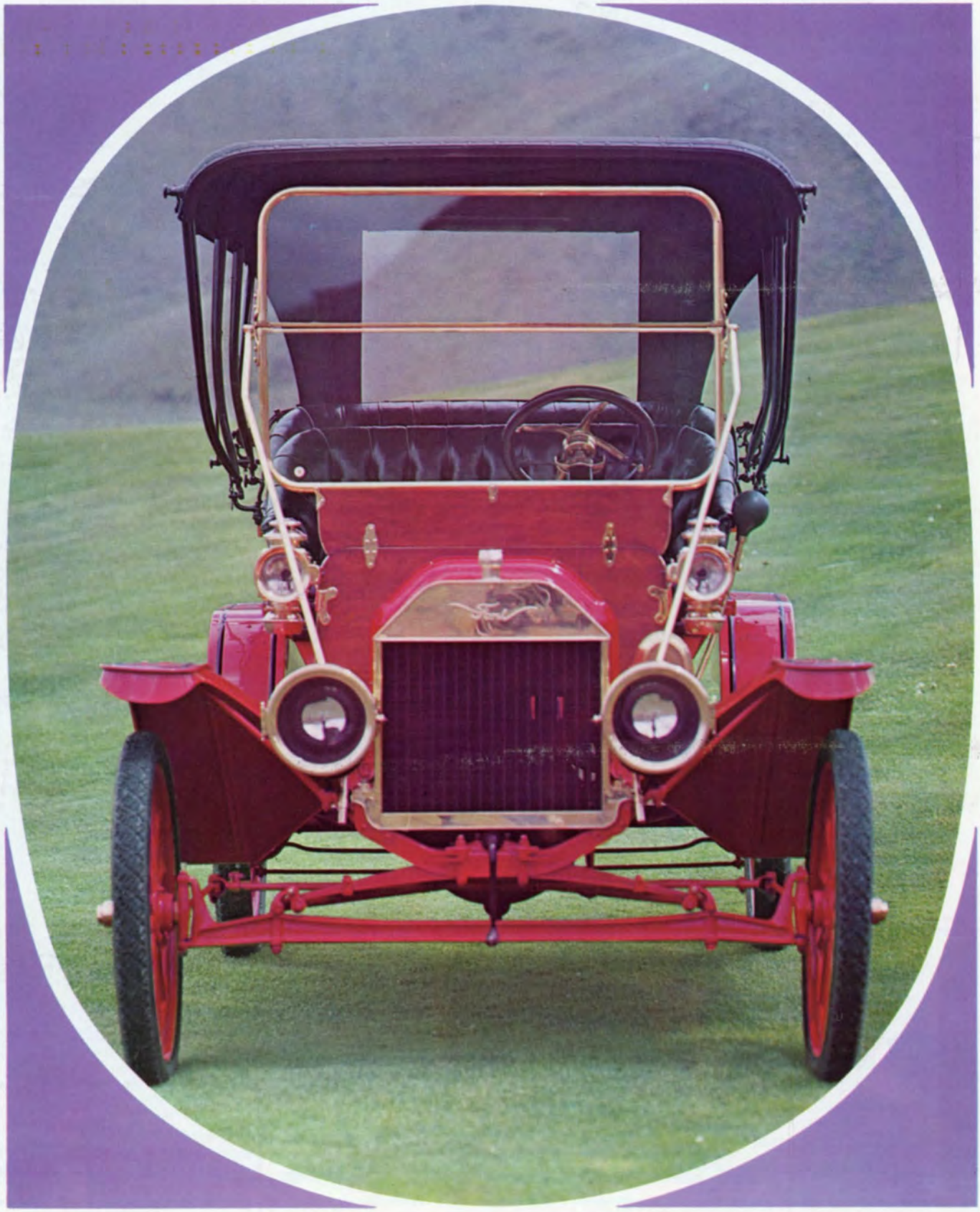
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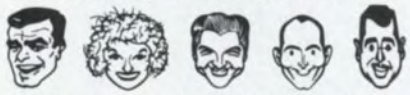


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Front cover
The car that put America on wheels, the irrepressible Model T First appearing in 1909, the Model T was produced through 1927, longer than any other car. Photo on cover shows a 1909 model, one of America's all-time favorites.

Spring 1967, Volume 27, Number 1

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SHOWSVILLE USA!

LAKE TAHOE

HARRAH'S
Phil Harris, Dec. 17 - Jan. 1
Sammy Davis, Jr., Jan. 31
Bill Cosby, Feb. 28

HARVEY'S
Juan Esquivel, Dec. 20 - Jan. 2
Top of the Wheel:
Ted Fio Rito, thru Jan. 23
Ron Rose, Jan. 24

SAHARA-TAHOE
Jack Carter, Dec. 13 - Jan. 2
Jane Morgan, Jan. 31
Shani Wallis - Richard Pryor, Feb. 19

RENO-SPARKS

HAROLDS CLUB
Petula Clark, Dec. 6 - Jan. 2

HARRAH'S
Kay Starr, thru Dec. 14
Roger Miller, Dec. 15 - Jan. 4

RIVERSIDE
Barry Ashton Spectaculars



The Congo Room of the Sahara in Las Vegas adds another star for the Christmas season when Welsh songstress SHIRLEY BASSEY *opens December 23.*

HOLIDAY
Charles Gould and His Satin Strings

NUGGET
Fred Waring, Dec. 15 Jan. 4

LAS VEGAS

CAESAR'S PALACE
Johnny Mathis, Dec. 8
"Sweet Charity" starring Juliet Prowse, Dec. 29

THUNDERBIRD
Henny Youngman, Dec. 23 thru Jan. 16

TROPICANA
"Folies Bergere"

DESERT INN
"Hello America"

FLAMINGO
Charles Aznavour - Joan Rivers, Dec. 23
Bill Cosby, Jan. 13
Caterina Valente - Myron Cohen, Feb. 3
Phyllis Diller, Feb. 23



BILL COSBY — *travels the state of Nevada, instead of his usual grounds, when he opens at the Fabulous Flamingo in Las Vegas, January 13 and Harrah's Lake Tahoe February 28.*

SAHARA
Connie Francis, thru Dec. 11
Shirley Bassey - Osmond Brothers, Dec. 23
Buddy Hackett - Sergio Franchi, Jan. 17
Roebrt Goulet Norm Crosby, Feb. 21

SANDS
Steve Lawrence - Eydie Gorme, Dec. 14
Sammy Davis, Jr., Jan. 11

STARDUST
"Le Lido de Paris Revue - Quelle Nuit"

RIVIERA
Debbie Reynolds, Dec. 20
Tony Martin - Louis Armstrong, Feb. 1
Debbie Reynolds, Mar. 7

DUNES
"Casino de Paris"

ALADDIN
Billy Eckstine
Redd Foxx
Pussy Cat Galore Revue
Jackie Mason, Dec. 23
Rusty Warren, Dec. 30



PETULA CLARK — *returns to the 7th floor Fun Room of Harolds Club Reno for an engagement extending from December 6 through January 2.*

Harrah's Automobile Collection



By Faith Greaves

With a minimum of fanfare and publicity, Harrah's Automobile Collection has emerged as one of Nevada's outstanding tourist attractions. Since it opened to the public in 1962 this unique display of antique, vintage and classic autos has drawn more than half a million visitors. And this, from every indication, is only the beginning.

It requires but one trip to the collection, the largest in the world, to understand why it has such universal appeal. To see these sparkling, new-looking, old cars is to take a fast trip back to yesterday — to return to the nostalgic era when the nation was excitedly first taking to the open road. One need not be an expert to enjoy the impressive collection which is housed just 3½ miles east of Reno. Many visitors, of course, are sophisticated old car buffs. Other would like to be. But by far the largest share of visitors are ordinary people who come to the collection simply to take a sentimental peek into the past.

The guest book in the lobby has been signed by visitors from every state in the country as well as from nations throughout the world. They ask thousands of questions, take thousands of photographs, volunteer an unending number of stories about personal experiences they've had with cars similar to those on display, and they return home with pleasant, rekindled memories of the old days.



Don C. Wolter

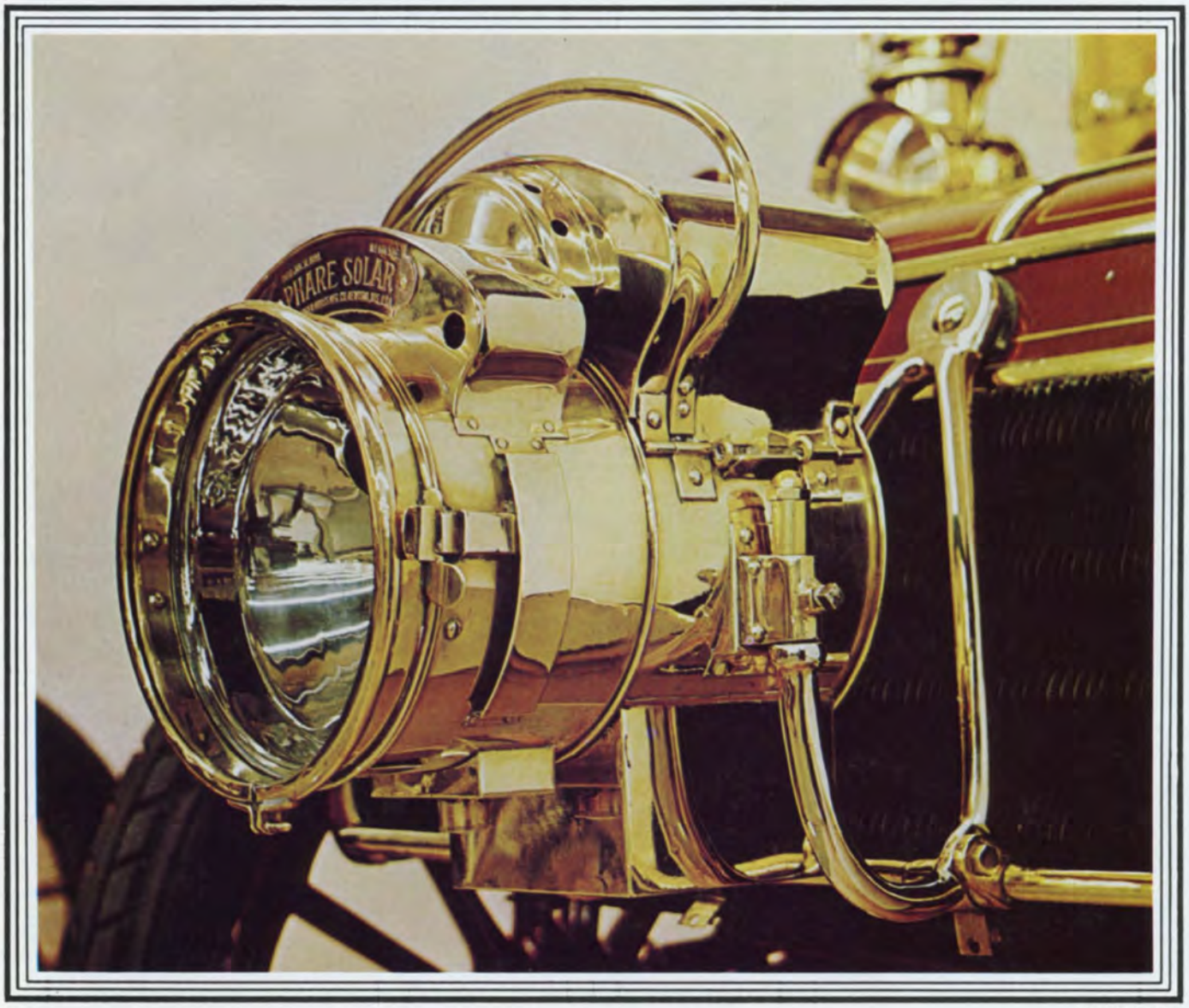
The spirit of the entire collection is symbolized by these ornate fittings, authentically restored by the automotive craftsmen at Harrah's Automobile Collection.

Left, the camera scrutinizes the graceful lines of a Solar kerosene lamp and bulb horn, equipment on the 1907 Thomas Flyer. Below, the gleaming, massive single carbide headlight that guided the 1903 Packard Touring car.

How they feel about the collection may be judged by the remarks they leave in the guest book. One woman gratefully wrote, "Nicest birthday for my husband." Another penned, "To an old car lover, it's too much to stand." And another, "An educational and inspiring exhibition." The most ambitious expression of appreciation to date was left by a visitor who actually knew how to spell "supercalifragilisticexpealidocious."

The man who developed a dream into reality is William F Harrah, founder of Harrah's Clubs, Reno and Lake Tahoe, of which Harrah's Automobile Collection is a part. It all started in 1948 when Harrah acquired a 1911 Maxwell and a 1911 Ford to which he shortly added a 1906 Model "F" Ford and a 1902 Curved-Dash Oldsmobile. Considered one of Nevada's most astute businessmen, Harrah quickly recognized the possibility of combining his interest in antique vehicles with promotion of his casino activities. Thinking thusly, he soon began showing the autos to casino visitors. Interest was immediate and overwhelming—and the Harrah Automobile Collection was born.

First home for the collection, a



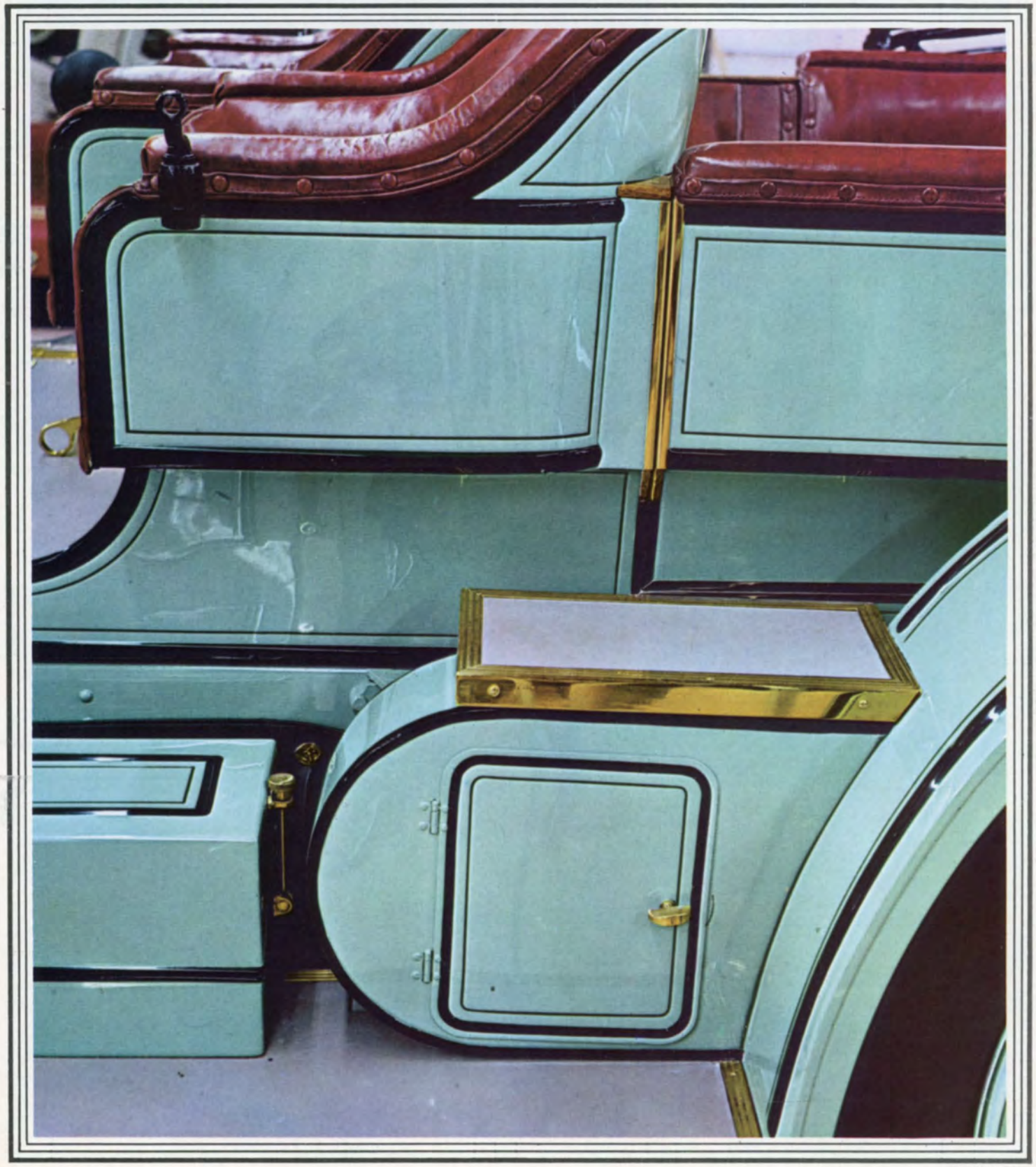
DON C. WOLTER



DON C. WOLTER

On these pages the camera examines the contrasting colors and textures that characterized the early automobile. Left, sparkling plated surfaces (known as brightwork), a mahogany dash panel, and the lustrous lacquer finish that graced a 1906 Ford.

Below, a study in rectangles, elements in the body panels and other design features of this 1908 Stearns car.



DON C. WOLTER



Cyclop light on a 1915 Briscoe.

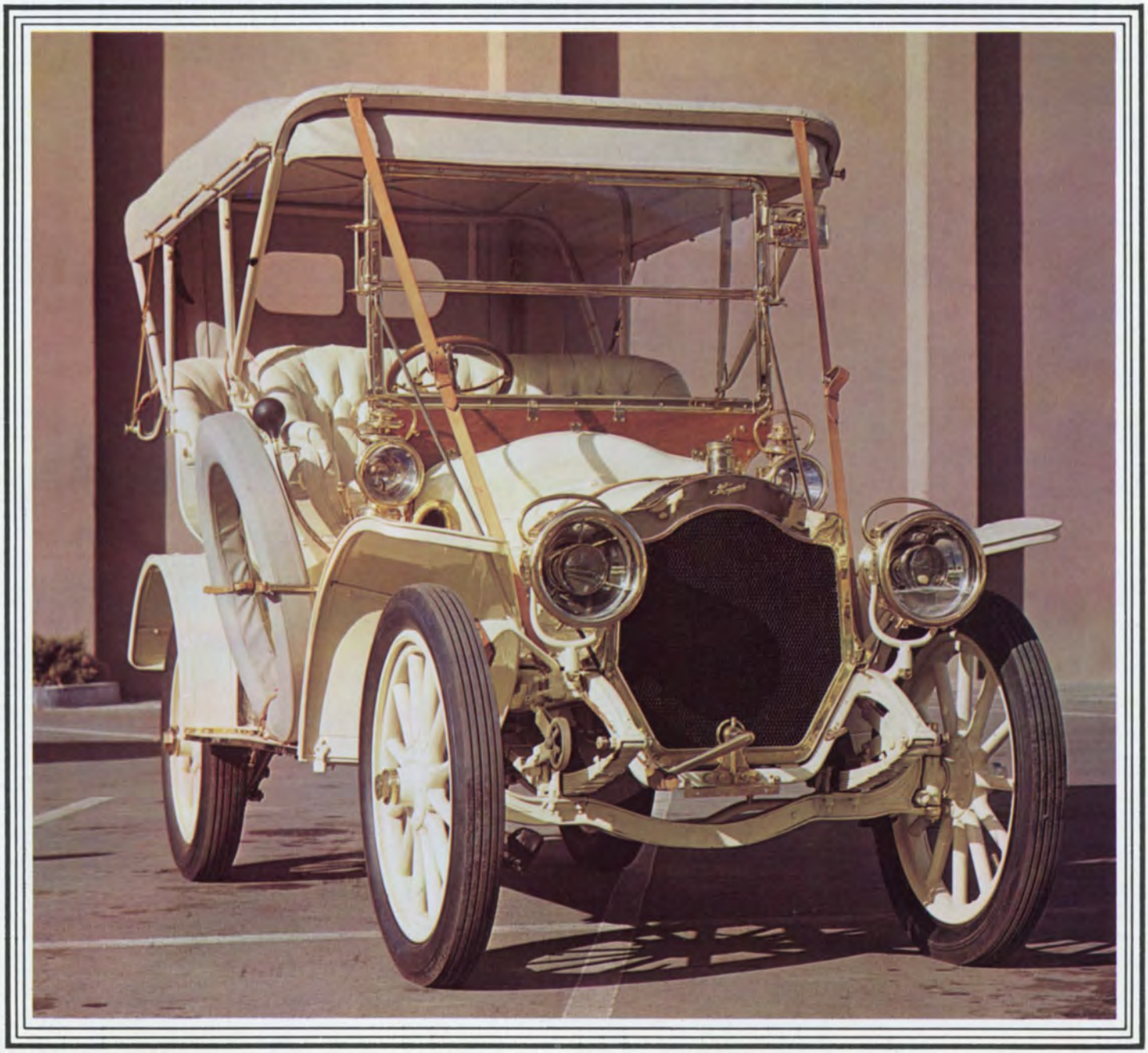


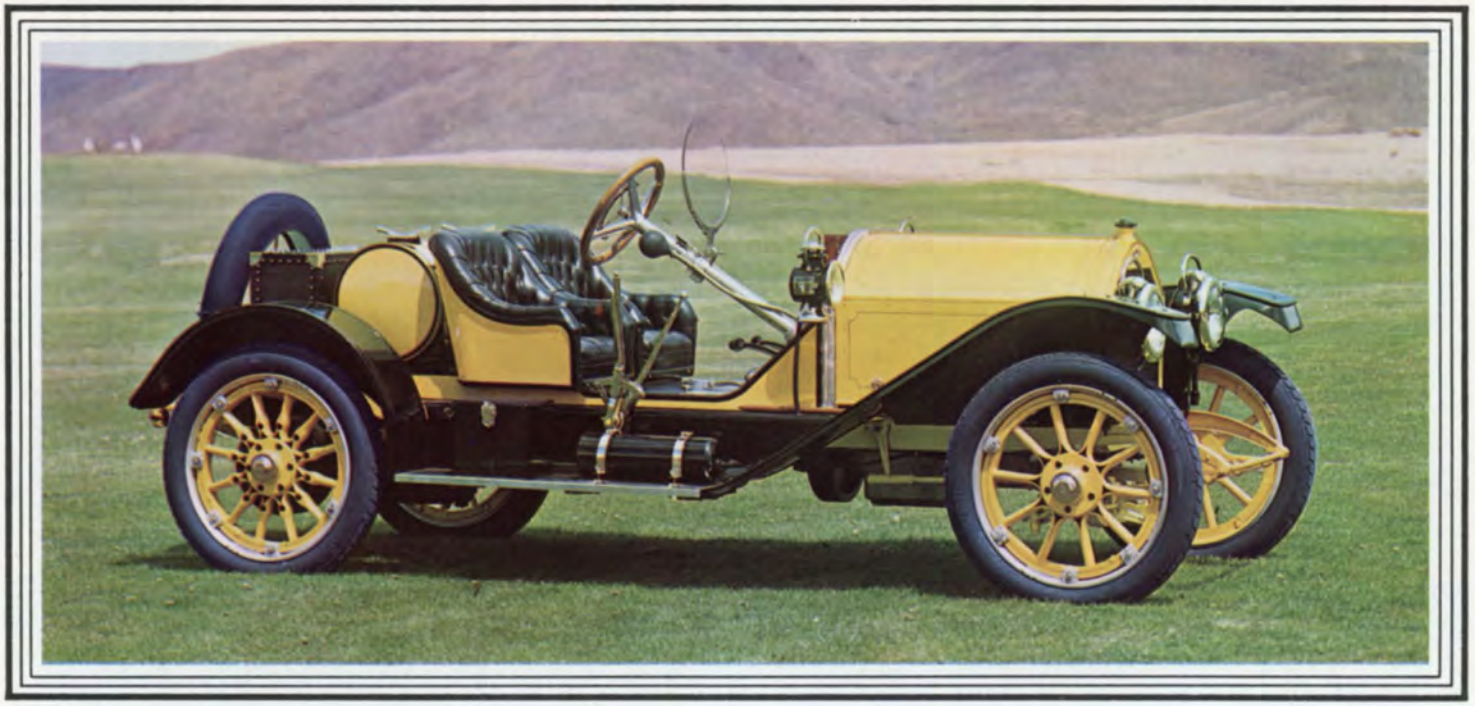
Hoodstraps on the 1909 Thomas Flyabout.

Don C. Wolter



1906 Compound had power brakes.



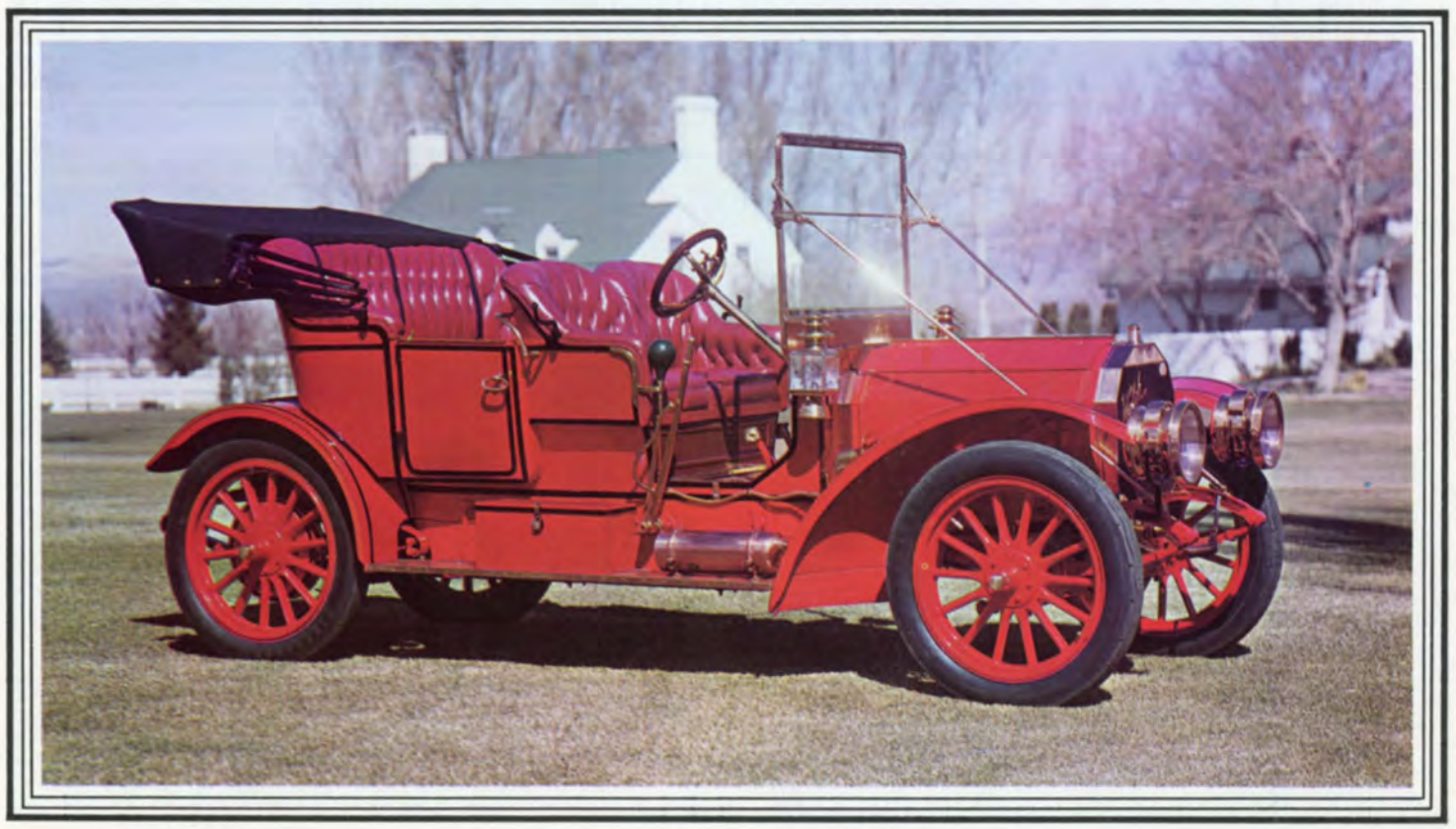


Cars on these pages are all antiques, that is, built prior to 1916. Left, a gem in the collection, a 1907 Thomas Touring car. Above, forerunner of today's sports car, a 1912 Stutz Bearcat with a monocle windshield. Below a luxurious, chauffeur-driven Touring car, a 1909 Welsh, powered by a motor with many advanced features.

modest, four-car garage, was soon outgrown. As the number of cars increased the collection was moved into larger quarters from time to time until September, 1961, when the entire operation was shifted to its present location, a short drive from the heart of Reno. The main building in the present five acre complex, at one time a railroad ice plant, houses the large showroom, reception lobby for visitors, and the final assembly and main restoration shop. Nearby are other shops which specialize in particular crafts necessary for complete restoration.

Within these buildings master mechanics and craftsmen combine skills and knowledge to bring back to life the antique, vintage and classic automobiles which go into the collection. The results of their work never cease to amaze people, as may

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Famous front grills 1931 Duesenberg

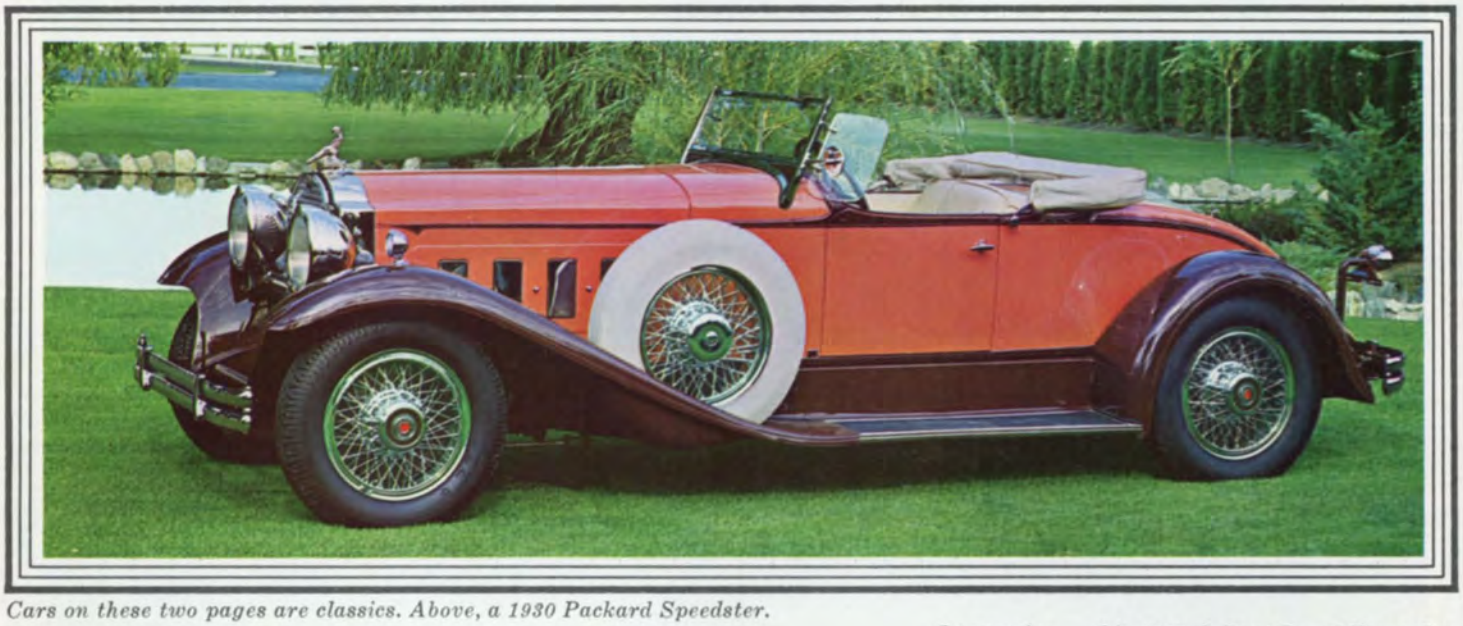


1930 Packard



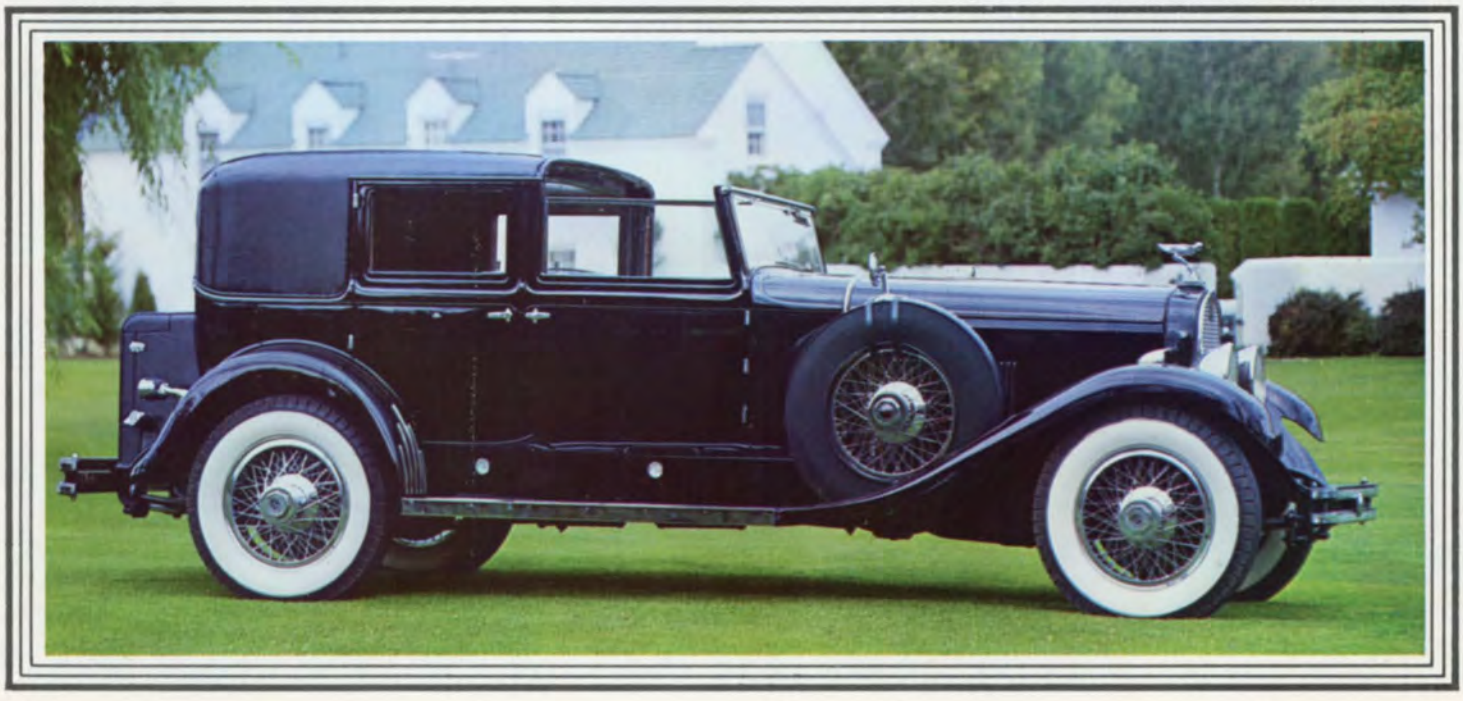
DON C. WOLTER

1938 Rolls Royce



Cars on these two pages are classics. Above, a 1930 Packard Speedster.

Impressive — this 1930 duPont Royal Town Car



Dual Cowl Phaeton, this 1929 Duesenberg cost $14,000.
With external exhaust, a 1933 Duesenberg.

KEN ADAMS



DON C. WOLTER

A golf nut's dream, this 1929 Kissel.



new vistas for Las Vegas



Rising out of the Las Vegas Valley, the highway offers a sweeping panorama of the city.

TOUR OF THE MONTH

By Don Payne

A new road around the north shore of Lake Mead has opened an area of vivid beauty to be explored by automobile. Shortly after sun-up on a recent morning, we decided to make the trip, having packed a picnic lunch and swim suits into the car.

Leaving the Las Vegas valley through the saddle between Sunrise and Frenchman's mountains, we were reminded of the efforts required over the years to see this highway completed. Many months of meetings, and numerous trips by jeep and dune buggy finally brought success, and today the road is a first class highway, bringing many areas of the lake considerably closer to Las Vegas.

On the eastern flank of Sunrise Mountain, the road passes through Rainbow Valley and offers a panorama of stark hills with the deep blue of Lake Mead in the background.

As the road enters the boundaries of the Lake Mead National Recreation Area, we turned north toward Callville Bay. Named for the now-inundated Fort Callville, this bay will soon see a new marina and campground development. Its location is ideal as it allows boaters to reach by road what in the past was an over-water trip. Callville is near the finest swimming, skiing and fishing spots on the lake.

Beyond Callville, the highway traverses Bitter Spring Valley, a grotesque landscape dotted with weird red sandstone outcroppings. In this area picnic facilities are being developed.

We turned off the main highway at Echo Bay Resort, a side trip of four miles, and discovered a delightful campsite, marina, motel and store. Echo Bay on the Overton Arm abounds in bass and catfish.

One of the most unusual spots on our trip was Rogers Spring, a natural warm pool, surrounded with large shade trees, under which the Park Service has erected covered patios for picnickers. Fireplaces are also provided, and the warm, clear water is ideal for swimming anytime of the year, as the temperature remains constant. Rogers Spring is but five miles north of Echo Bay, and becoming increasingly popular.

Our final stop was Valley of Fire State Park, just around the mountain from Rogers Spring. Well known as the park is, it still offers interesting discoveries along its many miles of roads and trails.

Dropping back into the Las Vegas valley, we found we had travelled 120 miles, in an easy ten hours, and thoroughly enjoyed the many stops. Small wonder the Lake Mead National Recreation Area is the fastest growing such area in the nation.

A lunar-looking landscape — Bitter Spring Valley is dotted with vivid red sandstone outcroppings.

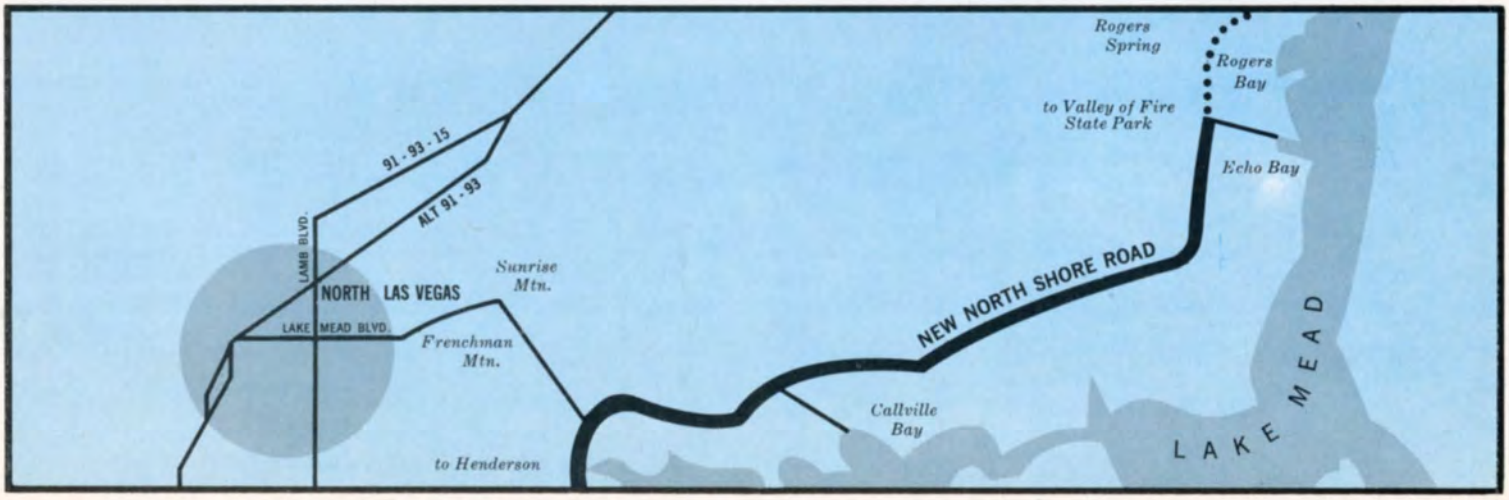


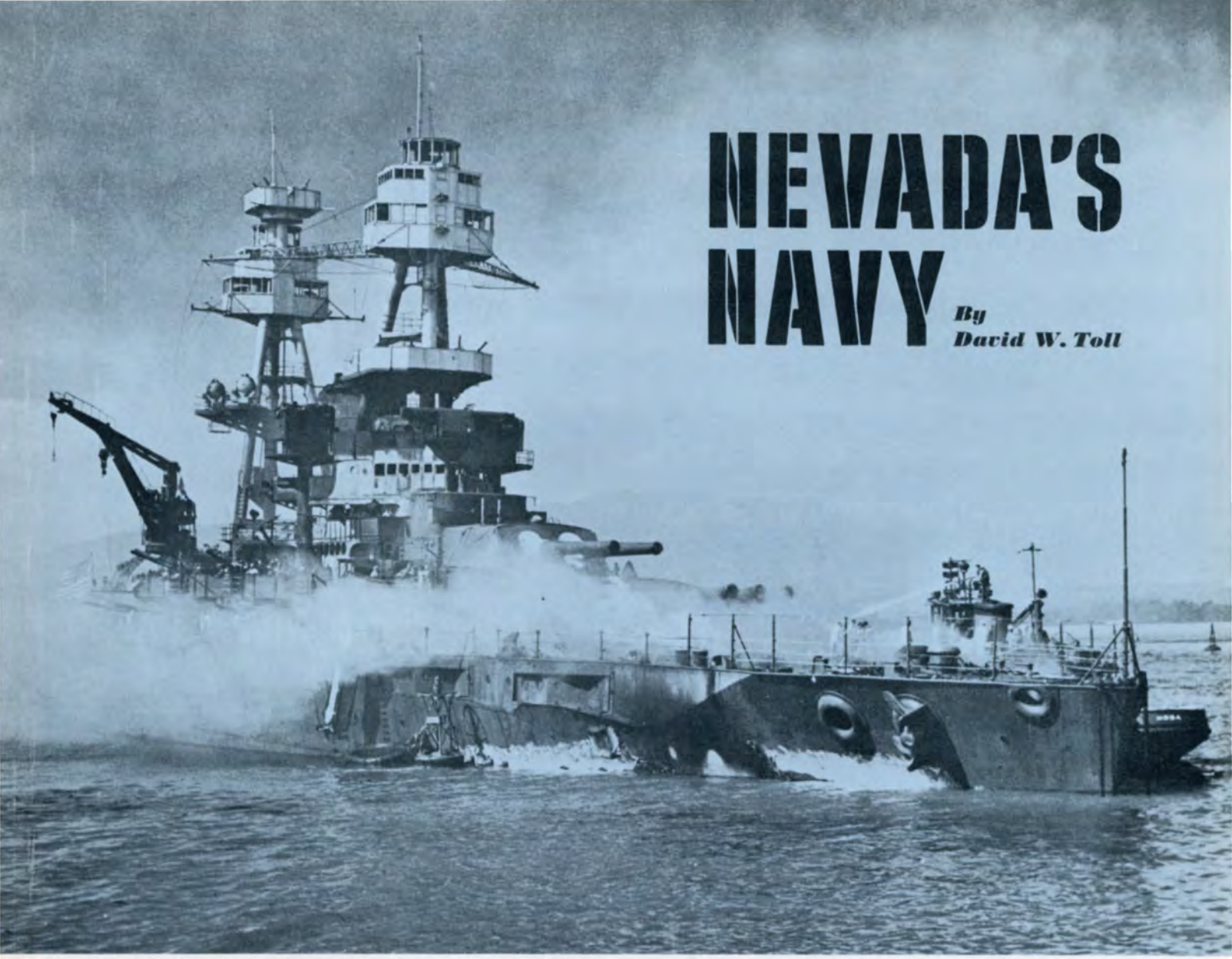


The new scenic highway brings Callville Bay closer. Map of area indicates the route.

Rogers Spring, a natural warm water oasis, overlooks the Overton Arm of Lake Mead. Campsites and picnic facilities are provided. Youngsters enjoy netting small tropical fish found in these warm waters.




Rogers Spring
Rogers Bay
to Valley of Fire State Park
Echo Bay
91 - 93 - 15
ALT 91 - 93
LAMB BLVD.
NORTH LAS VEGAS
Sunrise Mtn.
LAKE MEAD BLVD.
Frenchman Mtn.
NEW NORTH SHORE ROAD
Callville Bay
to Henderson
LAKE MEAD



NEVADA'S NAVY

By David W. Toll

The Nevada was the only major vessel to get underway during the furious attack on Pearl Harbor. The beating from the Japanese cost her 160 killed and wounded.

This landlocked state never had a navy of her own, of course, although there was once a time, a hundred years ago, when serious talk about a Nevada fleet was being heard. This took place during the Austin mining boom, when a pack of slickers cashed in on the excitement by selling shares in the "Reese River Steamship and Navigation Company."

No, paddlewheels never bit into the waters of the Reese River as many hapless investors had anticipated. Yet many ships have carried Nevada names, ships that have played a colorful and often decisive role in the maritime history of the nation.

The flagship of the "fleet" was the U.S.S. Nevada (BB 36). From the day she was launched until she finally went to the bottom — victim of an unprecedented beating from friendly ships and aircraft — no ship in *any* navy had a more exciting history than did this remarkable old battleship.

She was commissioned in 1914, a new breed of dreadnaught. She was powered by oil and mounted a main armament of ten 14-inch guns, twenty-one 5-inchers and four torpedo tubes. Ironically, because of an oil shortage in the British Isles, America's most modern ship of war could serve only briefly during World War I. She was to make up for lost time a quarter-century later.

On the morning of December 7, 1941, the Nevada lay placidly at the dock to the east of Battleship Row at Pearl Harbor. Most of her crew was ashore when the snarling Zeros swept low over Mount Tantalus and in a matter of minutes turned the sleepy lagoon into a chaos of smoke and flames.

Nevada's startled crewmen brought her guns into action shortly after the attack began but the ship was powerless to move until the frantic engineers below decks could bring up steam. While this slow process was taking place, a quick-witted Japanese pilot spotted telltale wisps of smoke from her stacks and diverted his flight of torpedo planes to the Nevada.

As they plunged down toward the exposed expanse of her port side, the planes ran a gauntlet of steel from the five- and three-inch guns. One of the attackers burst into splinters from a direct hit. A second was so badly damaged that it was forced to veer off and

stagger out to sea toward its carrier. The remaining planes pressed home the assault, finally coming into range of the blistering fifty-caliber machine guns on the port quarter. Immediately a third plane blossomed into orange-yellow flame and fell away into the sea close aboard the Nevada.

Three planes knocked out — but not enough. One of the raiders had slewed in under the umbrella of flack to launch his torpedo. As the pilot corkscrewed his craft up and away from the furious fire of the ship, his torpedo streaked into the Nevada's bow.

The great ship heaved under the impact of the explosion. Almost before she could shudder back to rest beside the dock, sailors were scrambling below to deal with the damage. Moments later their report was received on the bridge: a gaping hole measuring forty-five feet by thirty had been opened in her side with heavy flooding in the forward compartments.

The Nevada's commander had barely time enough to acknowledge the report when a second flight of Japanese aircraft made a run on the ship. Once, twice, three times the Nevada bucked and shied as bombs walloped her fore and aft. After passing close overhead the planes made a swivelling turn and came back to lace the decks and kick up splinters from the dock with machine gun fire.

At last the engine room reported enough steam to turn the engines and all lines were ordered cast off. The Nevada's chief boatswain had to leap over the side to throw the hausers off the cleats himself — the line handling party standing by had been driven to cover by the strafing planes. As he raced down the dock ripping off the mooring lines, the Nevada swung majestically away. After flinging the last line into the oil-heavy water, the sailor was forced to swim after his ship to get back aboard.

Despite reports of suspected mine explosions in the main seaward channel past Ford Island, the Nevada made it through without difficulty, though she rode low, very low in the water.

Once again an alert Japanese airman recognized the Nevada as a potent threat. If she could reach the open seas, the main Japanese carrier force would be vulnerable to her attack.

The pilot diverted his squadron of dive-bombers from a planned run on the U.S.S. Pennsylvania, attacking the Nevada just as she went abreast of the tip of Ford Island. The huge ship was totally obscured by the eruption of spray and smoke from their bombs.

Witnesses ashore doubted she could survive the concerted hammering, but when the air cleared, the Nevada was still gamely underway, limping toward the sea. Her superstructure was afire and her forward sections a twisted sculpture of wreckage.

The Nevada was badly hurt now, and moving slowly. If they could hit her again the Japanese stood a good chance of knocking her completely out. And if she floundered in the channel, her sheer bulk would imprison the rest of the fleet, making them sitting ducks for the Japanese.

Reluctantly a pair of tugs was ordered alongside the smoldering ship. They beached her at Waipio Point where her fires were extinguished and her gun crews at last ordered below. First aid parties brought 160 dead or wounded men off the ship as the furious Japanese onslaught finally broke off.

Two months later the Nevada was refloated, temporarily patched up and directed to the shipyards at Bremerton, Washington, for a year of refitting, repairs, and modernization.

The Humble Vessels

Like any other, Nevada's navy was composed of other types of vessels, humbler than her flagship. As the Nevada herself went into the yards, Nevada's smaller ships of the line, support ships and amphibious vessels deployed against the enemy.

At its peak, Nevada's amphibious "fleet" comprised eleven vessels, eight of them LST's.

The LST shares none of the battleship's awesome glamor. She's a lightly armed, wallowing, flat-bottom tub that slaps her plates loose in a high sea and shakes herself to pieces at speeds beyond a pokey eleven knots. But this slow, slab-snouted vessel is a workhorse. Designed to land men and equipment during amphibious landing and assault operations, LST's also served as aux-

At the Normandy invasion and off the Toulon-Marseilles coast, the Nevada was the scourge of German gunners manning the guns salvaged from the scuttled French Fleet.

Navy Department Photos



iliary cargo vessels and as supplementary troop transports.

The U.S.S. Lincoln County (LST 898) was one of them, and her history is typical of her sisters.

Built during the last stages of the war, the Lincoln County was at the beaches for the assault on Okinawa. She lumbered on transport duty between Saipan, Subic Bay (P.I.) and Okinawa until the Japanese defeat.

She then began a four-year tour of the lowliest duty a navy ship can be called upon to perform; she shuttled cargo between Subic Bay and Manila — manned by an army crew. It's a wonder she didn't slip beneath the surface from sheer humiliation.

And it's lucky she didn't. In June, 1950, she was hurriedly returned to navy control as North Korean troops rushed south across the 38th Parallel.

The Lincoln County was among the eight LST's making up the shock wave of the Inchon landings, holding her position on the beach until her well deck was loaded with casualties for the return trip to Japan. She evacuated marines and Korean civilians from Hungnam and Wonsan, and completed her first Korean tour by waddling to and fro with troops and equipment across the Tsushima Strait between Japan and Korea.

At the conflict's end, the Lincoln County pushed her homely prow through the Pacific for seven years of routine operations before being transferred to Thailand under terms of the Military Assistance Program.

The Lincoln County's sister ships in the amphibious fleet of Nevada's Navy served as doggedly as she: U.S.S. Churchill County (LST 583); U.S.S. Douglas County (LST 731); U.S.S. Esmeralda County (LST 761); U.S.S. Lyon County (LST 904); U.S.S. Mineral County (LST 988); U.S.S. Nye County (LST 1067); and U.S.S. Washoe County (LST 1165).

The U.S.S. Owyhee (LSMR 515) and U.S.S. White (LSMR 536), named for Nevada rivers, are ships of the same hull design fitted out as floating rocket-launching platforms for offshore assault support.

The U.S.S. Comstock (LSD 19), a landing ship dock named for the fabulous Comstock Lode under Virginia City, is the last member of the amphibious fleet. Her active repair shops still serve navy ships operating in the Pacific. She was built too late for combat duty during World War II, but she wears ten battle stars on her Korean service ribbon including two for the Inchon invasion and the evacuation of Wonsan.

The Support Ships

The support ships of Nevada's navy were among the most decorated in the fleet. The U.S.S. Ormsby (APA 49) and U.S.S. Lander (APA 173) carried assault troops to the boats circling off the beaches of Tarawa, Kwajalein, Bougaineville, New Guinea and Guam.

The Las Vegas Victory (AK 229), a lightly armed, virtually unprotected and radarless Victory ship operating with a navy crew was assigned the most dangerous of wartime duties: ferrying ammunition to the fighting ships of the fleet.

At Palau and Okinawa she was twice attacked by Japanese submarines. Neither attack inflicted damage — except to the frazzled nerves of her crew, riding as they were on three thousand tons of high explosives.

At Okinawa the swarming kamikaze planes sent two of her sister ships to the bottom and twice came near to doing the same with the Las Vegas Victory. Two of the planes she shot into the sea and eluded the rest by adroit maneuvering, emerging without a scratch.

Another member of Nevada's fleet is a tugboat which is currently under construction. To be christened the U.S.S. Winnemucca (YTB 785), the tugboat will serve in the Great Lakes. The U.S.S. Truckee (AO 147) is an oil tanker named for the river that bisects Reno on its journey between Lakes Tahoe and Pyramid. She joined the fleet in 1955 and distinguished herself during the Cuban quarantine operation of 1961. She is presently serving in support of U.S. fleet operations off Viet Nam.

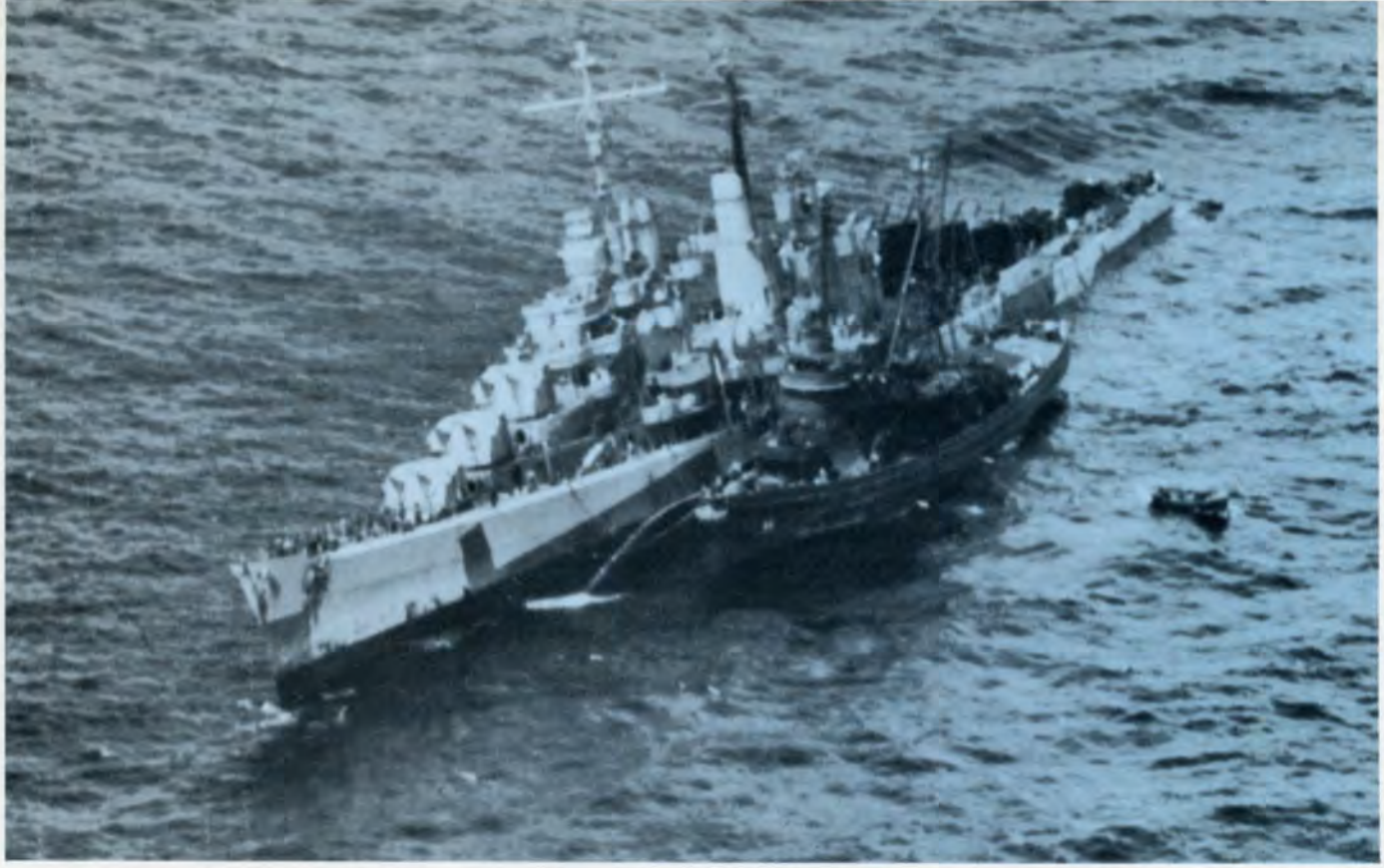
Ships of the line in Nevada's navy have service records extending back to 1865 when the first U.S.S. Nevada, a 10-gun steam-driven frigate joined the fighting fleet. The second U.S.S. Nevada was a 3,225 ton double turret monitor launched in 1903. In 1909 her name was changed to U.S.S. Tonopah to permit the use of the Nevada name for a new battleship just authorized by Congress. As Tonopah she earned the World War I victory medal with patrol clasp before retirement in 1922.

At the end of the first world war older, clumsier ships like the Tonopah were replaced by a new design — long, slender destroyers distinguished by four stacks in a line. One of these four-pipers was the U.S.S. Bulmer (DD 222), named for Captain Roscoe C. Bulmer, USN, a Virginia City native and Annapolis graduate who served with distinction before losing his life in a shipboard accident during World War I. She served the peace-time decades without incident following her commissioning in 1920.

The Japanese attacks of December 7-8, 1941, found the Bulmer operating in the Philippines. The following Feb-

During 50 days of Cuban Quarantine duty the Truckee refueled 152 blockading ships. Last year she won an unprecedented 7th consecutive Battle Efficiency Award.





The Reno had compiled a gallant record with Task Force 38 before a Japanese torpedo ended her fighting career off the Philippines in 1944. Today she's in mothballs.

ruary she was ordered to convoy duty between San Francisco and Pearl Harbor, serving later as an anti-submarine hunter/killer vessel in the Atlantic. She was relieved of active combat duty in turn by newer, swifter hull types — destroyers and destroyer escorts of modern design. The Bulmer finished out the war as an anti-submarine training ship operating in the Panama Canal Zone.

One of the new escort vessels to replace the aging Bulmer and her sisters was the U.S.S. O'Flaherty (DE 340). Like the Bulmer, she was named for a gallant Nevadan — Ensign Frank W. O'Flaherty, a native of Tonopah who had won the navy cross for heroism before losing his life as a fighter pilot in the battle of Midway. When the ship named in his honor slid down the ways, it was another navy ensign named O'Flaherty that christened her—Frank's sister, Lavada, a navy nurse.

The O'Flaherty served as a convoy guard throughout the war, and now rests patiently at anchor with the mothball fleet at Mare Island, California.

The Graceful Carson City

The U.S.S. Carson City (PF 50) was one of the most beautiful ships in Nevada's navy, a sleek-lined vessel assigned to scouting duty among the Japanese-held islands of the Pacific. The Carson City carried a coast guard crew as she swept gracefully through the equatorial waters of the Celebes Sea between Wakde, Biak, Noemfoor, Sansapor, Morotai (where she stood guard while the Ormsby loaded troops), and Mios Woendi.

She is now the Sakura, part of the Japanese maritime self-defense force.

A second U.S.S. Winnemucca (PC 1145) and the U.S.S. Ely (PCE 880) were small, fast vessels designed for anti-submarine work.

After the Nevada herself, the heaviest fighting ship in Nevada's navy was the U.S.S. Reno (CL 96). With Admiral Marc Mitscher's famous Task Force 58 she took part in a series of lightning strikes against the Japanese strongholds at Marcus, Wake, Saipan, Pagan, Iwo Jima, Chichi Jima and Haha Jima.

The Reno provided assault support at Guam and Saipan before adding her weight to a second series of darting strikes at the Bonin Islands, Palau, the Philippines and Formosa.

After three days of pounding at Formosa, Japanese planes soared out to take revenge. The Reno herself slapped six of the attackers into the sea and assisted in the destruction of five more.

The Reno was with Task Force 38 from which planes were slamming bombs into the Japanese airfields and strong-points on Luzon. When planes from carriers of the Japanese northern fleet lashed back with a large-scale air attack, they mauled the light carrier Princeton so badly that she had to withdraw from her escorts.

The Reno stayed close aboard, taking off casualties and helping fight her fires. Heat from the Princeton was so fierce that the Reno was forced to shear away five times, her paint blistering. At length the flames reached the carrier's torpedo warhead magazine. The resulting explosion demolished her, and the Reno was forced to deliver the *coup de grace* by firing a pair of torpedos at the floundering vessel.

When Japanese surface ships followed up their air attack the following day in the battle of Leyte Gulf, the Reno contributed in strong measure to their annihilation.

The main part of Task Force 38 raced away to continue the series of strikes, leaving the Reno off the Philippines with two destroyers in case the Japanese returned. Just before midnight of November 3, 1944, the Reno was staggered by a shattering explosion on her port side.

Shuddering, the ship rose from the sea, a sheet of flame leaping up as high as the mast. One of her 40-mm. gun tubs flew from its base to land thirty-five feet away athwart the torpedo tubes. Below decks sea water and oil

from ruptured fuel tanks rushed into the after engine room and living compartments, trapping terrified crewmen. As damage control and first aid parties rushed madly below, the Reno listed gently but inexoribly to port as she steamed in a slow circle, her rudder jammed.

She was a prime target for a second torpedo, but her accompanying destroyers lept like terriers on the scent of the submarine and prevented a second attack.

The Reno was towed 1,500 miles for emergency repairs, then steamed to the yards at Charleston, South Carolina, where she was refitting at the Japanese surrender. She rests now at mothballs at Port Angeles, Washington.

As the Reno was beginning her adventures in the Pacific, the Nevada was emerging from the Shipyard at Bremerton to lend support during the recapture of Attu in the Aleutians.

In June, 1944, she roamed for twelve days off the Normandy coast, raining nearly 14,000 shells into German emplacements and troop concentrations at ranges of nine to seventeen miles. As Allied troops stormed ashore, enemy gunners strafed the Nevada twenty-seven times without a hit.

In August the Nevada dueled with German 15-inchers in the Toulon-Marseilles area. Again she inflected heavy damage without receiving a scratch.

A few months later, off Iwo Jima, the Nevada ravaged Japanese defenses from near point-blank range. She took a leading part in the massive Okinawa invasion effort. For three days she lobbed shell after shell into the Japanese positions without interference, replenishing her depleted magazines from the Las Vegas Victory.

At first light on the morning of the fourth day, however, the Japanese launched a wave of kamikaze planes to sink the Nevada. Her main battery still heaving shells at the beaches, the Nevada threw up an umbrella of three-inch bursts to help knock two of the streaking planes from the air.

Suddenly a third plane came jinking into view, the pilot executing a frenzied series of acrobatic maneuvers in his attempts to smash into the ship's superstructure. As the plane loomed nearer, the Nevada's smaller guns opened up, raking the plane without effect. Closer and closer the plane skipped, hopping and side-slipping through the air until it was a scant hundred yards from the ship.

At last the marine gun crew at the 20-mm. tub aft loosed a burst that sheared the plane's right wing from the fuselage. As the wing fluttered lazily down to the sea, the plane itself fell sharply off course, swerved back, began a rolling, eccentric spin — and crashed heavily into Nevada's main deck.

The gun crew that had brought the plane down was killed instantly. The impact accounted for a total of sixty dead and wounded and demolished the ship's two OS2U spotter planes. But the great ship's nerve center went un-

U.S.S. Las Vegas Victory (right) re-arming a fighting ship of the Pacific Fleet



U.S.S. O'Flaherty





U.S.S. Comstock, one of the eight ships of Nevada's Navy still in service



The U.S.S. Ely serves as a training vessel in the Great Lakes



U.S.S. Bulmer reaches Halifax, Nova Scotia, after convoy escort duty



U.S.S. Churchill County shot down two Japanese aircraft during WW II

scathed, and she was back in the firing line the next day.

The Okinawa operation marked the end of the Nevada's war, and of her active career as well.

The navy decided that she had outlived her usefulness. She had taken too many beatings, she was too old. But they had a final duty to assign her, one which caused them to wonder, perhaps, if they had been too hasty in retiring the old battlewagon.

End of The Nevada

On June 30th, 1946, the Nevada lay at anchor with a dozen other ships in the lagoon at Bikini Atoll, her decks painted a bright orange. Overhead an unescorted B-29 droned in from Kwajalein to drop a single bomb. Moments later the small lagoon erupted in a holocaust of smoke and spray as a mushroom cloud rose to dominate the sea.

When the shock-wave receded and the mist and smoked cleared, the Nevada remained as she had been, riding gently at anchor after the devastation of an atomic explosion taken close aboard.

Later, an underwater explosive was tested on the ship without significant damage and she was towed back to Pearl Harbor for detailed examination. There it was found that her decks and hull had been hopelessly buckled by the force of the explosions, and that she carried lingering radiation from the atomic blast.

Just under thirty-four years from the day her keel had been laid at Quincy, Massachusetts, the Nevada was decommissioned and designated target ship for fleet exercises off Hawaii.

As the Germans and Japanese had learned earlier, navy officials discovered that sinking the Nevada was easier said than done.

She was towed sixty-five miles southwest of Oahu where a secret explosive was detonated below decks. The thunderclap produced was quite satisfying. So were the holes blown in her hull, and the warping of her side-plates. But though she settled slightly, the Nevada remained afloat.

The navy brass then decided to try sinking her by turning their newfangled radar-guided missiles against the old war horse. They didn't even score a hit.

Destroyers were then ordered to close the ship and sink her with gunfire. Five-inch shells pounded at the rolling and pitching Nevada without effect. Despite their best efforts, the Nevada remained afloat.

Next, rocket-firing aircraft attempted to make the kill, inflicting hit after hit and opening up hundreds of gashes in her steel skin. Still she remained afloat.

The Iowa, some ten miles away, was ordered to charge with gunfire from her main batteries. A continuing rain of sixteen-inch shells shrouded the Nevada in smoke and steaming spray, but when the firing was halted, the Nevada rode well above the water.

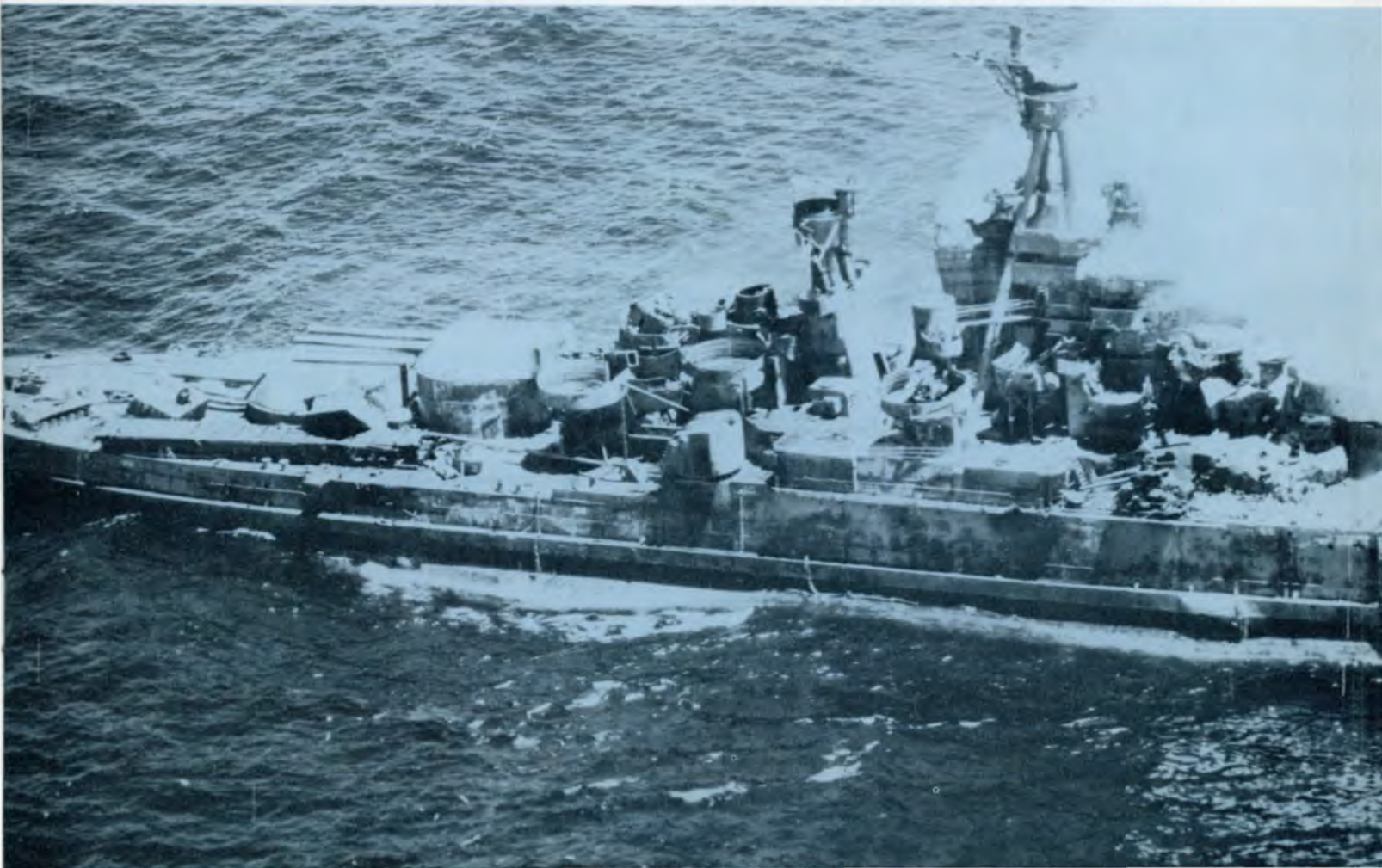
The cruisers Astoria, Springfield and Pasadena moved into position to send a barrage of five- and six-inch shells into her smoking hull. Still the old warship remained afloat.

A squadron of dive bombers blasted her decks from above while torpedo bombers attacked her sides.

And at last, five days after the beginning of her last ordeal, the Nevada was struck amidships by a torpedo that caused a slight list. Half an hour later she groaned, capsized and sank with a sigh to a depth of 2,600 fathoms.

The Nevada was no more.

The Nevada had survived the Germans, the Japanese, one of our own A-bombs and 5 days of concerted attack by friendly forces before she went to the bottom in 1946.



How it all began —



JOHNSVILLE: CENTURY-OLD SKI TOWN

By Chuck Dromiack

Like lemmings to the sea, thousands of skiers are drawn to the hills around Lake Tahoe every winter to engage in a sport that has become a favorite all over the world.

Wearing fashionable outfits and equipped with the latest in ski paraphernalia, many of today's skiers may not realize that the pioneers rode skis here a hundred years ago, or know that the sport of skiing was invented in these very hills — a few miles to the north, in California's Plumas County.



Johnsville today, pioneer ski town

Snowbound? Not if you had snowshoes.



Here, an hour's drive from Reno, in rugged mountain country, the first organized ski races in the Western Hemisphere were held in 1861.

Historians credit that now legendary figure, John A. (Snowshoe) Thompson, as the man who introduced skiing to Nevada and California. Thompson came from Norway in 1851 to search for gold, then briefly took up ranching in the Sacramento Valley. He brought with him from his native land his boyhood knowledge of skiing, and in 1856 began carrying the mail during the winter, casually crossing the hazardous snowdrifts between Placerville and Carson City on heavy, 25-pound skis he had fashioned from oak trees growing near his Putah Valley Ranch. He carried the mails for 20 years and became famous before he died in 1876, as the man who subdued the winter snows that brought such misery to the pioneers.

Word of Thompson's skill rapidly spread along the Sierra and soon the miners and farmers in the area were duplicating his skis, carving their own, seven to twelve feet long, from oak or pine trees. These early skis, or snowshoes as they were often called, were primitive by today's standards, but they made travel possible between the isolated mountain villages. By 1859 skiing had



Skiers and dopemen pause between races.

become commonplace, and the citizens of the Plumas area were organizing ski races in which men and women from places with such down-to-earth names as La Porte, Gibsonville, Sawpit Flat, Grass Flat, Onion Valley, Whiskey Diggings, Port Wine, Jamison City and Johnsville hotly competed. One of the first snowshoe clubs was organized around 1867 in La Porte, the most active ski center of its day. It was called the Alturas Snowshoe Club, its members gathering for skiing and snowshoe races from all of the surrounding area.

One vexing problem the pioneer skiers had to overcome was to find a way to prevent snow from sticking to their homemade wooden skis. They tried just about everything—candle tallow, shoemaker's wax, Canada pitch, oil of cedar, camphor, turpentine and a variety of other drugs and concoctions. The makers of ski wax, who were called "dopemen," mixed these ingredients in secret proportions and each jealously guarded his particular formula. One popular preparation was called "Sierra Lightning."

On race days the contestants would arrive with their dopemen for the ski meets and turn their skis to the sun to warm. Then the sorcerers of the ski wax would practice their craft and soon come up with a formula right for the snow conditions and temperatures of the day.

Exhibits of this ski wax and some of the ingredients are used today on display at one of California's most interesting small museums, the state museum near the old mining community of Johnsville. Reached from California Route 70, the museum is located a few miles south of the Feather River Inn, and is part of the Plumas-Eureka State Park. Although little remains in the old mining town of Johnsville, it is located in a charming mountain valley where one, with a little imagination, can see how life was a century ago when the pioneers took to their skis.



The old Johnsville cemetery.

NEVADA PANORAMA

BY DAVID MUENCH

When David Muench tours Nevada he moves slowly, purposefully studying the landscape; and he's ready, when a part of the scene presents a perfect profile, to capture on film the discovery he has made, and thereby to share it with others who may not have the time to look and wonder.

Photographer David Muench explored Nevada to obtain this remarkable series of color photos — searchingly, thoughtfully, and with an appreciation for the scene that warmly transmits. Here is his photograph of the lesser known side of a familiar Nevada landmark, 13,145-foot Boundary Peak in Esmeralda County, highest point in the state. The view is from the west, as seen from the highway near Benton, California.



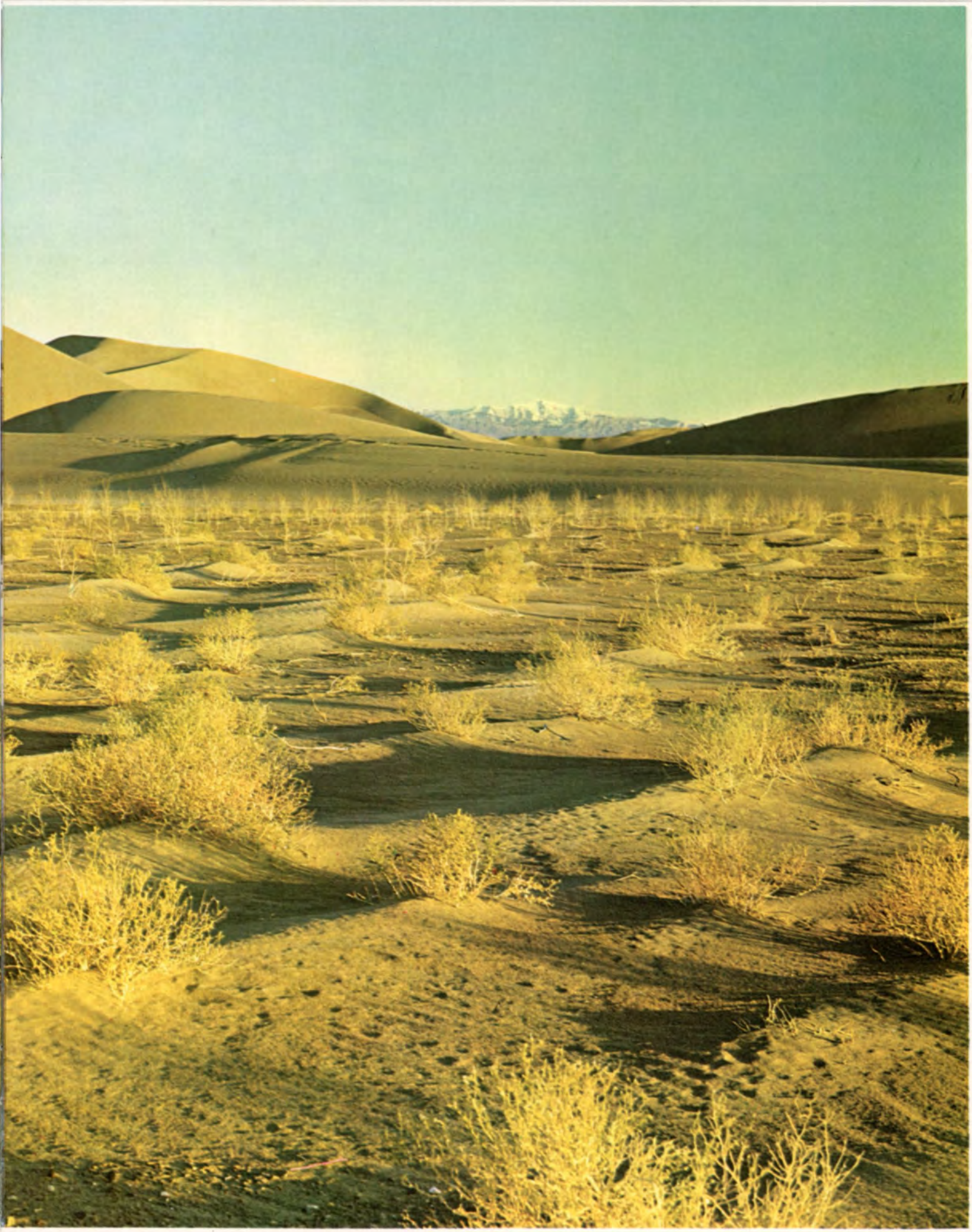


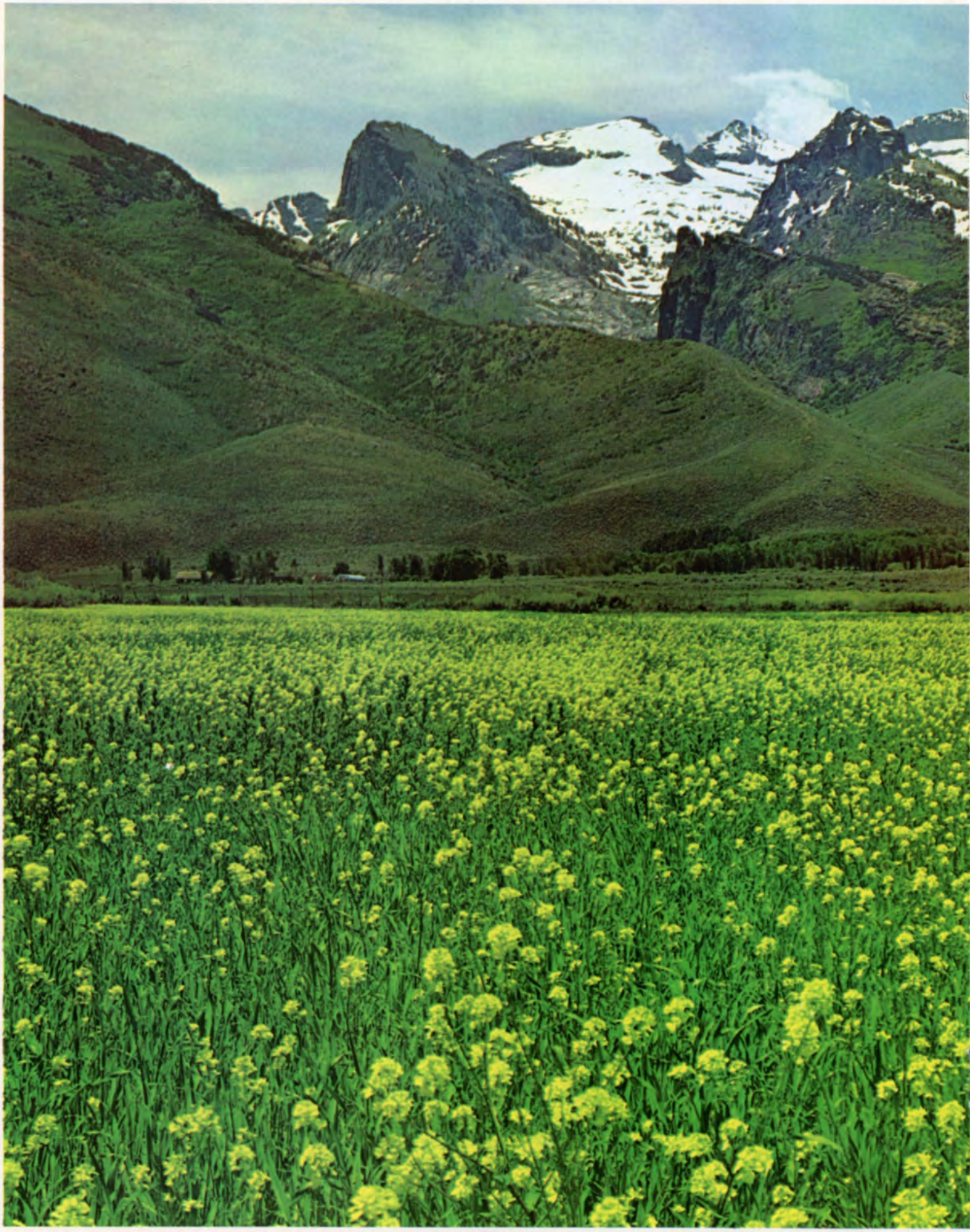
NEVADA PANORAMA

Light like this doesn't come easy. The day has many dispositions and one must be patient, anticipating what can happen, to find such a combination of color and pattern. David Muench waited, camera prepared, to catch this golden moment in Death Valley, when in a vivid, hasty performance, the late afternoon sun cast a spell on the desert. It happens almost every day but you have to be there to believe it.

Springtime in Nevada is effervescent, enthusiastic, impulsive. Where else but in Elko County would the seasons dare to consort so daringly as this — winter's white overcoat worn above a fragile, yellow, summer garden? The view, center pages following, is of the Ruby Range near Elko, photographed in that indecisive, in-between time when snows suddenly yield to the promise of a verdant early June.



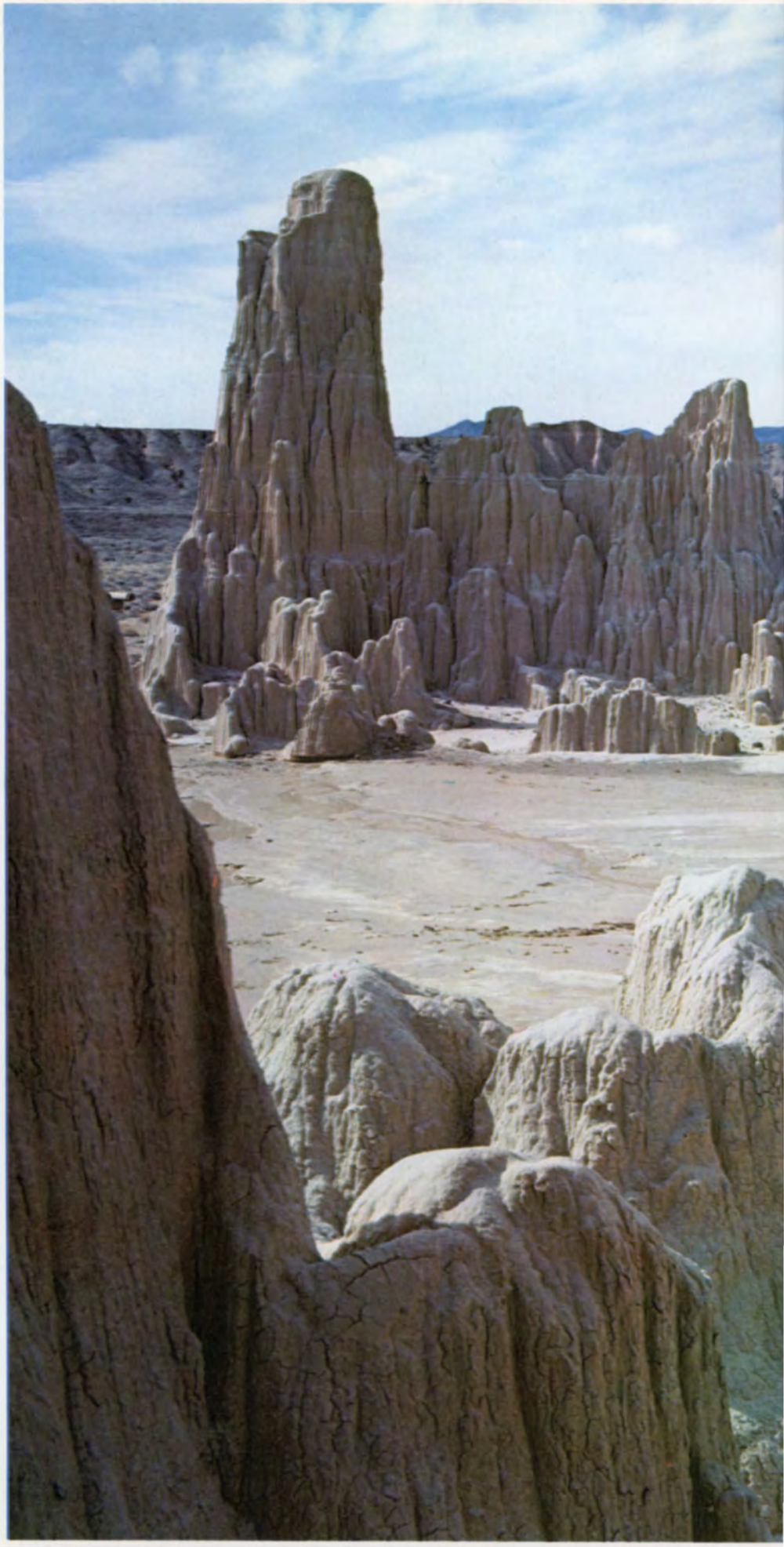






NEVADA PANORAMA

And in another room in the vast Nevada mansion one finds this magnificent furniture — delicately carved and painted pillars in an eroded plateau area in Lincoln County north of Las Vegas. This is Cathedral Gorge State Park where exquisite Gothic lines combine with soft pastel shades to form a unique, natural amphitheatre.





NEVADA PANORAMA

Nevada Pastoral. Late afternoon light warms this peaceful grazing country near Minden, photographed by David Muench in historic Carson Valley. Here, where Nevada's first town sprang up in the 1850's, the pioneers cut a trail to California that took them over the rugged Sierra to the Land of Golden Promise.







Futuristic in spirit, the new terminal at McCarran Field, Las Vegas.

Forty years ago a single-engine plane popped out of the sky over Las Vegas, landed at the primitive airport southeast of town, and thereby set another record.

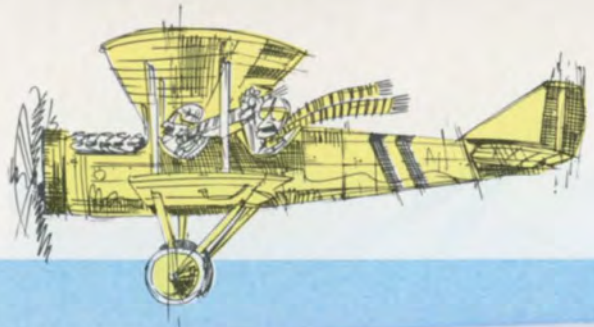
The plane, a Douglas biplane, was making the first commercial airline flight in the nation. It was part of the small fleet operated by the first — therefore the oldest — commercial airline in the country, Western Air Express, forerunner to today's Western Air Lines. Carrying the first load of mailbags between Los Angeles and Salt Lake City, the plane had to put down at Las Vegas to refuel and in so doing, established the Las Vegas airport as the first in the state to log in a scheduled, commercial flight.

As if all this were not enough, the pioneer airline set another record a few weeks later when one of its planes landed at Las Vegas with the first commercial airline passengers, two venturesome gentlemen from Salt Lake City named Ben F Redman and J. A. Tomlinson who had plunked down $90 each for one-way tickets to Los Angeles.

These achievements in the history of U.S. aviation were recorded a full year before that unknown young pilot, Charles Lindbergh, flew non-stop to Paris and convinced the world that airplanes were here to stay. Yet, because air history was being made right in their own backyard, the people of Las Vegas were well ahead of the rest of the country when it came to watching the skies.

A large and enthusiastic crowd turned out that day, April 17, 1926, to see the open-cockpit mailplane make its first stopover in Las Vegas. Piloted by Maury Graham, the plane flew in from Los Angeles to refuel at the original Las Vegas landing strip, a patch of ground south of where the Paradise Road and East Sahara intersection is now located. Four miles from the center of the young railroad town, the landing area consisted of a patch of desert that had been cleared of sagebrush and leveled. That was all. Without a hangar or other facilities, it could hardly be called an airport. But it opened the way for improvements that followed.

The firm that eventually became Western Air Lines was founded in 1925 when articles of incorporation were filed in Sacramento by a group of Los Angeles businessmen who felt they had been slighted by





an air-age first

STOPOVER IN LAS VEGAS

the government-operated line carrying mail between New York and San Francisco. A year later Western had geared up for the mail run and began the pioneer flights, under Contract Air Mail (CAM) Route No. 4, between the Utah capital and Los Angeles. Although Western's was not the first CAM service in the nation, the line has operated continually ever since — longer than any other airline in the United States.

Western Air Express initially made two daily runs in each direction, one flight originating in Los Angeles, the other in Salt Lake City. Flying time, including the stopover in Las Vegas, was 6½ hours. Passengers, if there happened to be any, were carried in the open forward cockpits of the Douglas M-2's used on the run, and often they had to sit on lumpy sacks of mail during the flight. Service, if it could be called that, was as primitive as the air route the pilots often had to follow — along the tracks of the trusty Union Pacific railroad. During the first year of operation 41 passengers boarded in Las Vegas.

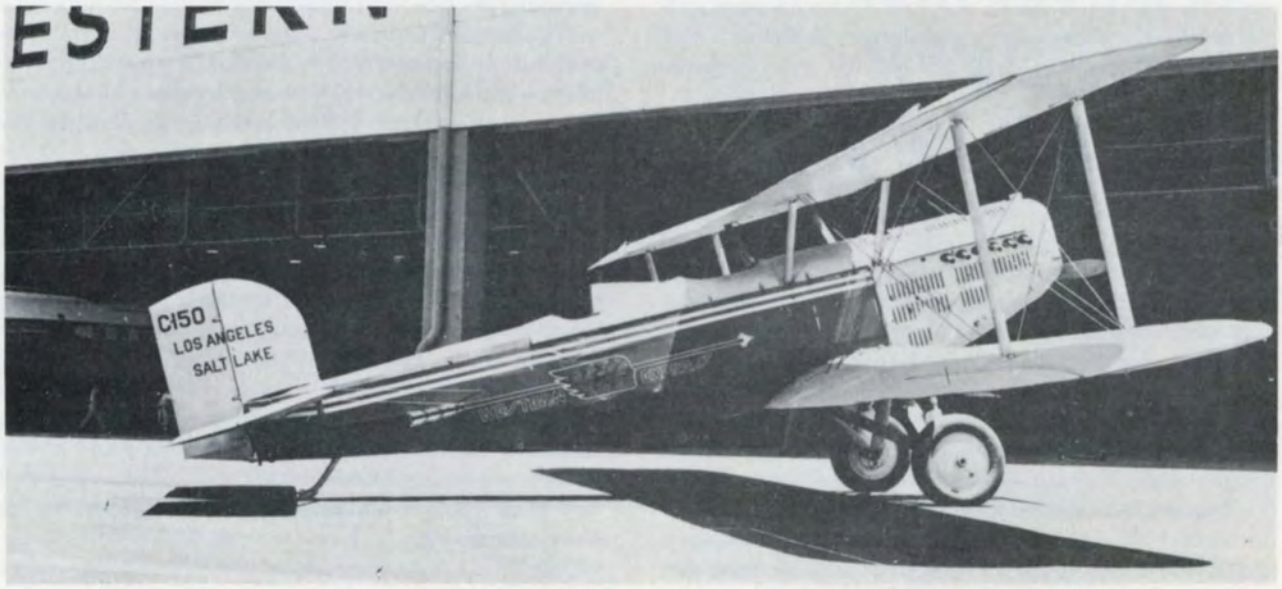
Compare this with the 1,907,682 passengers arriving and departing Las Vegas last year! This year, if predictions hold true, air traffic will amount to over two million passengers, around four times the total population of Nevada. Serving these jet-age visitors is one of the busiest terminals of its size in the nation, a gleaming, bubble-shaped structure which, although only three years old, is already operating at nearly full capacity. Seven major airlines — Western, TWA, Bonanza, United, National, Delta and Pacific — today must compete for docking space at McCarran Field as floods of visitors arrive on the 138 flights arriving daily into the city.

And what's the outlook for the future? Anybody's guess. But remembering the travel trend into Las



Vegas has been steadily upward since the first historic landing 40 years ago, it seems fairly certain that the love affair between Las Vegas and the Air Age is only beginning.

Air-age pioneers, above—Western Air Line's first pilot, Fred Kelley, spins a yarn about the boy scout knife he is holding. Looking on are Jimmy James, another veteran pilot, and Herbert Hoover, Jr., son of the late president who was with Western as an engineer. Behind the trio and also pictured below is a Douglas M-2 biplane, used by the airline in 1926.





Used from 1928-35, the Fokker F-10



On the Catalina run, the Sikorsky 38A Flying Boat.



Grand old workhorse, the Douglas DC-3

Great-grandfather of the Boeing jets, this was the 10-passenger Boeing 247D.



The Burro Goes Prospecting

(AND THE BADGER, TOO)

By Anthony Amaral

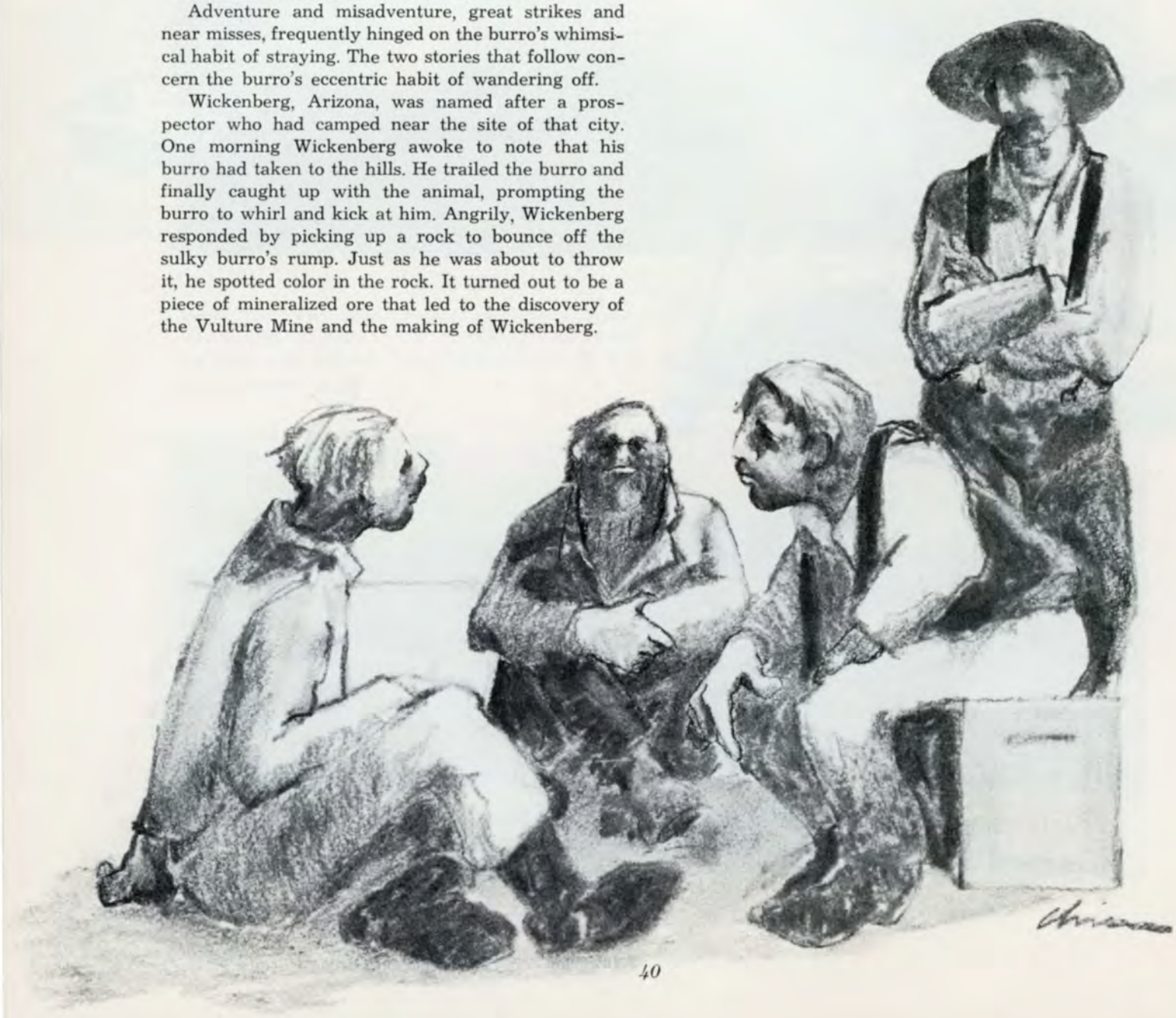
Prospectors in the early West were irrepressible story tellers and, fortunately for us, many of the tales they told have survived. A delightful blend of fact and fable, the prospectors' stories are prized by historians who search warily among them for threads of truth, and by students of folklore who find in them rich veins of humor and shrewd commentary.

To the prospector, who was an artist in hyperbole, the truth was always enhanced by elaboration. When he spoke of a lost mine "with pure gold on top," or described a new find in extravagant terms, he was merely driving home his point. Sewell Thomas, writing about mining in Nevada, said that the miners' reports about new diggings were usually fantastic — "proportional to the distance to the discovery," as he put it.

Mark Twain was more blunt: "A mine," he said, "was a hole in the ground owned by a liar."

Adventure and misadventure, great strikes and near misses, frequently hinged on the burro's whimsical habit of straying. The two stories that follow concern the burro's eccentric habit of wandering off.

Wickenberg, Arizona, was named after a prospector who had camped near the site of that city. One morning Wickenberg awoke to note that his burro had taken to the hills. He trailed the burro and finally caught up with the animal, prompting the burro to whirl and kick at him. Angrily, Wickenberg responded by picking up a rock to bounce off the sulky burro's rump. Just as he was about to throw it, he spotted color in the rock. It turned out to be a piece of mineralized ore that led to the discovery of the Vulture Mine and the making of Wickenberg.





In another typical burro story one prospector came upon another in a temporary night camp. He asked the other traveler if he planned to go to the new strike at Skull Mountain. This encounter took place in early evening when the burros had just returned to camp for water and were standing within earshot.

"No," answered the second prospector emphatically, "I don't reckon I'll go."

About an hour later, after the burros had gone back to their grazing, the same prospector quietly called his visitor aside.

"Sure, I'll jine ye. I was figgerin' on gettin' an early start in the mornin', an' I didn't want them damn burros to know."

The straying burro, capricious and even clairvoyant according to some prospectors, was highly cussed by burro-men who had to search far and wide when their burros took leave of camp. Still, any old mining manual advised that the burro was best for desert prospecting. A burro could live longer without water and detect it farther than any other animal, except the camel.

But prospectors didn't read mining manuals. These were considered just a lot of fooferaw. If you were to ask why they chose the burro instead of a mule or horse, one answer might be that the burro "smells ore in rock."

The wandering burro has been responsible for locating for the prospector mineralized areas that turned out to be bonanzas. Most Nevadans know the Tonopah mining district came to be discovered, a story that has become legendary.

Jim Butler, rancher and part-time prospector, grew rich and famous in 1900 because his burros developed a sudden touch of wanderlust. Butler had taken leave of his ranch chores and with his burros, scouted south over the Manhattan Range. One evening after Butler had bedded down, the burros strayed out of camp. Next day Butler started tracking. A morning wind had come up and was shipping sage and sand. Butler finally spotted a burro which had found shelter behind a ledge. Deciding to wait out the storm he began — as prospectors often do — to chip away at rocks. The specimens looked promising.

Later, the ore proved to be high grade silver and triggered the greatest mining rush of the cenury.

As if one "ore-smelling" burro were not luck enough for a man in a lifetime, another was to bring more good fortune to the Butler family. This time Butler's wife, while staking claims at the site of their first discovery, went searching for a lost burro. The burro led her to a spot where an outcropping caught her attention. This claim, christened the Mizpah, became one of the more valuable properties in the Tonopah region.

So it was that Jim Butler, often called just plain, Lazy Jim, became rich and respected as Mr. Butler, the founder of Tonopah. His burro, as might be expected, was also well known in mining circles.

After his great success, it was proposed that a stone monument be built to honor Jim. Anticipating that such a stone monument might slight the burro, **Progressive West** suggested that the burro lodge the following protest:

I'm the burro. Don't forget me
When you hew Jim out of stone.
I will tell you, if you'll let me,
How this Midas ledge got known;
To slight me cuts my feelings raw,
For Me and Jim found Tonopah.

Dates and data we'll dispense with
And all geological rot,
But the narrative commences with Me;
ME standing on the spot,
A-sizing up the ledge I saw
Where ME and Jim found Tonopah.

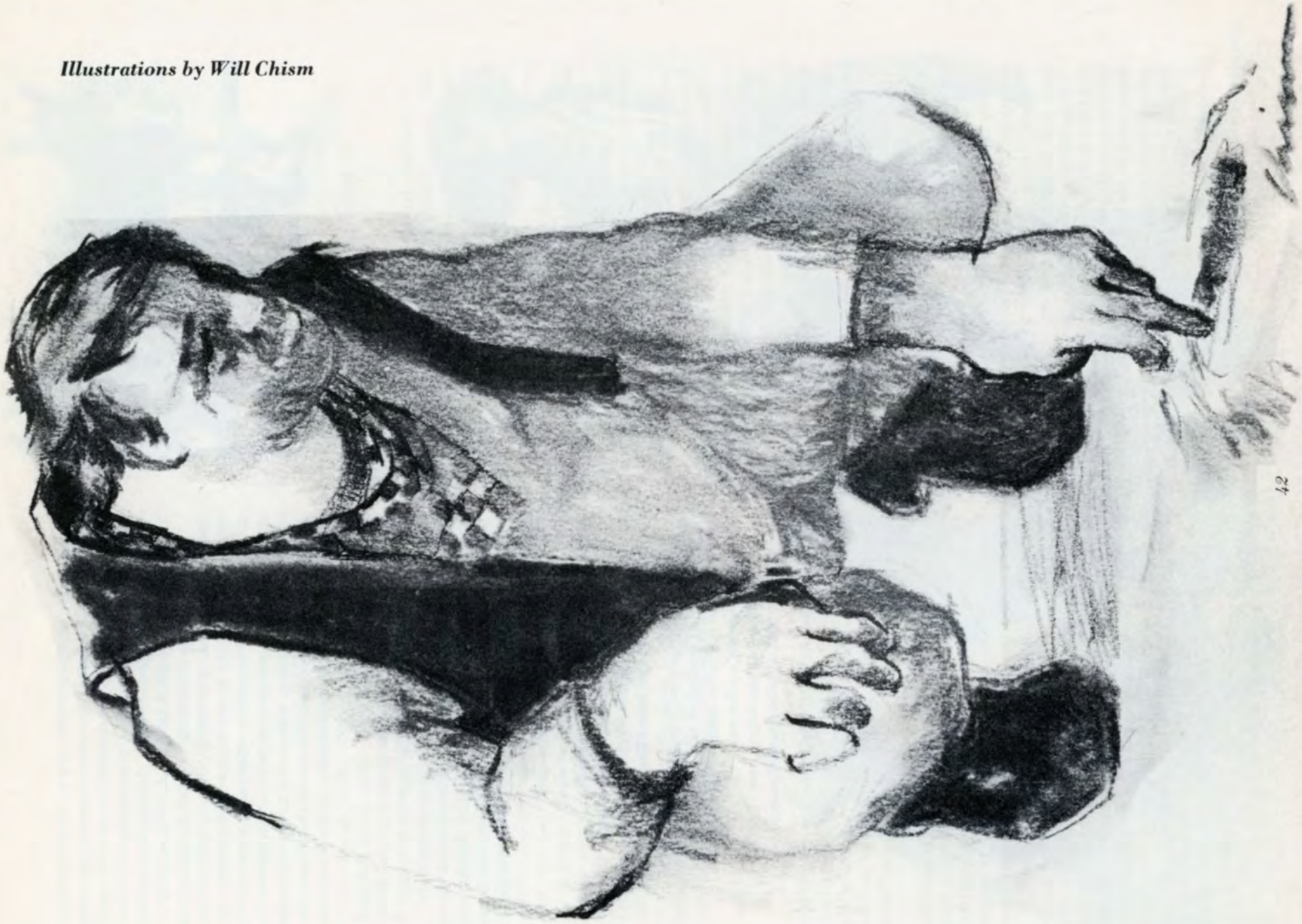
For Jim and his burro that stone monument never materialized. But the Tonopah Chamber of Commerce has not forgotten. On the letterhead of the Chamber's stationery is a drawing of Jim and his burro and a slogan which reads, "Me and Jim Found Tonopah."

Just over the Nevada border in Idaho, a drifting burro was declared by a supreme court judge to have participated in the discovery of a mine. About 1905, prospectors Peck and Kellogg were working the ground in the Coeur d'Alene Mountains. Both prospectors had been grubstaked.

Some ore was found, but later was declared worthless by the benefactors. The partnership was dissolved. Kellogg wasn't convinced that the ore was worthless and continued to work the area. In the meantime, he came upon Peck's burro, drifting about in a way that suggested it had strayed from Peck. Kellogg confiscated the burro for his own use.

A week or so later Kellogg had found another grubstaker and soon after struck it rich, locating a

Illustrations by Will Chism



couple of mines which eventually produced millions of dollars in profit. Apparently, Peck claimed a share. Kellogg said no.

In the Idaho court, Judge Norman Buck rendered this decision:

From the evidence of the witnesses, this court is of the opinion that the Bunker Hill Mine was discovered by . . . W. M. Kellogg, Phil O'Rourke (grubstaker) and a jackass belonging to O. O. Peck. As plaintiff owns the jackass, plaintiff owns one-third interest in Bunker Hill claim . . .

The saga of the gilted burro reverses in a story Mark Wallace never tired of telling. This time a burro bolted — not to a rich ledge — but into the desert with a load of gold on its back.

Wallace had prospected about Nevada and Death Valley for many years, chasing the phantom fortunes of lost mines. In the Funeral Range by merest accident, he happened on some loose stuff and followed it into the hills.

"The indications were strong," he reported, "and I worked there alone for several days without much results. I was about to abandon the hole when I happened on this paystreak. It was sheer free gold. I have been out in the desert countries pretty much all my life, but I never saw anything like this before."

Wallace collected the richest of the ore nuggets into two sacks and packed them on his burro. He was going to Rhyolite, but decided to take a route that was roundabout so no one could detect where he had actually come from. His circuitous trail took him to Sandy, south of Las Vegas, now a vanished town. He went into one of the stores, leaving his burro outside.

"When I came out that cussed burro was gone. I supposed it got tired of waiting for me and strolled. It was almost pitch dark, only the stars were out. To tell the truth, I was in such a condition that I couldn't have seen well if there had been as many moons out as I have occasionally seen all at once ."

Next morning, Wallace followed the burro's trail. Along the way he found his battered coffeepot and a place alongside the road where the burro had rolled and bedded for the night. Pacing himself as he broke into a walking run, Wallace sniffed along the trail, hoping momentarily to find his game. Other cooking items appeared along the road toward Goodsprings, a knife, a fork, a tin plate, all items Wallace had packed lightly on top of his pack. The gold sacks were secured tightly to the pack saddle.

But Wallace never caught up with that bullion-loaded burro. He completely lost the trail. The burro was seen later mixing with a band of wild burros outside of Ivanpah on the California border. It was a big gray burro, like Wallace's, and it had a pack flapping on its back. And if you believe in lost treasure stories, presumably, somewhere in the Ivanpah country, there is the skeleton of a burro with sacks of gold still tied to its back.

No one could tell burro stories like Shorty (Frank) Harris. Fact is, if Shorty were nicknamed Tall Story Harris, he'd be just as easily known. He used to tell this yarn about Rhyolite and Death Valley.

Shorty's burro suffered a terrible toothache, so painful that the burro would groan each time it sipped water. Shorty was in the habit of feeding the burro flapjacks every morning and could see the cavity when the burro brayed disjointedly, begging for breakfast.

One day, the burro disappeared. Shorty didn't bother to initiate a search as he had other burros and too much work to do. A few days later, the burro returned. Shorty was surprised to note that the animal seemed content after drinking water without a bray of protest.

Next morning the burro walked over to Shorty who was cooking flapjacks for breakfast. As usual the burro brayed for a hand-out. Shorty tossed one into the burro's mouth and as he did so, he spotted the glimmer of gold — filling the hole in the burro's tooth where the cavity had been.

The old prospector at once determined to cut the trail the burro had made when it left camp. He'd find a trace here and there, but kept losing it. After he had searched for days Shorty finally gave up in frustration. But he's always been sure that the burro must have found a rich ledge — somewhere.

As a prospector the burro stands second best to the badger and gopher. In fact, there might even be a scientific explanation about why burrowing animals apparently have mining instincts.

In Rawhide, two prospectors named Farr and Sweet were searching about their ground when they came upon a gopher hole. Sweet obtained some water and panned some of the dirt thrown out by the gopher. Both men were electrified to end up with a string of gold that almost circled the pan. They immediately opened the ground and found a ledge about forty inches wide which was assayed at high value.

Out in Tuscarora a bit of silver ore kicked out on a badger dump led to the opening of the camp which produced forty million dollars.

A prospector named Caustin came upon a badger mound which showed promise of antimony. He developed the small area and uncovered a vein that ran from 50- to 70-per cent antimony.

The badger does not dig indiscriminately, as many early prospectors attempted to convince the mining engineers. According to C. R. Terrell, a desert prospector and miner, the badger is by instinct a miner and geologist.

"His new home is selected with the same care a mining expert picks out a location for a shaft. The badger seems to know that when he starts digging, his burrow will take him into a fault or a fissure, or some soft crevice cutting the hard formation beneath and he makes the dirt fly."

Terrell believes this is why a large number of mines are developed after a fragment of rich ore is discovered on a badger dump. This indicates that there may be faults and fissures below which contain ore or veins. This is also the type of place a badger chooses to bore into when it excavates its home.

Apparently the U.S. Biological Survey, forerunner of the Fish and Wildlife Department, didn't think Terrell had spent too much time under the desert sun. A few years after Terrell's statement, in 1932, government trappers in Nevada started to release badgers that had been trapped. Why this was being done was not stated, a bit surprising since the badger was as much a predator as the coyote and the bobcat.

In any case, the Nevada agency for predator control never answered the question raised in an editorial in a Carson City newspaper. The editorial asked why badgers were being turned loose and hinted that maybe the government felt badgers knew pay dirt by its smell. The editorial was written during the lean years in Nevada mining and it seemed to suggest, hopefully, that a mine or two would be uncovered if enough badgers were left to their burrowing habits to give a helping hand to prospectors.

Prospectors continued to spin their yarns for many decades as they plodded alongside their burros and lived close to the outdoors. When the new breed of jeep-traveling prospector came to the desert, the art of storytelling somehow disappeared.

Some of the old prospectors' stories are true.

Others?

Maybe Mary Austin had the answer when she wrote: **The palpable sense of mystery in the desert air breeds fables . . .** ■



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be judged from some of the unexpected comments they make. One visitor, for example, asked in all seriousness, "Where do you get the kits to make these cars?" Another demanded, "Where do you find all these new cars? Do you order them from the factory?"

The various restoration facilities are as much a part of the exhibit as the old cars themselves. It works this way. Once a car has been acquired and earmarked for restoration it is completely disassembled in the main shop and its many parts directed to the various shops. Seats and interior fabrics go to the upholsterers, plated surfaces to the metal shop and repairers, body to the body shop, and so on. After the parts are steam-cleaned and sandblasted they are restored step by step according to factory specifications dictated by the Collection's research department. Then, when they have been repaired, the components are funneled back to the main restoration shop for final assembly.

Where do the old cars come from? Literally from all over the world. The job of locating them is assigned to a technical staff which every month sifts through an average of 400 letters received from people who have a car for sale, or know a friend who has a car for sale, or know where a car can be located in which Harrah's Automobile Collection may have an interest.

After an automobile is acquired, the research department moves to establish the history of the car. This involves more sleuthing for information pertinent to the restoration.

In an effort to locate specific missing or unrestorable parts, advertising is placed in special publications which reach thousands of old car enthusiasts.

Most collectors around the country would probably classify themselves as amateurs, since normally they undertake to restore only one car, or at least only one car at a time. At Harrah's things move differently. Since many restorations are in progress here simultaneously, the time involved in locating spare parts is not important. Should any one job be held up for whatever reason, the col-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 47

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lective effort is simply turned to other projects. In this way the program is geared to move ahead on a schedule from day to day.

At Harrah's Automobile Collection the objective is to return the car to its original factory specifications, not only its exterior appearance but the engine and moving parts as well. The restored car must run as well and look exactly as it did the day it rolled off the factory floor.

Since authenticity is the key to all restoration activity, research experts function as the nerve center. In addition to conducting preliminary inspection reports, the researchers prepare work manuals for other departments involved in the restoration, follow up with daily inspection of work, and index daily incoming literature.

While it may have been difficult enough to find a specific model of car, it is even harder to locate corresponding literature, manuals and photographs of the cars which are used as guides during restoration process. The hub of the research department is the library which visitors may see. Much of the information to be found here — in thousands of automotive books, magazines, sales catalogs, operation manuals, and photographs — is cataloged and indexed in card files for rapid reference. Keeping pace with the automobile collection, the library increased in size and scope over the years and is now considered one of the finest automotive reference libraries in the world. It is not surprising for Harrah's Automobile Collection to receive letters that begin like this: "I recently wrote to the Smithsonian Institution seeking information about a particular automobile and they referred me to you "

The end result of this precise team effort at Harrah's is a completed car — but the car must still prove itself before the job is accepted. Performance is checked against factory specifications and no car is approved without first undergoing a road test. Before a car is subjected to the final test it must be driven a minimum number of miles to establish its reliability. If the car being tested fails to perform as specified it is returned to the shop where its shortcomings are determined and corrected. If it passes all requirements for authenticity, performance and appearance, the automobile is recorded as a "Gold Star" restoration, the highest recognition that can be achieved — and the car takes a spot in automotive history, as preserved by Harrah's Automobile Collection.

In its infancy, development of the automobile created excitement everywhere. But no one car captured the imagination of the world as did the 1907 Thomas Flyer that won the longest and most grueling auto race in history, the New York-to-Paris race, a distance of 13,341 miles.

This famous 70-horsepower, four-cylinder automobile today occupies a place of distinction at Harrah's Automobile Collection where it reposes on a red carpeted platform several inches above the showroom floor.

The heavy, rugged-looking Thomas Flyer was selected from the production line just six days before the start

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52





about the CONTRIBUTORS

Our thanks go to FAITH GREAVES who wrote the story, and to people on the staff at Harrah's Automobile Collection, who helped develop the information about those old cars. DON PAYNE, author of several earlier stories about Las Vegas, has lived in southern Nevada many years and knows the area like the back of his hand. Reno writer DAVID TOLL spins the yarn about Nevada's Navy, a far-out but fascinating article on page 16. CHUCK DROMIACK collaborated with photographer DON DONDERO to bring to life those ski pioneers who lived at Johnsville. A memorable handful of photos figure in "Nevada Panorama." They were taken by a photographer whose name is becoming increasingly familiar around the nation, DAVID MUENCH. The burro and its droll place in western mining — this is the subject humorously and adroitly handled by author ANTHONY AMARAL whose several earlier articles have drawn many fan letters. A resident of Pasadena, PAULINE DE WITT writes poignant tales about early Nevada — this time about the square nails that literally helped hold early Nevada together. Lastly, RANDY PARKER is back again with a story he obviously enjoyed writing — all about entertainer Donald O'Connor.

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THE POINT OF THE NAIL

By Pauline De Witt

Although man has used the nail for thousands of years, the time and place of its origin are lost in antiquity. The early Assyrians had copper nails, iron nails sailed the seas in Viking ships and served as tools for ancient Romans and Egyptians. In Biblical times a nail was even employed as a weapon, as is reported in the Book of Judges.

The ubiquitous nail, well known in Europe, was first imported into America by the early colonists. The blacksmith or nailer pounded out nails, one by one, from strips of iron called nail rods. The end of the nail rod, which was a thin, narrow, rectangular strip of forged iron, was heated in the forge then hammered on an anvil to form a four-sided point. A partial cut was then made to the required length on the Hardy (an iron cutter shaped like a wedge) and the nail, still red hot, was inserted into the hole in a nail heading tool. The nail rod was then broken off at the partial cut, leaving enough of the shank protruding to form the head by hammer blows.

The nail heading tool commonly used in the United States was a flat, iron bar with a tapering hole, usually square, in each expanded end. As the nail cooled it shrank and was easily removed by a slight tap when the heading tool was inverted. The wrought nails thus produced were usually of iron and rectangular in shape, with some exceptions. Other metals

were occasionally used and round-shanked nails were made for wheelwrights and to fasten hinge plates to wood.

Nail making was a common household industry in colonial days. Members of the family gathered around a small forge and anvil and pounded out nails, placing them in a die or vise to hammer out the heads. The nails were sold or used in trade.

Family nail making was not so satisfactory in old England. Women and children worked long hours in rough little sheds attached to their homes, under the direction of nail masters who furnished them with nail rods and paid for the work accomplished. R. H. Sherard's "White Slaves of England," tells of the distressing conditions under which these people worked.

Various attempts were made to simplify nail making in Europe and in America and in 1786 came the break-through — a machine for cutting nails was patented by Ezekiel Reed of Massachusetts. By about 1800 the new machines were readily available. Powered by a foot treadle, the machines were fast and practical, turning out rectangular, cut nails in large supply.

A cutter sheared off tapering nail blanks from a nail plate, a strip of malleable iron the width of which determined the length of the nail. The nails were then dropped, point down, into a clamp or vise and headed with a hammer. The two operations were later combined into one. By 1825-30 the nail was cut, clamped and the head stamped in one operation by machines powered by water power and later, 1840, by steam.

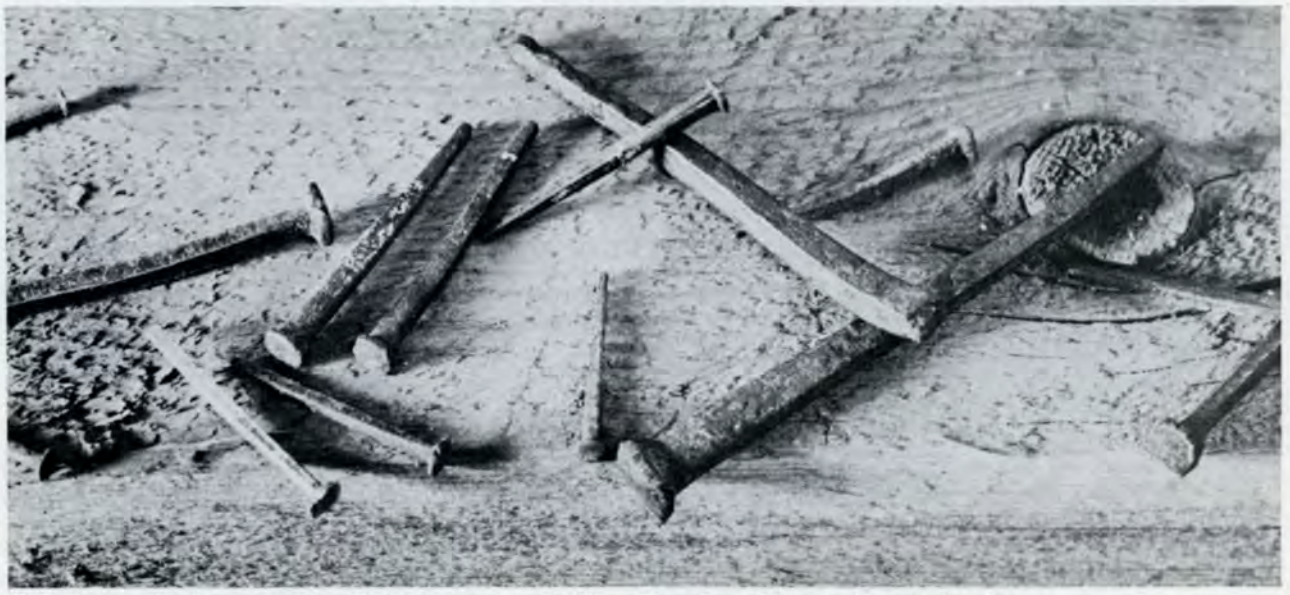
The hand forged, wrought nail was not entirely superseded by the cut nail. They were in demand until 1870-75, because carpenters found the early cut nail too brittle to "clench," that is, the point of the driven nail bent back upon itself when penetrating the wood. Thus the builders preferred the wrought nail for some purposes.

An article in "Old Time New England," the Bulletin of the Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, by Henry C. Mercer, distinguishes between the cut and the wrought nail.

1. **Wrought nail tapers on four sides — cut nail only on two opposing sides.**
2. **Cut nail as thick at the point as at the head.**
3. **The two cut sides of the cut nail show minute parallel striations, made by the cutter. Always absent on the wrought nail.**

Westward the wagons! With the emigrants in the wagons and in heavy freighters the humble nail traveled across the plains and, packed into kegs, sailed in ships around the Horn to western ports.

Cut nails, brads, spikes, tacks, sparables and finishing nails, also wrought nails were advertised in the Daily Cincinnati Chronicle in 1841. Dana Bros. & Co. in the San Francisco Commercial Advertiser of Dec. 18, 1853, offered 250 kegs cut nails, boiler plates and gutter pipes, bronzed spittoons and umbrella stands. The wholesale price index for October 3, 1851 in the San Francisco Daily Herald listed cut nails for sale at 5½ and six cents per pound, and wrought nails for 5½ and seven cents per pound.



Poke into a ghost town and you'll find square nails. They literally held early Nevada together.

As the business increased in volume and the quality of the product improved, nails were used more generously. No longer was this old adage headed — "Never use two where one will do."

In 1890 came another revolution in the nail industry — the general introduction of the machine-made, round shanked, wire nail into the United States from Europe. This nail soon supplanted the cut nail, although some of the latter are still manufactured for special purposes.

An old time smith would view with astonishment the process of modern nail making as described in Encylopedia Americana, 1966.

Steel wire is first straightened, then wound into coils from which it is fed into machines in a series of jerks, each jerk putting sufficient wire into a gripped die to form one nail. Grippers are actually two dies which clamp together to form an anvil. Enough wire is left projecting for the head, which is formed automatically by the stroke of a hammer that may be driven by a spring or a cam. The gripper dies then spring apart, the hammer cocks again, the headed nail moves forward and two cutters of knives bite it off to finished size and at the same time shape its point.

Knives are adjusted to determine the length of nail and kind of point put on it. Any type of head can be put on the nail by changing the gripper dies and the hammer. Marks found on the nail below the head are made by the gripper.

The nails are rough and burred as they come from the machine and are cleaned and polished in tumblers containing sawdust which picks up slivers and oil and grease.

Approximately 67,000 nails weighing 390 pounds are needed for the building of a five room frame house. Shades of the old blacksmith and his nail-rod in the coals!



One of the many early Nevada structures built with square nails — the old Yerington mansion in Carson City.

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of the race. In competition with cars from Germany, Italy, and France, it was driven from New York to San Francisco then taken by boat to Seattle, on to Alaska, then back to Seattle where it was placed aboard an ocean liner and shipped to Kobe, Japan. The Flyer continued the race on land across Japan to the northwest coast where it was shipped to Vladivostok. Then the test of speed and stamina continued across Siberia, Manchuria, Russia, Germany, and France. The Thomas Flyer triumphantly arrived in Paris on July 30, 1908, exactly 170 days after departing from Times Square in New York City.

George Schuster, who was chief pilot during the race, and who celebrated his 94th birthday last February, was invited to come to Reno in 1964 after Harrah's Automobile Collection had acquired the famous old Thomas Flyer. In spite of his age, Schuster agreed to make the trip to Reno as an advisor for the restoration.

Restoration of the Thomas Flyer was unique in that the car was returned not to its original factory contion as is usually done, but rather to the way it appeared the day it arrived in Paris at the end of the longest auto race in history.

The wag who invented the saying "There is nothing new under the sun," could well have had cars in mind. Many of the "innovations" offered by the automobile designers to today's buyers were introduced more than half a century ago.

A case in point is the 1909 Welch. This large, expensive Close-Coupled Touring car cost $4,700, was capable of 60 miles an hour, and featured hemispherical combustion chambers similar to the "Hemi" head engines that Chrysler offered in the 1950's. It also utilized an overhead camshaft like those used in high performance engines of today. The car was sold as a chauffeur-driven car but if the owner wished to drive himself, the chauffeur could retire to a "rumble seat" behind the car, completely out of sight of driver and passengers.

In 1960 Thunderbird introduced the swing-a-way steering wheel permitting easier access to the driver's seat. An earlier but similar steering arrangement was found on the 1903 Thomas Touring manufactured in Buffalo. It was affectionately referred to at the time as the "fat man's wheel."

Another popular attraction is the 1906 Adam-Farwell with a rear-mounted, five-cylinder, rotary engine — that is to say, the engine spins around a stationary crankshaft similar to the Le Rhone, Gnome and Bentley

The famous Thomas Flyer



aircraft engines of World War I.

Occupying a prominent spot in the collection is a Stanley steam car built in 1909. Three years earlier, in 1906, a modified Stanley set a world speed record of 127.6 mph at Ormond Beach, Florida. Few people even in this speed-minded day and age have ever driven that fast.

Another attention-getter is the 1915 dark green Briscoe Clover Leaf Roadster which features a molded body of papier-mache and resin.

One restoration which delights both visitors and all of the 120 employees at Harrah's Automobile Collection is the 1915 Cretors Popcorn Wagon which goes into use during the summer months as an outdoor snack bar featuring popcorn and hot roasted peanuts. A small steam engine provides the power that turns the corn popper and peanut roaster. At summer's end the Cretors Popcorn Wagon is returned to the showroom floor where winter visitors view the Cretors and doubt that it is actually functional.

One interesting antique on display at Harrah's Automobile Collection is a 1906 Compound, a three cylinder light touring car which is gasoline powered, but operates similar to a compound steam engine in that the exhaust from the two primary four-inch bore cylinders is released into the center seven-inch cylinder, this latter cylinder running exclusively on the pressure of the exhaust gas from the other two. Manufactured in Middletown, Connecticut, the car featured power brakes, power clutch, and had a "deadman's switch" operated by the driver's right arm. If the driver removed his arm from the switch for any reason, the brakes would automatically be applied.

Two restored cars — a 1903, one-cylinder, 12-horsepower Packard, and a 1904, two-cylinder, 20-horsepower "waterless" Knox — draw many curious visitors. Both cars participated in the "London to Brighton Run," an annual event held in England for cars of 1904 manufacture or older. Mr. Harrah drove the Knox in 1962 and the Packard in 1965 in the event which commemorates the repeal in 1897 of an old English law requiring a motor vehicle to be preceded by a man bearing a red flag.

One car in the collection which evokes a rash of "jokes" is the 1909 E-M-F, named after Messrs. B. F. Everitt, William Metzger and Walter Flanders. Use of initials as the proper name of the car, a risky proposition at best, brought out such remarks as "Every morning fix-em," "Every man's folly," "Every mechanical fault," and "Every mechanic's friend."

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 55

Some of the cars on display



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Adding life and color to the collection, are the high fashion costumes worn at the turn of the century which were restored under the direction of Mrs. William Harrah. Elaborate silks and rich velvets, brocades and laces, sweeping brim and plume hats, high button shoes, cravats, shawls, stockings, gloves, wedding gowns, and other items are now on view in the main showroom.

Most visitors to Harrah's Automobile Collection are startled to learn that more than 4,000 different makes of automobiles were manufactured at one time or another in the United States. Of these, of course, only a handful of manufacturers are still in business. Many of the cars designed and manufactured were one-of-a-kind in which case the builder was motivated more by inspiration and imagination than by practical considerations of financing his venture.

The Collection as of this writing has more than 1,200 cars of which approximately 300 are of different manufacture. Represented in this "who's who" are many cars made by firms that no longer exist — Auburn, Bugatti, Cunningham, Diana, Duesenberg, Durant, Duryea, E-M-F, Essex, Franklin, Graham, Haynes-Apperson, Hupmobile, Jordan, Kissel, Marmon, Marquette, Maxwell, McFarlan, Mercer, Nash, Oakland, Overland, Packard, Peerless, Pierce-Arrow, Pope-Hartford, Reo, Ruxton, Stanley, Star, Stearns-Knight, Studebacker, Stutz, Templar, Thomas, Tucker, Whippet, White, Willis St. Claire, Willys and Winton.

Representing firms which are surviving today are Fords, Buicks, Cadillacs, Chevrolets, Chryslers, Dodges, Lincolns, Oldsmobiles, Plymouths, Pontiacs and Ramblers.

In addition to their regular duties, many staff members of Harrah's Automobile Collection participate in various automotive events. Every two years, for example, they assist the Horseless Carriage Club of Nevada by sponsoring the Biennial Reno Tour, an event which has been held nine times and is the largest tour of pre-1916 autos in the world. More than 200 cars from all sections of the United States rally for the four-day tour of the Reno-Lake Tahoe area. Once a year Harrah's Auto experts take part in what is called a Swap Meet & Car Show sponsored by the Collection. The largest such combined event in the West, it caters to collectors interested in locating hard-to-find parts for restoring their cars. Members of Harrah's auto staff also participate in car shows held throughout the United States.

While the automobile is king at Harrah's Automobile Collection, other types of vehicles are also being rebuilt including motorcycles, antique aircraft, boats, a narrow-gauge railroad with a restored antique locomotive and several railroad cars, a collection of western artifacts, some of which are on display in the Pony Express Exhibit in the main building.

Because of the ever increasing flow of visitors to the collection new, larger restoration and display facilities are badly needed; and, in fact, much effort has already gone into plans for a new complex to house the entire collection. Hampered by the present inadequate quarters only a small part of the collection is now on display. The remainder is stored in warehouses in the area. Early in 1967, a new showroom will be added to display an additional 200 cars, but this will still represent less than half of the entire collection.

The long range plan calls for the construction of a new museum in the Reno area where 1,500 cars, all of the antique aircraft, boats, motorcycles, and the entire Pony Express Museum will be displayed. Three miles of narrow-gauge railroad track will be laid and the train placed in service.

And what purpose will this ambitious new museum complex serve? Harrah himself best summed it up in these words:

"Few material things have been as important to America as the automobile. The manufacture of the automobile was the root of our industrial growth, and for decades now it has been the central support of our economy. We are all tied to the automobile by history, by business, by emotion. The automobile deserves to be preserved and remembered." ■

A portion of the Research Library









By Randy Parker

A MAN OF MANY MINDS







Some people have the idea that entertainers can't see beyond the footlights — show folks are so wrapped up in show biz that they have no idea what's happening in the big, outside world.

This is a doubtful rule of thumb at best, and it fails completely when applied to Donald O'Connor.

O'Connor, who played to capacity crowds at the Sahara in Las Vegas and Harrah's at Lake Tahoe this fall, is very much involved with the world.

"Everyone should try writing something," he says, "either music or a story or even a book. So many people these days seem afraid of being criticized."

O'Connor has been busily writing for quite a few years. He composes most of the background music for his TV shows, for example, he wrote a symphony which he is very proud of called "Reflections d'un Comique," and now he's trying his hand at short stories.

That symphony started as sort of a joke, Donald admits. It happened in Los Angeles where a group of physicians joined together to form the Doctors' Symphony, a serious group that rehearsed regularly although somewhat haphazardly because,

as Donald puts it, they were always on call and someone constantly would be away delivering a baby or taking out a tonsil. One day in 1955, several of the doctors cornered O'Connor and before he quite realized what was going on he agreed to try a full-fledged symphony. It took three months but he did it — composed a successful symphony and conducted it himself, leading the Doctors' Symphony at the Philharmonic Auditorium. It was later recorded by a record company in Brussels.

"Because I was raised in vaudeville, music is ingrained in me, I guess," he reflects. O'Connor started out at the age of one, appearing with the family act that played the circuits all over the country.

"People don't realize I'm on the verge of retiring," quips the youthful looking star. "After all, I've been working for 41 years!"

It is very doubtful that Donald O'Connor will allow himself easily to retire. He is too interested in people and the world to withdraw behind a retirement curtain. One of his most serious concerns at the moment is juvenile delinquency. In an effort to help combat the problem, O'Connor took a course at the Menninger Clinic in Kansas, and now participates in a program in California in which professional performers spend long hours with youngsters, coaching them in a variety of activities designed to overcome the delinquency threat. O'Connor takes an intensive, personal interest in the program, explaining why it's no mere coincidence that he has worked so closely with doctors over the years. "I would like to have become a doctor myself," he admits, "but somehow I couldn't pull myself away from the stage."

Four months were required to put together the show that he brought to Nevada this year. O'Connor was at his nimble best, delighting audiences with his lightning-fast changes of costume and smoothly-paced comedy routines. For a man in his early forties, he shows no signs of slowing down. And for this his fans are grateful.



University of Nevada Press

Lalla Scott, 1966 *$5.25*

KARNEE: A Paiute Narrative

A remarkable and fascinating chronicle of Indian life as related by a half-breed woman who was born nearly a hundred years ago. Deserted by her rancher father, Annie Lowry rejected her white heritage to live with her Paiute mother in the Indian colony near Lovelock, Nevada. A vivid picture of a generation in transition between two worlds has been recorded by the author, who has succeeded in preserving Annie's simplicity of language and flair for the dramatic in relating Indian tradition. Lancehead Series, clothbound, 149 pages.

James W. Hulse, 1965 *$7.50*

THE NEVADA ADVENTURE

In this new Nevada history, the author examines Nevada from primitive times to the nuclear age. Moving vividly through his chapters are the explorers who first probed into a forbidding desert wilderness, the mountain men, the pioneers, Mormon settlers, fortune hunters, miners, hardy ranchers, empire builders, and great statesmen. The story of Nevada is a saga, and the author has captured in his book the lusty and courageous qualities of the state. Clothbound, 290 pages, 19 illustrations, 8 maps.

Wilbur S. Shepperson, 1966 *$5.25*

RETREAT TO NEVADA

A strange mixture of utopian thought, populist agitation, and Marxist doctrine led to the founding of Nevada City, Nevada, in 1916, where many opponents of World War I assumed Nevada's isolation would shield them from the conflict. Drawn from colony record books and personal letters, this original study of a cooperative colony also traces the steps by which the Marxist-oriented leaders hoped to gain control of Nevada and eventually of the governments of other Western states. Lancehead Series, clothbound, 204 pages, 2 maps.

Russell R. Elliott, 1966 *$5.95*

Nevada's 20th-Century Mining Boom

While the magnificence of the Comstock story has blinded many writers to the importance of mining throughout the state, this volume gives balance to the history of mining in Nevada for it centers attention on the Tonopah-Goldfield-Ely boom which began in the spring of 1900. While noting that the second boom period had its share of colorful camps, the author points out the many elements of stability, lacking in the Comstock era, which did much for the economic development of Nevada. Lancehead Series, clothbound, 344 pages, 20 maps and illustrations.

Copies of these publications may be obtained by writing to:

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NEVADA NOTEBOOK

APART FROM THE FACT that it lists an impressive number of the ski resorts in the Reno-Tahoe circuit, the map on the facing page offers an interesting and informative look at the topsy-turvy geography of western Nevada. Hovering over the entire scene is Lake Tahoe, one of the largest of the fresh-water, high-altitude lakes in the world. The lake lies approximately 2,000 feet higher than Carson City and other towns along the eastern foothills of the Sierra, a fact that sometimes worries people who like to find things to worry about. What would happen, they ask, if the mountains that serve as a retaining wall should somehow spring a leak?

TEMPORARILY AT LEAST, Carson City would be the dampest capital in the nation.

DOMINATING the horizon around the lake are the mighty peaks of the Sierra including Mt. Rose above Reno, a landmark in the area. Then the valleys — sprawling Truckee Meadows, the grassy plain on which Reno and Sparks are building; Little Valley and Washoe Valley to the south; next, Carson City's Eagle Valley; and last in this scenic chain, but only partly visible, productive Carson Valley. Virginia City lies one range farther east, nestled under the protective slopes of Sun Mountain, as it was called in Mark Twain's day. Now it's generally known as Mt. Davidson.

THE MAP was developed by Harrah's Club in Reno to be used as a promotional piece. Rendered by artist Ren Wicks who worked from aerial photos taken by Doc Kaminsky, the map has been adapted by the Sierra Pacific Power Company for this very effective public service advertisement. It emphasizes better than words can that skiing has truly come of age in the Sierra.

LAS VEGAS is enjoying a cultural boom. Among the programs which have already been presented this season — or that are scheduled for future weeks — Nevada Southern's concert series with performances by the University String Orchestra, the String Quartet and the Chorus; and a number of performances by a group of local musicians led by Antonio Morelli, among which will be a special concert of Hebrew music. Two concerts will be presented by James Clark featuring the Las Vegas Saxophone Quartet, and a high light of the season will be concerts by the Las Vegas Philharmonic Symphony led by Ennio Bolognini. In addition there will be programs by Nevada Southern's Musical Arts Workshop, the Las Vegas Wind Symphony and, for the youngsters, a series presented by "Young Audiences, Inc." The Southern Nevada Festival Orchestra will be heard in concerts conducted by Misha Violin, and there will be the usual, very popular Community Concert series.

AS IF ALL THIS WERE not enough — and the listing above is by no means complete — Las Vegans have a rich menu of other events to choose from: plays and dramatic performances, art shows, foreign language films and lectures. Las Vegas, long regarded as one of the entertainment capitals of the world, is also fast becoming a dynamic cultural center.

OLD CAR BUFFS, and we are told that there are thousands of them, will enjoy the lead story in this issue on Harrah's Automobile Collection, probably one of the most comprehensive surveys yet made of the goings-on at this, the largest assemblage of old cars in the world. Two of the autos mentioned in the story, a 1930 Packard and 1929 Duesenberg are depicted in precise detail in 18 x 24-inch graphic prints produced by Reno artist Ken Webster who, as most of our readers realize, is responsible for the design of this magazine. The prints are for sale, and we will be glad to answer inquiries received at our Carson City editorial offices.

COMING IN future issues of NEVADA Magazine — a long string of articles about this seventh-largest of the states, one in which so many things are happening it's hard to keep abreast. But we're trying. Included among the stories we plan to carry this year are a photo series on some of our lesser-known lakes by Philip Hyde; an exploration of the back country around Ely; a sailboat ride on Lake Mead with Cliff and Gene Segerblom; a peek into the rollicking history of that outlandish organization, E Clampus Vitus; a survey of the vital defense activities taking place on the Nevada Test Site; and—what else? The list is too long to complete, but one thing is certain. There will be good reading in NEVADA Magazine in the months ahead.

ONE HOUR FROM RENO

A **SKY TAVERN SKI AREA**
(Reserved for Jr. Ski Programs)
1 T-Bar, 1 Baco, 3 Rope Tows

B **MT. ROSE RESORT**
2 Chair Lifts,
1 Rope Tow

C **SLIDE MOUNTAIN**
(Reno Ski Bowl)
3 Chair Lifts

D **TANNENBAUM**
1 T-Bar, 1 Rope Tow,
Artificial Snow

E **HEAVENLY VALLEY**
6 Chair Lifts, 4 Rope Tows,
5 T-Bars, 1 Aerial Tramway

F **TAHOE SKI BOWL**
1 Chair Lift,
2 Rope Tows

G **HOMEWOOD SKI AREA**
1 Chair Lift, 2 Rope Tows,
Night Skiing

H **ALPINE MEADOWS**
4 Chair Lifts
5 Poma Lifts

I **GRANLIBAKKEN**
4 Rope Tows,
1 Poma Lift

J **POWDER BOWL**
1 Poma Lift,
2 Rope Tows

K **PAPOOSE**
2 Poma Lifts, 5 Rope Tows,
Artificial Snow

L **SQUAW VALLEY**
(Site of '60 Win. Oly. Games)
14 Chair, 6 Poma, 2 Tram

M **BOREAL RIDGE**
2 Chair Lifts, 3 T-Bars,
2 Rope Tows

N **DONNER SKI AREA**
1 Chair Lift, 1 Poma Lift,
1 Rope Tow, Night Skiing

O **SIERRA CLUB**
1 Rope Tow

P **SUGAR BOWL**
4 Chair Lifts, 2 Rope Tows,
1 Alpine Platter

Q **MAGIC CARPET**
1 Aerial Tramway

R **SKI INCLINE**
3 Chair Lifts, 1 T-Bar,
Artificial Snow

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