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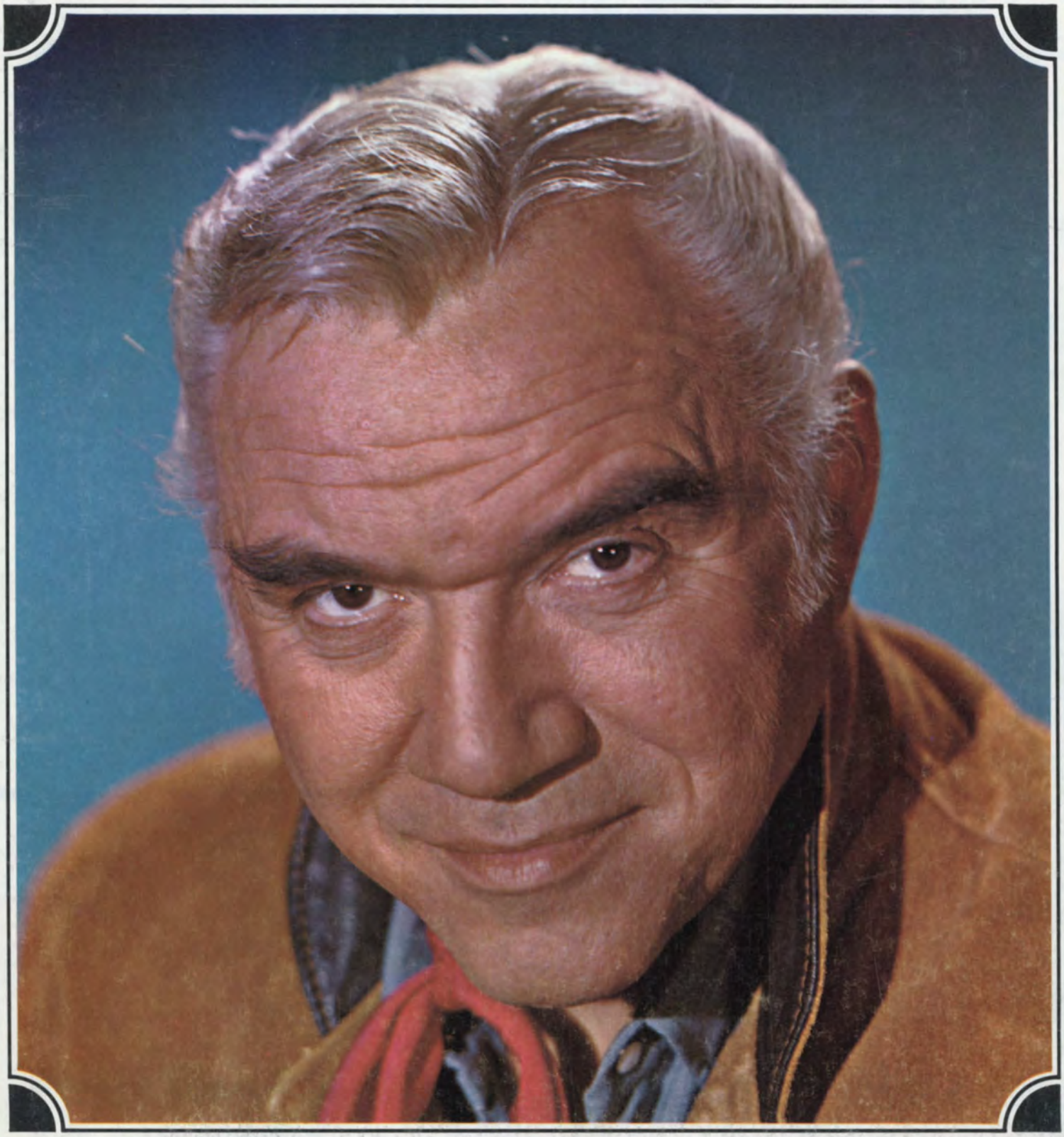
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HIGHWAYS AND PARKS

SUMMER 1966/50c

BONANZA SPECIAL - The Mighty Ponderosa

THE FACE OF LAS VEGAS



let yourself go!





Bill Dana



Louis Armstrong

Whether you have a week or just a weekend, you'll enjoy it more when you let yourself go in the never-ending whirl of fun and action at Harolds Club in Reno. Now, with our new addition, there's more to do and see than ever before.

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Petula Clark





Frankie Laine



Diahann Carroll

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HAROLDS CLUB

RENO NEVADA

STARS ON THE NEVADA HORIZON

LAKE TAHOE

HARRAH'S — South Shore Room

Jack Benny, Apr. 7-Apr. 27. Andy Griffith, Apr. 28-May 18. Jim Nabors, May 19-June 8.

HARVEY'S RESORT HOTEL

Top of the Wheel:

Lenny Herman, Mar. 29-Aug. 23. Ron Rose, indefinite.

Pavilion of Stars:

Shecky Greene, Apr. 1-Apr. 14. Barbara McNair, Apr. 15-Apr. 28. Fats Domino, Apr. 29-May 12.

SAHARA-TAHOE

High Sierra Room:

Phyllis Diller, May 12-May 30. Liberace, May 31-June 20. Henry Mancini and the New Christy Minstrels, June 21-July 11. The Kingston Trio & Jack Durant, July 12-Aug. 1.

LAS VEGAS

DESERT INN:

All New "Hello America!"

DUNES:

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

RIVIERA:

"Hello Dolly," Betty Grable.

SAHARA:

Robert Goulet, Robert Crosby, Mar. 29-Apr. 25. Connie Francis, Pat Henry, Apr. 26-May 23. Buddy Hackett, Shirley Bassey, May 24-June 6. Smothers Bros., June 7-June 20. Liberace, June 21-July 18. Johnny Carson, July 19-Aug. 18.

STARDUST:

"Le Lido de Paris Revue Quelle Nuit."

THUNDERBIRD:

"Ce 'Este la Femme" through April 19. Kings IV, Apr. 20-May 31. Treniers, Apr. 15-May 5. Belle Barth, May 6-June 16.

TROPICANA:

"Folies Bergere."

FLAMINGO:

Caterina Valente, Jack Leonard, Mar. 30-Apr. 13. Wayne Newton, Apr. 14-May 4. Juliet Prowse, Jerry Van Dyke, May 5-June 1. Phyllis Diller, Enzo Stuarti, June 2-June 29. Bobby Darin, Bobby Ramsen, June 30-July 27.

MINT:

Watusi Review. "Ice She-Bang Follies."

RENO-SPARKS

HAROLDS CLUB — Fun Room:

George Shearing, Apr. 3-Apr. 18. Brenda Lee, Apr. 19-May 9. Matt Monroe, May 10-May 30. Jane Morgan, May 31-June 20.

HARRAH'S — Reno Lounge:

Ross & Hunt, Mar. 31-Apr. 20.

HOLIDAY:

Charles Gould & His Satin Strings.

NUGGET — SPARKS — Circus Room:

Mike Landon (Little Joe), Apr. 7-Apr. 20. Juliet Prowse, Poncie Ponce, Apr. 21-May 4. Allan Sherman, Back Porch Majority, May 5-May 18. Patti Page, Eddie Peabody, May 19-June 8. Mills Bros., Rowan & Martin, June 9-June 29. Phyllis Diller, June 30-July 20.



ANDY GRIFFITH'S *easy going humor will appeal to audiences at Harrah's South Shore Room, April 28-May 18.*



PHYLLIS DILLER *opens the Sahara-Tahoe's new High Sierra Room on May 12. The room holds 1,200 people — and they'll all be laughing. Later Phyllis will be seen at the Sparks Nugget, June 30-July 20; and at the Flamingo in Las Vegas, June 2-29.*



MIKE LANDON *reigns over Circus Room patrons at the Sparks Nugget, April 7-20.*


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Front Cover
Lorne Greene, the senior member of the durable Cartwright clan of Nevada, to whom this issue is enthusiastically dedicated.

Summer 1966, Volume 26, Number 2

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1 **THE ENTERTAINMENT SCENE**

By Jack Whitehouse

370 Million Earthmen Visit Nevada Once a Week

"Aw, now, c'mon, Little Joe, 'tain't right fer ya to carry on like thet!" Ever hear Hoss Cartwright drawl a line like that—in Japanese?

The very next Sunday night you're in Tokyo, tune in your Toshiba TV and you'll watch four of America's greatest ambassadors of good will rambling along in true western oriental lingo—and you'll amost understand what they're saying.

Because you're one of 370 million humans in 63 countries on this planet that have been hooked by that Cartwright family—father Ben, big brother Hoss, and the youngster, Little Joe.

Four ambassadors did we say? Yes, there's another one, according to David Dortort, creator-producer of the world's most popular television show, *Bonanza*. The Ponderosa, in Nevada.

"It's really a mythical ranch in the mountain country of western Nevada," producer Dortort explains. "But it has taken on its own personality; it's referred to with love and reverence; and it's protected with vengeance! It's the fourth member of the cast of *Bonanza* stars."

The first episode of *Bonanza* hit television screens on September 12, 1959. Dortort, a writer in the earlier days of television, was, like many writers, a history buff. His forte was the Comstock Lode—the land that was laden with gold and silver. To name the show he chose *bonanza*, a word imported by the Spanish into California in the late 1700's, which in every western mining camp has come to mean "rich strike" or "good luck."

"There were many bonanza towns, or boom towns, that would spring up with every new strike—and die as fast," the historian recounts.

"The history of the West is not the history of cattle and rustlers and highwaymen and sharp-shooting sheriffs. It is the history of the boom town and the gold and silver strikes."

So Dortort, who had written some 15 full-length motion pictures and nearly 200 television shows before *Bonanza*, prepared an anthology on the Comstock Lode for the *Fireside Theatre* of 1952, the first program of dramatic shows produced for television, and jammed the story of the Comstock into the half-hour format.

He had the touch for westerns. They were rapidly growing in popularity all over the country by 1958 when Dortort produced 78 episodes for *Restless Gun* starring John Payne.

"The single star task was a back breaker for Payne and the show lasted only two seasons. It could have gone much longer, but the rest of us couldn't."

"When a single star has to carry a show, he's saddled with just too much responsibility. If he's sick or hurt, shooting must stop; there's a terrific limitation on variety of scripting; and the star himself is completely confined." After *Restless Gun* was dropped, NBC turned to Dortort to see what could be done with a full hour western, perhap even to be done in color.

"I recalled the success of the Comstock Lode in a *Fireside Theatre* piece, and added a few other things that I had learned by that time," said Dortort.

"First: No more shows with a single star. Second: Why not use my Comstock knowledge? Third: It was time to create a strong father image.

"In other shows, father was often shown as a slob, or



Judy Rolin and Gene Lyons appear with the Cartwrights in an episode called "Shining in Spain." Opposite page, action on the Ponderosa set at Paramount.



a shifty character, or a weak character, at least. It was time to bring in a father who was a respectable individual, rugged, and actually wore the pants in the family. It was also time to show decent offspring who were just as rugged, yet who respected their father."

Having established this basic format Dortort then could tell his fascinating stories of the Comstock Lode and the Virginia City area through the eyes of the Cartwright family. Dortort began to put together an organization that today numbers nearly 200 persons, including office staff, actors, stage crew, post production crew, and auxiliary services group. Between NBC in Burbank and Paramount Studios in Hollywood, that organization had managed, as of early this year, to turn out 236 episodes for *Bonanza*. There are many factors that support such an achievement, but Dortort is most proud of the fact that 75 per cent of those 200 persons have almost seven years of experience: They started with the show!

Sets on stages 16 and 17 designed in 1959 are still being used today. They are constantly being refurbished, however, and now are among the finest ever seen in Hollywood. Dortort worked each set out with Hal Pereira, supervising art director of Paramount, and Earl Hedrick, Paramount's *Bonanza* art director.

Paramount's Grace Gregory handles the actual set decorations and is constantly hauling in real antiques to improve the show's authenticity. Of course, even the antiques have stand-ins, a breakaway chair, for instance, that might be needed for a rough and tumble scene.

It took *Bonanza* a year and a half to catch on, faced with stiff Saturday night competition from Perry Mason. By the end of the second year, though, Chevrolet took over the sponsorship, moved the show to Sunday night, and it was off and running. For its first three years *Bonanza* was the only regular show on the air in color.

"We've had so much experience shooting in color by this time that we should be just about as perfect as cameras will allow," says Dortort.

"Color requires a lot more light on the sound stages, and a lot more attention to decorating details and care in choice of outdoor locations. But I think we now have just about the finest color production in television."

Other than the extra care and a few more gaffers to handle lights, the *Bonanza* crew looks about like any other television production crew—director, production manager, two first assistant directors to set up the shots, second assistant director to do what the first assistant

directors don't do, camerman (only one camera is used), sound man (controlling one to four mikes), costumer, makeup man, casting director, and assorted assistants—and naturally the actors and extras. Associate producer James W Lane was there from the beginning.

The working crew members are Paramount people, while NBC man Dortort and his production manager, casting director, unit manager, and assistant directors are network. Dortort also picks his writers, directors (a pool of 12 handle the year's 34 productions), story editors, script consultants, and rewrite people.

One thing immediately evident on the set is the relaxed and happy attitude that characterizes the entire group. Many sets are tense from deadline pressures, upset by temperamental actors and directors, or disturbed for any number of reasons. But not the *Bonzana* group—after all they've been putting out prize winning shows for seven years and they're used to the idea.

It's little wonder that the show has taken just about every award available, that it has been number one in the country since 1961, and has been honored by church groups and social organizations alike for its healthy approach to American life.

When you put a crew together for so long, though, there will always be the few running gags and the inevitable practical jokes. Dan "Hoss" Blocker, all 285 pounds of him, and Michael "Little Joe" Landon are responsible for most of the pranks. Dortort recalls one trick pulled off by the pair that he will never live down. It was during the early filming days of the show and the Big Brass from NBC New York had given ample warning that there would be a "visit of state," so to speak. Shortly thereafter an entourage of oh-so-very-important network officials descended on stage.

Shooting that day was taking place on the living room set at the Ponderosa. Dortort had given strict orders that all were to be on their good behavior—lest Big Brass become offended and bring disaster to the struggling group. With only a few crossed fingers, all agreed.

But then it happened!

Just as Dortort was to introduce Big Brass to Hoss and Little Joe, the latter turned on the monster and with his best stage right-cross sent the huge hulk reeling and tumbling all over the stage, smashing pre-set breakaway furniture, and leaving the entire set in shambles.

Hoss responded by rushing Little Joe with eyes ablaze. But he stopped just short of the coup de gras, administered instead of resounding kiss and cried, "Do it again, little brother?"

Big Brass suddenly remembered important previous appointments and never again returned to the *Bonanza* set. A good half hour later the roaring crew finally got back to work.

Such stunts, some planned, some not planned, keep the atmosphere carefree and morale high.

One incident not quite so funny—until later—involved guest star Dick Peabody, one of the few men in Hollywood bigger than Hoss, who was playing the role of a dullard in an episode called *Destiny's Child* seen last January 30.

The script called for Peabody to kill a maverick in a corral of wild horses with a piece of fence—made of balsa wood. What Peabody didn't realize was that the entire fence on the outdoor western street at Paramount was of balsa. As he rammed the fence he stumbled right on through it and into the 16 wild horses, scattering them all over the Paramount lot. It took a crew of 60, including the ever-present professional wranglers, another half hour to restore order to that set.

Bonanza is expensive to produce, the average 50-minute sequence costing about $150,000. Two scripts are constantly in the works during shooting season, May 1 to mid-March. While one is being readied by the producer, director and others of the crew for a week, a second script is in production at the same time. The schedule is virtually inflexible. Rehearsals are conducted just prior to shooting a scene and scenes are shot in no particular sequence, economy dictating the order of production.

Filming is done about three to four months ahead of the actual television screening, but much editing, dubbing and other processing is required before the film is ready for viewers. To select stories for the 236 episodes that he has produced in seven years Dortort had to study more than 2,000 scripts and script ideas. With so many episodes behind them, one might think the crew and actors could handle the shows pretty much by themselves. Dortort lets them do so, to a large degree. The actors know their roles so well that they frequently ad lib a bit here and there, and usually the ad libs are an improvement over the script.

Despite the fact that he has developed such a smooth working organization, Dortort visits the sets at least twice a day just to keep an eye on things. He nearly always accompanies the crew when they are on location at the Ponderosa.

"We never seem to have enough time to shoot those 34 episodes per year, but the one thing that I always want to be sure we retain on the set is the relaxed atmosphere. Tension causes bad productions," he says.

"Still, to shoot 50 minutes of film, plus one and a half minutes of preview of the next episode, and allow time for the commercials, requires a minimum of 6,000 feet of film. And to get the 6,000 feet, perhaps 25,000 feet is actually shot. Adding all this up, I'd say that photography directors Haskel Boggs and Bill Whitley have probably shot some 1,117 miles of film, enough to stretch three times between Hollywood and the Ponderosa."

The *Bonanza* cast enjoys watching the show on Sunday nights—and they learn something with every new production.

People in 63 countries learn something with every new production, too. And what they learn from these four ambassadors of American good will—Ben, Hoss, Little Joe, and the Nevada Ponderosa—leaves a good taste in their mouths and a thorough respect for this American family they have come to know so well.

If we can keep that kind of good will going long enough, maybe we'll all have a chance one day to hear Hoss speaking Japanese.



Left, Producer David Dortort with Haskell Boggs, director of photography. Clockwise around the page — Guest stars Peter Ritter (between Lorne and Dan) and Rod Cameron (black hat) try out a scene. Next, the well-known porch. Below, the cameras, cast and crew stand by for filming. Left below, Paramount's version of Virginia City.





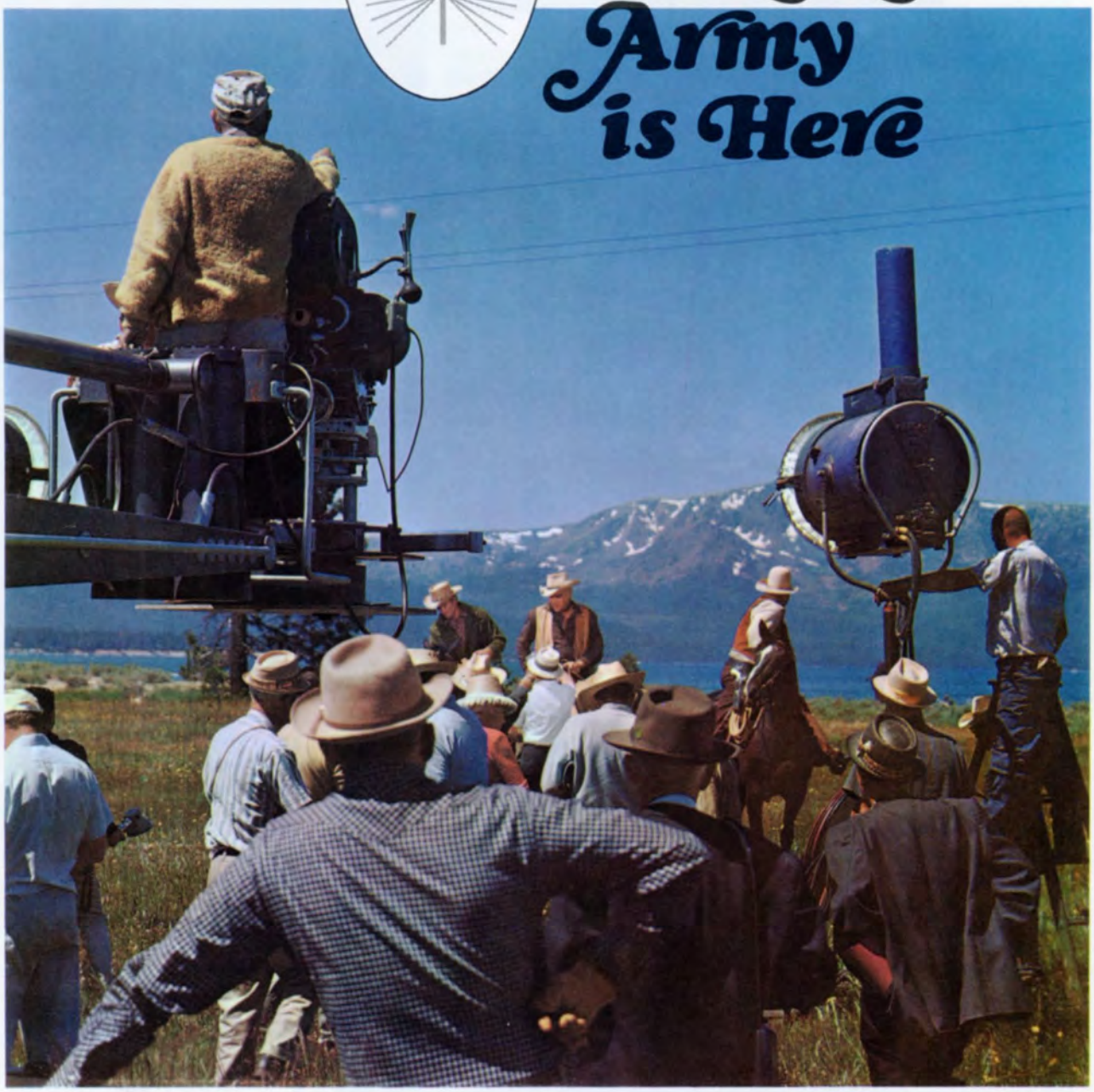




HEAD FOR THE HILLS...

The Bonanza Army is Here

By Jack Whitehouse



You think the Normandy landing was carefully planned? Or the invasion of Guadalcanal? You should take a look at planning what goes on before the *Bonanza* crew makes a trip to Nevada!

General Kent McCray, *Bonanza's* production manager, prepares the detailed battle plans. He's not really a general but certainly he has to think like one.

Take a typical day on location near Hollywood. First wave of trucks and personnel has to be ready to move out from the DeMille Gate of Paramount Studios at 6:18 a.m. This means that makeup men and some of the actors have been girding for battle since perhaps 5:42, their Call Sheet time.

Objective of the day is to take shots at the lake at Upper Glenmoor Ranch, some 40 miles west of Paramount near a Los Angeles suburb, Thousand Oaks.

With the first convoy moving out at 6:18, secret orders have been issued to other special equipment, a 7:00 a.m. rendezvous, for example, at the ranch lake for prop and grip truck, electric truck, generator truck, truck for set dressing and special effects, water wagon, dressing room and sanitary trucks and the chuck wagon.

McCray uses five basic locations for the various production requirements. You may begin to recognize some of them, but angles are so carefully planned that it isn't likely. These five locations are all some distance from the Paramount studios where the permanent sets are—two sound stages containing the exterior and interior of the Ponderosa ranch house and an on-the-lot western street that becomes Virginia City when the *Bonanza* crew takes over.

Off-the-lot locations include the Glenmoor Cattle Ranch described earlier; Walt Disney's Golden Oaks Ranch near Newhall, about 40 miles north of Paramount; Vasquez Rocks, used for high desert shots, about 20 miles east of Newhall; and Cedar Lake, about 80 miles east of Paramount in the San Bernardino Mountains which becomes Ponderosa country when a quick fill-in shot is needed. Cedar Lake has been a favorite location spot for Hollywood studios for at least four decades.

The fifth and most important location is the Ponderosa itself, and the planning for filming in Nevada is so precise that it makes the trip to Glenmoor Ranch seem like a run down to the corner drug store.

It doesn't pay to take the whole gang up to Lake

Opposite — Little Joe, Ben and Hoss, surrounded by cameras and crew, work out a scene at Lake Tahoe. Below — tons of gear have to be hauled to Nevada to film those scenes that look so pretty in color.





Ben sits easily in the saddle.

Below, Lake Tahoe provides the background for the array of equipment that fills this photo — along with cast, crew and the inevitable onlookers.





Tahoe for less than 10 days which means, in the first place, that enough scripts have to accumulate—about 15—before the schedule can be put into order. Usually the *Bonanza* crew will stay at Tahoe for about two and a half weeks of shooting.

"June, July, and August are the safest months, when we are least likely to get rained out," says McCray. They can shoot until the snows set in, but then it takes a very special script to get them back up there.

Up where?

Ask McCray, Producer David Dortort, directors, electricians, or stage hands any question, any question at all, and you'll get a straight and honest answer. Ask them where the Ponderosa really is, and you might as well be asking for a $50 loan.

Dortort: "Yes, the Ponderosa is the mightiest of pines. Sometimes grows as big as the renowned California Redwoods. Name comes from the Latin *ponderosus,* meaning weighty, you know."

McCray: "It's in Nevada, north and east of Tahoe. The cast sure likes going up there. Beautiful, isn't it?"

So it's up to the viewer to decide just where the Ponderosa really is. Best guess might be that Ben Cartwright, father of Hoss and Little Joe, owns about 250,000 acres of scenery between Lake Tahoe and Washoe Lake to the east, give or take 50,000 acres. In his youth he must have worked hard, long, and honest hours to establish such a spread!

About 10 per cent of all location shots are actually taken on the Ponderosa. McCray and directors like William Claxton spend days cruising through the pines of the Ponderosa seeking places that are exactly right for specific scripts. A script may even be rewritten a bit to fit an especially beautiful location. One of these, the most recent script shot almost entirely on the Ponderosa, was a story of a small boy in search of a man he thought to be God—released around Christmas last year. It took McCray and Claxton two full days of four-wheel driving through the Ponderosa to find that exquisite location.

After a few preliminary reconnaissance trips to prepare the sites, McCray calls for a full crew invasion of the Ponderosa. It's "trucks away" on Saturday morning, because two days are required to take the heavy equipment and horse trucks in a 15-vehicle convoy from Hollywood to Nevada.

The crew flies in early Monday morning by chartered airplane, landing at the nearby Reno airport, and the precision operation then begins in earnest.

Trips to locations closer to Paramount have been simply dry runs for this one—the real thing. Shooting in Nevada costs perhaps $30,000 per episode, or $15,000 per day, every day.

"And if it rains we practically have to shoot around the rain drops at those prices," says McCray.

"Weather is our worst enemy on location. We will even rewrite a script to include bad weather if it's at all possible. One time, though, it simply wasn't possible. The weather report called for rain at 3:00 p.m. We shot furiously until that time and then finished the day by shooting between rain showers."

Precious daylight hours make location work harder. People get up for breakfast at four or five in the morning and are on the set by six. The crew is smaller than on the Hollywood sound stage and there are fewer assistants to call on. Of course, there is a little less equipment, too. Not so many lights, for instance.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 47



Rising grandly out of the advancing sagebrush, surrounded by bits of rubble, this Romanesque arch is all that's left of the old Metropolis school. It remains as the most prominent ruin in the vanished town. Opposite, the school as it looked when new.



They Remember Metropolis

By Myrtle T Myles

It's always a pleasant return to the "good old days" for the oldtimers of Metropolis when they get together for their annual reunion during the General Conference of the Latter Day Saints in Salt Lake City. They are a closely knit group, these former "Metropolites," for they shared the joys and sorrows of a unique western adventure, a dry farming experiment in northeastern Nevada undertaken in 1910.

It is unfortunate that the Metropolis experiment is generally regarded as a total failure. Although nothing today remains of the town but rubble, and wheat fields have returned to sagebrush, most writers have failed to record the fact that for more than a quarter of a century after the collapse of the founding company the area supported a good-sized, though gradually diminishing population, with homes, schools, church and a neighborly social life.

Largely the descendants of Mormon pioneers who made the desert bloom in Utah, the early settlers of Metropolis believed they could do it again and they did, until nature in one of her nastiest moods conspired against them. Plagued by a low rain cycle of many years' duration along with insect and rodent infestations of unusual magnitude, the pioneers one by one abandoned their farms, closed up their homes and almost forgot the great dream. Almost but not altogether, for Metropolis still goes on as a small community of ranches lying north of Wells, and the model city laid out there over five decades ago, now in ruins, lingers vividly in the memories of its one-time residents.

The first emigrant wagons coming from the Midwest more than a century ago, having negotiated the rocky canyon which follows the course of Bishop Creek, came through the gap where the steam drops down to the plain to enter a field of wild grass greening the landscape. But it was not lush fields these first emigrants were seeking. California and gold had drawn them west and they were not to be diverted. So it was that the Argonauts bypassed the meadow to continue westward along the Humboldt River whose source lay just ahead. Many years would pass before these green acres were settled.

In the early seventies Colonel Edward P. Hardesty, cattle baron of the northwest, saw the tall grass as additional range for his fast-growing herds, and acquired the acreage on which he established his U7 ranch. Around the turn of the century the old cattle king sold the property to the Badt family, pioneer merchants of Wells.

Early in 1910 a group of New Yorkers organized a





Metropolis basketball team of the twenties — these sturdy lads were out to win. One year the team even managed to reach the conference finals.

firm called the Pacific Reclamation Company and bought several sections including the U7 from the Badt family. Under the provisions of the Carey Act, they secured some additional 10,000 or more acres from the government and designated the U7 as headquarters for their "model farm." Opening offices in Salt Lake City, they launched an extensive advertising campaign to attract farming people from Utah's largely Mormon population. Red wheat six feet tall, fine fruit from old nearby orchards, quality potatoes, large white celery and other superior vegetables from their "model" gardens, together with a sagebrush as tall as a tree, were put on display in the Salt Lake office and pictured in an attractive prospectus.

James Nielson, now of Wells, an early settler in Metropolis, recalls that a company automobile met incoming trains at Wells and carried prospective buyers to the U7 where they were given a splendid meal prepared by a Chinese cook and then taken on a tour of the "project." A dam and storage reservoir was being constructed some three miles farther up Bishop Creek, together with canals to divert water over a good sized acreage. Irrigated land sold for $75 an acre and up; areas for dry farming brought $10 to $15. There were plenty of takers.

J. L. Vandiver of Reno, who was engineer for the company recalls how the dam was built—of rock and earth, covered on the up-stream side with reinforced concrete. The construction camp existed as a lively little community from June, 1911, remembers "Van," until May 3, 1912 when Miss Laura Saunders of Metropolis dashed a bottle of champagne against the gates and the structure was declared operational.

Water stood high in the reservoir that fall of 1912. Where the tall sage had just been cleared, bumper crops grew on irrigated land; shoulder high turkey red wheat



Dry farming methods produced abundant crops of turkey red wheat, as proudly demonstrated by these Metropolis farmers, waist-deep in a wheat field.

rippled across dry-farm acres, and according to Jim Nielson, Selby Badt and engineer Vandiver who were among the first to harvest unirrigated sections, the yield was 25 to 30 bushels to the acre.

Meantime, in 1911, the company laid out a model city, designed to rise as a metropolis in the desert—and the new community was christened accordingly. Wide streets, parks and a modern school building were included in the plan and a hotel, largest and most imposing in eastern Nevada, emerged from the drawing boards.

Encouraged by all this activity the Southern Pacific put in a spur from Tulasco, eight miles away, and built a two-story depot. Attractive with its lawns, flower beds and a fountain, the structure received first prize for S.P. terminals in 1913.

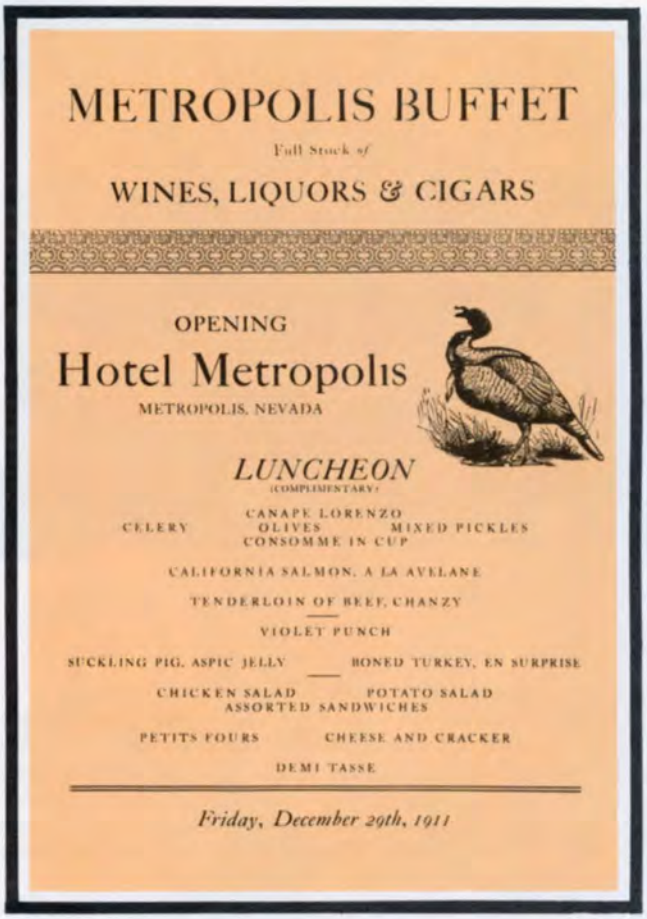
The first freight train arrived in mid-October, 1911 with 17 carloads of lumber and supplies. At the Four-State Fair in Ogden that month wheat and oats from Metropolis farms, and apples from the old U7 took first and second prizes. This prompted the Pacific Reclamation Company to open branch offices in Ogden!

Things were really humming by the time the big hotel was ready for business on December 29, 1911. Among its various impressive features were its marble tiled lobby, its 50 rooms—30 of which had private baths, an excellent cuisine, a billiard and pool room, a barber shop in the basement which also housed the company's electric plant and a first floor room where the Bank of Metropolis was soon to be located. A mile and a half of cement sidewalk ran from the railway station up Lincoln Street, turning at right angles on Nevada Avenue and extending to the community hall site.

During the next months the *Chronicle* records a round of gay activities. One issue alone describes a sleighing party, an oyster supper, formation of the Neighborhood Club, a novelty dance, a Valentine's dance and a Washington's Birthday party that, according to several who attended, was an affair almost as elaborate as the hotel opening, with a special train again bringing in merrymakers. The *Chronicle* boasts that this was "one of the most successful balls ever given in Elko County." Although those farmers worked desperately hard, recalls Selby Badt, it seems that Metropolis people were as hard-playing as they were hard-working.

The first small school building soon turned out to be inadequate. Work was then started on a two-story brick structure which was to send out graduates from good sized classes for the next 25 years. Mrs. Denise Knudsen of Reno, who graduated from this school and taught there for years after completing college, recalls there was much fun and frolic in the building as well as the serious business of education. "We put on plays and operettas and took them to nearby towns," she remembers. "We had school picnics and school programs, and when I taught there we had eight on the teaching staff and an enrollment of at least 120 pupils, perhaps more. One year the roof was damaged by heavy snow and we moved into the old hotel until it was fixed. Those were very happy years," Mrs. Knudsen stresses, refuting the idea that it was all tragedy in Metropolis.

Early in 1912 the town's water system was completed, The Southern Pacific was building stockyards and corrals for loading cattle, and a group of farming people from Alberta came to give the area a once over. "All but one of them bought land," gleefully reports the *Chronicle*, and "seventy-five new families moved in last month." Metropolis was really feeling its oats. In this spirit the newspaper declined Elko's invitation to share in that town's July Fourth celebration, smugly proclaiming that "we are having our own." Which they did. The cannon in Washington Park aroused everyone at 3:00 a.m. for a day of festivities that included a parade with a Goddess of Liberty, speeches, games and races, and an all-night



METROPOLIS BUFFET

Full Stock of

WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS

OPENING

Hotel Metropolis

METROPOLIS, NEVADA

LUNCHEON

(COMPLIMENTARY)

CELERY — CANAPE LORENZO, OLIVES, MIXED PICKLES, CONSOMME IN CUP

CALIFORNIA SALMON, A LA AVELANE

TENDERLOIN OF BEEF, CHANZY

VIOLET PUNCH

SUCKLING PIG, ASPIC JELLY — BONED TURKEY, EN SURPRISE

CHICKEN SALAD — POTATO SALAD

ASSORTED SANDWICHES

PETITS FOURS — CHEESE AND CRACKER

DEMI TASSE

Friday, December 29th, 1911

dance in the new community hall which the company completed for the occasion. Following closely was the Pioneer Day celebration, attended by many whose grandfathers had been present when Mormon leader, Brigham Young, announced in Utah on that memorable July 24, 1847, "This is the place." Now, decades later, in another challenging desert farther west the same sturdy spirit was in evidence.

Baseball games, recalls Mrs. Nielson, promoted by local people and the young college men who worked for the company, were a weekly event at the diamond west of the depot. "Everyone went," she said. "Fun was really a part of our lives."

As early as 1913 the company was being harassed by water suits, but the region was still prospering. The Consolidated Wagon & Machine Company opened its new building with a big dance, their clever programs enlivened by such numbers as "McCormack Harrow Waltz," and "Chicken Wire Two Step." Optimism filled the air.

When the married men, through the pages of the *Chronicle*, challenged the bachelors to a "Bunny Slaughter" no one paid much attention. This was when rabbit hunting was still considered just another sport. It became a more serious business later, as the farmers were to discover. Even the announcement the same month (April 1913) that the Pacific Reclamation Company and the Metropolis Improvement Company had gone into receivership seems to have dampened no one's spirits. As one oldtimer put it, "Things were even better after that." Then in 1920, when the company was declared bankrupt, the farmers closed ranks—most of them—and went on by themselves. The LDS Church, very strong in the community, organized financial aid. The farmers cooperated to fight vigorously against ravages that now came in quick succession—drought and infestations by rabbits, squirrels and grasshoppers.

Memorable event in Metropolis, the day the hotel opened in 1911. The free lunch was an elegant affair — no one who waded through that fancy menu could have gone home hungry. Below, the hotel in its heyday.







Day of disaster, when the hotel, with all its memories, burned in the early thirties. Right, all that remains of the hotel now. Below, horse-drawn schoolbusses were warmed in winter by small wood-burning stoves.

Mrs Orpha Drown of Reno, recalls her years of childhood and youth in Metropolis as a time filled with both work and fun. "My father, raised six of us and put us through high school there. He had the contract to operate the five school wagons, two horses to each. Built much like today's campers, they contained a stove with benches built along the sides. The first ones in took the seats, the rest stood. In winter the wheels were taken off, replaced with runners, and the wagons transported our basketball teams to Star Valley and other nearby places for the games."

Walter Thurston of Wells recalls playing on the team when it made the finals in the conference, quite an accomplishment for a comparatively small school. Dances followed games but a sleepy and cold ride home didn't bother these sturdy young people: They were accustomed to paying for their pleasure with a little hardship.

All old residents of Metropolis remember that dances were enjoyed in the hotel long after it closed as a hostelry. Jim and Verle Nielson played for many of these parties and Mrs. Vandiver remembers attending her first western dance there after she came to teach in Wells. "It was quite a change from Kansas."

When the last train pulled out of the Metropolis depot in 1925 the event made little difference in the life of the community. There were plenty of trucks and automobiles, and the town had 20 more years to go. It was not until 1942 that the last stamp was cancelled and the postoffice closed, and it was a few more years before the school district consolidated with Wells and the LDS Church joined the stake at the neighboring town. "It was always good ranching country," oldtimers declare, "but it was never suitable for small farms. Over development was the chief trouble."

One pleasant Sunday last summer we drove from Wells to the Metropolis area and the site of the old town. All that remains where the $100,000 hotel once stood is the bank vault, the school is a crumbling ruin, the long sidewalk almost obliterated. Where once were fields of grain the sagebrush again grows tall. Weathered boards and stark dead tree trunks show where one-time homes have stood, but adjoining some of these are several prosperous looking ranches still in operation. We visited at the Cliff Hepworth place where in addition to watered crops an acreage, unirrigated, is still planted to wheat in the fall for cattle grazing the next season. Reminiscing about the "project" Mr. Hepworth told us that in those early years he had 1,260 acres in dry-farm wheat that yielded 26 bushels to the acre. At the old U7 modern sprinklers were whirling over green fields; across the road on the property of the Burt Holbrook family an apple tree bent to the ground with a heavy load of fruit. Driving up Bishop Creek we passed a carload of laughing and damp young people returning from the hot spring pool. Life goes happily on. West of us now, toward the setting sun, lay Nevada's one and only agricultural ghost town, but we know from talking to oldtimers who once lived there that it will never be entirely a ghost as long as—so vividly—they remember Metropolis.



an interview with

Mike Landon

ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY

By Leo Guild



"Sure it's been fun. But it hasn't been all long-stemmed roses."

Michael Landon swung a lean leg over the arm of his easy chair and settled back for the interview. We were sitting in his hotel room in Reno where he was relaxing after a day on location. Mike was telling me about *Bonanza.*

"The first six months of the show were pretty rough. NBC was quite reluctant, in the first place, to adopt the idea Dave Dortort had worked so hard to put together. The outline he had presented to the network called for a set of actors who were virtually unknown at the time and the NBC people were doubtful. Dave selected Dan and me on the basis of our guest appearances on *Restless Guns,* the show he produced before *Bonanza.* Lorne Greene had played in *Wagon Train* and Dave liked his work. He had watched Pernell Roberts in *Cimarron City* and decided he could carry the fourth role in the new show. Convinced that he had the right cast, Dave managed to overcome the apprehension at NBC and got a go-ahead to shoot the pilot film. A week later it was in the works, and turned out well. NBC liked what they saw, sold the show to a sponsor and scheduled it for Saturday evenings. We were on the way, at least we hoped so.

"But it was nip and tuck from the start. We faced a powerful adversary in *Perry Mason,* the competing network show. *Bonanza's* ratings hardly got off the ground. The atmosphere at NBC was bleak, to put it mildly, but Dave, old pro that he is, was not discouraged. Time was all that was needed, he felt, and he asked for a reprieve from the network. Luckily, he got it.

"Then a miracle happened," Mike continued. "Suddenly more people were watching. After six months of touch and go, the ratings began to climb and we knew we were in the clear for a long run. A year and a half later the show was consistently beginning to attract the largest viewing audiences on record.

"There was one other rough spot everyone knows about—Pernell's exit from the show. Pernell was becoming more and more dissatisfied after the second year. To put it simply, he began to consider the role too confining, and he made no bones about the fact that he would prefer doing movies and stage productions. His unhappiness spread and all of us found ourselves caught in an uneasy situation. We saw no quick solution because Adam, the role Pernell held, was basic to the continuing story. There was no other answer, though, and Pernell finally got his release. His departure forced a fast reshuffling of scripts but the show continued smoothly—more so than some of us thought possible."

Mike ran his fingers through that famous mop of curly hair, thoughful as he continued.

"I would say that without question the atmosphere is happier now at Paramount. And we're honestly glad that Pernell is back doing what he wants to do."

This suggested my next question. I started to ask

Landon if he was tired of playing Little Joe. He anticipated what was coming, ducked to ward off an imaginary blow, and interrupted me gleefully before I finished the sentence.

"Welcome to the club! That's everyone's favorite question!" Then he turned serious again.

"The answer is that I'm not. For a number of reasons, beginning with the fact that I find the role challenging. *Bonanza* has top-flight writers and their material calls for constant changes in pace—changes in theme, in mood, in action. We work with new guest stars every week which means that we are always learning new tricks, finding new ways of expression. The basic format is rigid, of course. It has to be. But within that framework we have a surprising amount of freedom. I don't think the roles have developed into cliches. The show will lose its vitality the day this happens—and I don't think it's going to.

"Looking at it from a strictly personal angle, the show's success has been very satisfying. The theatre has always been in my blood, you know. My mother, Peggy O'Neill, was in show business and that's all we ever talked about at home on Long Island where I grew up.

"I started at the bottom when I came to California. I was working in a warehouse, in fact, when almost by accident—and with a little luck—I got my first role. This led eventually to the Little Joe spot. When *Bonanza* clicked as it did, we zoomed to the top almost overnight. I would be less than honest if I said I didn't enjoy the success we've had.

"I'm enjoying the money end of it, too. Let's face it—I am doing very well financially, particularly when I remember that only a few years back I was just another actor pounding the sidewalks for a job. Recently I signed a new five-year contract and I couldn't be happier. We just built a new addition to our home in San Fernando Valley and we're able to enjoy life as we want to.

"One thing I miss. I'm not as free as I used to be, the price you have to pay. I can't go to a sporting event or even to a movie without attracting attention. People used to come to the house for autographs, too, but we solved that one when we moved to our new house—on a dead end street that's hard to find!"

Has the show improved over the years?

"I think so," Mike replied. "At least everyone has tried hard to make it better. Dave develops the stories with his audience and their viewing interests always in mind. This is one reason for using such a wide variety of scripts, so that the show does not become stereotyped. Technically, we've come a long way, too. *Bonanza* was one of the first color shows when we started, back in 1959. Not many people owned color sets then, but by pioneering in color we were able to work out the bugs long before most of the others. Today more than five per cent of the TV sets in the country are color, and that figure is rapidly rising. We have the experience, the latest in film and equipment, and this is why *Bonanza's* color is as good as you can find today."

Landon rose to stretch his legs. He wandered to the window and stood there taking in the view of the mountains to the west.

"This is great country," he said quietly. "We always enjoy coming up to work on location at Lake Tahoe. All of us have become real Nevada fans. I'm doing a show here—did you know?—at the Nugget in Sparks in April, songs and jokes and patter. I've never played in Las Vegas but it would be fun to do ten days there sometime. I like the state because there's such variety in everything it has. At Lake Tahoe, the golf is terrific. Just out of Las Vegas at Lake Mead you have some of the finest boating in the country.

"We have a lot of friends in Nevada and like to come up whenever we can for the parades and celebrations they're always having. We are even honorary citizens of Nevada. And have the papers to prove it!"

My stay with this warm and personable fellow, Mike Landon, was nearly over, but I couldn't leave without a few parting shots. Fan mail—do you answer all the letters you get?

Mike grinned. "We used to handle it ourselves, as best we could. But the situation got out of hand a long time ago and I now have a secretary. We receive about 3,000 letters a week from all over the world, and it's a major job keeping up with the traffic."

How do you spend your free time?

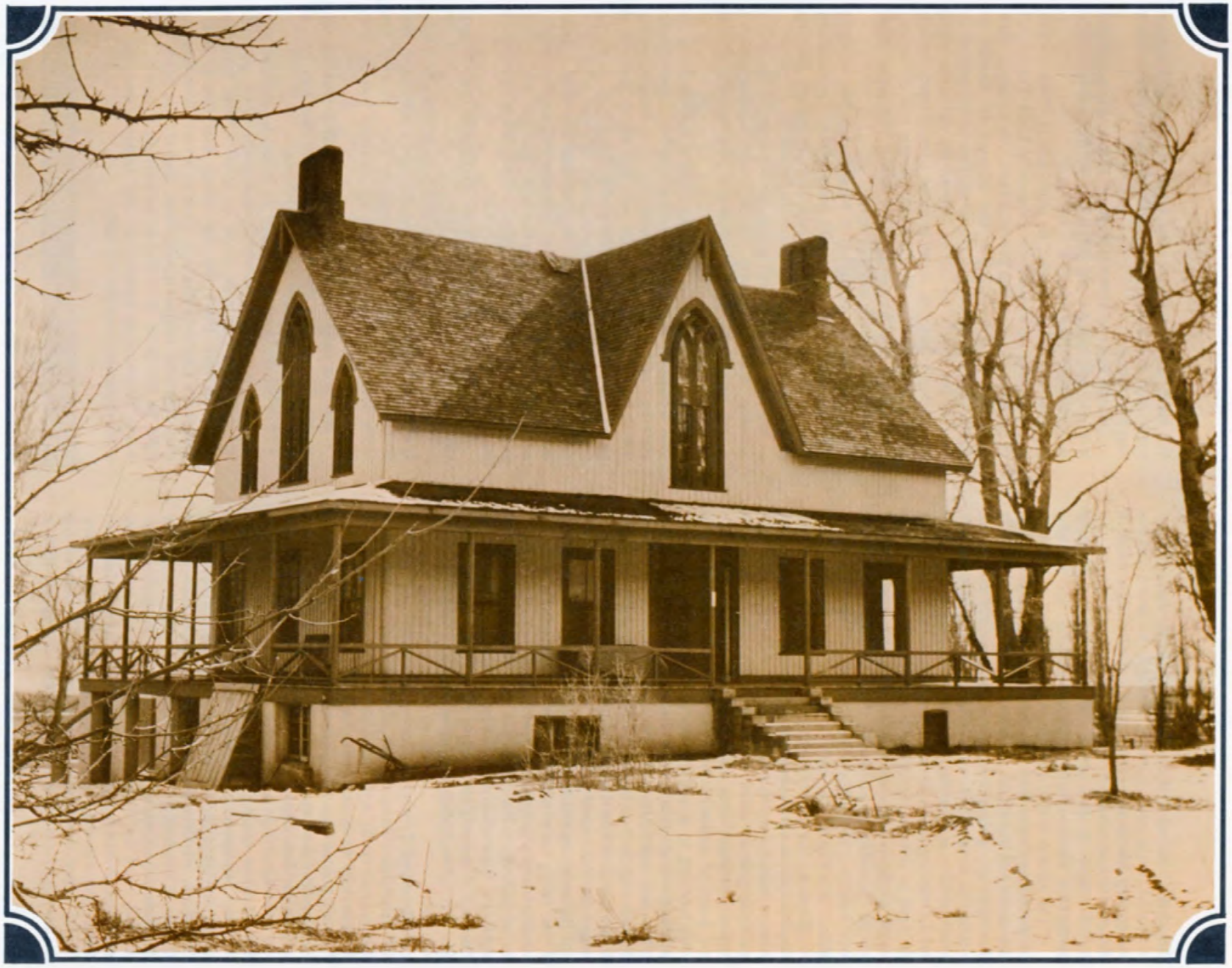
"At home, as much as possible, with my wife, Lynn, and the children. There is no pressure around the house, and it's great to go home every night and just relax. The same is true of Dan and Lorne, I think. They're close to their families as I am."

Why has the show retained its number-one rating for so long?

"There are many reasons and I have already mentioned some of them—the stories, the guest stars, the technical excellence. The change in time, moving the show from the Saturday spot to Sunday, was an important factor.

"But you can't minimize Dave's guiding hand in all of this. The stories are the best he can buy and he's a great artist when it comes to production.

"But above everything else is what I consider the most important thing—we work together well, sort of one big happy family. Both in front of the cameras and otherwise. Dave has the theory that this is what makes the Cartwrights click. They're a very close family, they like and respect each other, and they're ready to fight at the drop of a hat to protect each other. This warm relationship appeals to our viewers, and this is what transmits over the TV tube.



By Mark Twain

Did The Cartwrights Attend The Party?

They might have. Mark Twain here describes a celebration held in Washoe Valley in 1864. From the Virginia City TERRITORIAL ENTERPRISE, *February 5, 1864.*

Theodore Winters' handsome dwelling in Washoe Valley is an eloquent witness in behalf of Mr. Steele's architectural skill. The basement is built of brick, and the spacious court which surrounds it, and whose columns support the verandah above, is paved with large, old-fashioned tiles. On this floor is the kitchen, dining-room, bath-room, bed-chambers for servants, and a commodious store-room, with shelves laden with all manner of substantials and luxuries for the table. All these apartments are arranged in the most convenient manner, and are fitted and furnished handsomely and plainly, but expensively. Water pipes are numerous in this part of the house, and the fluid they carry is very pure, and cold and clear. On the next floor above, are two unusually large drawing-rooms, richly furnished, and gotten up in every respect with faultless taste—which is a remark one is seldom enabled to apply to parlors and drawing-rooms on this coast. The colors in the carpets, curtains, etc., are of a warm and cheerful nature, but there is nothing gaudy about them. The ceilings are decorated with pure, white mouldings of graceful pattern. Two large bed-chambers adjoin the parlors, and are supplied with elaborately carved black walnut four-hundred-dollar bedsteads similar to those used by Dan and myself in Virginia; the remainder of the furniture of these chambers is correspondingly sumptuous and expensive. On the floor above are half a dozen comfortable bedrooms for the accommodation of visitors; also a spacious billiardroom which will shortly be graced by a table of superb workmanship. The windows of the house are of the "Gothic" style, and set with stained glass; the chandeliers are of bronze; the stair railings of polished black walnut, and the principle doors of some kind of dark-colored wood—mahogany, I suppose. There are two peculiarly pleasant features about this house—the ceilings are high, and the halls of unusual width. The building—above the basement story—is of wood, and strongly and compactly put together. It stands upon tolerably high ground, and from its handsome verandah, Mr. Winters can see every portion of his vast farm. From the stables to the parlors, the house and its belongings is a model of comfort, convenience and substantial elegance; everything is of the best that could be had, and there is no circus flummery visible about the establishment.

I went out there to a party a short time ago, in the night, behind a pair of Cormack's horses, with John James. On account of losing the trail of the telegraph poles, we wandered out among the shingle machines in the Sierras, and were delayed several hours. We arrived in time, however, to take a large share in the festivities which were being indulged in by the Governor and the Supreme Court and some twenty other guests. The party was given by messrs. Joe Winters and Pete Hopkins (at Theodore Winters' expense) as a slight testimonial of their regard for the friends they invited to be present. There was nothing to detract from the pleasure of the occasion, except Lovejoy, who detracted most of the wines and liquors from it.

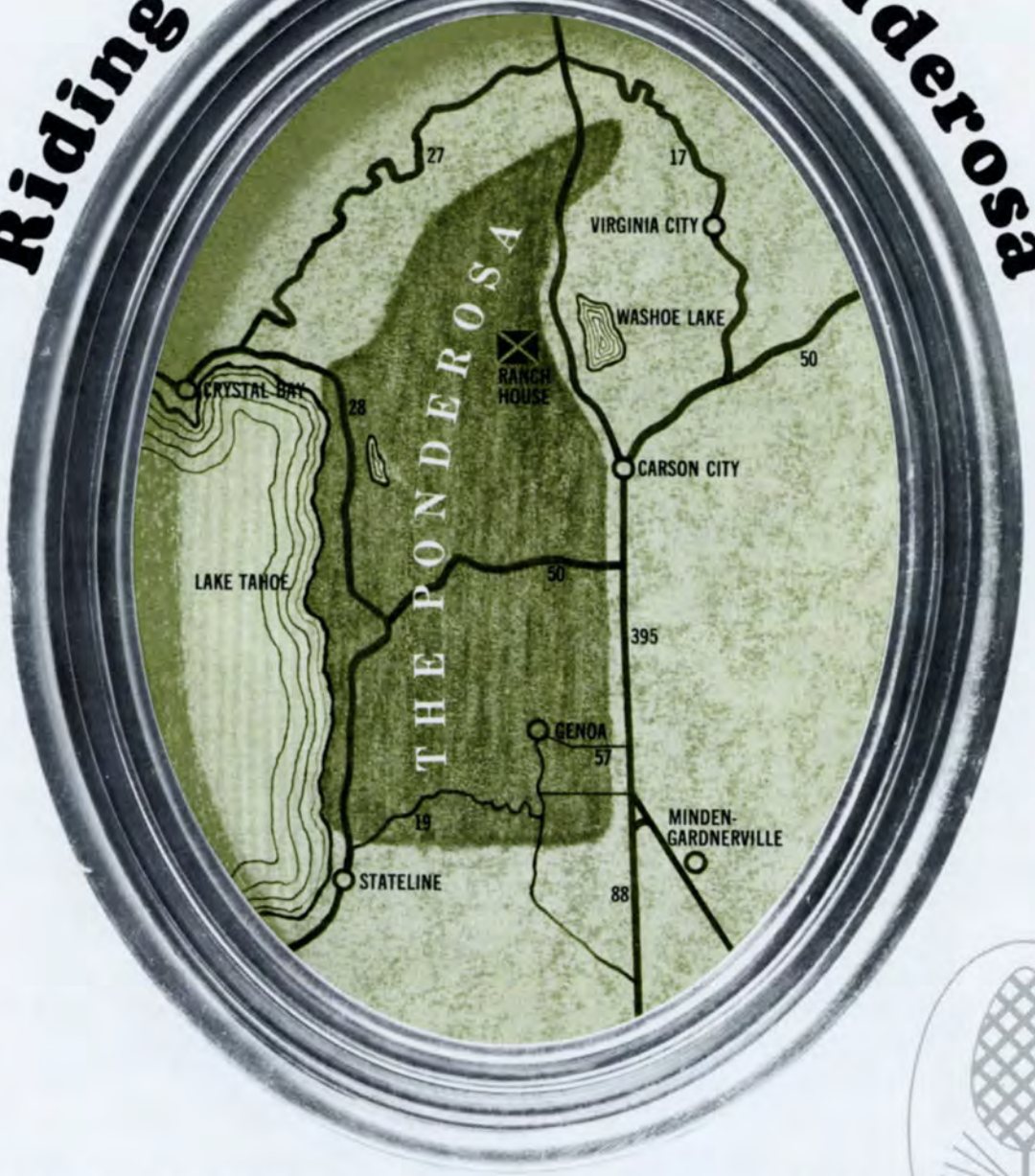
RESEARCH BY DAVID W TOLL

Theodore Winters, the owner of the new house, was a leading stockman of the area who had come overland from Illinois in 1849, first to California, then, in 1857, to Washoe City. He made a large fortune from substantial holdings in the Ophir Silver Mining Company, and maintained a race track on his ranch to train the horses he raised. The house still stands, in good condition, not far from the mythical Ponderosa ranch house.

The "Dan" referred to is Dan Dequille, the long-time and highly esteemed ENTERPRISE *staffer, author of* THE BIG BONANZA, *with whom Twain roomed on the Comstock.*

Lovejoy (John K.), was a rival journalist who at this time published the WASHOE TIMES, *renamed by him* THE OLD PAH-UTAH.

Riding the Mighty Ponderosa



Nevada's Wonderful Make-Believe TV Ranch

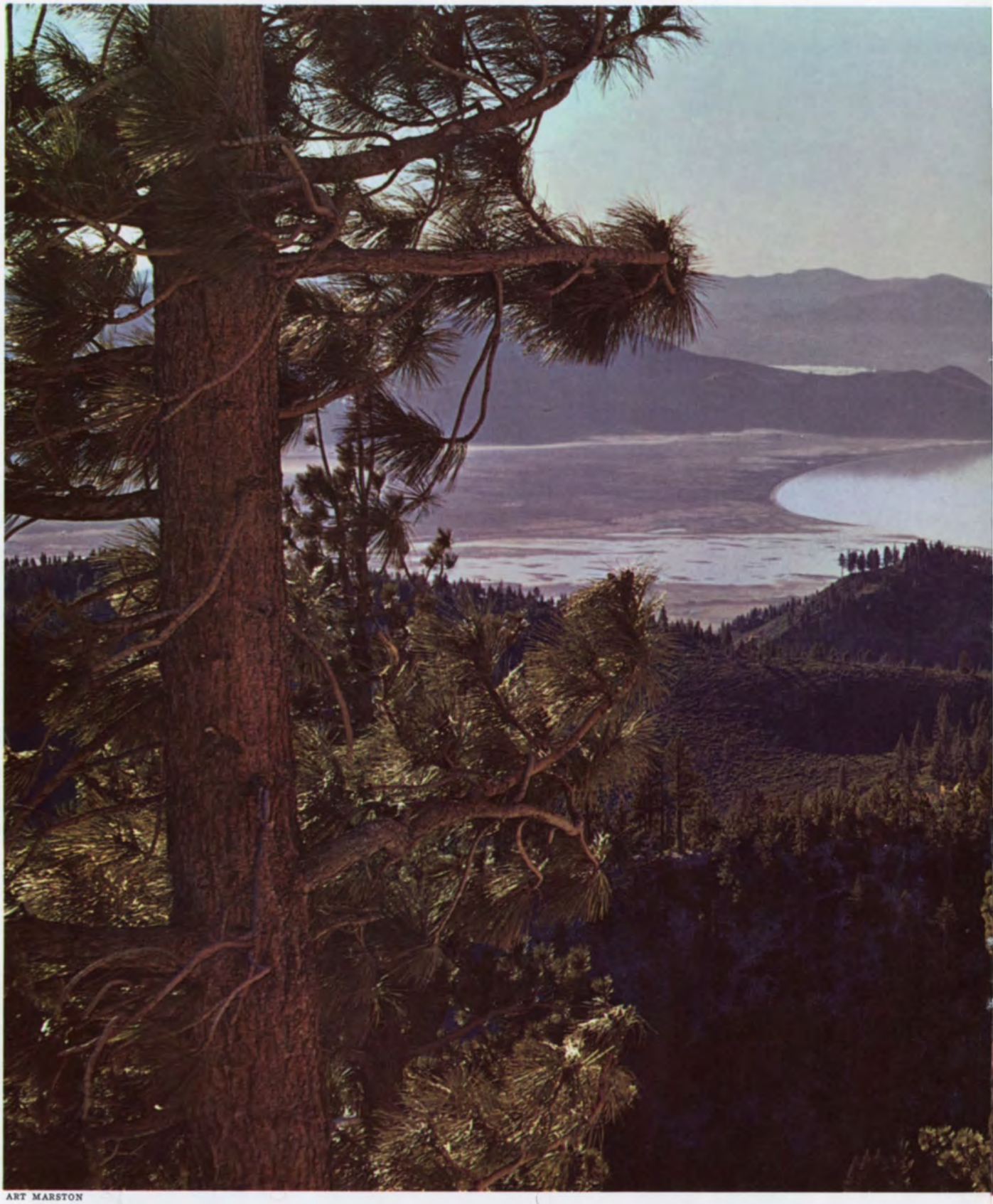
It never existed, of course, TV's mighty Ponderosa, but just try to tell that to anyone who has driven through Washoe Valley south of Reno or around the Nevada shoreline of Lake Tahoe. There it is big as life and twice as pretty the scenery over which the Cartwrights amble every week on TV Of course the ranch existed.

In theory at least, it might have. A hundred years ago or so, when the Cartwrights were supposed to be there, the territory claimed by *Bonanza's* scriptwriters was held mainly by small-time ranchers and prospectors, all of them newcomers and most of them broke. Had Ben Cartwright swept in with a fistful of money he could have grabbed up all the land he wanted, although he would have had to talk loud and fast to extend the Ponderosa into the lumbering empire in operation at the time at Lake Tahoe.

Should it come to a showdown, in this confusing situation where historical possibility collides with TV make-believe, most Nevadans would agree to go along with the gag. Ask and you'll get an answer: Yes, Virginia, there is a Ponderosa.

DON E. WOLTER





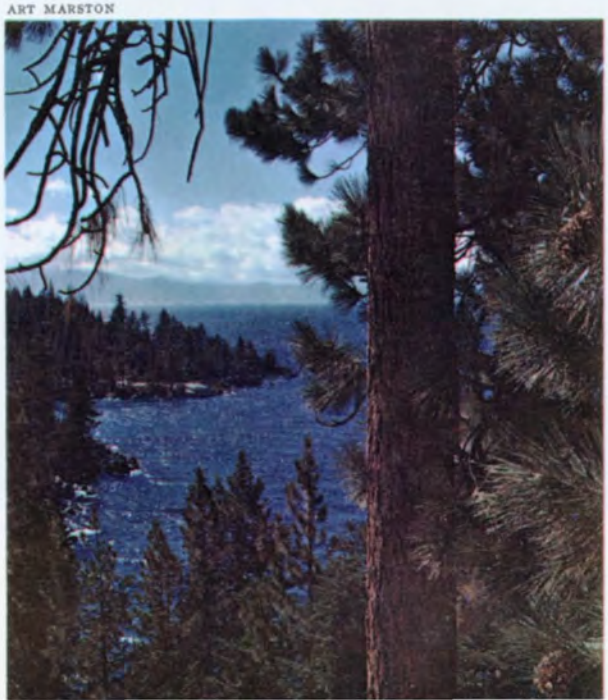
ART MARSTON



View from above the Ponderosa ranch house — Washoe Lake rimmed by desert hills to the southeast.

ART MARSTON

ART MARSTON



ART MARSTON

DICK BENJAMIN, U.S. FOREST SERVICE



Two views of Tahoe, opposite. Winter snows would make the going rough, even for the invincible Cartwrights.

Above, a waterfall near Emerald Bay — a Cartwright picnic spot?

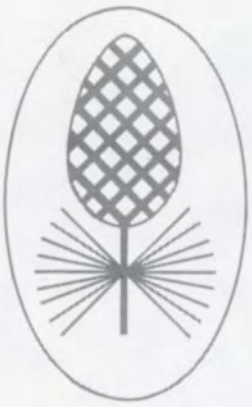
Right, Marlette Lake, high above Lake Tahoe, is known to few because, as Carson City's reservoir, it is closed to public use. The area around Marlette, extending down to the Tahoe shoreline, is slated to become a state park.



IRVING PRESSMAN

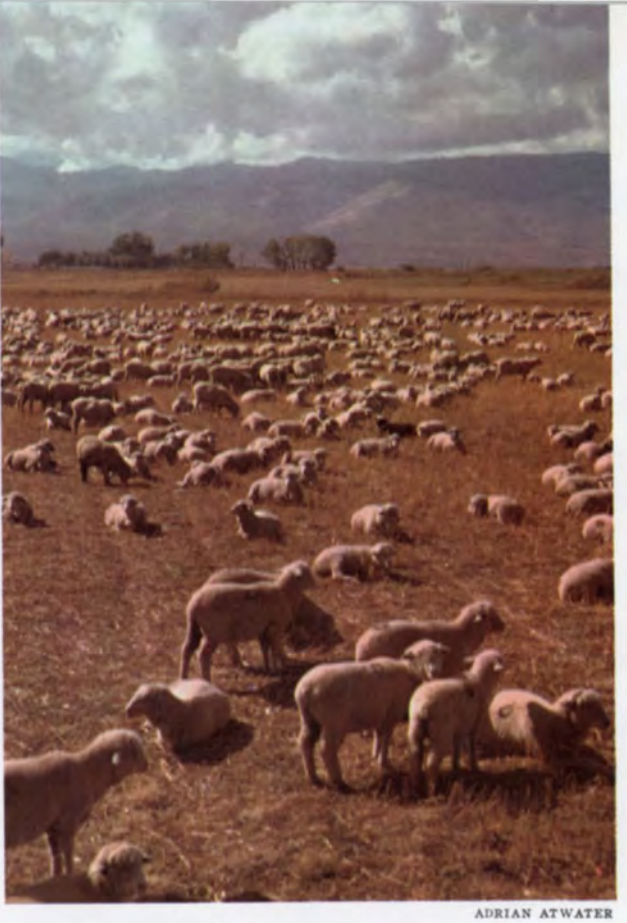
ART MARSTON





Left, delicate mountain pasture south of Marlette Lake, damp under melting snows in early spring. This area will also be a part of the long-awaited park. The Ponderosa, according to NBC's dreamy map of the ranch, cut chunks out of three Nevada counties including Douglas County, right, where sheep graze as contentedly today as during the Cartwright's tenure.

Below, Washoe Valley. The famous Ponderosa ranch house stood nearby— to the right and but a short gallop away. Center pages following — another corner of the Ponderosa. No wonder the Cartwrights loved the place! Photo taken in Washoe Valley by Art Marston.



ADRIAN ATWATER









ROBERT F. CAMPBELL

Ben, Hoss and Little Joe no doubt frequently dropped by to see their neighbors, the Bowers, Comstock millionaires whose mansion, above, is now a museum.

Virginia City, a bustling city of some 20,000 when the Cartwrights rode in to buy groceries, is familiar to more people today than ever — thanks to its Bonanza equivalent at Paramount. Right, the town as one finds it today, nostalgia oozing out of every shop window.



ART MARSTON

ART MARSTON



By Jim Leavy

THE FACE OF LAS VEGAS

About the only thing being built along the ground these days in Las Vegas is that new, multi-million dollar concrete ribbon known as Interstate Route 15.

Everything else is going up.

Time was when land around Las Vegas was as cheap as it was plentiful. In the early forties, but a short distance from the center of town along both sides of the highway to Los Angeles, stretched mile after mile of largely uninhabited space—worthless, brush-covered sand. Or so it seemed at the time.

Then came the boom. At the end of World War II when materials again became available, construction along the Strip went forward rapidly. One by one along the Los Angeles highway emerged the remarkable three-mile string of resorts that made Las Vegas famous; and with growth of the Strip came an unheard-of increase in real estate values throughout the area. As the tourist influx grew heavier, and as land values continued to soar, hotel operators were hard pressed to keep up with the demand for rooms and facilities. There was but one alternative—to build upwards, not outwards—and thus, a few years back, the trend was established which today has so drastically changed the face of Las Vegas.

Jutting skyward today, in defiance of both gravity and the skeptics who said it couldn't be done, are a dozen, gleaming new high-rise hotels and office buildings. Like giant, glistening stalagmites, the new buildings rise from the desert floor, thrusting stone, steel and glass upward in bold competition with the mountains circling Las Vegas Valley. To anyone who hasn't been there lately, the rapid changes in the city's profile are little short of incredible.

The story of the Strip began in 1941-42 when the owners of the first two big resorts, the El Rancho Vegas and the Last Frontier, looked southward from Las Vegas, took traffic counts, then crossed the city line to build on



Rising rapidly, Bank of Nevada's new building.

PHOTOS BY JOHN COOK
LAS VEGAS NEWS BUREAU



Gracefully executed, the Sands tower.



the Los Angeles highway. Sprawling, two-story affairs that were successful from the onset, these two hotels prompted other operators to take a second look at the "worthless" land farther down the highway, and a chain reaction ensued. In 1946 came the Flamingo, built at a reported cost of $6,000,000, followed in rapid order by the Desert Inn, Sands, Sahara, Dunes, Tropicana, Thunderbird and others. Land along the Strip was quickly gobbled up.

Meanwhile, as the entertainment industry blossomed into the most dynamic in the country, the downtown operators were also running out of space for their customers. Again, there was but one solution—to go up.

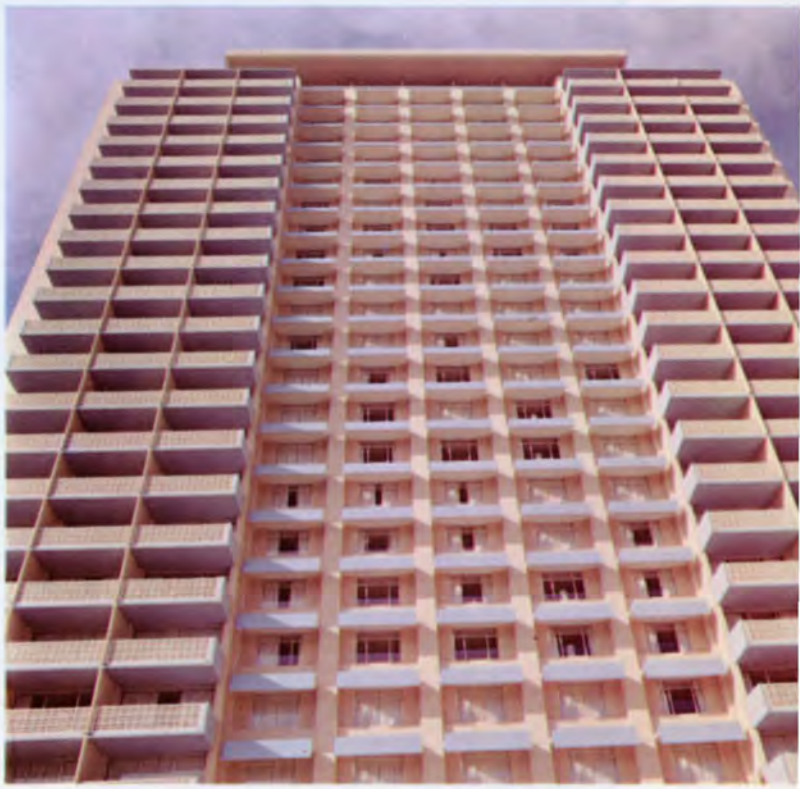
The Fremont was the first downtown building to expand and for a time Las Vegas claimed the 12-story structure as the highest in Nevada. Continuing its upward push, the Fremont is now planning to add additional stories for what will be a 32-story rectangular tower capped by the city's first heliport. The top floor of this 600-room project will contain the Sky Room, a circular glass-walled lounge suspended out over three sides of the main building.

A half block to the west, and currently the tallest downtown building is the 26-story Mint Hotel completed just last summer. Topping the 350-room structure is a glass-walled restaurant and lounge, elegant and tastefully decorated rooms which offer a superb view of the city. To reach the Top' O the Mint, as it is called, guests can take the hotel's outside glass elevator, the most spectacular ride in town. Even the roof at the Mint has entertainment function. A sparkling swimming pool and deck have been installed there for guests who want to quietly accumulate a suntan some 300 feet above the bustle and stir of the casinos on the street below.

Under construction at the moment is another downtown giant, the Four Queens hotel. Scheduled for completion later this year, the Four Queens will rise 19 stories, adding still another dimension to the skyline.

High-rise construction is not limited to hotels and resorts, however, as is evidenced by a pair of new office buildings in what is fast becoming the commercial center of Las Vegas. The First National Bank of Nevada recently dedicated its new 12-story headquarters here,





Left, the sweeping glass face of the imposing 24-story Dunes Hotel. Right above, the heart of the city where old buildings mingle with the new in a pleasing way. Right, the Sahara boasts two high-rise structures, one of which here does a balancing act for the camera.



and nearby is a substantial 10-story structure housing the Bank of Nevada. These two buildings dominate a complex of public and private commercial offices located south and east of the Casino Center.

Architect and social critic Frank Lloyd Wright said, "The skyscraper if considered as independent achievement in itself may be justifiable, a prideful thing! A tall building may be very beautiful, economical and desirable in itself—provided always that it is in no way interference with what lives below, but looking further ahead than the end of the landlord's ruse—by inhabiting a small green park. That park is humane now. The skyscraper is no longer sane unless in free green space. In the country it may stand beautiful for its own sake."

Many of the new buildings on the Las Vegas Strip seem to embrace the spirit of Wright's ideal with their

Continued on page 58

When seen from the air, it's easy to believe that greater Las Vegas now has 245,000 people; and, remembering that it is a tourist capital, one can possibly even swallow the fact that there are 25,000 hotel and motel rooms here. In the photo the downtown cluster of new buildings is dominated by the Mint Hotel. Above, brightly lighted Fremont Street and its two big hotels.


THE
MINT


WELCOME TO A WONDERFUL WHIRL♪
24-HOURS EVERY DAY...
DAZZLING
SHOW TIME! SPORT TIME! FOOD TIME!
At the South Shore Super Sport Resort Hotel
SPEAKING OF SHOWS...
Dazzling 24-hour show time every day at Sahara-Tahoe. Rave revues and outstanding variety presented on two show stages.
SPEAKING OF SPORTS...
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Weather Report in Esmeralda Daily Union, July 25, 1864.
Aurora, Esmeralda County, Nevada Territory.

And Then The Torrent.

By Pauline C. De Witt

Illustrations by Florence Kerechuk

This July day was beautiful, not a cloud to mar the blue sky over Aurora. The sun shone warmly on Alexander Glen as he harnessed his four fine horses to a new thoroughbrace wagon. Perfect weather for a short holiday trip to nearby Bridgeport with his family and a few congenial friends. He had purchased this team and wagon for business reasons—next week he would take a load of passengers to Sacramento and return with fresh fruit for the Aurora market. Prospects were bright for Alexander Glen.

By eleven o'clock a big picnic lunch had been loaded into the wagon and in climbed the happy passengers, Grandfather Glen, Alexander and his wife, Abby, and their three children, Loretta 10, Ella 7, and little Rollie, 18 months. Friends of the family, George Weston and Mr. and Mrs. Medley completed the party.

The horses, fresh and rested, trotted briskly through the town. Aurora lay in a hollow in the hills with a few houses, mine buildings and mills straggling up the hills and into the gulches. On a small rise the new brick schoolhouse was nearing completion and other buildings dotted the town plot laid out almost four years before, soon after the discovery of Aurora's rich mineral deposits. Small dust clouds marked the progress of wagons along the unpaved streets. Though the location was remote and not easily accessible Aurora had become the county seat of far flung Esmeralda County and was now a thriving little city of some 7,000.

Twelve miles on the way and almost at the halfway mark to Bridgeport, the party stopped to unpack the picnic lunch. A small breeze had sprung up, tempering the warm rays of the sun, and a few clouds gathered over the mountains.

Hurrying a little now as the air became strangely still, they ate their lunch and climbed back into the wagon. A heavy cloud hung black and threatening overhead.

The road entered a narrow ravine. Hoping to outrun the shower that seemed imminent Alexander Glen put the horses to a full gallop. Large raindrops began to spatter the road, the sullen sky steadily grew darker and the sagebrush shone intensely green in the ominous light. Over the sounds of the gathering storm and the galloping hoofs a thunderous roar shook the rocky gorge—the only warning that a cloudburst had struck close by. Then, suddenly, before they could realize what was happening, a rushing wall of water surged around a bend and engulfed the wagon and its hapless passengers.

The frightened horses lost their footing. Struggling desperately, they broke their traces and were swept away. Alexander Glen picked up his two daughters, one under each arm, to fight his way through the flood. He stumbled over a bed of rocks, the girls were torn from his arms and carried away by the raging water.

Abby Glen, with little Rollie in her arms, was the last to leave the wagon. George Weston had managed to reach the bank and caught her dress but it was torn from his grasp. She and the baby disappeared into the torrent as he watched helplessly. Mrs. Medley's bruised body was found on the rocks below the scene of disaster.

The well-known journalist of the day, J. Ross Browne, later described the tragedy. "Such was the force of the torrent," Browne wrote, "that rocks and trees were carried away like feathers. I saw myself prodigious boulders of solid stone, six or seven feet in diameter, which had been rolled for miles through the canyon."

That evening a messenger from Twelve Mile House arrived in Aurora. He brought a note from Mr. Weston to his friend, Hugh Converse, informing him of the tragedy. About 2:30 a.m. a carriage brought the survivors, four bruised and exhausted men, to Aurora. The bodies of the women and children arrived and were tenderly prepared for burial by their friends and neighbors.

THE FUNERAL.

The flags in the little mining town hung at half mast, all stores and business places were closed. Miners and mechanics left their work to attend the sorrowful funeral rites. The *Esmeralda Daily Union* suspended publication for a day so all could pay their last respects to the victims of the tragedy.

The Odd Fellows Lodge was in charge of the funeral as Mr. Medley and Alexander Glen were members. The bodies were placed in the hearses and the funeral procession moved down to Aurora Street and on to the Baptist Church which Abby Glen had attended.

The Reverend Mr. Saxton, pastor of the church, conducted the service at the end of which the choir sang the "familiar but beautiful and appropriate hymn,"

"Thou art gone to the grave: but we
we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness
encompass the tomb;
They Saviour has passed through its
portals before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide
through the gloom."

After the services the large number of mourners looked for the last time at dear, familiar faces.

Then the sad procession up the hill to Aurora's burying place. Five open graves to receive the broken bodies, first Mrs. Medley, then Abby Glen and her three children. As the coffins were lowered the voices of the choir rose in the clear mountain air:

"Sisters, thou wert mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

Peaceful be thy silent slumber—
Peaceful in the grave so low:
Thou no more wilt join our numbers;
Thou no more our songs shalt know."

No marker remains in the Aurora cemetery to note the graves of these victims of the elements. Perhaps wooden markers were used and have been lost or destroyed in the passing of a hundred years.

In the sadness of his heart and the loneliness of his house, Alexander Glen wrote a poem which was published in the *Esmeralda Daily Union*, August 1, 1864.

Lines to My Wife and Children.
(Excerpts)

Abby, while on earth thou dwelledst,
Those who knew thee loved thee well:
But thourt gone to live in Heaven,
With thy Saviour, fare thee well.

Loretta, child, I loved thee fondly,
Ere thou didst this life depart,
Thoughts of future prospects for thee,
Were the dearest to my heart.

Ella, dear, my precious treasure,
Emblem of a mother's love:
Thou wert gentle as the zephyr,
Loved by all, thou gentle dove.

Rollin, dearest, sweetest child
Thou did'st love thy father well,
Prattling as thou ran to meet him,
Listning for thy papa's call.

Abby, children, fare ye well,
I must part with all I love,
May your angel spirits guard me,
Till we meet in Heaven above.

By Alexander C. Glen.



PHOTO CREDITS

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DOWNTOWN LAS VEGAS

370 MILLION EARTHMEN Continued from page 11

With 15 scripts in hand, about half of the 34-episode regular season, scenes featuring the regulars, Ben, Hoss, and Little Joe, are shot first. Then guest stars are flown in one and two at a time to appear in sequences for which they have been hired.

"Everybody realizes that location work is hard and expensive and they seem to perform even better than under normal conditions," comments McCray.

Visitors love to watch the location work. It takes two extra guards just to handle the 200-300 visitors who drop by to see the action every day. McCray says that they are welcome even if they cause a few headaches, as they sometimes do, by asking questions when actors are trying to rehearse scenes, or when they rush in to get an autograph. Usually, however, they understand the problems, too, and quietly watch or shoot some of their own film.

McCray likes to make his Ponderosa visitors feel welcome by passing out autographed color pictures of the Cartwright family.

After the shooting day has ended, the actors and crew behave pretty much like any other tourist at Lake Tahoe. Most will attend the shows at the big resorts and perhaps do a little gambling. McCray admits to being a pretty bad gambler, but loves the Incline Village golf course on a sunny, Sunday afternoon.

Makeup man Bill Wood, true to his name, frequently spends his off hours looking for driftwood. Mike Landon is a golfer. Lorne Greene likes to spend his extra time seeing the sights around Tahoe, Reno, and Virginia City. Dan Blocker is the intellectual, believe it or not. His favorite pastime is to find a quiet retreat and read—fiction, non-fiction, magazines, anything he can get his hands on.

Problems on location? Other than rain, they're just about the same as any of us would experience on a vacation with our families. Dick Peabody, one of the guest stars, tangled with some poison oak on location last year, and always there is the usual assortment of scratches and bruises. Working at the high Ponderosa altitude requires frequent breaks for man and beast.

One of the worst episodes took place closer to home, on a dry lake near Big Bear Lake that slightly resembles a section of the Ponderosa in Nevada. The group of 60 or so had just broken for lunch when a thunderstorm cut loose and dumped two inches of rain on the crowd in 20 minutes.

Trucks were mired up to their axles in mud and only a single bus carrying personnel and one heavy truck managed to get out. Ninety steaks were left on the fire to burn and it took an entire day to free the bogged vehicles.

Ever try to find food for 60 to 70 people who just sort of dropped by for lunch? General McCray, head of the *Bonanza* army, did it. And the men and women under his command, with watches still synchronized, are one of the finest organizations in Hollywood, ready for the action no matter where it is.

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A Slight Case of Hero Worship

By Frank Johnson

Ben, Hoss and Little Joe Cartwright may be the wackiest, most improbable folk heroes a state ever had.

They don't exist, of course. Not any more than Paul Bunyon, the Green Hornet or Peter Rabbit.

But Nevadans by the tens of thousands believe in them with an almost religious fervor, possibly because they, unlike Bunyon, Hornet or Rabbit, have identifiable real-life stand-ins.

The extent to which the Cartwrights have carved a wonderful, counterfeit niche in Nevada history is demonstrated by the state's proliferating ponderosas. Before the *Bonanza* series premiered in Reno in 1959, ponderosa was a pine tree or a fifth grader's misspelling of "ponderous." Now a genuine Ponderosa Ranch is listed in the telephone directory, not to mention a Ponderosa Press, a Ponderosa Tile Company, a Ponderosa Truck Sales and a Ponderosa just-about-everything-else.

There are a few crotchety Nevadans who would no more participate in the odd rites of the Cartwright cultists than they would practice Zen Buddhism or collect



The heroes on a Virginia City pedestal. This is what happens just about anytime the Cartwrights are in the state. The mobs, though affectionate, are insistent. And the Cartwrights are willing.

NBC PHOTO

BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOS
BY DONDERO-NEWTON



Little Joe and Ben, above, become members of that terribly secret order of mountain men called E Clampus Vitus.

Batman comic books, but their numbers are few.

At least they are if one discounts the brief period of disenchantment experienced by Virginia City merchants on a fine summer weekend some years back when a prankster pointed a huge "Ponderosa" directional sign down the road leading away from the business district through Six Mile Canyon. Tourists by the score peeled off C Street, bounced by the old brewery, steamed past the entrance to the Sutro Tunnel and wound up on Highway 50, having neatly by-passed the town.

Until it was discovered, the deception threatened to hurt Virginia City's economy worse than the devaluation of silver, but all was presumably forgiven in 1962, when the Cartwrights turned up in person to help the Comstock observe its 103rd birthday. Afterward, a Virginia City civic leader solemnly pronounced the resulting celebration and revelry greater even than that experienced when former President Ulysses S. Grant and his party made the scene in the late 1800's.

There is no empirical source of information to indicate just how big a show the Comstock staged for U.S. Grant, but it would have had to have been something on the order of a Christians vs. Lions main event at the Roman Coliseum to have topped the festivities for Cartwright counterparts Lorne Greene, Dan Blocker, Michael Landon and Pernell Roberts (who was still with the show at the time).

It is unlikely the Civil War general was greeted by crowds even approaching the size of those which came to adulate the Cartwrights, nor can one imagine his having been invited to participate in a gunslingers' shoot-out or a pie-eating contest. And, as a matter of absolute certainty, old Ulysses S. was not initiated into E Clampus Vitus, that organization of red-shirted, black-hatted, light-hearted revelers who are devoted equally to the preservation of the West's history and the world's distilleries.

Never were the Clampers so joyous as when the Cartwrights became candidates—Poor Blind Candidates as the Clampers call them—and were introduced to the solemn, secret and sacred mysteries of the merry mountain fraternity. They were so joyous, as a matter of fact, that a number were treated to temporary accomodations in the Storey County Jail, each claiming a name more outrageously fictitious than Cartwright.

After the Cartwrights helped Virginia City celebrate its birthday—at an event, like many others in Nevada lately, called *Bonanza Days*—they continued on to Lake Tahoe and had an uproarious time making sequences for their television series. (Anybody who has watched *Bonanza* knows Lake Tahoe is only a brisk canter from Virginia City—by jet horse.)

As always, when Bonanza is being filmed at Nevada locations, there were monumental traffic jams, and highway patrol officers and sheriff's deputies were hard put to keep a thundering herd of 20th Century automobiles from roaring across a 19th Century Ponderosa to where the stars were.

And, as always, there were a number of parties and receptions for the Cartwrights, one of the more memorable of them being a North Shore press gathering at which Mrs. Gloria Michaels of Reno appeared accompanied by a pet African lion, Delilah.

For the first, and perhaps only time since *Bonanza* began, the Cartwrights were badly upstaged. Little Joe's effort to remedy the situation by cuddling the lion —it was just a cub at the time—ended disastrously, although his injured pride and person may have been soothed to a degree by the added attention he received from the tender-hearted female guests in attendance.

Attention is what all the Cartwrights get, more than they appreciate perhaps, whenever they journey to another favorite Nevada destination, Las Vegas. They're there frequently, both on official and slightly less than official business, and seem as much attracted to the



Hoss discovers that the beard is real. It belongs to a leading Virginia City citizen known as Bad Water Bill.

wide-open Las Vegas scene as they are to Ponderosa territory. Little Joe likes boating on Lake Mead. Hoss has been known to enter a racing car in a track contest near the strip. Quite obviously they're as much at home, as well as much in evidence, in Southern Nevada as elsewhere around the state.

By 1964, Nevada's Centennial Year, it was recognized something official would have to be done about the Cartwrights.

The fact was that a majority of the state's citizens were clearly beginning to reject their long established folk heroes—historical types such as the Scottish preacher in Elko who intoned the right sermon over the wrong corpse and barely escaped being sent to Glory for the error; or genial Henry Vansickle, the meek Genoa innkeeper who used his double-barreled shotgun to rid the Nevada Territory of infamous Sam Brown; or even R. C. Hammond who, on June 28, 1877, became the first man in recorded Nevada history to shoot a fellow hunter in the mistaken belief he was a deer.

Moreover, the nation, if not the entire world, had come to equate the Cartwrights with Nevada, giving them a slightly uncomfortable edge in importance, desirability and respectability.

Since the developing question was whether the Cartwrights were becoming a symbol of Nevada, or Nevada a symbol of the Cartwrights, it was decided then and there it would be prudent to take steps that would keep the tail from wagging the dog.

As a result, Governor Grant Sawyer, in a moving ceremoney attended by roughly every U.S. citizen living west of the Mississippi River, presented Ben, Hoss and Little Joe with certificates formally adopting them as native sons.

Responding with true filial affection, the hardy clan took part in a three-hour Centennial parade through Carson City, even though the weather was cold enough to have frozen the Ponderosa horse trough right down to the bottom.

They also appeared at the impossibly-crowded Centennial Ball, surviving the affection of their new brother and sister Nevadans only because someone had the foresight to fence off a corner of the National Guard Armory for their protection.

Because Nevadans tend to consider most other western TV and movie heroes pale imitations alongside the Cartwrights, the Greater Reno Chamber of Commerce awarded members of the *Bonanza* cast its Silver Spurs award four years running.

Hoss (Dan Blocker) won it in 1962 and 1965.

Ben (Lorne Greene) picked up the honor in 1963.

And Little Joe (Michael Landon) took both it and a bride home in 1964.

All were festive occasions of such magnitude that they prove the moral of this story:

Make-believe folk heroes who live today and have good writers and a solvent sponsor are infinitely better off than yesterday's real ones.





Above, crowds fill Virginia Street in Reno to overflowing when the Cartwrights appeared—live, in color—during one of the episodes connected with the Silver Spurs award. Below, Ben hams it up in true Bonanza fashion. Scene was Las Vegas, the slot machine and revolver are real.



about the CONTRIBUTORS

Newsmen figure prominently in this issue. JACK WHITEHOUSE, author of not one but two informative stories about *Bonanza*, started out as a reporter, became assistant editor of *Desert Magazine*, and is now a vice president of Hal Stebbins, Inc., prominent Los Angeles advertising firm. Another *Bonanza* story is by LEO GUILD, also of Los Angeles, a journalist who has published 43 books and turns out over a million words a year. Slightly less prolific, perhaps, but highly respected for his work in Nevada is JIM LEAVY, former capital correspondent, later the editor of the Carson City *Appeal*, and now an editor with the *Las Vegas Review Journal*. Last of the working newsmen represented here is FRANK JOHNSON, one of the funniest writers in the West when he wants to be — which is most of the time. He is assistant managing editor of the *Nevada State Journal* in Reno.

Two ladies are present, breaking up what otherwise might have turned out to be a journalistic stag party. MRS. MYRTLE C. MYLES is a staff member of the Nevada State Historical Society in Reno who for years has been regarded as one of the state's most distinguished and articulate historians. She has much in common with MRS. PAULINE DE WITT who is curator of the Pasadena Historical Society and claims an enduring interest in Nevada ghost towns. After a long and difficult search she managed to track down the hymns and poetry that actually figured in the incident she so poignantly tells about on page 42.

One other journalist must be mentioned. MARK TWAIN. He was writing for the *Territorial Enterprise* when he attended the Winters' party described on page 20. He went on to write several books. 309

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LAS VEGAS TREASURE-TROVE

Ranging in variety from gaudy cactus blossoms to flowers almost too small to be noticed, wildflowers abound on the desert in Southern Nevada early every spring. On these pages — a small bouquet from dazzling wild gardens near Las Vegas.

Mojave or Desert Aster

(Aster abatus)



Desert Dandelion

(Malacothrix californica glabrata)



Hedgehog or Calico Cactus

(Echinocereus engelmanii)



Desert Mallow
(Sphaeralcea ambigua)



THE FACE OF LAS VEGAS Continued from page 38

large expanses of lawn, tree lined walks, gardens, courtyards and golf courses. And like almost everything else that happens on the Las Vegas Strip the buildings are interesting, plush and even a bit spectacular.

The Sahara Hotel, across from the old El Rancho site on the northern edge of the Strip, offers guests a choice of two "father and son" towers, one 14 stories, the other 24.

Farther south the Riviera Hotel is adding 220 rooms in an 11-story wing. The 10-story Riviera was the first high rise on the Strip in 1955 when the hotel opened. The Stardust, on the west side of the Strip, and the Desert Inn both recently added 9-story additions. A major part of a modernization program launched by the Sands is a 17-story building featuring 400 wedge-shaped rooms. The tower is graced by arched windows, some 20-feet high.

Except for some two-story units the Flamingo remains horizontal. Recent additions include 200 rooms and about half an acre of convention space. The Tropicana has added 132 rooms and revamped its lounge without building upward.

On the south end of the Strip, the Dunes Hotel, an imposing 24-story monument, sends its guests aloft for dining, dancing and a view of the entire valley.

The newest entry in the race against land values is Caesars Palace, a 14-story high rise directly north of the Dunes that will cost $20,000,000. Lavish Romanesque decor and various engineering innovations make it one of the more interesting structures on the Strip. A 40-story high rise, the tallest in southern Nevada, is proposed for the Aladdin Hotel and Country Club, formerly the Kings Crown Tally Ho. Not far from the Strip, hovering over the Sprawling Convention Center, is the Landmark Tower. Although not yet completed, the unusual mushroom-shaped affair is topped by an observation platform which, like a flying saucer, seems to float freely 29 stories above the street.

While the new hotels and banks have completely revamped the Las Vegas profile, other important construction projects, though less apparent, are very much a part of the city's growth pattern. Residents are cheered by the appearance of a $20 million shopping complex, scheduled for completion in 1967, two new high schools, each bearing a price tag of $4,500,000, and countless smaller projects throughout the area. In Las Vegas, the city that won't stand still, the only thing unchanging is change itself.

About that freeway mentioned earlier? It's now in operation, speeding motorists from California into the heart of Las Vegas without a single stop light!

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TROPICANA COUNTRY CLUB

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Hotel Tropicana

Las Vegas, Nevada

For room reservations, call your travel agent.

NEVADA NOTEBOOK

WHEN THE CREAKY OLD ARLINGTON HOTEL came tumbling down earlier this year, victim to progress and the wreckers' hammers, oldtimers reminisced about the better days around the turn of the century when the hotel was in its prime. Elegant in its youth, the imposing, two-story red brick building stretched along an entire city block in downtown Carson, headquarters for visiting cattlemen, legislators and mining officials from throughout the state. Its dining room boasted sparkling white table cloths and crystal vases, and for years it was the favorite Sunday gathering place for Carson City families. Built around 1880, the hotel was the hub of Carson City's social life for decades, but when it slipped into an inevitable decline, somewhere in the twenties or thirties, people hardly noticed.

THIS WAS AN ERA, to say it as gently as possible, when Carson City was in the doldrums—the period between the Tonopah mining excitement and the upswing which took place after World War II. The capital was a pleasant but sleepy village in those days, the tempo was slow. Evenings families gathered on front porches to watch the cars go by or visit with their neighbors. In the early twenties, when the first street was paved, people promptly took to their roller skates, whole families hand in hand whizzing along the new concrete ribbon through the business district. Fortunately there were more skaters than autos at the time. No fatalities were recorded.

THE DEMISE OF THE ARLINGTON, symbolically, comes when Carson City is sprouting as never in its history. The fastest growing community in the state, according to the computers, and one of the fastest in the nation, Carson is slated to triple in population during the next fifteen years. By 1970, Bell Telephone experts say, over 20,000 people will be living in the capital and by 1980, over 46,000. Those who remember the skaters on Carson Street can hardly believe it.

MUCH THE SAME THING is happening throughout the rest of Nevada. Las Vegas, as reported a few pages back, is thrusting skywards. Fallon has a new supermarket, one of the largest in the state at the moment. North Las Vegas is building a huge complex, Nellis Industrial Park, costing $2,800,000. A Reno landmark, the ornate Masonic Building on Virginia Street, is being replaced. Highway construction continues at record breaking volume—the new freeway project southwest of Mesquite in Clark County, for example, will cost some $5,000,000 and require excavation amounting to 3,500,000 cubic yards, another new high. And so it goes. Even if you live in Nevada, you can hardly keep track.

THE PONDEROSA—We've had a lot to say about the subject in this issue and, as a closing note, we issue a statement that may be perfectly obvious. Still, it should not be left hanging in the air, unsaid. This is directed squarely to the Cartwrights: We warmly thank you, Ben, Hoss and Little Joe, for spreading the word about Nevada. A lot of people knew about us before *Bonanza*, it is true, but because of your show Nevada has become a familiar word, a respected one at that, in homes all over the world. We think you've painted an attractive picture of us. We think you are wonderful neighbors.

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