly, forcing the horses to travel the route they had determined. With their sharp instincts, however, the wild horses quickly learned to avoid the traps and a more courageous stallion, if trapped, would bid farewell to his mares and jump the enclosure to search out a new herd.

Such a stallion was Sontag, a 1,200 pound brown stallion who had a band of mares in the mountains bordering Fish Creek Valley south of Eureka. Sontag was a spirited, rippling piece of horse flesh who challenged the adventurous to possess him. He was too keen for them, however, and had consistently shied away from their traps. Once a mustanger roped him but Sontag broke away. Two years later, Sontag was reported by Wagon Johnnie, a half breed Shoshone, to be back in the area where Pete Barnum was rounding up horses. Barnum was probably the cleverest mustanger in Nevada, if not the entire West. He had devised a corral which had sides covered by canvas. His idea, as it proved, cleverly outwitted the wild horses. Instead of jumping or running through the corral, the horses took the canvas to be a solid mass. They would mingle and run its circumferance, but would not attempt to crash through.

Through clever maneuvering Barnum and his riders had succeeded in trapping Sontag in one of these canvas corrals. Later, Sontag and his band were moved to another field where 60 other horses were being held. Next day when the mustangers returned, they found a gaping hole in the heavy wire fence and an empty field. On the ends of the broken wire were bits of flesh, hair and blood. "It was easy to believe that we owed the loss of him and 60 other good horses to Old Sontag. I have never seen the proud and splendid stallion since," reported Barnum.

Pete Barnum told another story about a wild stallion, Stampede, who even after capture and taming showed that only his flesh had been tamed—not his instinct for freedom.

Stampede was born and reared in the mountains bordering Cortez Valley in Eureka County. A fine colt from the start, he was hunted by expedition after expedition without success.

Stampede was eight years old when a Shoshone named Nookie, much even to his own surprise, roped Stampede and held him. Nookie broke Stampede, and the stallion

became as reckless a fool as was Nookie when they chased the wild herds in the rough country of eastern Nevada. Pete Barnum continues the story—

> Looking down into Cortez Valley is a wide bald flat known as Frenchy Mountain. Many bands of mustangs that fed here escaped time after time because we had no saddle horse sufficiently fleet and sure-footed to outrun them down the jagged, precipitous side of that mountain . . . (Nookie, riding Stampede, decided he would start the mustangs racing down the mountain.) . . . A run of two or three miles brought the mustangs to the brink of a canyon, the sides of which were perpendicular walls of porphyry. Suddenly the wild band swerved to the left and tore along the canyon edge. Nookie jerked furiously upon one rein and then upon the other, but Stampede did not turn . . . The Indian could not guide his horse and neither could he check him. I realized that Stampede was running away for the last time, that a tragedy was about to be enacted, but I could not take my eyes from the glass (binoculars) . . . Stampede did not tumble over the edge—he leaped . . . For an instant I saw a man on a horse silhouetted against the blue sky . . . The outlaw's body was broken under the rocks and cactus three hundred feet below and under the horse died as plucky an Indian as ever climbed into saddle . . .

Pete Barnum captured thousands of mustangs a year and made a more than comfortable living by selling the horses, but he did not make much of a dent in the large numbers of the wild ones that roamed Nevada.

In 1934 when the *Magna Charta* of the range land was conceived—the Taylor Grazing Act—wild horses by the thousands were threatened with extermination. Against man individually, or groups of men, the wild horse could hold against the brink of extinction. Against organized governmental will, however, the wild horse had less of a chance. A new force was hurled onto the range and it was to be no less devastating than the mysterious causes that had swept the wild horse from the western country millions of years before. Set upon by prop plane, by poison, by shooting (and using silencers when public indignation seemed probable), the wild horse staggered under government pressures. Then too, came the pet food manufacturers who saw a lucrative source of canned goods for canines, felines and the fox and mink-raising farms. Demand for the canned wild horse flesh mushroomed and opportunists rushed to another strike in the sagebrush state. The harvest was profitable and when *wildcat* profits rule, methods are without rules or ethics. All sorts of brutalities were inflicted against the wild horses in the rush to get them to market.

The destruction of the wild horse in Nevada as in the rest of the West was inevitable. The nomadic Indian and the buffalo had earlier blocked the surge of the white man's destiny and disappeared. So, too, went the wild horse. Whereas about a million of them once lived in Texas, not a single one remains today. California has a few, some of which migrate back and forth from Nevada, and Arizona, Utah, and Oregon also have a few herds in their remote regions.

The most abundant wild horse herds are in Nevada and to all appearances they no longer offer serious competition to the cattlemen. Nevada also has the first wild horse preserve, not much of a sanctuary by some standards, but at least this preserve and the laws first initiated by Nevadans to stop the cruel chasing of the horse by planes insures the horses a measure of salvation.



Former Secretary of State, the late W. G. Greathouse, using an ordinary box camera, caught this memorable portrait of a Nevada stallion.

Will James, the late cowboy artist and writer, who chased wild horses in eastern Nevada and around Tonopah, summed up the feelings of many horse lovers when he wrote:

"I'm kind of sorry now so many were caught, 'cause I have a lot of respect and admiration for the mustang. For they really belong not to man, but to the country of junipers and sage, of deep arroyos, mesas—and freedom."



Palmistry and gambling tops date from ancient China.



Every early western saloon had its marathon card games.

GAMBLING THROUGH THE CENTURIES

From Cairo to the Casinos of Nevada

Gambling is as ancient as civilization itself. Since the beginning of recorded history men and women have been willing to take risks or chances in order to gain some advantage, profit or reward.

Og the Cave Man probably sat around with the boys in the evening throwing animal heel bones (astragali) to the ground, watching to see the way they would fall. Primitive witch doctors in many cultures, believing that man's fates were determined by the gods, tossed sticks, arrows and animal bones on the ground and read the future in the way they fell. These magic, soothsaying rituals became games of chance when Og and his friends began betting on the various possibilities.

Certain games of skill played today date back to ancient Egypt. Animal bones were used for board games at the time of the First Egyptian Dynasty around 3500 B.C. Counters of "men" were moved according to some established rule after the tossing of a four or six-sided bone.

ABOUT THE TAPESTRY. *On display in the upstairs lounge, the Ready Room, at the new Las Vegas air terminal, is a unique tapestry depicting the history of gambling. The work of well-known West Coast artist Eleanor Neil, the tapestry consists of 20 panels prepared on a canvas base on which Miss Neil applied fabric pieces and handstitched yarn to achieve a three-dimensional effect. Months in preparation, the huge tapestry is remarkable for its brilliant color and wittily told story.*

By GUY W. FARMER
Neveda Gaming Control Board



Greeks playing chess, in this brilliantly hued panel from Miss Neil's huge tapestry at McCarran Field.



Detail from the preceding page — Greeks at chess.



Famous Monte Carlo, a typical, stylish European casino.

DICE

Animal bones eventually evolved into man-made, six sided dice. Man's earliest written records not only mention dice but crooked dice as well. Dice were found in the tombs of ancient Egypt and the Orient and in prehistoric graves of both North and South America.

Dice were standard medieval gambling instruments. During the 16th Century a physician from Milan, Italy, named Gerolamo Cardano wrote a treatise titled "The Book on Games of Chance." In it, he made these observations about gambling in general and dice in particular:

"But in times of great anxiety and grief, it (gambling) is considered to be not only allowable but even beneficial. Also, it is permitted to men in prison, to those condemned to death and to the sick, and therefore the law also permits it in times of grief.

"For certainly, if any occasion will justify it, none is so worthy of excuse as this one. In my own case, when it seemed to me after a long illness that death was close at hand, I found no little solace in playing constantly at dice."

Oystein Ore, an author who has done considerable research on the life of Cardano, states that gambling games were a dominant factor of social life in medieval and Renaissance times.

The American dice game of craps, described by gambling authority John Scarne as "history's biggest and fastest-action gambling game," is traceable to Arabic origins.

Cardano was one of the first men to examine the probabilities of dice. He devoted a chapter in his book to probabilities. In the same century, Galileo wrote a short treatise on the subject.

French mathematicians Blaise Pascal and Pierre de Fermat exchanged voluminous correspondence on the theory of probabilities in the 17th Century.

HORSE RACING

Another ancient form of gambling is betting on horse races. According to Scarne, inscriptions on tablets found in Asia minor described elaborate stables owned by Assyrian kings. Dating from 1500 B.C. or before, they proved that chariot racing was very old even at that time. Modern "organized" horse racing, however, began in England.

The earliest formal English races were those that took place at the weekly Smithfield horse fairs during the reign of Henry II about 1147 A.D. America's first race track with regularly scheduled meetings and stake races were founded in 1665 by New York's first English governor, Col. Richard Nicolls, at a site not far from the present location of Belmont Park.

Horse racing now attracts the greatest crowds in sports history, and bookmaking, both legal and illegal, has become big business. Some 30 states in the United States permit pari-mutuel betting on horse and harness racing. These gambling ventures, involving a total of more than $315 million last year, are a rich source of revenue to the several states.

LOTTERIES

Lotteries too had early beginnings. The casting of lots to divide up the land is mentioned numerous times in the Bible. St. John, writing of the crucifixion of Jesus, mentions the prophecy concerning His robe when soldiers guarding the site drew lots for the robe.

The first public lottery paying money prizes was La Lotto de Firenze, which began in Florence, Italy, in



Cock fighting and chess, popular in ancient Persia are depicted here in bright blue and purple by Miss Neil.



Players in a frontier saloon, a scene from an era when serious card games went on in quiet back rooms.

Chess was also popular in early China, as depicted in an eye-catching scene which is based on historic fact.



Shown here, renaissance gambling games and the development of the chessboard and playing card.



1530. This lottery and others that followed raised funds for a variety of public projects. They were consolidated in 1870 into the Italian National Lottery, which is still in operation.

The modern game of bingo is a more complicated version of the still popular Italian parlor game of lotto, which in turn was derived from the national lottery. Keno, a game played in present-day Nevada casinos, also has similar origins.

The earliest government sponsored lottery in England was founded in 1566. British colonization of America was financed partly by royal lotteries. Authorized by King James I in 1612, a lottery helped raise money for the Virginia Company.

By 1755 the English lottery mania was so great that mobs of buyers broke down doors of ticket offices in their eagerness to buy. This English lottery craze had its counterpart in the American colonies.

As early as 1665 the Dutch held a lottery for the benefit of the poor in New Amsterdam. Half a dozen lotteries operated in each of the original 13 colonies, most of them preceding the American Revolution.

Later, Benjamin Franklin and other prominent citizens sponsored a lottery to raise funds to buy a battery of cannon for the defense of Philadelphia. In 1762 John Hancock helped manage a lottery to raise money to rebuild Boston's Faneuil Hall after it had been damaged by fire.

In 1768 George Washington managed a lottery for the purpose of building a road over the Cumberland Mountains. The Virginia State Legislature in 1826 granted an aging and impoverished Thomas Jefferson permission to run a lottery so he could dispose of some of his property, including Monticello.

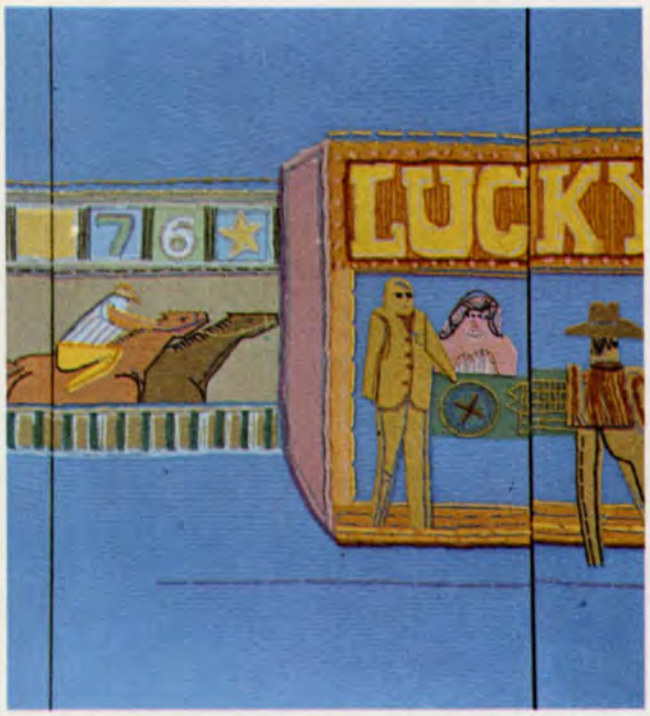
A Boston newspaper survey in 1831 showed no less than 420 separate lotteries in operation along the Eastern Seaboard. The Louisiana Lottery, which flourished during the 1869-94 period, was the last of the great legal lotteries in this country.

Congress killed legal lotteries in 1895 by passing a law forbidding the interstate transportation of lottery tickets.

The lone attempt at a national lottery in this country was the abortive Grand National Lottery in 1823. The promoters sold thousands of dollars worth of tickets, held the drawing, announced winners but never paid off. They vanished and were never apprehended.

The top prizewinner collected $100,000, however, when the U.S. Supreme Court ruled he was entitled to collect from the city of Washington, D.C.

Although most foreign countries have lotteries today, they are limited legally in this country and its possessions to the state of New Hampshire and the territory of Puerto Rico. Scarne asserts that the most popular



Horses and casinos. Where else but the American West?



And Carnivals—popular all over America for decades.

lottery anywhere in the world today is the illegal "numbers game" played in New York City and other major cities on the East Coast.

CARDS

Shortly after the Chinese invented paper, sometime between 200 B.C. and 200 A.D., they began using it to make cards. Most historians believe cards were first designed to teach military strategy to young nobles in the Orient. These early cards were copied from paper notes used for money.

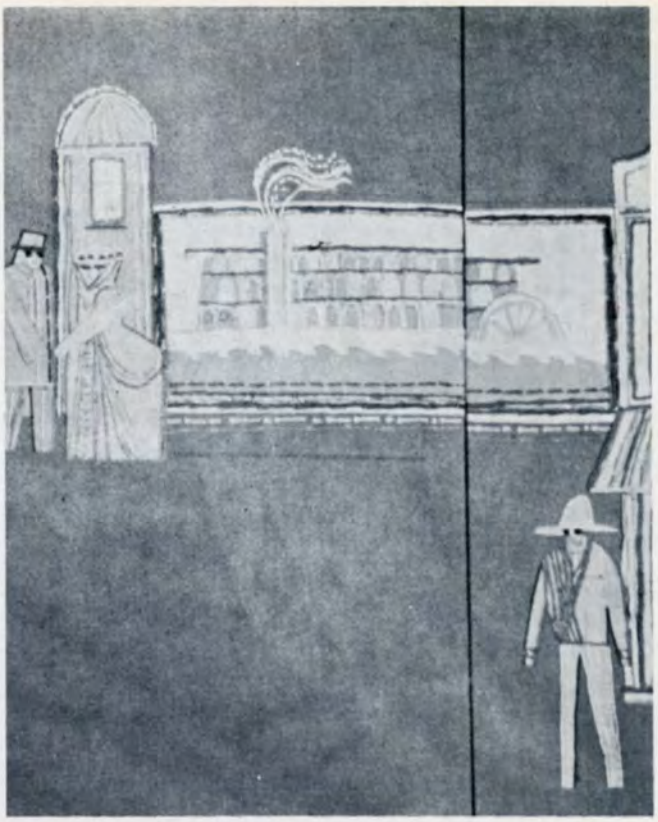
One old Chinese game used 120 cards consisting of four identical sets of 30 cards each. The first cards



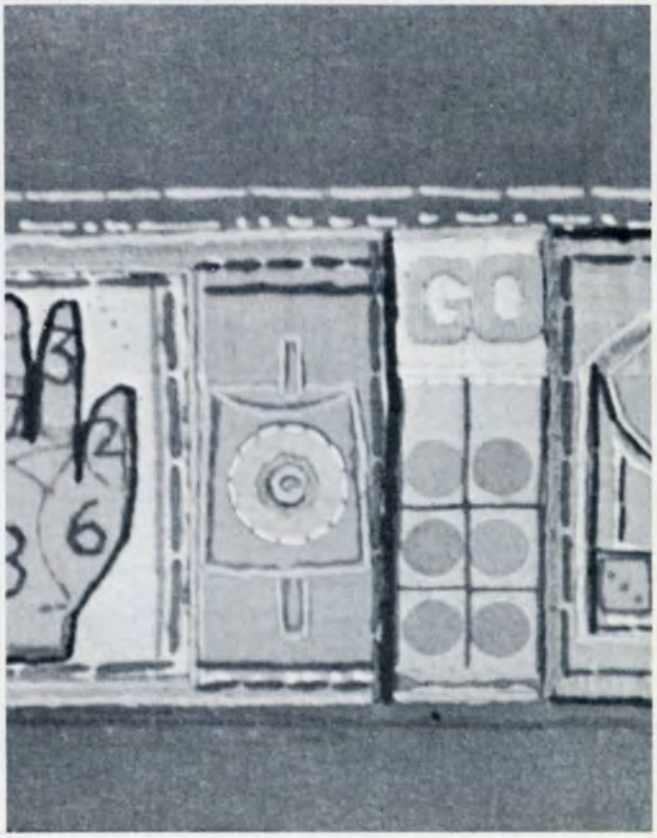
The Egyptains used arrows and six-sided dice.



The scene in Neveda today.



A gambling boat on the Mississippi.



A collection of gambling paraphernalia.

appeared in Europe in the early 14th Century and they arrived in the New World in 1492 with Columbus and his sailors.

Primero, which originated in Italy and was common throughout Europe, enjoyed a boom in Elizabethan England. Shakespeare mentions the game in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" where Falstaff complains, "I never prospered since I foreswear myself at primero." And in "Henry VIII" the king plays primero with the Duke of Suffolk.

In 1628 there were so many card makers in London that they formed a sort of union for protection of the industry.

Cards were spread throughout the American continent by early Spanish explorers and by 1850 card playing became America's most popular form of gambling. American Indians, who were inveterate gamblers, were especially fond of card games.

Gambling is common today in private card games such as bridge and poker. It may be worthwhile, however, to note Scarne's warning on this point. His observations over the past 30 years have convinced him that more cheating takes place at private or so-called friendly card games than at all other forms of gambling combined.

CASINOS

Prince Ferencz II of Hungary, sometimes called the "Patron Saint of the Gamblers," opened history's first elaborate gambling establishment in the Hotel de Perron

Since the beginning of history men have been willing to take risks.

at Paris in 1713. For many years English noblemen have belonged to famous casino-style gambling clubs such as White's, Brooks and Crockford's.

Although John Davis of New Orleans built this country's first lavishly decorated casino in 1827, the best known casino operator in any period of American history was Richard Canfield, who operated in New York State from 1890 to 1905.

At present, Nevada is the only state in the nation with legal casino gambling but it is common knowledge that illegal casinos are scattered throughout the country. The game "blackjack" (21) is the most popular casino card game in the world today. Craps enjoys great popularity in American casinos but chemin de fer and roulette are more common in European casinos.

One theory on the origin of roulette holds that it was invented by a French monk seeking to break the monotony of monastery life.

GAMBLING LAWS

Today, gambling is generally regarded as the world's second oldest profession or diversion, depending upon

Primitive witch doctors tossed sticks, arrows or animal bones on the ground.

your viewpoint. The lure of gambling has persisted through the centuries despite concerted efforts to outlaw it.

Ernest Haverman, writing in Life Magazine a few years ago, summed up these efforts this way: "Gambling has been ignored, outlawed, legalized, outlawed in some forms and legalized in others; it has been taxed, licensed and made a government monopoly. No other problem has inspired so many solutions, none of which has had more than temporary success. The strange thing about gambling is that the laws usually have very little effect on what actually happens."

By English common law, private gambling was not a crime. Gambling only became a crime where it was conducted "openly and notoriously" or where it tended to a breach of the peace or "the corruption of public morals." Hypocrisy seems to go hand-in-hand with gambling legislation.

Dice were found in tombs in Anciet Egypt and the Orient... in North and South America.

Several states, such as New York and Washington, have constitutional prohibitions against any kind of gambling. Nevertheless, they permit pari-mutuel betting on horse racing as well as other forms of gambling.

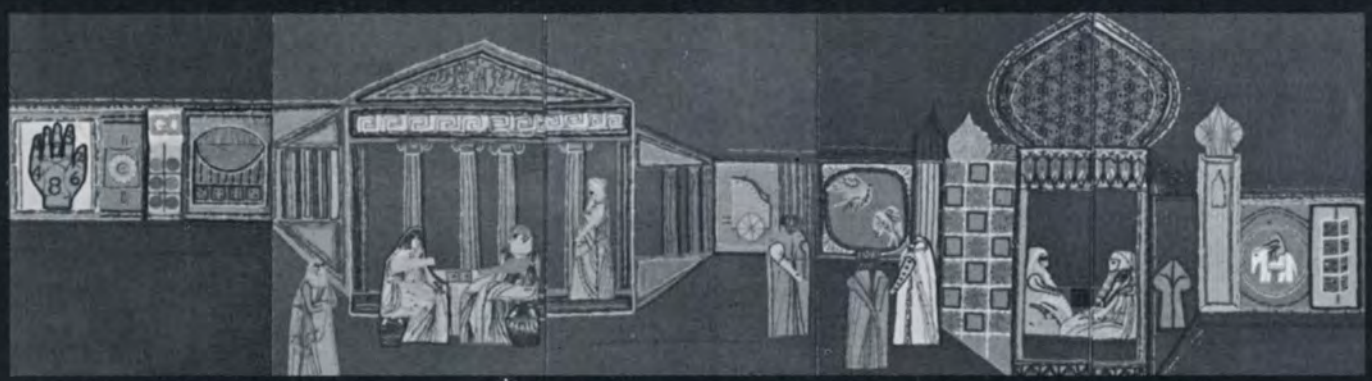
Many persons faced with this dilemma would probably agree with the English Royal Commission on Betting, Lotteries and Gaming, which drew the following conclusions in a study of gambling:

"We therefore consider that the object of gambling legislation should be to interfere as little as possible with individual liberty to take part in the various forms of gambling but to impose such restrictions as are desir-

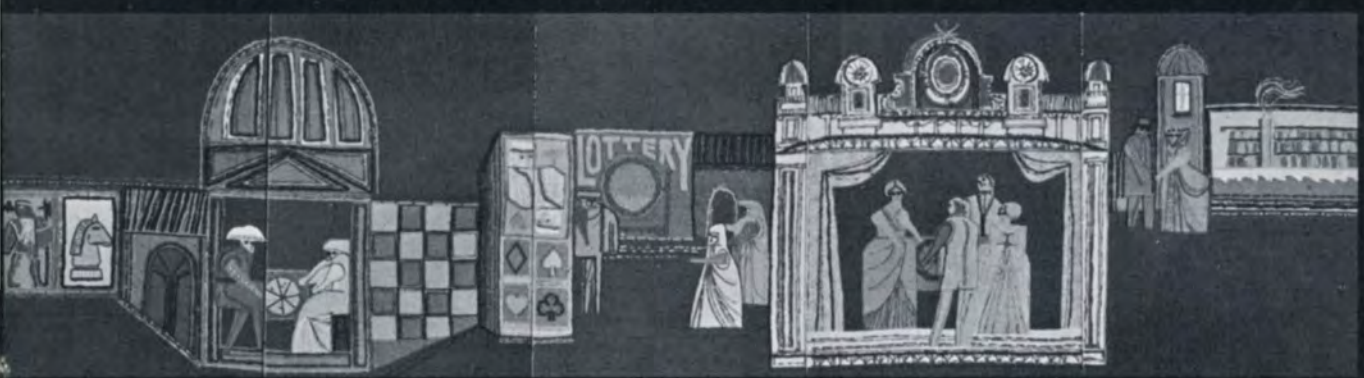
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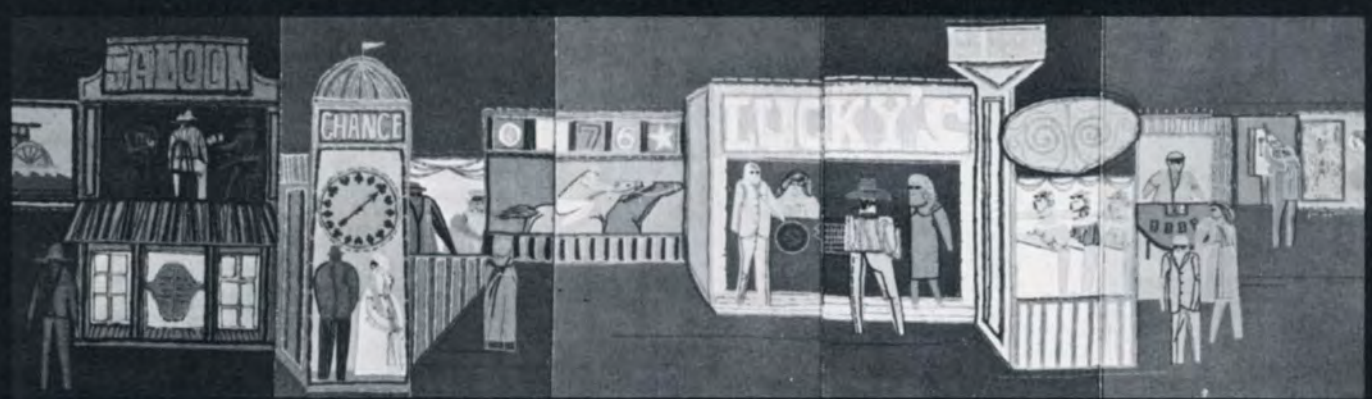
THE PANELS IN SEQUENCE. Here, primitive gambling—arrows, bones, Egyptian and Chinese games and players.



EARLY GAMES. Fortune telling, Oriental top and dice games, chess, chariot races, cockfights and cards.

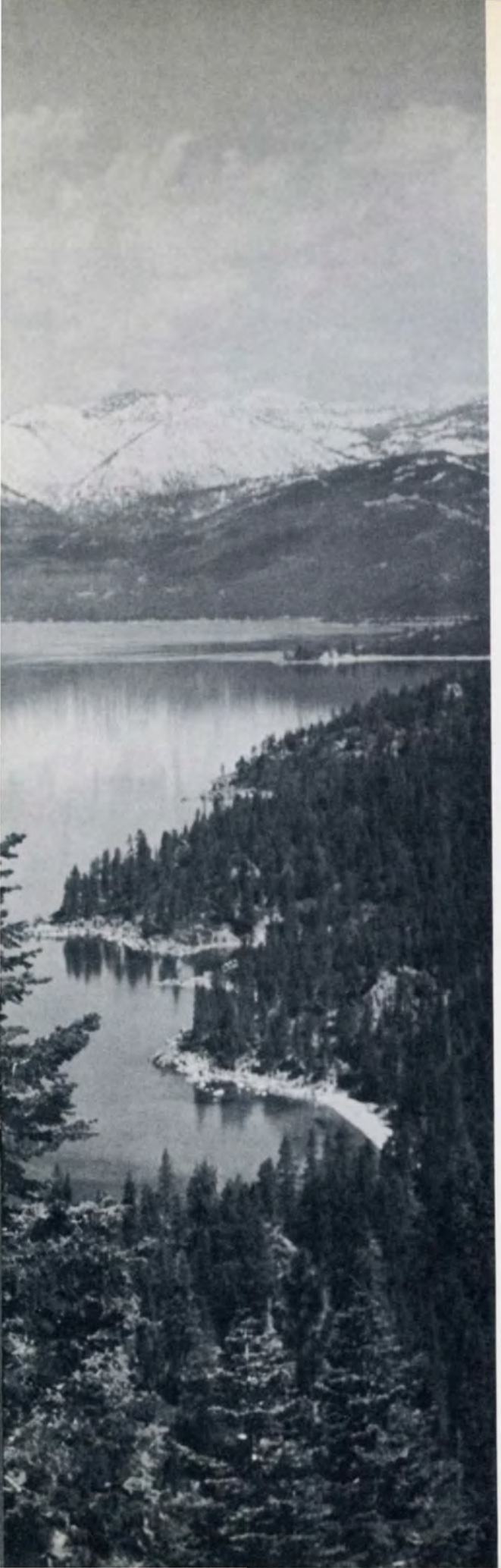


EUROPE TO AMERICAN. Early cards and chess games. European lotteries, roulette players.



THE AMERICAN WEST. Saloon, amusement park, horse racing and—finally—modern-day gambling in Nevada.





LAKE TAHOE

AN APPRECIATION

This was the lake that startled and amazed the explorers who came upon it after weeks of crossing the desert. For them it lay unbelievably high, clear and beautiful in that last, upthrust barrier on the route to the Coast. For the desert Indians, this lake with its surrounding forests provided for centuries a sustaining summer fishing and hunting ground.

Today for all who see it, the far-traveled and the neighbor at hand, Lake Tahoe remains a phenomenon of beauty.

Hotels, resorts and homes now cover much of the lake basin. Clusters of population lie near and major highways pass close by. The pressures of commerce are intense.

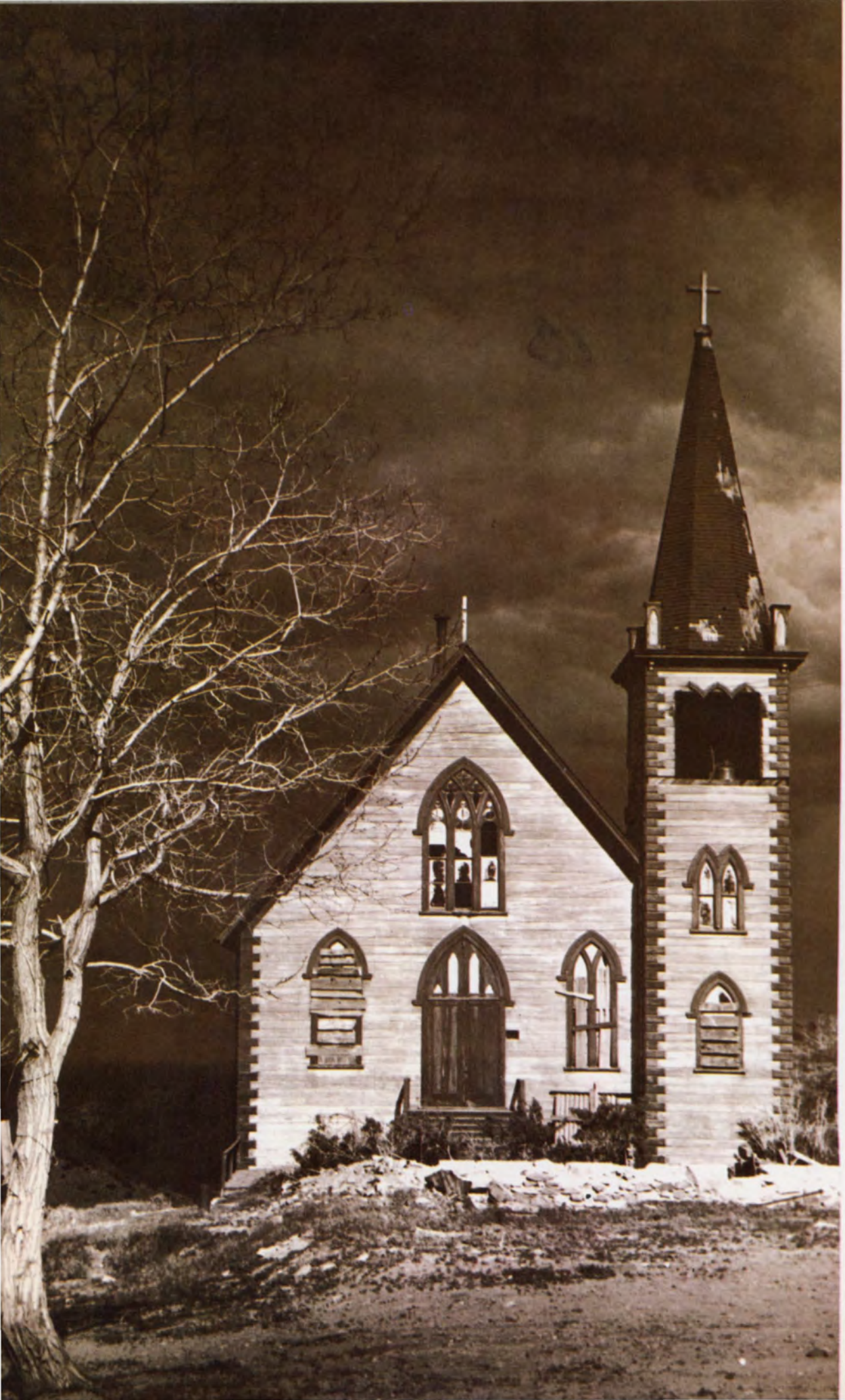
But on the northeast shore there still exists a forested area, untouched as it was centuries ago. Here the mule deer, the mountain beaver and the bobcat follow mountain trails; the grosbeak, tanager and water ouzel nest and feed; and the streams provide lairs for trout. Here grow undisturbed the pines and cedars, the manzanita and the squaw-carpet.

Here is where the park will be, a place unspoiled to last for centuries.

Center pages, following, Lake Tahoe as seen from the Mt. Rose highway. The park will be located along the shoreline to the left.













OLD BRAVE. About 1960.

RETROSPECTIVE

An Anniversary Album by Gus Bundy

When his latest exhibit went on display at the Fine Arts Building at the University of Nevada late last fall, viewers were impressed not so much by the versatility and sensitivity of Gus Bundy's photography, for those who know his work had come to expect these qualities. But many were amazed to see that the show summarized 24 years of effort by a remarkably productive artist-photographer who, because of the prevailing freshness of his work, seems not to have been around that

Below, RECLINING DUNE. Photographed in Death Valley in 1952.

Left, EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Taken in Virginia City, 1945. The church has since been restored.



RETROSPECTIVE

long. The show, therefore, was acclaimed not only as a powerful display of the Bundy talent but also as an anniversary tribute to the man who produced it.

On these and the following pages are seven of the 72 photos from the show. Three additional Bundy photos appear in another story in this issue, *The Wild Horse in Nevada.*



Below, LAMBS ON SNOWBANK. Taken in July 1948 above Lake Tahoe after an unusually hard winter.

Facing page, HERDER. A Basque herder with a strayed lamb, 1955.

Right, YOUNG INDIAN. About 1960.





THEY PULLED IN THE

MITCH MILLER



For the last few years on television an energetic man named William Mitchell Miller has conducted the world's biggest glee club—his own group augmented by millions of happy bathtub baritones participating in their living rooms.

Their fans in Nevada recently had an opportunity to see Mitch and the Sing Along Gang in person. Last summer, Mitch Miller and the group made their nightclub debut in Las Vegas, and a few weeks later appeared before enthusiastic audiences at the Nugget in Sparks.

"Everybody loves to sing," Mitch explains. "At a party where there's a piano and somebody to play it, everybody winds up singing. We take a song that has acceptance and then we just open the door on people's private memories." It all started about five years ago when Mitch and the gang went before the TV cameras in a low-budget special. The boys are all sizes and shapes; some are bald, some fat, some middle-aged. Miller was not at all astonished to learn that the public adored them. Identification is one of the keys to popular success and as Miller put it, "These guys look just like the schlepper next door " Proof of their popularity—if it is needed—could be seen in the size of the crowds at the Nugget and the intensity of their applause.

Mitch and the gang are but one of dozens of top-name entertainers who have paraded before the spotlights at the Nugget in the past few years —and who incidentally have given Sparks its reputation as one of the leading show towns in the West. The story of the Nugget's meteoric success is similar to Mitch's—it started overnight, and the end isn't yet in sight. The Nugget used to be a 20-stool diner in the days when Sparks was known mainly as that small railroad town three miles east of Reno. Then, in the fall of 1960, along came Dick Graves, who combined showmanship and ingenuity to convert the place into a multi-million-dollar food-casino-lodge complex, the largest of its kind in Nevada. In the fall of 1960, Graves sold the Nugget to John Ascuaga, who continues to expand an operation that includes everything from a glass elevator to Bertha, the real, live elephant that appears regularly on the Nugget stage. And Mitch Miller? He will probably be back this year again with his gang of fifty strong. And the crowds will be there, for sure, singing along with zest.

Left, Mitch chats backstage with Nugget owner, John Ascuaga. Highly regarded in Nevada is the Nugget's student assistance program—scholarships to needy high school graduates and part-time jobs to over 200 University of Nevada students.

Mitch and the gang onstage in the Circus Room. The boys come in all shapes, ages and sizes— "just like the guy next door," Mitch says. One indication of the gang's popularity— phenomenal sales of their 16 record albums.

CROWDS THIS SUMMER AT THE NUGGET

AND THE GANG



MITCH MILLER AND THE GANG



Mitch, the showman at his best, pulled a surprise when he went Hawaiian.



One of the big numbers. With Mitch up front, girls and gang spread across the stage in a colorful finale.





Mitch knows when to summon help. Adding zip to the gang's act was a bevy of high-stepping cuties.



Never bashful, the gang sported riotous costumes.



A direct line to growth

Across northern Nevada today stretches the final length of main pipeline which puts all of the state within reach of natural gas. Sixteen more Nevada communities now have immediate access to this vital new energy Southern Nevada has enjoyed the economy and efficiency of natural gas since 1955 and now the impact of this energy will be felt throughout the rest of Nevada. New jobs, new opportunity for industry and a more economical energy all contribute to the prosperity of the state. Southwest Gas Corporation is proud to be able to serve all of Nevada, helping to make it the fastest growing state in the nation.

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NEVADA NOTEBOOK

By WARREN LERUDE

WHEN YOU COME DOWN from the mountains, into brightly lit Las Vegas, traditional and yet new Reno or any of the towns scattered across the state, you might turn on the television set for a little indoor relaxation. If it's a Saturday night, you'll see a gal a lot of Nevadans take pleasure in watching—Mary on Gilligan's Island. She's Dawn Wells, who was Miss Nevada in 1959.

BUT, IF TELEVISION is not what you want, and you choose instead to sit around with a good book, you might pick up Wells author Jean McElrath's "Aged in Sage," a collection of 36 tales of Nevada's earlier days, which preserves viewpoints, humor and plain old story-telling of days gone by. Or you might try Pat and Bob Ferraro's "The Past in Glass," which gives a rundown by a couple of Lovelock experts on finding old bottles around Nevada's ghost town dumping grounds and deserts. And, they should know. They've found thousands of 'em.

BUT, IF READING'S NOT to your liking, and you want instead to take in a concert, you'll find enjoyment at Reno's Community Concerts. Said Father Henry Jesse of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church in Reno as he was drumming up interest in the concerts by explaining how Nevada had plenty of culture 'way back in those Comstock days: "It seems appropriate this year to bring culture back to that glorious level of the gaslight era."

AND, SPEAKING OF ENTERTAINMENT, plans are already under way for this year's National Air Races near Reno. They were revived last year, brought crowds of air enthusiasts to town along with world-famous pilots. They also brought a lot of hungry people, who gulped down 70,000 hot dogs, slapping on 40 gallons of mustard and 80 gallons of ketchup.

NOT ALL THE AIRPLANE-interested people who come to Nevada get to see or fly planes, however. Take those Air Force men who go to Stead Air Force Base near Reno for that rugged survival training in the Nevada desert. Astronauts are but a few of those airmen who take to the ground to live on anything they can get their hands on. Like lizards.

MOST OF THOSE TRAINING in the desert have it tough just finding their way around—it's not like having a car, on one of Nevada's wide, straight highways as you or I might have. These fellows are more or less stranded in the wilds. But, Lt. Frank L. Pettengill, one of the trainees, had an advantage over most. You see, he is from Sparks, pretty close to the training area, and he's sure to have known his way around. But lizards are lizards, even if you know one.

WHEN YOU'RE HEADING FOR THE mountains, either in the Charleston range north of Las Vegas or the Sierra near Reno, or the Ruby range in the eastern part of the state, you might like to be ready for what you'll find. Steep, rugged mountains. So, what do you do to prepare for them? Well, one thing you can do is stop by the University of Nevada's sprawling campus in Reno and sign up for a class it is offering in mountaineering and rock climbing, designed to teach the novice mountaineer climbing techniques, rope handling, safety. And, if you miss a class or two, and thus feel a little uncertain as you head uphill, you'll feel better if you did make that one in SURVIVAL METHODS!

AND, AFTER THAT SORT OF FARE, you can bet those Astronauts enjoyed the time they spent in one of Reno's hotels—where they were quartered for a time. Although it's doubtful it has lizard on the menu, you can bet if it does—and you're bound to win this bet—it'd be but another of the gourmet dishes you'd find in Nevada hotels. Sans sand, of course.

AND, SPEAKING OF MOUNTAINS, if you stop by Slide Mountain's ski area, you'll find it even better than it was last winter, since before the snow fell crews were hard at work clearing more trees, boulders to make the runs wider, including the Central Pacific run which is above the new Overland Limited chairlift.

A GOOD PORTION of the state hasn't changed much—there are still miles and miles of beauty in the remote mountain and desert areas. Where people nowadays go hunting. Like Marilyn Bell of Reno, who knocked down an antelope near northwestern Nevada's Massacre Lake that weighed just about the same as she does—130 pounds!



IN THE NEXT ISSUE

An Amazing River Adventure
—by Gene and Cliff Segerblom

•

Reno After Dark —
An Intimate Camera Profile

•

Landscapes of Eastern Nevada

•

AURORA
Esmeralda Ghost Town

•

These, and Other Exciting Articles Coming to You in The Next Issue of

NEVADA

Return to BUCKSKIN

You will know when you have arrived at Buckskin—if for no other reason—because you will see a rusting Model-T parked on the hillside. How it got there is poignantly told in the accompanying story by Gene Segerblom.
Midsummer is the best time to make the trip to the old mining center. Start from Winnemucca, drive northeast through Paradise Valley (and pause to explore this attractive old community), then continue north, over steep Hinkey Summit to Buckskin. From Paradise Valley, the town, it's exactly 26.2 miles, mostly over unpaved roads, to Buckskin junction. Turn right at the junction and proceed another 2.8 miles to Buckskin. To complete the jaunt, we suggest that you continue west from Buckskin junction, driving another 13 miles to reach U.S. 95 south of McDermitt. The entire loop through this delightful country can be covered comfortably in less than a day.

By GENE SEGERBLOM
PHOTOS BY CLIFF SEGERBLOM

Memories of the "good old days" of one's youth often seem remote from reality indeed after childhood haunts are revisited. But this was not the case when I took my family to see Buckskin where I had spent many a delightful summer.

On my return after some 20 years to Grandpa's Buckskin mine, I found the wildflowers as beautiful, the mountains as high and rugged, the air as fresh, and the old mining camp as exciting as I had remembered them.

Buckskin is actually a mountain, about 63 miles from Winnemucca, in the Santa Rosa Range, northern Humboldt County. From its top elevation of 8,900 feet, you can see mountain peaks in California, Oregon and Idaho. We even try to convince ourselves that on a clear day you can see mountains in Utah. But there's some doubt of that!

On one of Buckskin's slopes is a slide of shale rock of buckskin color. That's how it got its name. When we were children, we found many arrow heads near the top, evidence that the Indians in the area once hunted there. They probably never camped overnight, however, if they believed an ancient Indian legend describing how the mountain turned upside down one twilight.

Buckskin mine was located in about 1906 in claims made by my grandfather, the late J. W "Johnny" Bell, and his partner, George Ward. Johnny Bell who served for many years as Humbolt County Senator in the State Legislature came to Nevada when he was 12. He earned his first dollar at Spring City, north of Paradise Valley, when it was a booming mining town. When the ore petered out, he moved on to Buckskin, building his home and assay office on the ridge overlooking the "world."

Grandpa always kept a Model-T to drive to camp, refusing to use the newer Model-A's because they would hit bottom on those bad roads or experience other difficulties that never befell the trusty Model-T He would often invite one of his grandchildren to ride with him in the venerable Model-T, always regarded as a special treat by the lucky one of us who was selected.

When he was in his 80's, having decided that he was ready for his last trip to Buckskin, he drove the



Fishing on Siard Creek, one of the many streams in the flats below Buckskin, is part of a summer visit.



A carpet of wildflowers on Hinkey Summit, enroute to Buckskin.



The road to the top of Buckskin.



Remains of the mill at Buckskin.



Granite Peak, viewed from the Model-T.



Snow remains the year around.



Ore car at the Buckskin mine.



California peaks in the background.

Model-T up the hill above the cookhouse, parked it there and left it. It remains there today, sort of a monument to his pioneer spirit.

During its heyday, when about 60 men were employed at the workings, gold and silver ore was shipped from Buckskin to Salt Lake City and San Francisco. The Lucky Tiger Mining Company once leased the mine and produced about $500,000 in bullion. All told, Buckskin's mines over the years produced over $1,000,000 in ores. There is still rich ore there but it cannot be mined profitably at the going price of silver.

Mining activity in the area in recent years, mainly confined to a quicksilver mine on top of Buckskin, is limited by the short working season. It's impossible to do much there during the winter months since the road is open only from about May until November. And it has been known to snow on the Fourth of July.

A trip to Buckskin, from Winnemucca via Paradise Valley, takes about two hours these days. In the era of spring wagons and teams of horses, it took two full days to reach the camp. The road to Buckskin crosses Hinkey Summit, then meanders over the fishing creeks of Martin, Dutch John and Cabin, streams that attract the fishermen who, along with hunters, account for most of the traffic into the area lately.

Most of the buildings in the old mining camp are still standing. There's the long bunk house, the cook shack and the individual family cabins.

When you visit an old mining camp like Buckskin, you can't help thinking that some day there may be another boom, and you can't help hoping that those who made fortunes and sank them back into the ground will enjoy another bonanza. A visit here recalls most pleasantly a vanished era in early Nevada.



A touching reminder of the old days—Grandpa's Model-T which he parked here when in his 80's. Below, Cliff does a painting of the old car.



Students and Pros at University Jazz Clinic

JAZZ ON CAMPUS

BY CHARLES DROMIACK

A noisy mixture of brassy clangs and thumping drums filled the small room as student Alfred Smith and teacher Darrell Goes (above) worked to unbend the kinks in a drum solo.

But when a boom turned into a clatter the lesson stopped. "Al, you have to remember that break. You're trying to climb right over the top of it. Now let's try again," said Goes.

In a soundproof room down the hall, Russ Garcia, Hollywood composer-arranger penciled changes on a musical score as 25 young musicians uncased their instruments and coaxed them into tune.

Soon the band room resembled an aviary full of shrieking birds as random sounds filled the air

Garcia waved his arms to quiet the musical confusion. "Okay, today we're going to take the A Train again. Let's put everything in the right place and really hit it."

Garcia and Goes were rehearsing their students for a Saturday night concert which put the final flourish on the University of Nevada's sixth annual Summer Jazz Clinic.

Over 150 students, most of them of high school age, came from 20 states with their flutes, drums, trombones, violins, and a hodgepodge of other musical instruments to study in a jazz session held last August on the Reno campus of the university.

The hectic days were packed with classes in musical theory, concerts by students, performances by the Woody Herman Band, and teaching sessions with some of the country's top jazz musicians.

Woody Herman and his band, jazz critic Leonard Feather accordionist Art Van Damme, Buddy Baker Neal Hefti, and Russ Garcia were there to help the students



Practice sessions came to an end as students combined their musical talents for a public concert—grand finale to a very successful jazz clinic.



Woody Herman in a clarinet solo.



"Classes in theory give the students a chance to rest their lip," said Buddy Baker as he explained certain of the mysteries of chords to student Richard Roblee of Seattle.



Russ Garcia led the Saturday night gig.

JAZZ ON CAMPUS



Students unlimber fingers in violin practice. Director was Manuel Compinsky, Los Angeles "pops" conductor.



Students sit transfixed during the Woody Herman concert as a trombone soloist swings out at the Tahoe concert. Herman calls this a "real shouting band," one that sets feet tapping and heads bobbing. Critics say the 15-piece group is the most exciting since the famed Third Herd of the 1940's.



Held at the same time as the jazz clinic was the National Woodwind Workshop and Chamber Music Festival. In concert above are oboist Robert Bloom and Dr. Herman Chaloff at the piano.





Students get lost in the jazz sound of the Herman band. Over 100 students attended the concert, above, which was held at Whittell High School at Lake Tahoe, some 60 miles from Reno.



Below, Sherry Schreiber from Los Angeles, concentrates on flute exercises, polishing up for the final concerts.



explore and refine their musical skills.

Attendance at the jazz clinics has soared since the sessions were started six years ago. Presented by the National Stage Band Camps, Inc., a non-profit group directed by Ken Morris of South Bend, Indiana, the Nevada clinic is one of four national sessions.

Why the sudden interest in the clinics and in jazz music?

Russ Garcia says, "There seems to be a surge of interest in jazz music among high school and college students. The musicians are getting better and better too. Some of these 15-year-olds show a real 'pro' flair and their technique is fantastic considering their age and level of experience."

But the students don't lavish any praise on their own talents. As one of them put it—

"We came to the clinic to study with leading musicians. Some of us are looking toward professional careers. But I think the majority just enjoy playing and want to improve their skill."

The students' schedule was hectic during the jazz clinic. Busy practice sessions alternated with classes in theory, and spare time, what there was, was used for individual coaching.





BASQUES, BEARDS

All a part of Nevada's playful

IN FALLON...

That durable western game, the Whiskerino contest, was played in Fallon and elsewhere around the state last summer. If you can grow the reddest, blackest, longest, bushiest or best-trimmed beard, you—as did the gentlemen on the right—may win a prize. Highlight of the Fallon celebration was a stunning historical pageant.



IN YERINGTON...

Excitement in Yerington ran high as a sack-tote contest was staged, a re-run of a race first held there in 1910. Competing against the Nevada runners was a group from Edinboro, Pennsylvania, who became interested in the race as a result of an article that appeared in this magazine several years ago. The Edinboro team performed well, but lost to the Nevada pros.



AND TRAIN ROBBERS

Centennial Summer

IN ELY...

The Nevada Northern Railway Company, one of a few remaining short lines in the West, last year polished up No. 40 and set the old steam locomotive going for a Centennial re-run to Curry, some 78 miles north of Ely. The line, built to haul copper from the rich pits near Ely to the Southern Pacific, was completed in 1906. The old 10-wheeler was purchased in 1910, ran until 1941 and then was stored until 1956 when it was reactivated to celebrate the line's 50th anniversary. Several times since it has taken hundreds of happy passengers on the joy ride to Curry. In the accompanying photos by William Kohlmoos, we see how pretty No. 40 is as she rolls through the White Pine County countryside. Right (photo 3), costumed lady passengers and (photo 4) a not-too-serious train robbery in progress.



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and IN ELKO...

Centennial Basque Festival

One of the largest and liveliest Basque festivals ever held took place in Elko last August. Dressed in the colorful traditional costumes of the Pyrenees homeland, over 2,000 Basques came from all parts of the nation for a memorable two-day reunion and celebration. Enthusiastically they participated in dances and contests, attended a mass led by a Basque missionary and, with obvious zest, lined up for a sumptuous beef and lamb barbecue. In the accompanying photos by Tim Monroe, we follow the action—(1) the gaily uniformed band leader at work; (2) no one complained about waiting in this particular line; (3) it takes a Basque, and a strong one, to do this; (4) hundreds of steaks for hundreds of hungry people; (5) drummers in action; (6) wine tastes best when it's from a goatskin bota; and (7) it looks easy, perhaps, but this woodchopping contest is dangerous.



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and ELSEWHERE...

In all of Nevada's seventeen counties the Centennial was observed with appropriate fanfare, in the usual festive, western manner. There were rodeos, Indian dances, pageants, concerts, art shows, parades and fireworks—events of every description, in short, including the burro race at Beatty and the day-long barbecue at Genoa. In every city and town there was a party of one kind or another, but the really big one took place on October 31 in Carson City. The biggest crowd in the state's history invaded the capital that day, participating in a rip-roaring parade and celebration that no one is likely to forget very soon.



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—(8) hundreds assembled to watch the events; (9) stand back, this is serious business; (10) with music like this, it had to be festive; (11) hundreds of man-hours went into the big barbecue; (12) weightlifting, and it weighs 250 pounds; (13) you can see by his expression that this is not child's play.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

able and practicable to discourage or prevent excess."

Cardano, the medieval Italian gambling scholar, wasn't alone in his belief that gambling isn't all bad. An American sociologist named Edward Devereux, Jr. recently made a three-year study of gambling and gamblers and concluded that petty gambling, done occasionally for small stakes and primarily for recreation, is probably a good thing for a lot of people in that it enables them to cast off temporarily the harsh realities of modern society

Certain games of skill date back to Ancient Egypt.

Dr. Joyce Brothers, a well known psychologist and columnist, believes gambling is in most instances a wholesome activity in that it tends to promote mental health. Perhaps Heywood Broun summed up the prevailing American attitude toward gambling when he said, "The urge to gamble is so universal and its practice so pleasurable, that I assume it must be evil."

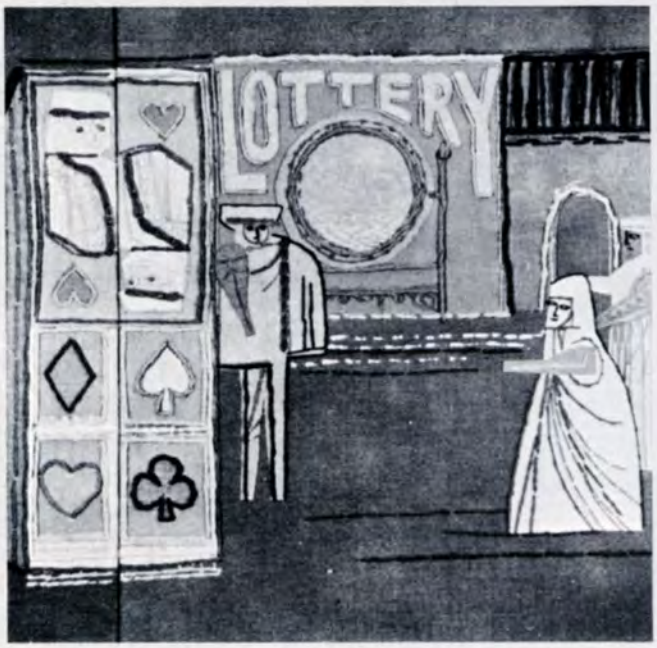
THE FUTURE OF GAMBLING

Gambling is big business today. Americans alone wager more than $500 billion annually, all but $10 billion illegally. Scarne says 74 per cent of American women and 67 per cent of the men gamble regularly in one form or another.

Gambling will continue as long as men are willing to take a chance.

The profits extracted from legal and illegal gambling in the United States each year exceed those of the nation's largest industries. Since a betting act was passed in Britain in 1961, gambling is that country's fastest growing business.

If the past is any guide to the future, gambling will continue to flourish as long as men are willing to take a chance or make a risk in hopes of obtaining a prize or reward.



Playing cards, and an 18th Century European lottery.



The scene today in Nevada—dollars, poker chips, slots.



about the CONTRIBUTORS

A staff member of the University News Bureau at the University of Nevada in Reno, Charles Dromiack majored in journalism as an undergraduate and now finds time for free-lance writing outside the office. His article on an unusual campus activity appears on page 48.

Well-known western writer Anthony Amaral is the author of two books about horses and a number of articles on the same subject which have appeared in several nationally-distributed magazines. Amaral, who once trained horses for films in Hollywood, makes his debut in this publication with his article on page 16, *The Wild Horse in Nevada*. A second article by Amaral will be published later this year.

Samuel G. Houghton of Reno, a former member of the State Legislature, is a mountain climber, skier and ardent conservationist. He has energetically worked in behalf of the Lake Tahoe park he describes in his article beginning on page 4 and can be credited as one of the men who helped to turn the dream of a park at the lake into a reality.

Guy Farmer, public information officer for the Nevada Gaming Control Board, is a graduate of the University of Washington, was a newspaper reporter and editor in Oregon and Washington, and served as capitol correspondent for the Associated Press in Carson City before he took over his desk at the Gaming Control Board in 1963. His well-researched review of gambling through the centuries appears on page 22.

PHOTO CREDITS

Front cover and pages 22-30, Las Vegas News Bureau. Pages 2-3, photos provided by the hotels scheduling the entertainers, and by the Las Vegas News Bureau. Pages 4-15, ski scenes and scenic views on pages 10 and 15 by Doc Kaminski. All other photos in the story by Irving Pressman. Map loaned by the Nevada State Park Commission.

Pages 16-21, color photos on pages 17 and 18 by Gus Bundy. Black and white illustrations loaned by the author. Pages 22-30, photos by Las Vegas News Bureau. Page 31 and the center pages, 32-33, by Irving Pressman. Pages 34-37, photos by Gus Bundy. Pages 38-41, photos by Doc Kaminski, courtesy the Nugget.

Pages 44-47, photos and the painting by Cliff Segerblom. Pages 48-51, photos by Doc Kaminski, courtesy the News Bureau, University of Nevada.

Pages 52-55: Fallon photos by Howard Lilly, Department of Highways; Yerington photo by Don Boone; Ely photos by William Kohlmoos; and the Elko photos by Tim Monroe. Pages 60-63, photos by Las Vegas News B.

LAKE TAHOE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

Nevada and California, and the great transient population from every state in the union, even from many foreign countries?

Direct public use falls into two categories. There are those who come for the day, and there are the others, who want to stay longer. Day use can be just a stop for lunch, or perhaps both a picnic and a swim. It could mean a hike or a horseback ride before sunset, a boat-launching and cruise, a spot of skin-diving or water-skiing. And who knows but some provision for boat races, athletic contests, and social gatherings of every sort will be among the needs the park will meet?

For longer stays, overnight facilities must be set up. Campers will be coming. This kind of use requires well-planned camp sites with level ground, garbage pits, running water, sanitary facilities and access roads. If a man buys a fishing license he wants time to get his money's worth, so he stays a while. If he and his family fall in love with the place, just for the sight of peaks in summer snow, or as Frost saw it, "the moon falling down the west, dragging the whole sky with it to the hills," he stays, maybe longer.

When he gets older and richer he will want to stay in a motel, perhaps, and eat restaurant food but he'll still come. So perhaps the park eventually serves resident commercials. In any case it means growth to the area as well as a salutary dalliance for the present visitor. Not just the present one, either: his children and his grandchildren, and many future generations.





IN THE SOUTH SHORE ROOM THEATRE-RESTAURANT, LAKE TAHOE


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LAWRENCE WELK


JACK BENNY


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A rich variety of menus in the

DINING ROOMS *at the* SAHARA

Las Vegas



Without ever leaving the Sahara, that high-rise landmark on the Las Vegas Strip, one can find an amazing variety of eating places.

Phil Arce and Jerry Uhlig experimented recently, exploring, one by one, all of the restaurants and menus under the Sahara roof. Two days were required to complete the test but it was, according to Jerry, "one of the most delicious research projects ever conducted."

Here we follow Phil and Jerry as they play the Marco Polo game, searching out the dining rooms and dishes that have made the Sahara famous.



The Casbar Theatre Lounge. Chefs are proud of the huge buffet assortment of hot and cold dishes served up for lunch in this popular gathering place.



Phil and Jerry try the House of Lords, one of the best steak and chop houses in the West.



Located near the main lobby, the Caravan is a large and cheerful "family" restaurant. Breakfast, they found, was excellent here.



One of the truly exotic dining rooms in Las Vegas, it's called Don the Beachcomber's and features rare Polynesian dishes.





THE HOUSE OF LORDS FEATURES AGED PRIME BEEF, MAINE LOBSTER AND MOUNTAIN TROUT





Service on the terrace? Of course. Phil and Jerry order a poolside snack.

SAHARA

Just when it was that people began to call Las Vegas a gourmet town is hard to say. But somewhere along the line during the past few years, as the visitor rate soared astoundingly upward, it suddenly became apparent that there was a lot of wonderful cooking going on here. In number and nationality the restaurants in Las Vegas today are remarkable. Mexican, Bavarian, Italian, or Japanese—foods from every corner of the earth are served with know-how here in surroundings that run from the frankly elegant to down-to-earth casual. The Sahara provides a fine example. Its collection of restaurants is typical of the rich variety that may be found in Las Vegas, gourmet town.

Left, at Don the Beachcomber's guests are served as a waterfall plays in the background. The menu features South Seas delicacies and drinks.

A before-dinner drink at the English and elegant House of Lords.



Not everyone likes the new Nevada Magazine

One lady wrote that she didn't like the Las Vegas dancing girls in the last issue*

but most people do!



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AND WE THINK YOU WILL BE PLEASED TO READ THE ARTICLES COMING UP IN THE NEXT FEW ISSUES—on Cowboy-artist Will James, the forlorn ghost town, Aurora, The University's amazing Atmospherium, backstage at the Stardust. **THESE AND MANY MORE. SUBSCRIBE TODAY!**

*And these Las Vegas dancing girls? They're as much a part of the Nevada scene as clear blue skies and cowboys and duck hunting. We will continue to carry articles about Nevada's resorts, dancing girls and all, along with stories about our clear blue skies, cowboys and duck hunting.

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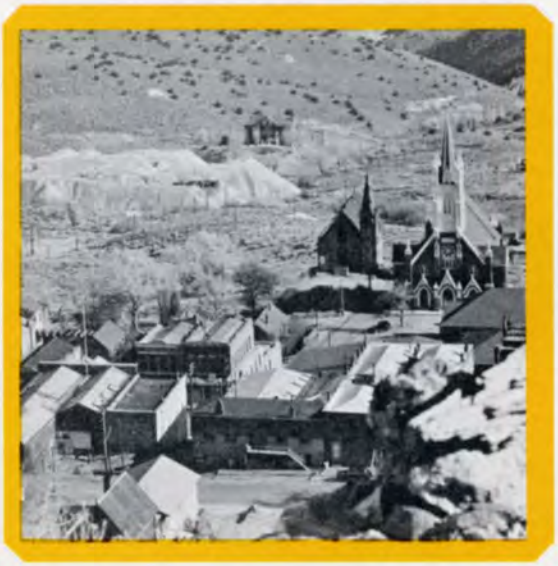
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NEVADA

vacation state of the union











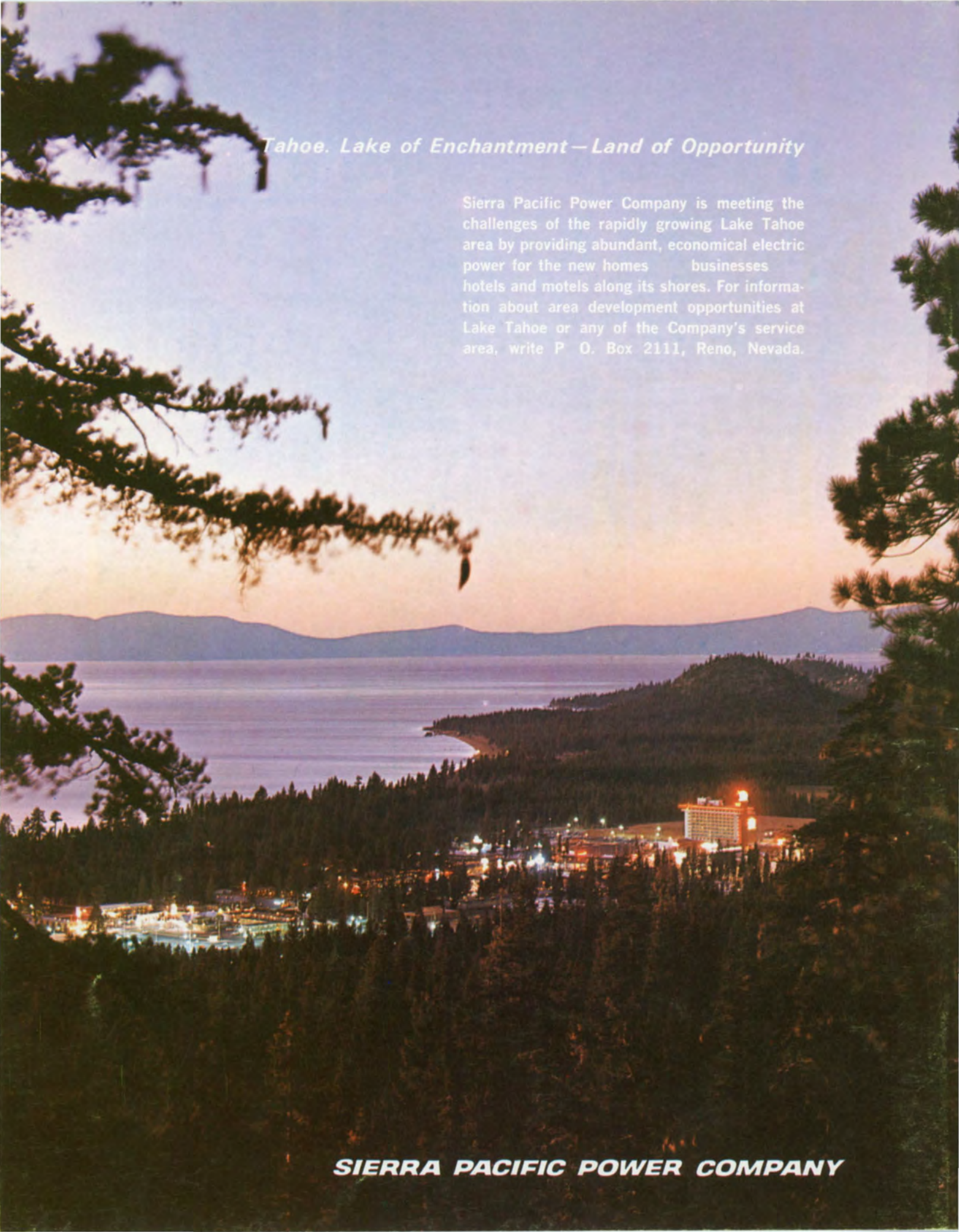
More visitors in 1963 than Florida or Washington, D. C.

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