NEVADA

ICD

HIGHWAYS AND PARKS

WINTER 1966/50c

LAMOILLE CANYON

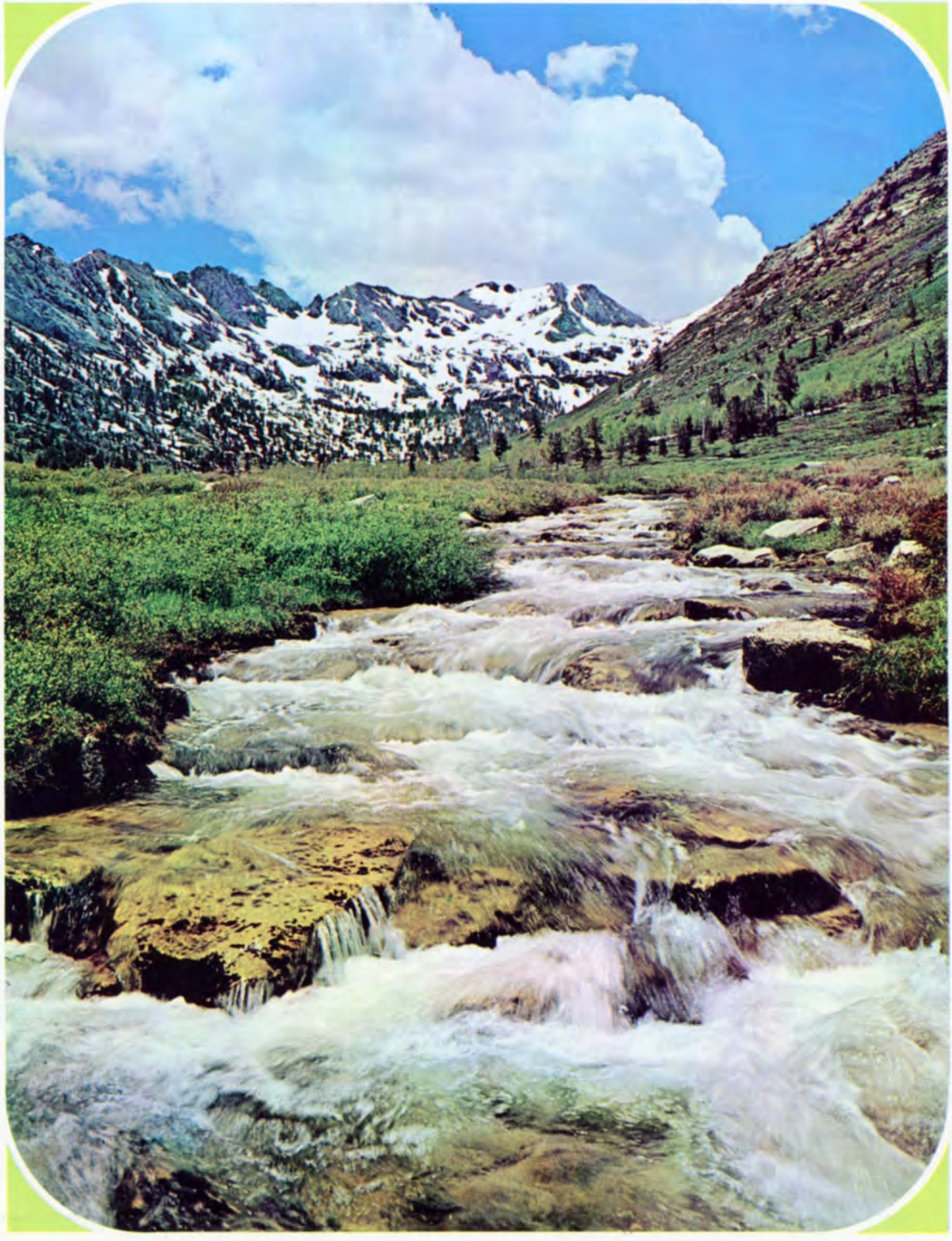
a scenic sonnet

DIZZY DAZZLING PHYLLIS –
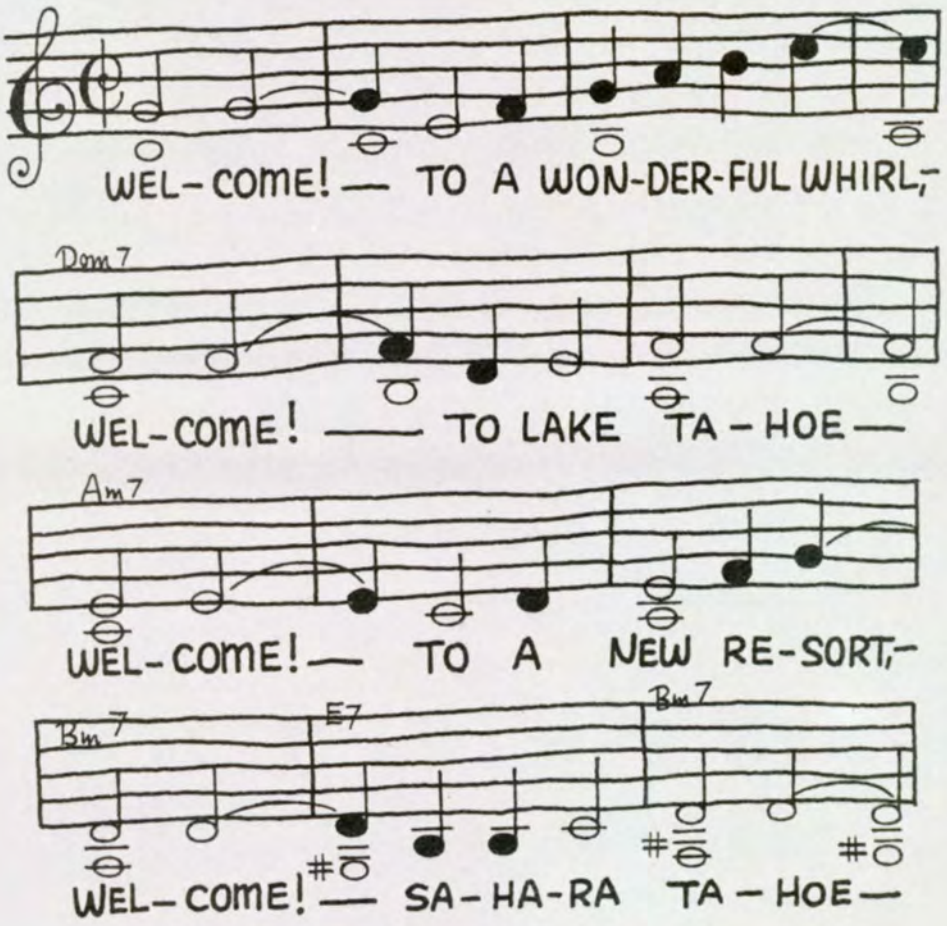
Diller, of course

THE RESORTS

Nevada's gambling palaces



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This is Rembrandt Peale. An American, born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania two years after the Declaration of Independence was signed.

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Rembrandt Peale, 150 years ago, introduced gas light to Baltimore and took the first great step in banishing darkness from the New World.

But as founding father of the American Gas Industry, Rembrandt Peale started something going which was to become the sixth largest industry in the U.S.A. That's where the gas industry is now, in 1966 it's our nation's sixth largest industry.

The romantic and decorative gas lamp is more widely used today (over one and a half million of them) than in the height of the gaslight era. And look at what else has happened.

Most people cook with gas because there's no better way. How else can you regulate the heat as precisely as with gas? That's why 90% of America's professional chefs cook with gas.

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Gas central air conditioning too. Yes, gas! You may not know much about it because it's relatively new. And *it's* growing like mad.

It uses the same ducts as gas heating systems and cools the entire house. Clean and economical. And gas air conditioning has widespread commercial applications.

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The uses of gas go on and on. In labs, research stations, throughout industry, powering turbines, firing ceramics, brazing engines for space shots. to name some.

Well, you get the picture. Gas is great. And its use is increasing every year. Right now gas flows through 765,000 miles of underground pipeline all over the U.S.A. By 1975 it'll be over one million miles. And that's a lot of pipe.

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Front Cover
By photographer David Muench the tumbling waters of scenic Lamoille Canyon. See page 20 for a story on Lamoille by Jean McElrath.

Winter 1966, Volume 26, Number 4

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SHOWSVILLE USA!

LAKE TAHOE

SAHARA-TAHOE

Nancy Wilson, thru Sept. 26.
Red Buttons - Shari Lewis, Sept. 27.
Shirley Bassey, Oct. 11.
Polly Bergen, Nov. 1.
Tennessee Ernie Ford, Nov. 29.

HARRAH'S

Donald O'Connor, Sept. 22.
Alan King Buddy Greco, Oct. 9.
Joey Bishop, Oct. 23.

HARVEY'S RESORT HOTEL

Fats Domino, thru Sept. 29.
Barbara McNair, Sept. 30.
Matt Monro, Oct. 14.
Shecky Greene, Oct. 28.
Pat Collins, Nov. 11.
Juan Esquivel, Dec. 20.

RENO-SPARKS

HAROLDS CLUB

Vikki Carr, thru Sept. 26.
Petula Clark, Dec. 5.
Louis Armstrong, TBA.

HARRAH'S

Bobby Darin, Sept. 15.
Sammy Davis, Jr., Oct. 3.
George Kirby Kim Sisters, Oct. 13.
Diahann Carroll, Nov. 10.



Showman DONALD O'CONNOR *comes to Harrah's Tahoe South Shore Room on September 22 for an engagement through October 8.*

RIVERSIDE

Barry Ashton's "Mardi Gras Scandals" and Other Spectaculars.

HOLIDAY

Charles Gould & His Satin Strings.

NUGGET

Liberace, Sept. 29.
Gordon MacRae Elaine Dunn, Oct. 20.
Lena Horne, Nov. 3.
Juliet Prowse, Nov. 17.
Fred Waring, Dec. 16.

LAS VEGAS

CAESAR'S PALACE

Tony Bennett, Aug. 25.
Mickie Finn, Oct. 6.
Jack Benny - John Davidson, Oct. 27.

THUNDERBIRD

Kaye Ballard, Sept. 6.
Mamie Van Doren, Oct. 10.

TROPICANA

"Folies Bergere"

DESERT INN

"Hello America"



CONNIE FRANCIS *talented songstress swings into Las Vegas' Hotel Sahara's Congo Room November 8.*

FLAMINGO

The Supremes, Sept. 29.
Shirley Jones Myron Cohen, Oct. 20.
Trini Lopez, Nov. 10.
Jack Carter - Maria Cole, Dec. 1.

SAHARA

Buddy Hackett Liza Minnelli, Sept. 13.
Dinah Shore, Oct. 11.
Robert Goulet - Norm Crosby, Oct. 25.
Connie Francis, Nov. 8.

SANDS

Lena Horne Corbett Monica, Sept. 21.
Frank Sinatra, Nov. 9.
Alan King - Nancy Ames, Nov. 23.

STARDUST

"Le Lido de Paris Revue — Quelle Nuit"

RIVIERA

"Hello Dolly" with Betty Grable
Mitzi Gaynor, Sept. 21.
Eddie Fisher, Nov. 2.
Harry Belafonte, Nov. 23.
Debbie Reynolds, Dec. 20.

DUNES

"Casino de Paris"

ALADDIN

Jackie Mason, Indef.
Dusk to Dawn Entertainment



TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD *the ol' pea picker himself takes the spotlight at Sahara-Tahoe November 29 through December 12 in the High Sierra Theatre.*



BINGLES, SLUGS & TOKES

BY SAMUEL CLOVER

Merchant's tokens were issued by stores in dozens of Nevada communities. Some were redeemable for specific items, the rectangular aluminum token, for example, was good for one large loaf of bread at Reno's Old Homestead Bakery The round brass one bought a 7¢ loaf at the Vienna Bakery at Tonopah, and the paper-in-isinglass token could be called in for a 12½¢ cigar at Southworth's. Others could be exchanged for articles of the customer's choice. The token at left bought 6¼¢ worth of merchandise at Cannan's Drug and Jewelry store at Goldfield. The Goldfield Candy Company token was worth 12½¢ in trade. The 40¢ token in the foreground issued by the Royal Bar in Carson City about 1894 bears an extremely rare denomination. The Southworth tokens, in use from 1906 to 1910, were the only ones of their kind.



These 20th Century saloon tokens span more than fifty years. The octagonal aluminum token issued by the proprietors of Reno's Argonaut Hotel Bar was worth 2½¢ toward the purchase of any item listed. The pasteboard-in-plastic token is still in use at the Rendezvous at Lovelock. Yerington's Oasis Club token, the size of a half-dollar, bought 25¢ worth of "merchandise" across the bar. The unusual shape of the Reynolds and Skinner token belies its 10¢ value. My Place in the town of Wabuska issued a token worth a drink at the bar. The Goldfield Unity Club token had a face value of 12½¢ in trade. The one struck by J H. Morgan for his Las Vegas Bar was worth a nickel. The five-cent brass bingle redeemable at The Terrace on D Street is one of fifteen from Virginia City saloons in the Barry Collection.

BINGLES, SLUGS & TOKES



BINGLES, SLUGS & TOKES

Tokens were issued by merchants in Nevada communities from Verdi to Pioche and from Searchlight to Winnemucca and could be exchanged for everything from the necessities such as bread, eggs and milk to the more sophisticated offerings of saloons, gambling games and other places of amusement.

A boyhood passion for coins proved to be the basis for Reno attorney Jack Barry's one-of-a-kind collection of Nevada bingles, slugs and tokes.

What are they? They're substitutes for money — tokens, we call them now — issued by businessmen and merchants when minted coins are in short supply The Civil War years and the depression of the 1930's prompted a large issue of tokens in years past. Today, when silver dollars have virtually disappeared from circulation, tokens — or bingles, if you date from before the depression, or slugs, if you are older than that — are back again in a big way.

Tokens come in several varieties. Store Cards, usually made of metal despite the name, were simple advertisements with no redeemable value. Trade Tokens were issued as change in the sponsoring store and could be redeemed for specific items: **Good for one large loaf of bread,** they would read, or **one drink or cigar.** Others had a stated cash value: **Good for 5¢ in trade** or **Good for 12½¢ at the bar.**

A 25¢ purchase might bring eighty or eighty-five cents in tokens as change for a dollar. Thus the customer's dollar would buy five or ten cents' worth more goods, and the merchant not only got the customer's entire dollar, he got it all at once.

Trade tokens once came into such general use in Nevada that a Tonopah drug store operator established a policy of accepting tokens issued by other merchants, redeeming them later himself for cash at the place of issue. This policy turned out to be a cropper when he found himself holding too many tokens issued by bankrupt storekeepers in towns that had vanished. *text cont. page 9*



Whether a shabby collection of one-room cabin cribs or an opulent rococo showplace, the Nevada bawdy-house was an early and enthusiastic distributor of trade tokens. The token in color at the top is the only one of its kind used in Nevada and contained a mirror on the reverse face. Tonopah's Big Casino is possibly the largest establishment of its kind the world has ever seen, a multi-storied building covering an entire city block. Rick's Resort was located near Moana Lane in Reno and was the training headquarters for Jack Johnson before his Reno championship bout with Jeffries.



BINGLES, SLUGS & TOKES

These tokens bear the names of Nevada boom towns all but forgotten today At their zenith, these towns sparked excitement all over the West, luring hundreds of hopeful citizens almost overnight. Today these towns cling precariously to life or are gone without a trace. Even native Nevadans are hard put to locate towns like Blair, Wonder, Sheridan, Pioneer, Johnnie, Currie and Millers. Others, such as Golconda, Candelaria, Kimberly, Luning, Midas and Franktown are better known. The token redeemable at the Franktown Hotel is one of the earliest aluminum tokens issued, and that from Wonder has a face value of 7½¢, the only merchant's token of this denomination known.

Tokens are as much a part of the current Nevada scene as of the historic past. Modern-day gambling tokens, issued by Nevada's casinos upon the disappearance of silver dollars from circulation, are shown here with their ancestors counters used for poker, slot machines and other gambling games. Below them are a pair of merchant's tokens. The one at left was issued by the first Grey Reid store at Fallon in the 1920's. In the first years of the 20th century an enterprising speculator bought Washoe Valley's famed Bowers Mansion from the aged and impoverished widow of Nevada's first mining nabob and operated it as a resort. The copper token, worth 5¢ at the bar, dates from that period. The brass tokens shown at the bottom have an exclusive circulation. They are used in lieu of coins inside the walls of the Nevada State Prison at Carson City as the official medium of exchange between prisoners and for transactions at the prison store.

His own tokens, issued in unusually large denominations, were discontinued when he found his employees pilfering them to spend as cash in Tonopah's bawdy-houses.

These houses themselves were passing out tokens. Sometimes coyly labeled **Rain Check,** they were most often redeemable for bar-room goods.
The agent for Moise & Co., the firm that struck most of Nevada's tokens, covered the state from Las Vegas to Winnemucca to Elko.

In addition to tokens, Barry's collection, accrued over 30 years, includes commemorative medals, scrip money, assay bars and National Bank notes, all exotic relics of Nevada's economic past. They presently reside in a Reno bank vault except when displayed at specially arranged exhibits. Eventually the collection will go to a public institution for permanent display

Until then Jack Barry will go on writing 15 to 20 letters a month tracking down more of Nevada's bingles, slugs and tokes, verifying dates and tracing sources of the money that isn't money











WANTED NEVADA MATERIALS: Trade tokens, bingles, slugs, store cards, national bank notes, scrip, assay bars, books and documents. Send price and description in first letter.

JACK BERRY
P.O. Box 2126 • Reno, Nevada



a far cry from The Purple Onion

By Randy Parker

Miss Phyllis Diller is a very unusual woman.

We made this discovery last summer when the two of us, a writer and photographer for Nevada Magazine, ventured up to Lake Tahoe for an interview. Miss Diller was there for the opening of the High Sierra Theatre at the Sahara Tahoe, starring in the premiere show in the huge room which, with a seating capacity of over 1,000, is the biggest theatre-restaurant at the lake.

Somewhat apprehensively, we push the button outside the door of her eleventh-floor suite ready for what we anticipate might be a rather interesting session.

The door is thrown open by Miss Diller herself. She is wearing bare feet, freckles, skin-tight orange slacks, a puffy sweater and a hair-do from outer space.

"Horrors," Miss Diller screams as she spies the camera, "they didn't tell me there would be pictures. Hold everything while I put on my face."

She disappears. Then emerges an attractive young lady who turns out to be Miss Diller's private secretary. She greets us, ushers us into a king-sized salon overlooking the lake, and we sit back, pencil poised in hand, reviewing the list of questions that we are foolish enough to think we'll ask.

Miss Diller now prances back into the room looking not a speck different than before except that the eyes are greener. "Contacts," she explains. "I have every color of the rainbow." Miss Diller is now bouncing around the room like a pussy cat, jumping from one chair to another, flopping into the depths of the huge sofa, hurtling over to the phone and dancing back again and all the time talking, talking, talking, sprinting around the room again, and laughing that laugh.

We realize that we have to put the camera into high gear if we expect to come away with any photos of the little lady.

"They love me here, they're eating me up," she volunteers. Why, every seat in that massive place is sold out while I'm here. I am the most success-





Photos by Jim Reinheller

ful stand-up female comic in the world."

After that we decide to sit back and enjoy the act—a running commentary, punctuated by that Diller bellow, on subjects that range from ex-husbands to show biz to domestic affairs, all interspersed with little stories, real and imaginary, of a very earthy nature. Miss Diller appears to be a very uninhibited person.

"Have you heard about my new TV show. It will be the smash of the new fall series. I play the lead in this show called the Pruitts of Southhampton and it's all about Auntie Mame. Only they don't call me Auntie Mame, they call me Phyllis Pruitt, isn't that cute? I'm giving up everything guest appearances, night clubs, everything to do this show. And it's going to be a ball!"

"I have wonderful kids. They'll fly anywhere, absolutely anywhere, to catch one of my openings."

"My idea of a perfect evening? Have six comedians to dinner at my new house in Brentwood and let them chew each other up. I've got the list already made up."

Miss Diller dashes to the phone which is ringing on the average of once every ten minutes. "That was Victor Mature calling from New York. He's nuts about me."

"I started this act at the Purple Onion in San Francisco in 1955, not making much money either, but learning fast. Now with this TV show and all, I'm loaded. And do I like it! Poverty is for the birds. I have six pianos, count them—six—in my house in Brentwood, and a Rolls Royce. That's a far cry from the Purple Onion "

Now, at the height of the confusion, the doorbell rings and Miss Diller's brunette secretary admits Jim Nabors who's playing across the street at Harrah's. Jim is wearing sneakers, a sports shirt and a slightly hangdog look. Miss Diller greets him exuberantly, in fact she nearly sweeps poor Jim off his feet. Jim proves he can take care of himself, however, as he enters into a who-can-tell-the-funniest-joke contest with Miss Diller. Miss Diller tells a doozey, then Jim gently responds with a whopper. For half an hour they shoot jokes at each other, breaking each other up. Most of those jokes they couldn't tell in front of the cameras, either. They'd pop every TV tube in the country.

"Jim started at the Purple Onion, too. We're both graduates of the Purple

"How do you achieve a hair-do like mine? Easy. You just comb your hair with an electric tooth brush."





Onion. Boy, those audiences at the Purple Onion, they're permissive!"

Whatever that means.

All the while, Jim, the photographer, had been quietly stalking Miss Diller, and he looked a little tired now as he circled the sofa for the twentieth time.

Both of us are tired, in fact, and we decide at the end of two hours that either we have a story by this time or we will never have it. We say our polite good-byes and slip out of the room into that empty, deadly quiet hallway. The interview is over.

Interview? Whatever it was, it certainly wasn't an interview. A marathon monologue, or an off-stage rehearsal, perhaps, but certainly not an interview. Down in the lobby we sat down to collect our thoughts and to decide what had hit us. Phyllis Diller had walloped us hard. But you know funny thing—we enjoyed every moment. She's a great showman, that Phyllis Diller a very unusual woman.





"You learn everything you have from the audience. Timing is the important thing. It takes timing."

"You heard what my press agent calls me, didn't you? The Brigitte Bardot of the Geritol Set."

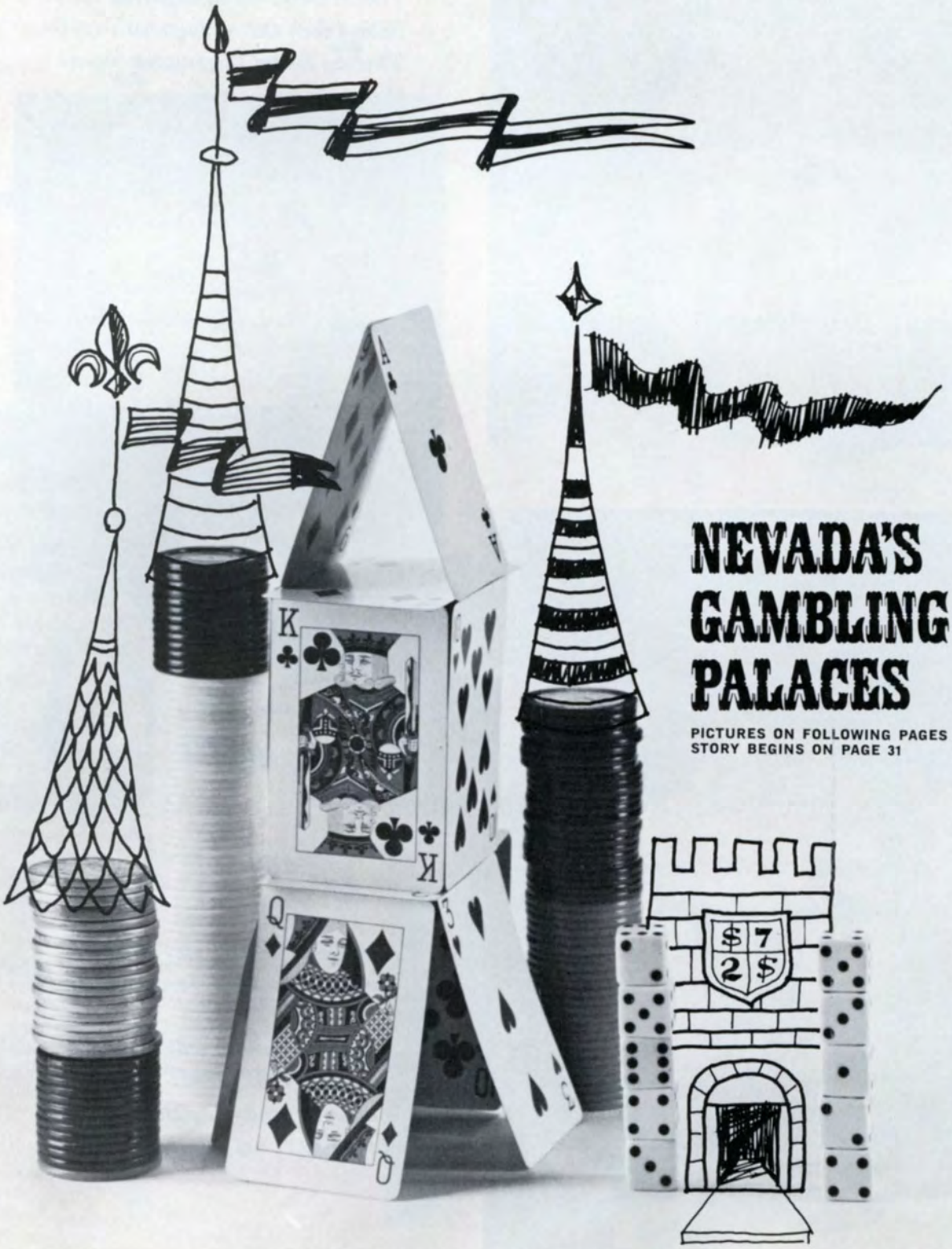
"My biggest, best-guarded beauty secret? Man, it's saddle soap."





"Jack Paar — that guy could start a fight in an empty room."

"You know why I call my hair style D-D, don't you? Well, get ready for this — half-Diller, half-Dirksen."



NEVADA'S GAMBLING PALACES

PICTURES ON FOLLOWING PAGES
STORY BEGINS ON PAGE 31



FLAMINGO



DUNES

The largest of Nevada's many resorts are concentrated in three areas, Lake Tahoe, Reno and Las Vegas. This isn't to say there are no resorts in other parts of the state. There are many. Elko is a lively casino town, as are Carson City, Hawthorne, North Las Vegas, Winnemucca and Ely, to name but a few of the possibilities. But since space does not permit a full index, we have selected for illustration here only the largest, best-known, year-around resorts to prove our point —that Nevada's gambling palaces are the biggest, most interesting in the world. — Editor.

FOUR QUEENS



First on the Strip was the Flamingo, built in 1947. Other resorts followed at a steady pace, the newest additions being the Four Queens and the much-discussed Caesar's Palace. The Dunes sports the world's tallest sign (not shown here), a 24-story giant that can be spotted from airliners 40 miles away. The Sahara (lower right) is among the largest of the resort-casinos on the Strip.



HACIENDA

SAHARA





DESERT INN

Golf courses abound in Las Vegas, the Tropicana's 18-hole championship course, for example. Biggest hotel on the Strip is the Stardust, a sprawling complex containing 1,300 rooms.



STARDUST



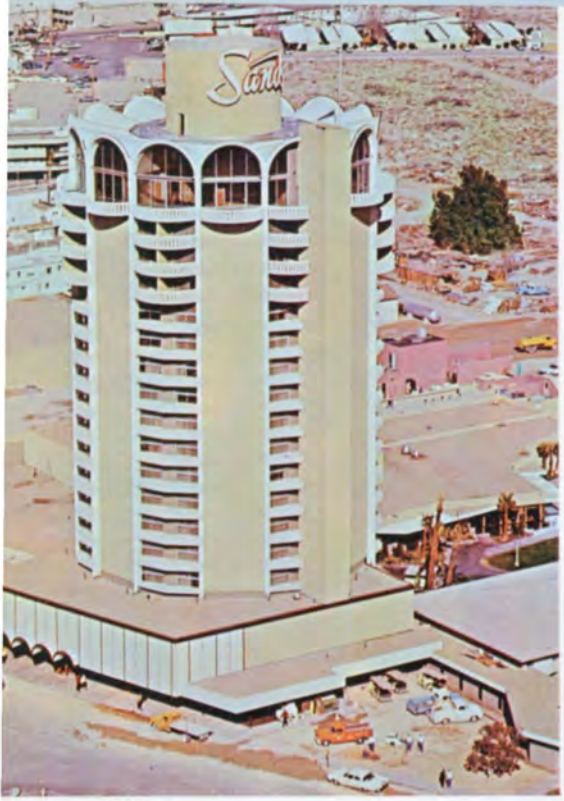
RIVIERA



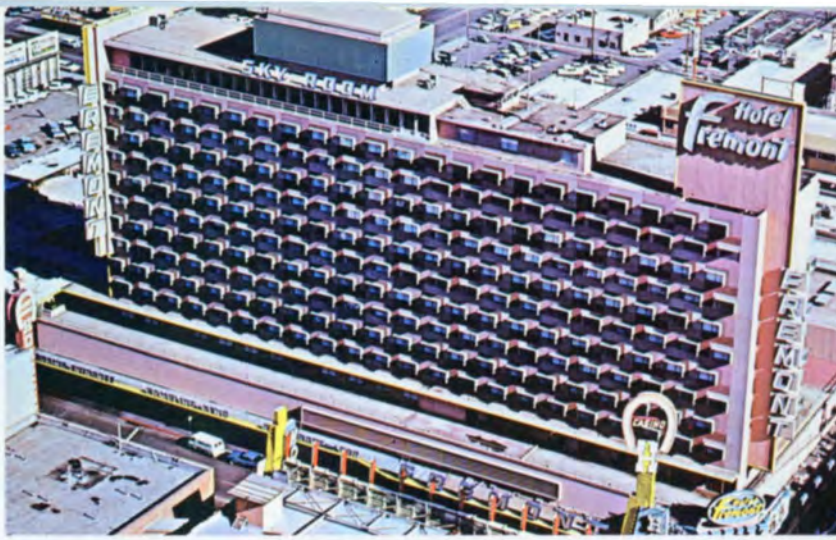
ALADDIN



TROPICANA



SANDS



FREMONT

Completed a few months ago, Caesar's Palace is one of the most spectacular of the Strip's resorts. Nearby, the Hotel Thunderbird has a huge, new sign which uses as much electricity as would be required to light two football stadiums.



THUNDERBIRD



MINT



CAESAR'S PALACE

More than 10 miles long, the Strip, with its spectacular floor shows and fine dining rooms, plays host to thousands of visitors every day. While the Strip is the best known area in Las Vegas, the downtown Casino Center competes in both glitter and glamour. A downtown landmark, the Mint, is Nevada's tallest hotel.

They call Nevada the entertainment capital of the world, and for good reason the resort operators are spending an almost unbelievable $45,000,000 annually for entertainment. On the gambling side, the resorts maintain a total of 26,000 slot machines and some 1,500 table games.



SAHARA TAHOE



HARRAH'S — RENO



CAL-NEVA



NUGGET



HARVEYS



NEVADA LODGE



HAROLDS CLUB

Nestled in the high Sierra Nevada is one of Nevada's famous resort-casino areas, and nearby, in Reno and Sparks, is still another. The largest resorts of the state feature large theatre-restaurants but, for lack of space, only one is shown here, the South Shore Room at Harrah's Tahoe. Recent additions to the Lake Tahoe scene are two high-rise hotels, Harvey's and the Sahara Tahoe.

Dominating downtown Reno is the world-famous Harolds Club (behind the Reno arch) and Harrah's, while in nearby Sparks it's the Nugget that draws most attention. The Nugget is one of the largest, known for its award-winning restaurants and big-name entertainers.



HARRAH'S — TAHOE

By Jean McElrath

a scenic sonnet

LAMOILLE CANYON



Camper's heaven — Lamoille Canyon offers a high-altitude retreat to those who prefer an off-the-highway vacation.

If you've never met anyone who knows Lamoille Canyon, you probably haven't heard about the most beautiful spot in the world. On the other hand, if you've met more than one, you may be a bit confused about that "most beautiful spot."

No two who travel the road upward along the canyon wall, ever grow lyrical about the same "most beautiful spot" in its 12-mile length, and the U. S. Forest Service logged 71,085 such travelers in 1965. Disagreement is also the rule when it comes to deciding which season is finest in the canyon that contains the recently designated 40,720-acre *Ruby Mountain Scenic Area* of the Humboldt National Forest.

Springtime is jubilation, according to its votaries. Then, wild berry thickets froth with pink, white and yellow along hillsides and creek banks, quaking aspen and willows unfurl joyous green, and nesting birds sing defiance of icy breezes. Water cascades over granite cliffs to fall 2,000 feet in silvery foam. It ripples across terraced slabs, and fountains from under boulders, as if a New World Moses strode up the canyon smiting the rocks with his staff. Lamoille Creek, gobbling snowbanks, laughs uproariously, rushing down to the valley to irrigate greening fields and flower gardens.

Summer, to its devotees, is pixilation, alternating moods of sunny somnolence and brisk thunder storm. It entices enthusiastic multiple use practitioners into wheeling the 19 miles south from Elko, along Nevada's paved Route 46. (A Forest Service master plan promises that within three years there will be a new paved highway.)

Aspen and fragrant pine obscure the hydro-electric plant near the canyon's mouth. Grassy banks of the creek, now singing a less boisterous song, are dotted with tree-shaded camp sites. Over a bridge and beyond the power plant, *Weeping Rock*, its spring gushet sobered to a trickle of summer tears, coddles moss and satin petaled flowers.

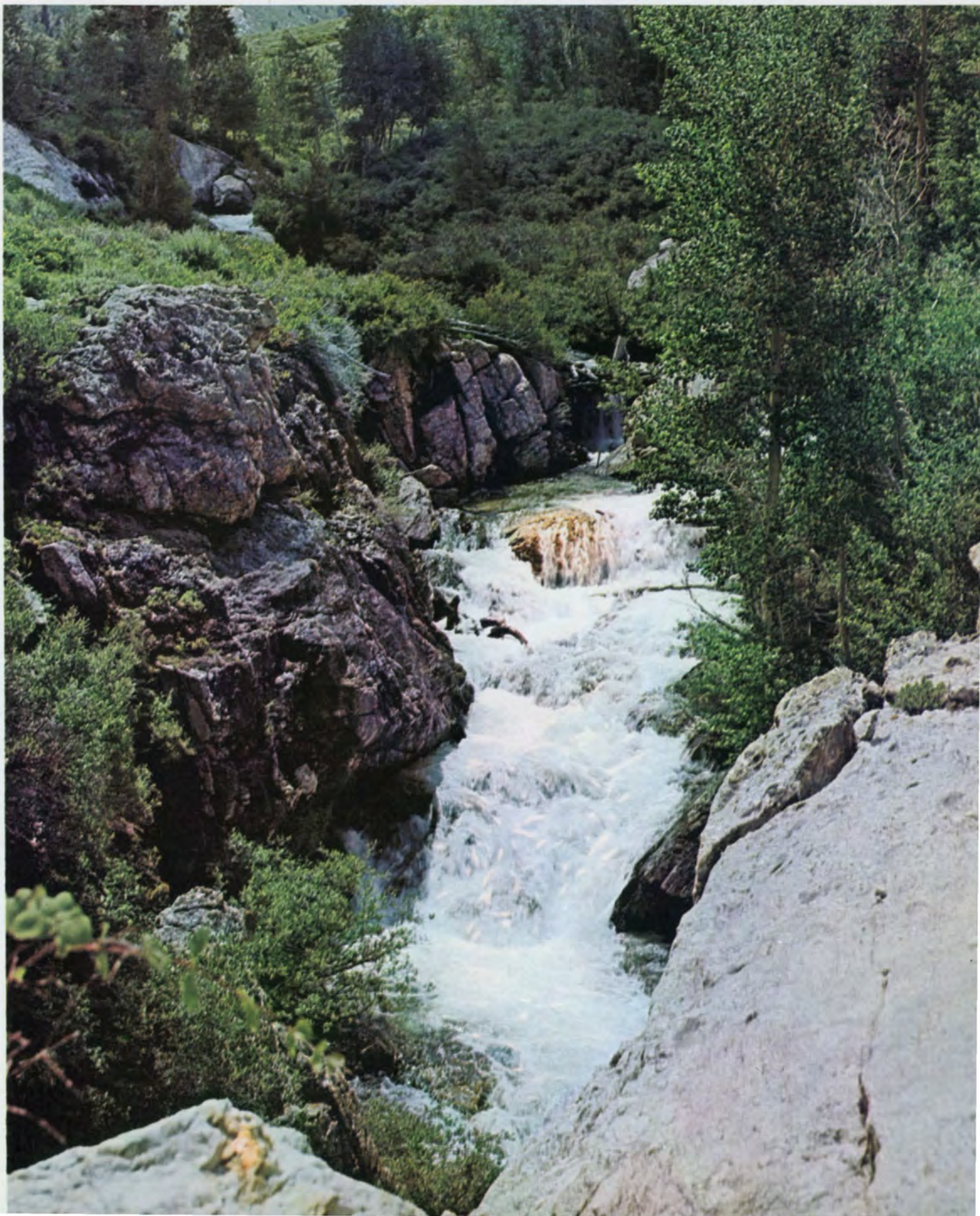
The road mounts in a horseshoe bend and below lies Camp Lamoille. All summer its miniature lake, grassy playgrounds and groves, echo to the rollicking of Girl and Boy Scouts, 4-H Clubs, and happy hosannas of church groups, all undampened by passing showers.

text continued page 25

Fishing is good, too, in the white waters churning down the canyon.



A scenic sonnet opposite — the camera explains the summer charm of Lamoille Canyon.



Photos by Adrian Atwater







The town of Lamoille (opposite, top left) nestles at the foot of the Rubys in a setting that suggests Switzerland. Other views were taken higher up, in the heart of Lamoille Canyon.







Gouged out eons ago by glacial rivers of ice, Lamoille Canyon is fringed with minor canyons and coves, one of which harbors summer homes. Pines, aspen, scrub oak and the mahogany characteristic of northeastern Nevada mountains, shelter the area which shares, too, the canyon's potpourri of aromatic fragrance. A vivid profusion of wild flowers splashes across the canyon floor below and onto the knee-hills of the Rubys.

Beyond, the climbing levels off to skirt The Meadows. It's as if, in the midst of primitive upheaval, the Creator rested and around Him spread a space of tranquility. Lamoille Creek stops brawling and croons along in sunny ripples. Near the ranger's log cabin, his horses graze on level green meadows dappled with wild flowers. Fishermen meander among the wild rose and berry thickets, extracting fulfillment of the creek's promise of spotted brook trout and pink-striped, silvery rainbows, and year after year, vacationists return to claim a favorite spot in nearby Thomas Canyon camp.

Above The Meadows, mountain sheep once hopscotched among wind-whipped peaks rising from 9,000 to more than 11,000 feet. The first history written about Nevada (1881) relates the plight of a Lamoille Valley settler whose small band of ewes was seduced to those heights by a wild ram. (Any mountain sheep glimpsed in the Rubys today was flown there by Nevada's Fish and Game Department, attempting repopulation through seeding from the Cascades.)

The road loops back on itself at the canyon's head. Here, Ruby Crest Trail begins its zigzag course southward 25 miles to Harrison Pass, touching nine of the Rubys' high lakes. The Forest Service plans to make this wilderness trail self-guiding with markers that blend with Nature's decor.

The Dollar Lakes, a scattering of pine-fringed lakelets reflecting the soaring majesty of crags above, lie near the trail's beginning. Scarlet and yellow columbine, blue elephant's head and lupine, Indian paint brush, sunflowers and bluebells, brighten cool mossy places and beckon from sunny ones, but it's August before the high lakes are ice-free.

When wild berries ripen and the canyon, splashed with red, gold and purpling bronze, dreams in a mellow haze, the *aficionado* sings paeans to autumn, though deer-stalking hunters above feel the bite of stinging snow winds. Cougars, too, haunt the deer runs, but the Nimrod is lucky if he catches even a glimpse of one of the great tawny cats.

Winter, sculptured crystal and white satin with shadowed blue nuances, is

continued page 44



The mathematical sweep of the dunes.

TOUR OF THE MONTH

By Julia Craw

SINGING SAND MOUNTAIN

Singing sands occur in many places around the world. Marco Polo reported this strange phenomenon from the Gobi Desert in the 13th century. In China over a thousand years ago, a talking hill was recorded to which the nearby villagers made annual pilgrimages of worship, running and climbing upon it to make the "god" within speak. The island of Kauai in the Hawaiian Islands has its Barking Sands and in Chile, Rumbling Mountain draws the curious from around the world.

Sand Mountain, on U.S. 50 about 24 miles east of Fallon, deserves to be better known. Thousands of motorists pass the huge, shining white dune every year without realizing that if they paused to listen the mountain would talk to them.

Before the age of science the voices of the sands were attributed to the supernatural, to restless souls, or to natural spirits and were either worshipped or feared. Some, like the hill in China, became shrines; others, thought to be haunted by the dead, were avoided.

The scientific explanations for singing sands are as varied as they are unsatisfactory. Professor E. H. Palmer, in 1869, made an expedition to Jabel Nakus, "Hill of the Bell," on the Sinai Peninsula to determine what produced the strange vibrating moans and thunderous roars and decided that they were caused by heat, friction and

Photos by Irving Pressman

the possibility of electrical influence. Others have laid the voices to uniformity in the size and shape of the grains of sand (in comparison they have been found no different from those in voiceless dunes); to an undiscovered content in the sand; to underground waters; and to contraction and expansion in temperature changes. But so far no single theory has been proven nor generally accepted. Why some dunes sing and others don't thus remains a mystery.

The billions of smoothed, almost polished, grains of quartz, feldspar and magnetite which make up Sand Mountain came from the beach sands of ancient Lake Lahontan, the great body of water which covered most of the western valleys of Nevada thousands of years ago. The shore line marks of the old lake can still be seen around the faces of the dark hills four or five hundred feet above the present level of the dry lake bed.

As the climate changed, water levels dropped, and the huge lake was separated by emerging hills into the smaller valley lakes we know today—Walker and Pyramid, Humboldt and Carson. As these lakes became land-locked and brackish, the desert Indians, clinging to the occasional spring or waterhole that was left, were forced to an existence on roots, seeds, lizards and grasshoppers.



Abstraction: A desert bush against the sands.



If the wind blows, children may defy gravity.

TOUR OF THE MONTH

Sand Springs, at the foot of Sand Mountain, was one of these waterholes and the Indians who used them became well acquainted with the mysterious voice of the hill. It is said that they feared the mountain, believing it to contain a buried soul crying for release. But they could not have feared it too greatly because the remains of what appear to be ancient campsites have been found far up on the flank of the mountain.

The modern road runs through the dry lake on a built-up bed now instead of skirting it as the emigrant trails of a hundred years ago did. Below the mountain, traces of these old trails remain and, at the springs, water still seeps upward through the white salt clay to slake the thirst of the few winter foraging cattle. No man lives now near the singing mountain. For those who want to hear it, a road winds in to the foot of the mountain and ends at a parking place and turnaround. It is unwise to drive beyond this point into the loose desert sand.

From the end of the road it is only a few hundred yards easy walking to the bottom of the main dune. Here the sand mountain rises sharply, topped by wind-sharpened ridges cutting the sky. Said to be the tallest dune in the United States it stands almost a thousand feet above the valley floor. It is not an easy climb to the top.

The best time for visiting the dunes is evening in summer or at

least when it is very dry, for the drier and hotter it is the easier it is to make the mountain sing. It is said that it will even sing to itself if conditions are exactly right dry, hot, and with a brisk wind to swirl the sand across the faces of the dunes. This is supposed to create a hum without any further persuasion. At other times, when the sands hold winter moisture or dew, it is harder. Then it takes a brisk push downward with hand or foot to bring out a vibrating grumble.

But most of the time just climbing up and down will bring out the mountain's song. As you reach the looser and slippery sand of the top of the hill you will become aware of a rumble under your feet at every sliding step. On the ridge every slightest movement starts the sand flowing downward like slow molasses, moaning softly as it slides. It is when you start your step-sliding descent that the mountain really comes alive and begins to roar, making a noise that to us sounded (and felt) like throbbing drums. With each giant step setting more sand in motion the sound increases in volume. About a third of the way down the sand becomes firmer and the sound begins to fade. You stop at the bottom and the deep silence of the desert surrounds you—the scurry of a horned toad sounds loud. You look up where the wind is already busy filling in your tracks and wonder if it happened.



Patterns etched in frozen motion at Sand Mountain.

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Photo courtesy Harolds Club

NEVADA'S GAMBLING PALACES

By Ron Mercer

Nevada's gambling palaces are among the most elaborate in the world. Larger by far than the casinos on the Riviera, livelier than the staid gambling rooms of London and Vienna, Nevada's internationally famous resorts have become a prime tourist attraction in a state which last year was invaded by more than 20,000,000 visitors.

Not all of them come to gamble, although admittedly the lure of lady luck accounts for a healthy share of the tourist dollars dropped here every year. One can, if one is so inclined, totally ignore the banks of slot machines and the rows of twenty-one and roulette tables in Nevada's elegant casinos, concentrating instead on other diversions at hand — lavish floor shows, lounge entertainment, swimming pools and sun decks, gourmet dining rooms, secluded garden walks, rooftop cocktail nooks, gun clubs and golf courses, and shops filled with the latest from Paris. These things, along with the scenery and the climate, are all a part of the Nevada vacation package, one of the neatest bargains to be found in the country.

No, one doesn't have to gamble in the Nevada resorts. But most people do, venturing with a bit of trepidation from a dime slot machine to a table that demands much greater concentration—and thereby contributing directly to Nevada's booming economy. Tourist dollars, including those spent for gambling, today account for more than 50 per cent of the state's total economic activity, and for approximately two-thirds of all tax revenues.

Gambling has been a part of the Nevada scene since the frontier era a century ago. In 1931 games were legalized in a coldly calculated move by the legislature to increase tax revenues during the depression. No one paid much attention to gambling, though, until after World War II when alert operators saw the advantage of converting the sleepy, back-room poker table into a big-time, diversified operation that would attract masses and masses of customers. Modern controls date from 1955 with the passage of the present Gaming Control Act, and from 1959 when the law was beefed up considerably and the state's administrative

continued page 44



WILLIAM SHARON



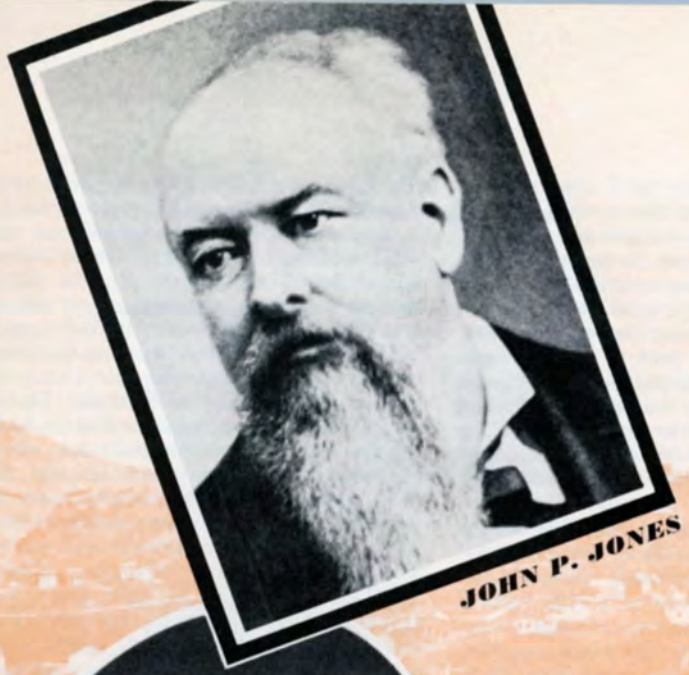
WILLIAM RALSTON

BY DAVID W. TOLL

COLLISION ON THE COMSTOCK

In 1851 a young man from Carrollton, Illinois, joined an immigrant caravan for the journey across the plains, arriving in San Francisco late in the year. Standing just over five feet in height and weighing but 135 pounds, he hardly presented the traditional picture of the pioneer, but his career was to prove as towering as he himself was small. After thirteen years of cautious real estate investments, he had acquired a handsome Stockton Street home, a personal fortune of $150,000, a place on the San Francisco City Council and a reputation for conservative good judgment and integrity. During the continuous excitements of the Mother Lode, Bill Sharon was content to let others rush from strike to strike. While they struggled after elusive fortune, he studiously and deliberately increased his real estate holdings an increment at a time.

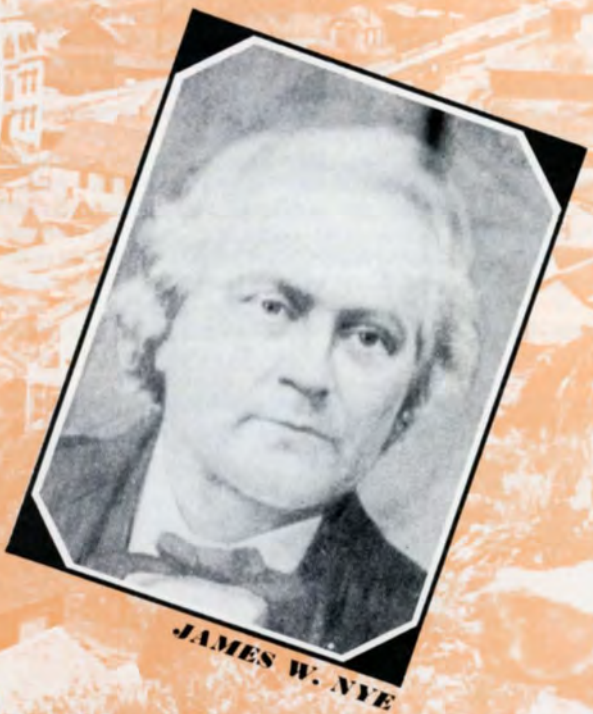
In the sixties, though, he began to see casual investors reaping fortunes in Comstock mining speculations. As he watched in fascination, he became convinced that what a waiter, a hos-



JOHN P. JONES



JAMES G. FAIR



JAMES W. NYE

tler, a minor civil servant could accomplish by chance, he could do through application of the same analytical principles that he had used successfully in real estate.

A careful survey of the market and the situation on the Comstock confirmed this idea, and he deduced that the key to the wealth of the Lode lay in control of one of the large mines. On Monday morning he set out to acquire control, and by Friday afternoon had lost his home, his fortune and his unimpeachable reputation for shrewdness. Sharon took the setback as a bitter personal outrage and promised revenge.

Broke and without prospects, Sharon turned for advice to an old home-town friend from Carrollton who gave him an introduction to William Ralston of the Bank of California, then the leading financial institution on the Coast. Ralston's bank was optimistically involved in so many enterprises that surely there was a place for a man of Sharon's acknowledged abilities, especially since the Carrollton friend was Ralston's father-in-law. There was. The Bank of Califor-

nia's corresponding bank on the Comstock had failed. Sharon was sent to salvage what he could of the assets to satisfy some $35,000 in notes that Ralston had been left holding. Sharon studied the situation at Virginia City and ended by staying on to establish and manage an Agency of Ralston's bank.

Another able but destitute Californian was soon to come to Ralston's attention: John Percival Jones. In 1849, when William Sharon had still been a student at Athens College, the lake steamer Eureka had departed the Ohio shore of Lake Erie carrying a small complement of gold-seekers, both men and women, bound for California and El Dorado. Jones was among them, a 20-year-old bank clerk who had come from England with his twelve brothers and sisters at the age of two or three to live on a farm in what is now downtown Cleveland. Jones stood slightly over five feet nine inches in height and carried 180 pounds of muscle and bone on his stocky frame. With the other passengers he was pressed into service shaving the Eureka's gunwales so she could squeeze through the narrow Welland Canal. Then via Quebec, the St. Lawrence and Cape Horn to San Francisco. Jones had already struck out cheerfully for the mines by the time marine inspectors stepped, shuddering, aboard the Eureka and pronounced her unfit to return to sea.

Like thousands of other miners, Jones had luck ranging from indifferent to calamitous as he drifted through Amador, Calaveras, Tuolumne and Trinity Counties in California. Offered a job as deputy sheriff of Trinity County, Jones dropped mining without hesitation. He ran for Sheriff and was elected. He ran for Justice of the Peace and was elected. He ran for State Senator and was elected: public life suited Jones, rather as an expression of his open, genial character than as the object of his ambitions. By the time William Sharon was making his way across the mountains to Virginia City, "Jones of Trinity" had become a statewide figure in California.

SHARON'S RISE TO POWER

Once established on the flank of Mt. Davidson, Sharon had little time to brood over his previous misfortune. He had arrived to find the Lode's finances snarled, miners going without wages for lack of coin to pay them, local banks charging prohibitive interest rates. It was a time of borasca, and as values dropped the banks were forced to repossess mines and mills which then lay idle.

The small banker with the delicate white hands moved like a dapper dervish through the chaos and disorganization, gathering facts, assessing information and weighing opinion, and then acting decisively and with daring.

He reduced interest rates from the prevailing five per cent to one per cent per month, allowing mine and mill operators to borrow without inevitable foreclosure if times turned bad. He provided a supply of coin to establish regular paydays which bolstered and steadied trade.

But that is not to say that properties were no longer foreclosed. Sharon, perhaps because he had been "cheated out of it" earlier, believed in a rich future for the Comstock and predicated every move on that belief. He evaluated the most promising mining properties, then plied them with loans until they fell, under the cumulative weight of the interest and the debilitating lack of high grade ore, into the bank's pocket. Sharon himself, with Ralston as his partner, gained control of enough stamp mills to exercise a virtual monopoly.

In this relentless way, Sharon not only had his "revenge" on the Comstock, he also made a large personal fortune and revitalized the Lode. True, his tactics had broken dozens of independent operators and cost countless small shareholders and margin operators their savings as he pressed values down in order to foreclose, but he had the nerve to convert a dangerous situation for the bank into a handsome pay-off. Of the $5,000,000 in bank assets, Sharon invested a reported $3,000,000 in Comstock properties. Not only would public loss of faith have padlocked the mines, this would have toppled the bank and severely crippled California financially. By resisting the temptation to bail out, Sharon maintained confidence until values began to rise. By 1867 William Sharon was the undisputed king of the Comstock.

JONES ENTERS THE SCENE

In that same year, in California, "Jones of Trinity" was chosen to run for the lieutenant governorship on the Gorham Republican ticket. He polled more votes than Gorham, but the ticket was defeated. All his money gone for the election, Jones found himself in Weaverville facing exactly the situation that Sharon had faced three years before in San Francisco: no money, no job and no prospects.

A friend named Alvinza Hayward suggested that Jones talk to Ralston. The interview, along with Hayward's recommendation, resulted in Jones leaving for the Comstock to superintend the Kentuck mine, one of the properties that Sharon had acquired for the bank.

And so the two Mid-Westerners, so different in character and appearance, had reached the Comstock via California, each a ruined man, each a key employee of a Ralston-dominated corporation, each enjoying his new position through the intercession of a friend with the ever-generous Ralston. There were differences, of course: Sharon had regained his lost wealth and much more besides, while Jones was $29,000 in debt. Sharon was extremely influential with a reputation for ruthlessness, while Jones was a relatively minor employee of the bank combine. Their parallel course had brought them together; their divergent temperments were to cause a rivalry that raged with direct effect on the development of the West for many years.

In April, 1869, a disastrous fire broke out in the Yellow Jacket mine in Gold Hill. The deep shafts choked up great billows of damp, heavy smoke, the vast underground caverns filled with poisonous fumes, and the air was sucked from the miners' lungs. Forty-two men died underground.

The rescue effort was prodigious and dramatic, capped when Jones of the Kentuck stepped forward as a volunteer to go eight hundred feet below the surface in the adjoining Crown Point to seal off a ventilating shaft feeding oxygen to the flames.

Accompanied by another volunteer, Jones sank out of sight into the pillar of smoke. The engineer sent the elevator cage down as fast as it would drop, eighty stories underground. Minutes passed as the thousands of spectators waited nervously. Five minutes eight ten fifteen. At last — almost too late, it seemed came three tugs on the signal rope. The engineer catapulted the cage to the surface. Jones was barely stirring and his companion was like dead. When his head cleared, Jones laughed and said he had never been as "drunk" before.

Jones had been a popular figure since his arrival — now he was a hero.

Sharon, reading newspaper accounts of the fire, saw trouble coming for the Comstock. There had been a hint of a strike in the Yellow Jacket which had been nudging the market up. News of the fire, which put the ore pocket out of reach, sent it tumbling.

In 1870 Jones was transferred to the adjoining Crown Point on the chance that he could trace the lost vein through to that mine, but months of exploration produced only dirt.

Late in the year Jones appeared in San Francisco to dispose of some scattered shares he owned in Crown Point

at a loss. He explained that his daughter lay ill back east and that he expected to have to visit her at any time. Even though he talked confidently about the long-term prospects of the mine, the skeptical brokers had heard similar stories before. When they laughed about "Jones' Sick Child," they meant the Crown Point on the Comstock, not his daughter in Ohio. They sold, and the stock hit bottom at $2 per share, driving nearby stocks down in sympathy, notably the bank-controlled Belcher which flattened out at $1.50.

Sharon was dismayed, but once again resisted the temptation to sell out. He continued to watch the trends of the stocks and noticed a peculiarity: there was far more activity in Crown Point than the stock's depressed position warranted. Someone, he deduced, was buying up control, and buying it for a song. Investigation soon brought him the names of the speculators: Alvinza Hayward and John P. Jones!

Then Sharon made a mistake. He took the transaction as a personal challenge and determined to teach the traitors a lesson. He went to Hayward's San Francisco office with the entire bank holding of Crown Point stock, amounting to controlling interest: 41,000 shares. Rising to the "challenge," Sharon tossed the certificates on Hayward's desk: put up or shut up.

Cold as snow, Hayward wrote out a check for $1,400,000. Now he and Jones owned control of the Crown Point and William Sharon owned a bad case of chagrin and trembling nerves which escalated upon the announcement of a huge strike in the mine. If Sharon recognized the maneuver as a taste of his own manipulative medicine it did nothing to improve his temper or sweeten the taste of being made ridiculous by handing over control as if on order. Probably it was a bitter reminder of his speculative fiasco six years before. In any case, the men had met head-on for the first time, and further conflict was inevitable.

SHARON'S MANEUVERS BACKFIRE

Among the first activities of the Jones-Hayward combination was the organization of the Nevada Mill & Mining Company to crush the Crown Point ore and incidentally to compete with the Sharon-Ralston mills. For the first time since Sharon had established his supremacy on the Comstock the monopoly grip of the bank had been loosened.

The reverses brought about by Jones and Hayward were far from the only problem faced by the bank. One of the most persistent and nagging was Adolph Sutro and his tunnel scheme. Sutro had planned a tunnel running four miles under the foothills to the east of Mt. Davidson for the purpose of draining the water from the lower levels of the mines and to provide an easier way to take ore from the deep shafts.

Originally, Sutro had the backing of Sharon and most of the important mine operators, but Sharon's support ended when he began operating the Virginia & Truckee Railway. He had no interest in encouraging Sutro's competitive method of getting ore to the mills especially since he and his associates did have interests in the mills served by the V & T

The Yellow-Jacket fire of 1869 gave Sutro another selling-point for his tunnel: had it been completed, the trapped miners might have been saved even though the shafts were blocked. This argument combined with anti-bank sentiment with the result that the Virginia City Miners Union made a $50,000 investment in the tunnel. This in turn spurred the interest of investors elsewhere. The prospects for federal assistance in the project seemed to be gaining backing in Washington despite all that Nevada's Congressional delegation could do.

Between them Sharon and Ralston decided that they needed a personal hand at the Capitol. In May, 1872, Sharon announced his candidacy for the United States Senate. He was running against the Democratic incumbent James W Nye who rated only a slim chance against a determined opponent



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Panorama of Virginia City.

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who was at the same time wealthy and a Republican.

Were it not for one factor, Sharon could count on his election as a certainty. The factor was a rival Republican candidate of wealth: John P. Jones.

Sharon was preparing for a bitter and protracted campaign when word reached him that Jones and Hayward had brought off another coup, snatching control of the Savage mine from under his nose. Sharon was apoplectic, until he learned that they had bought the shares on margin. He realized that if the stock could be depressed enough, it would cost the upstarts millions to cover their margin. If the market fell fast enough and far enough, they would be ruined. And if that failed to discourage Jones from interfering in his plans, Sharon had a second strategy ready.

Sharon threw Savage stock onto the market with both hands. When the dust cleared he had cost his enemies $3,000,000. He had also brought the stock market down in a historic crash which wiped out small speculators and margin operators by the thousands. But Jones was still solvent; Sharon played his next card the following day.

A miner named Isaac Hubbell made public an affidavit alleging that Jones had cynically engineered the Yellow Jacket fire, in which he had so distinguished himself, as window dressing for a stock manipulation. The accusation exploded like a bombshell over San Francisco and the Comstock. Then, the next day, Hubbell cheerfully admitted that Sharon had given him $50,000 to make the accusation. When Jones saw Hubbell's statement in the papers, he caught the next train for San Francisco and ran Sharon to earth in Ralston's office at the bank. There are conflicting versions of their encounter, but they agree that Jones pulled a pistol whether to shoot Sharon on the spot or provide him with a means of defense for their next meeting is not clear. Only the persuasive good offices of William Ralston preserved the peace.

Once again the residents of the Comstock had seen Sharon dump stock on the market to bring it crashing down at incalculable expense to themselves. Once again it was the small operator who was hardest hit, and once again the number of those ruined reached into the thousands while Sharon himself emerged with more wealth than ever. Not content with gratuitously demolishing the value of Comstock shares in his vendetta against Jones, he had next resorted to vicious slander against a man they regarded as a hero.

While an investigation was launched into the fire on the basis of Hubbell's affidavit against Jones, the Storey County Grand Jury brought a conspiracy indictment against Sharon for bribing Hubbell. On this note Sharon returned to Nevada, to be greeted by an article in the *Territorial Enterprise* which expressed the sentiments of Virginia City:

"Your unexpected return, Mr. Sharon, has afforded no opportunity for public preparation, and you will consequently accept these simple remarks as an unworthy but earnest expression of a people who feel that they would be lacking in duty and self-respect if they failed on such an occasion to make a deserved recognition of your acts and character. You are probably aware that you have returned to a community where you are feared, hated, and despised Your career in Nevada for the past nine years has been one of merciless rapacity. You fostered yourself upon the vitals of the state like a hyena, and woe to him who disputed with you a single coveted morsel of your prey You cast honor, honesty and the commonest civility aside. You broke faith with men whenever you could subserve your purpose by so doing."

JONES ENJOYS AN EASY VICTORY

If the Comstockers could not be rid of William Sharon from the financial structure of the Lode, they need not take him as their representative in Washington. In final exasperation at Sharon, the support of the Comstock went overwhelmingly to Jones, whom the press of the state had dubbed "the Commoner." (Nye had been called "the Gray Eagle"; William Sharon was Mr. Sharon.) Once again Sharon's attack had failed; the spiteful energy of his tactics had damaged Jones financially, but they had proven politically ruinous to himself.

However tensely Bill Sharon regarded each encounter as a matter of life-or-death, Jones was a good deal more relaxed. One day early in the election campaign he was visited in his Gold Hill home by an Englishman who told him that there were a thousand English miners (and voters) in Virginia City who wanted to start a "Jones British Club" in honor of their common birthplace. Jones laughed and told the man: "All right. Find a hall, pay the rent in advance for six months, hire a band for every night up to election day, have some refreshments on hand, and let the boys have a good time. Come to me for what may be needed."

Another visitor, a San Franciscan

who hoped to capitalize on the feverish feelings the campaign inspired, came to Jones offering to serve him as a fist-fighter for the duration, at $50 per day. As the man made his proposal, Jones' face lit up, and he replied that he had been looking for a man to do just that, and that the price seemed fair. "But look here," Jones said, "there's a fellow in the other room that I keep around to test applicants. If you fight him to a draw, you go on the payroll at $50 a day. If you lick him, you go on in his place at $100." The man in the next room was Jones' brother Sam, as husky and well-suited for a scrap as Jones himself. Overhearing the conversation, Sam strolled into the room and pierced the stranger with a black and glittering look as he slipped out of his jacket.

"Is that man a friend of yours?" the stranger asked Jones out of the corner of his mouth, his eyes never leaving Sam.

"Yes, one of long standing," replied Jones.

"In that case," said the man, reaching for his hat, "I decline to lick him. I will never have it said of me that I ever deliberately did violence to a friend of John P. Jones!" His speech had carried him to the door, and his legs took him rapidly out of sight altogether.

Still another visitor offered Jones a thousand votes at ten dollars a head.

"And who are these gentlemen who desire to sell their votes?"

"J.P., they are quiet fellows who will never say a word. It has taken me a lot of work to get them organized. But I've got them in my pocket, and I'll vote the lot for you for ten thousand dollars."

Jones at last pinned the man down: "J.P., they're up in the burying ground. I've been a month cleaning the dust off those headboards. But I've tended to the job in style, and every man-jack is on the Great Register." When Jones declined the offer, the man left his house shouting that he'd vote the cemetery for Sharon.

Sharon would need those votes. His attempts to organize support were too often fruitless. Harry Mighels, editor of the *Carson City Appeal*, reported a request for support from Sharon which he turned down. Sharon, in no mood to mince words, told Mighels he was too poor a man to be so independent. "Poor?" replied Mighels. "You ought to see that little baby of mine. Why, I'm richer than you are."

"Don't talk like a damned fool," snapped Sharon.

"Oh, was I talking like a damned fool?" asked Mighels.

"Of course you were."

"Well, isn't it a wonder how I can adjust my language to match the comprehension of those I'm talking with?" Sharon got no comfort from the *Appeal*.

When Jones was officially cleared of any complicity in the Yellow Jacket fire, Ralston, watching from San Francisco, had enough. No further benefit could be derived from Sharon's continued candidacy, and Sharon was ordered to resign from the race. On August 16th Sharon wrote out a brief statement explaining that he was too sick to continue.

For all practical purposes the race for Nevada's Senate seat was over, yet it seemed that Jones' campaigning only now began in earnest. He passed out largesse with a lavish hand, inviting everyone to participate. Or almost everyone.

On election day Jones received a visit from the president of the Jones British Club. The membership had assembled and levied an assessment which Jones was expected to pay in their treasury before they would vote. Jones promised to appear, but he kept them waiting until just before the polls closed. Then he went to the hall and spoke to the English miners.

"My fellow miners," he began, "I have taken great interest in your club from the first It was not half so much to get your votes as because we all came from the same land, and while our allegiance here is equal to any native-born American's " Jones droned on in a florid and interminable eulogy to their mother country, concluding with these words: "A hundred years ago, when England had unworthy citizens, she transported those she did not hang. I am satisfied that had that still been the custom, not one of you would have paid your own passage money to get away. And now, asking your pardon for delaying you so long, I want to explain that the only reason that prompted me to come here today was to have the pleasure of telling every mother's son of you that you have my full permission to go to hell!"

The Britishers rushed out in a body to vote Nye's ticket, but it was too late, and a thousand white-faced English miners were shut out.

It must be assumed that upon Jones' refusal, Sharon's withdrawal and Nye's too-limited means, the residents of Virginia City's cemeteries were disenfranchised as well.

When the vote was taken in the legislature, Jones received 53 votes of a possible 72 and "the Commoner" replaced "the Gray Eagle" alongside William Stewart in the United States Senate.

Nye, now in his seventies, was too old to practice law, but without the



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means to retire. Completely overshadowed during the campaign by his two millionaire opponents and their gaudy struggle he quietly left for San Francisco on his way back east where his family awaited him. Realizing the old man's humiliation and reacting to it with characteristic generosity, William Ralston raised a parting gift of $100,000 for Nye. The old man was discovered several months later wandering vaguely in the streets of Richmond, Virginia, and died shortly afterward in a sanitarium.

SHARON TRIES AGAIN

Generous as he was, Ralston was in no way amenable to seeing Adolph Sutro make progress with his tunnel. Two years later, when William Stewart vacated his Senate seat, Sutro filed for it. Sutro had been the object of a widespread campaign of vilification. Taking advantage of Sutro's Germanic arrogance probably stemming more from single-mindedness than anything else this campaign had borne fruit. Sutro had come to be thought of as an opportunistic meddler who would milk the mines of their wealth for his own profit without regard for the future.

Once again into the breach sprang William Sharon but this time he was ready. Still stinging from the abuse he had taken from the influential press of the Comstock, he had purchased control of the *Territorial Enterprise* and the *Gold Hill News*. He swallowed his pride and exchanged public compliments with Jones. He spent more than $800,000 for "publicity." And, most important, he had the good fortune this time to oppose a man whose programs were distrusted even more than Sharon himself was despised. Sharon took his Senate seat beside his old rival in 1875.

Although he made only a half-dozen speeches in his career, Jones served in the Senate for thirty consecutive years. Sharon stepped down after a single term to devote himself to the bank of California, succeeded by yet another Comstock millionaire, James G. Fair, who maintained the reputation of Nevada's Silver Senators in the opulence and dash that characterized his habits.

What was it that had made conflict inevitable between Sharon and Jones who had shared so many common experiences, that led them again and again into titanic conflicts of will costing them millions of dollars? At bottom it seems to have been Sharon's compulsive attempts to perpetuate his kingship of the Comstock.

A remark once made by Jones to Senator Lodge might with equal justice have been applied to Sharon:

"Senator," Jones said, "you have never come down to earth. You don't know a blessed thing in the world of how a poor man goes to work to feed his babies." More important, perhaps, Sharon didn't care.

Sharon and Jones crossed paths many times over the years following, and skirmished on many occasions. But their later dealings were like pale reflections, faint echoes, of their collision on the Comstock in the election of 1872.



Virginia City in its heyday.

Photo courtesy Bancroft Library

sneak preview

You will be seeing this spectacular color photo but much larger! in the next issue of **NEVADA** magazine. This and a series of other memorable photographs by the great West Coast photographer, David Muench.

And the story of Harrah's Automobile Collection. Behind the scenes at the biggest, most fascinating auto museum in the world. Photos in color of a number of Antique, Vintage and Classic cars the Packard Boat-tail Speedster, the Duesenberg Dual Cowl Phaeton, the Pierce Arrow, for example a page out of the past.

These and other stories you won't want to miss in the big Christmas issue of **NEVADA** magazine, appearing in early December.

It's never too early to be thinking about the Christmas gift problem. Do it the easy way this year—send them the smell of the sage—send them a subscription to **NEVADA** magazine, the gift your friends will cherish the whole year 'round. Fill out the gift order envelope included with this issue and we will do the rest. We will send gift announcement cards the first week in December. You can begin your gift subscription order with the Christmas issue if you order before November 15.





NEVADA

TO ROLL BEFORE DINNER

By Grace Kendrick
Photos by Laura Mills

The party starts at eight in the morning.

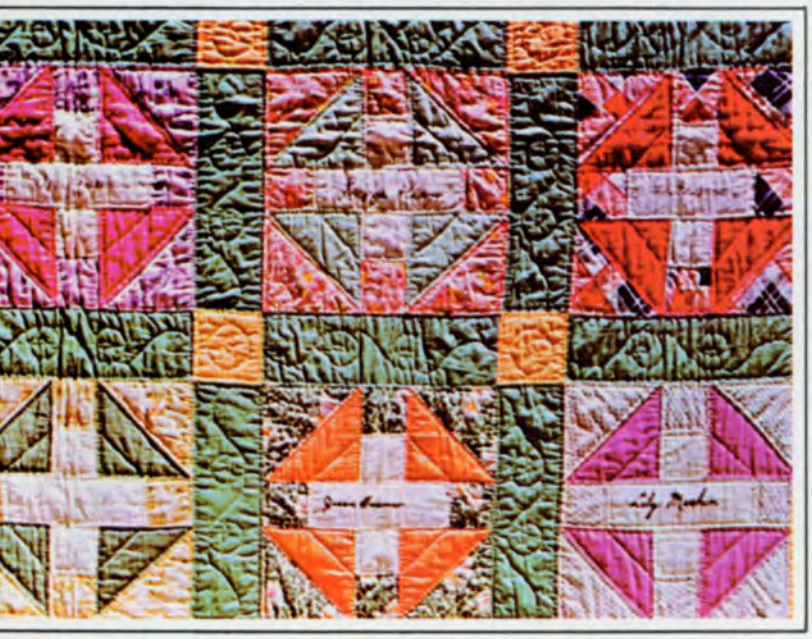
Ladies of the Harmony Social Club begin their old-fashioned chore while the day is yet young, for this is a conscientious group of experts who realize how many man hours must go into a completed quilt.

Arriving at the quilting party, the ladies take their places around the quilt which was locked in a frame the night before. Each removes a thimble and small scissors from her purse, threads a small needle with special quilting thread — and the day's work is underway in earnest. Skilled fingers move agilely as a running stitch goes down, following a marked pattern. Each tiny stitch must penetrate through several layers of material and the puffy cotton "batt" that gives substance to the quilt. These experienced quilters put down six to twelve stitches per inch, each one appearing on the bottom of the quilt as even and beautiful as on the top.

When the quilting design along the edge is completed as far as the ladies' arms can conveniently reach, the clamps are released and the quilt is rolled to expose a new area for stitching. Quilters on either side of the frame enter into a friendly rivalry as the morning proceeds, hoping to be the first "to roll." The prime objective for both teams is "to roll before dinner."

Dinner, is served family style promptly at noon, a meal usually so abundant that it might be as appropriate for Thanksgiving as a quilting bee. It's a noisy, relaxed meal, accompanied by much laughter and jokes about dieting.

Most of the ladies are pioneers in the Fallon area, coming here in the early 1900's when the valley was opened to farming after completion of the Newlands Project, an extensive irrigation system. Now in their 70's or 80's, most of the ladies helped to raise the crops that made the valley famous — alfalfa, sugar beets, cantaloupe and prize Fallon turkeys. They organized the Harmony





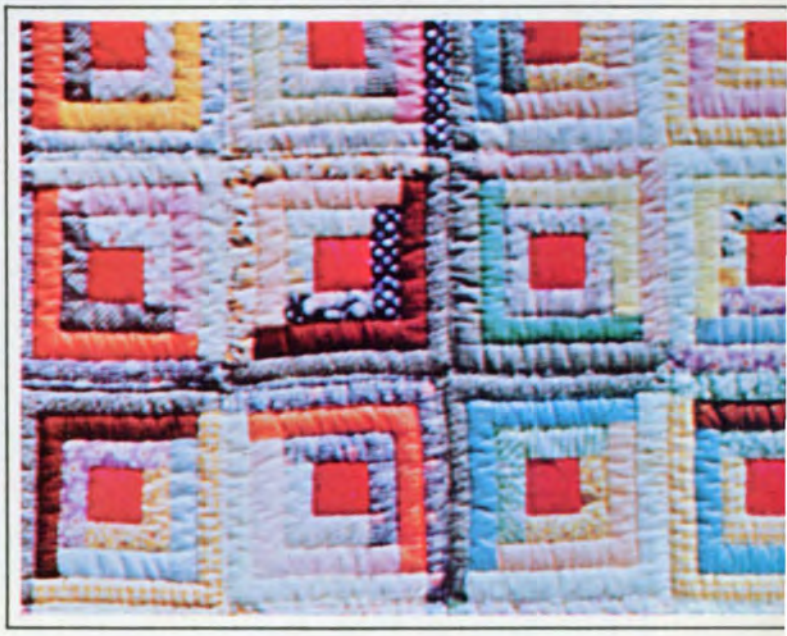


Head to head and hand to hand, old friends work at a quilting bee, keeping alive a fast-disappearing American art. The traditional designs carry names as old fashioned as the craft itself — the Friendship Quilt, for example, and the Log Cabin.



Social Club in 1915 as a service organization, assisting at all the social functions of the community and raising money for their beloved Harmon School. Along with public dances, card parties and pot-luck suppers, quilting has remained one of the dominant activities of the group.

Held monthly, year after year, the quilting parties bring these old friends together regularly to participate in an art fast disappearing in most parts of the country, the Early American craft of quilting.





about the CONTRIBUTORS

PHOTO CREDITS

Front Cover: David Muench. *Bingles, Slugs and Tokes:* Jim Reinheller, Highway Dept. *Purple Onion:* Jim Reinheller, Highway Dept. *Gambling Palaces:* Photos of the Las Vegas resorts by the Las Vegas News Bureau, remaining photos loaned by the various resorts. *Lamoille Canyon:* Adrian Atwater, Highway Dept. *Sand Mountain:* Irving Pressman. *Collision on the Comstock:* Historical photos courtesy Bancroft Library, University of California. *To Roll Before Dinner:* Laura Mills.



DAVID TOLL, author of "Collision on the Comstock," a soundly researched and suspense-filled story about an election in Virginia City, lives and writes in Reno. The author of many magazine articles, he has also worked in radio and public relations. JEAN MCELRATH needs no introduction to those who read her previous stories about her native Elko County. In this issue she pays a well-tuned tribute to Lamoille Canyon, page 20. JULIA CRAW of nearby Quincy, California, spins a fascinating yarn about Singing Sand Mountain on page 26. RON MERCER, a Carson City resident and ex-newsman, is an expert on the gambling industry. He discusses the subject in his story on page 14. GRACE KENDRICK of Fallon worked with Laura Mills, a well-known Churchill County photographer, to produce the story on quilts, page 40. TWO OTHER authors represented here, Nevadans both, use ficticious names Randy Parker and Samuel Clover.

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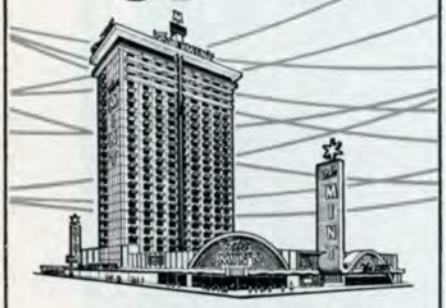
SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW- *the spirit of* NEVADA!

Making plans to attend Carson City's 28th Nevada Day parade via Bell of Nevada's new TOUCH-TONE telephone is Miss Sade Grant. Sade has marched in every parade since 1938, the year the first celebration was held in our capital. This year Bell of Nevada began installing the new sound-operated TOUCH-TONE telephones in booths. Something old and something new Nevada is like that. Pioneer spirit and modern technology go well in our state. Come to Carson City on October 31st and join in the festivities.

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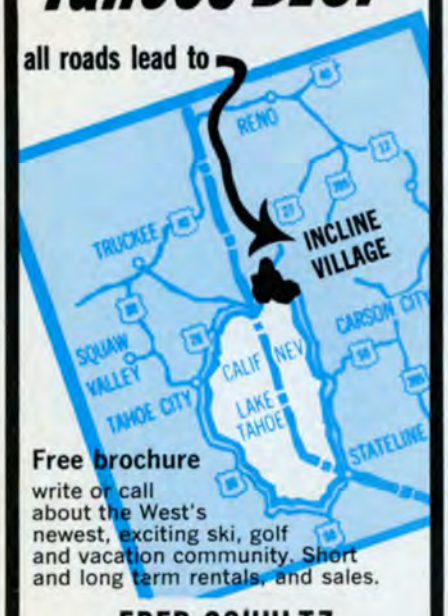


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NEVADA'S GAMBLING PALACES concluded

and enforcement machinery put into motion.

Two state agencies, euphemistically called the Nevada Gaming Commission and State Gaming Control Board, are charged with the licensing, taxation and control of the industry. Staffed by professional investigators, auditors and gambling experts, these agencies take action against underworld influence, collect the taxes that are due the state, and enforce regulations against cheating and other violations.

As gambling goes Nevada-style, the casino (or house) has an overall margin of roughly ten per cent, which means the customer can expect to retain 90 cents out of each dollar he plays over the long run; and if luck is with him, he stands a fair chance of winning in short term play. John Scarne who is considered a leading authority on the subject, points out in his book, *The Complete Guide to Gambling*, that "odds on traditional gambling games played in Nevada are much more favorable to the player than are those in forms of legal gambling found in other states, such as pari-mutuel wagering on horse races." Thus, the odds may not be with the player in Nevada, but at least he gets a better break than in the 30 other states in the country that also permit betting of one kind or another.

Because gambling is wide open here, and a subject magnetically attractive to feature writers everywhere, Nevada is widely and somewhat suspiciously regarded as the gambling capital of the world. Surprising, then, to many is the fact that six other states where gambling is permitted New York, California, Florida, Illinois, New Jersey and Michigan take in more in gambling tax revenues every year than Nevada. This puts the situation into somewhat sharper focus.

The trend in recent years in Nevada, as amply evidenced by the accompanying photos, is toward bigger, more complex resort operations than anyone would have thought possible more than 25 years ago. The casinos today are building upward into the sky to accommodate what appears to be an unending supply of enthusiastic patrons. Hotel rooms, thickly carpeted and handsomely equipped, come for but a modest fee. Superb menus can be sampled at budget rates. But best of all is the entertainment schedule top-flight stars, singers, dancers and performers from here and abroad, stunning production numbers, jazz, country music, far-out comedy. Everything in the entertainment line, in short, in abundance and rich variety the reason for Nevada's undisputed reputation as *the* show state of the nation.

LAMOILLE CANYON concluded

enchantment, its cultists insist. This hardy little band does not think the spell will be wholly shattered when the completed road opens to the World. (The master plan forecasts a privately operated ski lodge, runs, lift and warming huts.)

Beautiful as the canyon is on the way up, it's when you start down that you are forever "hooked," Lamoille's troubadours say. Ahead and below lie the breath-taking magnificence of jagged, cloud-scraping scarps, seasonal color of foliage and flowers, spilling over the hills and through the canyon, punctuated by silver ribbons of water, and beyond that, framed by the canyon mouth, a panoramic vista of the valley below.

When the canyon road again junctions with Nevada 46, the motorist turning left can be caught up in Elko's busy urbanity in less than 20 minutes; but, by turning right, he can meander through the quietly picturesque village of Lamoille. Summer homes, fine old ranches, a postoffice, picnic grove, community hall and two bars line shady streets. The valley, famed for fine cattle, currently boasts two widely known registered Hereford breeding ranches. A deft blend of sweet clover and sage makes the product of its bee farm renowned. (Thirteen tons were shipped to England in one season, a few years back) The sleek coats and inimitable ways of the inhabitants of Nevada's only beaver farm are another Lamoille fascination.

Peacefully austere, with its white siding and stained glass windows, the Little Church of the Crossroads lifts its slim steeple serenely against the snow-crowned Rubys, no more overwhelmed by them than was the bachelor who hewed logs for a cabin 100 years ago, in the valley he named Lamoille, because it reminded him of his rugged Vermont home.

A turn to the left at the church corner and a leisurely 10-mile drive along the foothills, past prosperous ranches, brings one to a monument marking the site of Ft. Halleck (1867-86), one of the string of Army forts riding herd on mischief-bent redskins and renegades along the highroad West. In the field behind, trees once part of the fort's quadrangle, still stand tall and green. Another half-dozen miles and the road corners with those leading north into Starr Valley, southeast over Secret Pass, or northwest through old Halleck station 11 miles to meet U.S. 40. Whichever way he turns there, the visitor carries with him his own vision of Lamoille Canyon's "most beautiful spot."

SATURDAY EVENING POST CALLED IT
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