

NEVADA

ICD

HIGHWAYS AND PARKS

SPRING 1968 50c

DOLLS

THAT
GRANDMA
KNEW

THOSE
MYSTERIOUS
VANISHING
LAKES

DECEMBER
SONG

COLOR BY
MUENCH

GUNS

THE ONES
THE GUNMEN
USED!



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LAKE TAHOE

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HARVEY'S

The Andrews Sisters, Dec. 21

SAHARA-TAHOE

Jane Morgan, Dec. 22-31

The Four Freshmen, Dec. 29

Lou Styles, Jan. 5

The Expressions, Jan. 17

Don and Cindy, Jan. 24

Jonah Jones, Feb. 9

RENO-SPARKS

HAROLDS CLUB

Jerry Vale, thru Dec. 18

Harry James, Dec. 19

Rusty Draper-Paul Gilbert-Joan Jordan, Jan. 9

HARRAH'S

Frankie Lane-Myron Cohen, Dec. 22

Wayne Newton, Jan. 18

HOLIDAY

Charles Gould and His Satin Strings

MAPES

Frankie Fanelli-The Jades

NUGGET

Fred Waring & the Pennsylvanians

The King Family, Dec. 22

THE PONDEROSA

George Liberace, thru Dec. 16

LAS VEGAS

CAESAR'S PALACE

Tammy Grimes-Bud and Cece Robinson

Lou Rawls, Nov. 30

"Fiddler on the Roof," Dec. 28

THUNDERBIRD

"That Certain Girl"

Bobby Rydell, Phil Foster, Virginia

Mayo, Al Stevens, Gunilla Hutton

The King's IV

TROPICANA

Folies Bergere Centennial

Fiesta Tropicana, Dec. 4

Bob Braman, Dec. 18

Louis Armstrong, Dec. 22

DESERT INN

"Pzazz '68"

RIVIERA

Marty Allen & Steve Rossi, thru Dec. 10

Shecky Greene, Dec. 6

FLAMINGO

Peggy Lee-Myron Cohen, thru Dec. 9

Wayne Newton-Jackie Kahane, Dec. 22

Shelley Berman-Florence Henderson, Jan. 12

SAHARA

"The Christmas Celebration," thru Dec. 21

Buddy Hackett-Sergio Franchi, Dec. 22

Robert Goulet-Norm Crosby, Jan. 30

Donald O'Connor & Little Me, Feb. 27

SANDS

Sammy Davis Jr., thru Jan. 2

STARDUST

Le Lido de Paris Revue

New Christy Minstrels, Dec. 1

Nalani Kele, Dec. 29

DUNES

Casino de Paris

ALADDIN

Carmen McRae-The Ladybirds, Dec. 1



Perennial favorites, **THE ANDREWS SISTERS**, will thrill Harvey's patrons during the holiday season. Their opening date at the popular Tahoe resort is December 21.

Antics of **SHECKY GREENE**, a comedians' comedian as attested by such greats as Bob Hope and Groucho Marx, will entertain audiences at the Riviera in Las Vegas when he opens December 6.



SHELLEY BERMAN shares headlines at the Las Vegas Flamingo with Florence Henderson starting January 12.

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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

F TAHOE SKI BOWL
1 Chair Lift, 1 T-Bar,
3 Rope Tows

G HOMEWOOD SKI AREA
2 Chair Lifts, 2 Rope Tows,
Night Skiing

H ALPINE MEADOWS
5 Chair Lifts,
5 Poma Lifts

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

L SQUAW VALLEY
(Site of '60 Win. Oly. Games)
15 Chairs, 6 Poma, 2 Tram

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

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

47 Chairs 4 Trams 8 T-Bars 18 Platters 31 Ropes

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

E HEAVENLY VALLEY
8 Chair Lifts, 4 Rope Tows,
1 T-Bar, 1 Aerial Tramway

I GRANLIBAKKEN
4 Rope Tows,
1 Poma Lift

J POWDER BOWL
1 Poma Lift,
2 Rope Tows

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

O SIERRA CLUB
1 Rope Tow

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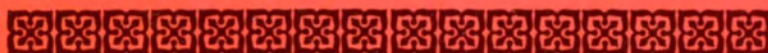
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Front Cover

Obviously he wants your attention and your affection! The laughing boy on the cover is a German (Meubach) doll, circa 1900. From the collection of the author of the story on page 4.

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A Nevada Magazine Christmas

BY LOIS MATHEWSON

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ADRIAN ATWATER

Dolls have been around in one form or another almost as long as people have. Archaeologists have found them all over the world as they uncover the civilizations of the past. A rag doll made of linen was discovered in an Egyptian tomb, and clay figures have turned up in Greece and in the tombs of Mexico and Central America. Many of these burial items possibly had some religious significance, or, since dolls were occasionally deposited with other toys, they could have been put there simply as a cherished possession of a dead child.



Special for the Young in Heart

THE DOLLS — A. French doll of the 1880's. Collectors will be interested to know she is marked FG. B. German nurse in her original clothes, fine bisque, 1910. C. With a papier-maché head, original costume, this doll by Ludwig Greiner is the first American patented doll, 1858. D. Much sought-after, a German doll with closed mouth. Blown glass eyes, pierced ears, 1870's. E. French, of Jumeau manufacture, 1880's. F. French, marked ROD, 1880's. G. A Dotter doll, corset printed on body, china head bears date, Dec. 7, 1880. H. French Jumeau child in original silk dress. I. French fashion doll, 24 inches tall, marked FG. J. The famous Shirley Temple doll of the thirties, original condition.



E



G



H



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J



F

Most contemporary doll collections date from the latter half of the 1800's and the early 1900's, the period when the doll industry flourished in Europe, and the making of fine china, bisque and wax dolls reached technical perfection. Germany and France, the chief producers, competed for the market and by 1860 were turning out truly beautiful dolls. Most dolls were manufactured at first on a "piece work" basis in homes, whole families making a living by turning out doll parts. They fired bisque and porcelain parts in small backyard kilns, then delivered the finished pieces to others on the assembly line who completed the job. By 1870, Germany, having introduced factory methods to produce its dolls, became the world's leading doll manufacturer. As the small home factories disappeared, thousands of people went to work in large factories, and doll making became the mainstay of the economy in many German towns. America, one of Germany's best customers, imported hundreds of thousands of dolls each year.

Dolls in France were probably first produced as fashion mannequins, used to display the latest creations to royalty and the others who could afford the elegant custom fashions of those days. These early fashion dolls were not particularly attractive since they were designed primarily for displaying clothing. By the mid-1800's the French discovered that exquisite clothes appeared even more exquisite when worn

by good looking mannequins, and doll-makers began to turn out beautiful lady dolls with bisque heads, elaborate hairdos and large expressive eyes made of blown glass. The bodies of these dolls were made of wood and kid leather, carefully shaped into what was then considered the ideal figure for a lady of fashion. These elegant dolls were provided with complete wardrobes and came with small trunks in which their finery was stored. They had hats, muffs, purses, parasols, jewelry, vanity cases, fans, furs, and other items a lady might need to accompany her large wardrobe. These dolls were very expensive, so were produced in much smaller numbers than their German counterparts. Needless to say, they are highly prized by today's collectors.

Our collection began with a doll that was anything but elegant. I found her in a little store on top of a barrel of junk, over which there was a sign saying "Your choice, 5¢." Her papier-maché arms and legs were badly damaged but her blue glass eyes looked up at me and I fell in love with her sweet smile and her pink bisque face. This was in 1935. I was a little girl and had a nickel to spend on anything I wanted. She was always my favorite although I'm sure no one ever understood why I loved her more than all the nice new dolls I had at the time. Twenty five years later, I found a proper doll body to replace her old one, and today she stands proudly in a glass case surrounded by a group of lovely French dolls.

Many dolls have joined our collection because their former owners wanted a good home for them. We clean them and mend them, fumigate them if necessary, and always try to restore them to as close to their original condition as possible. If the doll still wears her original clothes, we wash and mend them, and soon the old doll takes her place in one of the glass cases to delight a new generation.

Dolls came in all shapes, sizes and age brackets. In our collection they range in size from a ¾-inch china doll to a French bisque who stands 3½ feet tall. There are newborn babies, toddlers, young girls, ladies, boy dolls, and a grandmother with grey hair and tiny wrinkles modeled in her face. One complete set of doll-house dolls from Germany (displayed in its original box) even includes two well-dressed maids to look after the mother, father, and two children in the set.

People always ask me where I find the old dolls. The answer is "anywhere." Two of our oldest dolls, one china

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 50

Left, a French baby boy in all his finery, marked SFBJ Opposite, a carriage full of German bisque-head babies of all sizes and various ages. Their unperplexed, non-committal expressions leave one wondering if they're going to enjoy the ride. Carriage dates from around 1900, was owned by the author's grandmother





Lahontan, the prehistoric body of water that covered a good part of northwestern Nevada, bequeathed the present generation two legacies: Pyramid and Walker lakes. Only these two remain perennial, though in some of the sinks where it once flourished there are seasonal waters appearing and vanishing according to the amount of spring run-off and the rate of evaporation.

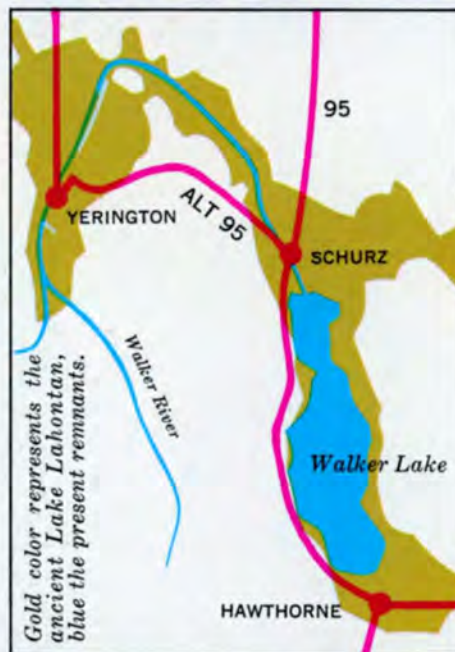
As one might expect, Walker has much in common with Pyramid — strandlines, tufa formations, and heavily saline waters. Yet its quality is less spectacular, being long and narrow with the mountains receding eastward rather than crowding its margin. Lying between the Wassuk and the Gillis ranges, its western (Wassuk) shore is entirely dominated by Mt. Grant, rising to a summit of well over 11,000 feet. Its massive shape is graced in winter with a cape of snow. Yet the traveler passing down U.S. Highway 95 to Hawthorne at the lower end of the lake is confined between the abrupt cliffs and the shore, perhaps unaware of the grandeur above.

Beach contours below the highway reveal the substantial extent to which this lake has diminished in recent years. For in the past century the white settler arrived upstream with his agricultural pursuits and water diversions to such purpose, usurping much that the Walker River normally brought in. Evaporation nonetheless continued to draw down the unreplenished lake.

Less than 40 miles to the southwest lies another lake: Mono. During the Ice Age the whole basin containing it was full, to an extent that it overflowed into the Owens River valley. This was Lake Russell. The area covered 267 square miles, the depth reached 750 feet. It was named after Israel C. Russell, the noted geologist who first mapped the Mono Lake



MONO



WALKER

a study in contrasts

BY S. G. HOUGHTON

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY PHILIP HYDE

region and made extensive studies of the Pleistocene lakes in the Great Basin. It extended well into Nevada through Mono and Aurora valleys and came within 20 miles of old Lake Lahontan. Its remnant today, from 10 to 14 miles in diameter and roughly round, is one of the weirdest, most fascinating bodies of water in all the West.

Here the tufa constructions are most prolific and varied, the water so full of salts, borax, sodium and calcium carbonates that no fish life can exist in it. But there are strange brine shrimps in countless numbers growing there and water flies that attract a substantial birdlife. The seemingly inexhaustible shrimps are harvested to provide fish hatchery food; the flies form the diet of the tiny phalaropes that dart and pirouette about the surface everywhere.

Mono has no shore growth of any kind. The basin is littered with volcanic sand, pumice and obsidian. Like the ruins of a gigantic amphitheatre, tufa development above and below the shoreline is seen in columns, battlements and arches. These last came about through the action of algae that congregated at underwater shelves and springs which were plentiful here; for the Sierra Nevada rises to peaks of 12,000 feet within five miles, and in prehistoric times they carried many glaciers. These are mostly gone now, but there was melting and much underground water, hence the many present-day springs.

Within the lake lie two islands of volcanic origin. The smaller, darker one is called Negit, an Indian word meaning "blue-winged goose." Both have craterlets and cinder cones, some containing water.

Right, beach contours below the highway reveal the substantial extent to which Walker Lake has dropped in the last century. These are called strand lines by the geologists and show surface levels of the past that, for a time, remained constant.



The larger, lighter colored island is Paoha, a Mono dialect word for "hot springs." At the northern end of the lake, short of the narrows, rises a very steep and uniform bank of reddish black cinder material, an ominous countenance brooding over the landscape.

South of the basin and dominating the skyline a series of volcanic mounds called the Mono Craters line up beyond the highway. These are actually domes having few geologic associations with the crater form. They are of ancient origin and make very impressive scenery, rather as one imagines the nature of the moon.

Thus one may see immediately the substantial contrast between these two desert lakes: in size, shape, contents and surroundings. They lie on either side of and almost equidistant from the California-Nevada boundary.

In 1863 this line was first established by survey. There were two thriving communities then engaged in mining, Aurora and Bodie. It was thought that both lay in California, but the survey proved otherwise and the line was found to run between them, just as it does between the lakes. For a time there were two courts with overlapping jurisdictions, but miraculously all cases were decided without dispute. On election day in Aurora there were actually two sets of ballots and many people voted in both elections amid great hilarity. Three weeks later the survey party arrived, the town was discovered to be truly in Nevada, and the pro-Californians hustled all the courthouse records off to Bridgeport, the new seat of Mono County.

OGDEN FIRST

Mining has played a very promi-

nent part in the history of the region, though the first explorers were seeking furs. As far as we know, the earliest white man to reach the area between the Humboldt and Walker rivers and to lay eyes upon Walker Lake was a trapper named Peter Skene Ogden. This he did in November of 1829 while hunting for beaver. Any real exploring, however, seems to have been purely incidental. The same is true of Jedediah Smith, another early scout, who



had passed south of Walker Lake two years before but taken no notice of it.

In 1832 Capt. Joseph R. Walker was detailed with some 60 men by Capt. Bonneville to make a reconnaissance westward to Great Salt Lake, hopefully to set up a rich fur trade. However, he struck far beyond this objective, following roughly the course which the Southern Pacific

Railroad takes today across Nevada (as Ogden had done in '29 and John Work in '31). On reaching the Humboldt Sink he was beleaguered by thieving Indians and there did battle in retaliation, killing a number of them in what became known as "The Battle of the Lakes." He went up the East Walker and crossed the Sierra in the vicinity of Yosemite Valley and was the first to see the redwoods (his is the first published account of them). The party then explored the San Joaquin and Kern rivers, crossed Walker Pass south of Owens Lake, and thence went northeast into very dry and barren country. It is not established that he ever saw the lake that John C. Fremont named after him, but eventually he got back to Capt. Bonneville, who was unimpressed with accounts of the journey and displeased that the fur business had eluded Walker's grasp.

1841 EMIGRANTS

The Humboldt River having thus been determined to be the best course across the Great Basin, others soon followed. In 1841 came the first emigrant expedition to bring covered wagons along the Overland Trail; the Bidwell-Bartleson party were also first among the emigrants to see Great Salt Lake and the Humboldt. A second expedition, that of Walker and Chiles, crossed in 1843. The following year Fremont arrived, well-organized for pure exploration, with his bright inquiring mind and

Above, lichens on the volcanic rock of Mono Craters describe a fascinating pattern. These domes are of ancient origin and suggest the nature of the moon. Right, the tufa constructions of Mono Lake are most prolific and varied. This pedestal shape indicates that there was greater activity when its top was formed by the algae that congregated at underwater shelves and springs. Such plant life absorbed and then precipitated the minerals dissolved in the water.



facile pen, mapping, measuring and recording everything he saw. He visited the lake in 1845 and named it for his old friend and associate, Joe Walker.

An excellent book entitled "Sierra Nevada Lakes" by George and Bliss Hinkle includes the following statement: "Two lakes, Walker and Mono, were the chief landmarks in this ambiguous land. Theirs were the two most notable place names in southwest Utah Territory." (Nevada became a separate territory in 1861 and a state in 1864.) Mono first comes to our attention in a brief account of a punitive expedition led by Lt. Tredwell Moore against the local Indians, May-June of 1852. Two years later, Leroy Vining reached the scene, seeking gold. He camped beneath Tioga Pass on the creek that, like the town at the southwest end of Mono Lake, has been named Lee Vining after him. A large early influx occurred in 1859 when Carl Norst discovered gold in Mono Gulch and word got around, but this play was short-lived. Mono-ville, at the foot of the Conway grade, thrived for about a year, and then when the strike was made at Bodie most of the people left.

To the northwest of Mono Lake a beautiful canyon extends high into the Sierra and nests a small lake from which Mill Creek descends. This is where the Lundy mine flourished for a short period; its name is given to both lake and canyon. Both Mill Creek and Lee Vining Creek are now used as water power sources for the electric utility operating there.

It should be noted that Mark Twain spent some time around Mono and included a description of the lake and its islands in "Roughing It," published in 1872. His merry account tends to embroider the truth, yet it contains much keen observa-

tion. For most of the world he put this area on the map.

MINING UNPROFITABLE

Mining near Walker Lake achieved no bonanzas, either. There has been a good deal of prospecting activity in Whiskey Flat and other country south of Hawthorne; and west of



there the Lucky Boy Mine, discovered in 1909, seemed very promising but petered out like the others. Northwest of Walker is Rawhide, where a rush the year before had occurred. Its ore proved rather thin and the boom short lived.

One placer claim was staked on the very summit of Mt. Grant and thought to be of high quality and fit to mine in spite of formidable

problems involving water supply and access. But the fact that it lay within the restricted and fenced border of the U. S. Naval Ammunition Depot created alongside and south of the lake in 1930 prevented any use and development.

Hawthorne was picked by the Navy as the site of its largest storage grounds for explosives, and during the past quarter century it has been expanded to great size. The Navy even set up the adjacent town of Babbitt to house its personnel, and has built hundreds of bunkers and warehouses, over 200 miles of railroad track, and some 550 miles of surfaced roads.

Today, besides the activity connected with the depot, Hawthorne is important as a recreational and shopping center and a stopover between cities of northern and southern Nevada. Outside the town, a few miles north along the lakeshore, are two picnic areas set aside by the Bureau of Land Management for use of sportsmen. These are maintained and operated by Mineral County and have been equipped with shelters, tables, fireplaces, toilets and boat ramps. The lake contains Lahontan cutthroat trout and a species of perch. People come with boats to troll for the big ones, and excellent catches are not unusual.

Indians still inhabit this region. Next year the reservation at Schurz, oldest in the state, will celebrate its centennial, for it was founded in 1869 after the troubles of that turbulent decade. The small settlement and outlying cabins, sheltered in a grove of lofty cottonwoods, is situated where U. S. 95 crosses the Walker River a few miles upstream

Above, the Gillis Mountains recede eastward from Walker Lake, rather than crowding its margin. Right, the western shore of Walker Lake lies close against the Wassuk Range and is entirely dominated by Mt. Grant, which rises to a summit of well over 11,000 feet. Its mass is graced in winter with a cape of snow.





from its terminus in the lake.

RAILROADS EMERGE

The mark of human activity upon the land is evident in two particular kinds of scar: the highway and the railroad. The rails, of course, came first. In 1880 the Carson & Colorado ran a line down the east shore of Walker Lake with the ambitious plan of reaching the Colorado River. That it never did so is unimportant; what counts is that the line still operates, owned now by the Southern Pacific. When built, the C & C was a narrow gauge road, with rails three feet apart, but when taken over in 1905 it was converted to standard, or 4 feet, 8½ inches width. The C & C eventually went as far as Keeler, in the Owens Valley, but the portions south of Mina have been abandoned.

Hawthorne was located quite arbitrarily by H. M. Yerington, superintendent of the C & C, in October of 1880. The railroad no longer comes into town, but a Navy spur connects with it at Thorne, five miles to the east near the lake's end, and serves the ammunition depot.

Mono Lake, too, had its line, the Bodie & Benton. Of this unique and fascinating enterprise, David F Myrick says in *Railroads of Nevada*: "As a railroad the Bodie & Benton was a complete paradox. It began on a barren hilltop and ended in a forest; it never served Bodie and never reached Benton; it never had



a single rail connection with the outside world yet it operated successfully for nearly half a century."

This line totaled 33 miles long (later extended to 37) and was built in 1881 primarily to bring wood to the mines and mills of the Bodie

district. A link to the C & C at Benton was graded in 1882 but no rails were ever laid. Service continued until 1917 when the road was abandoned. Life in Bodie fluctuated mainly with the fortunes of the Standard Consolidated Mine, the "mainstay of Bodie," but this dwindled half a century ago. Today the ghost town, preserved and reconstructed as a state park, is a heavily visited tourist spot.

The B & B right of way involved some extremely heavy grades (200 feet to the mile — anything over 90 is fairly heavy), sharp curves, and switchbacks. But a dozen miles from Bodie it pretty much straightened out and swung around the eastern shore of Mono Lake. A big sawmill and a forested area behind the Mono Craters were the objectives, these located up the southern slope of the basin.

Today as one looks across the water from Conway Grade the ancient terraces, elsewhere not much in evidence, are visible, picked out by vegetation. The wooded ridge lies beyond and over it can be seen the distant mass of Boundary Peak, the highest point in Nevada.

Mankind has been around these places for a very long time. This fact was determined positively by I. C. Russell when in 1882 he found the bones of a mastodon along the Walker River. In one of the matrices he observed a stone point — a spearhead bearing the undeniable marks of human tooling. The mastodon is long gone, indeed, but Man is abundantly in evidence and will probably remain around for some time longer. □

Above, the Sierra Nevada rises to peaks of 12,000 feet within five miles of Mono Lake. In prehistoric times they carried many glaciers but these are now mostly gone. Left, above, battlements of tufa lie off the south shore of Mono Lake, with Paoho Island in the background. Left, below, the Walker River, a few miles upstream from its terminus in the lake, passes through the oldest Indian reservation in Nevada. Here the southwestern arm of Lake Lahontan once covered all the valley.

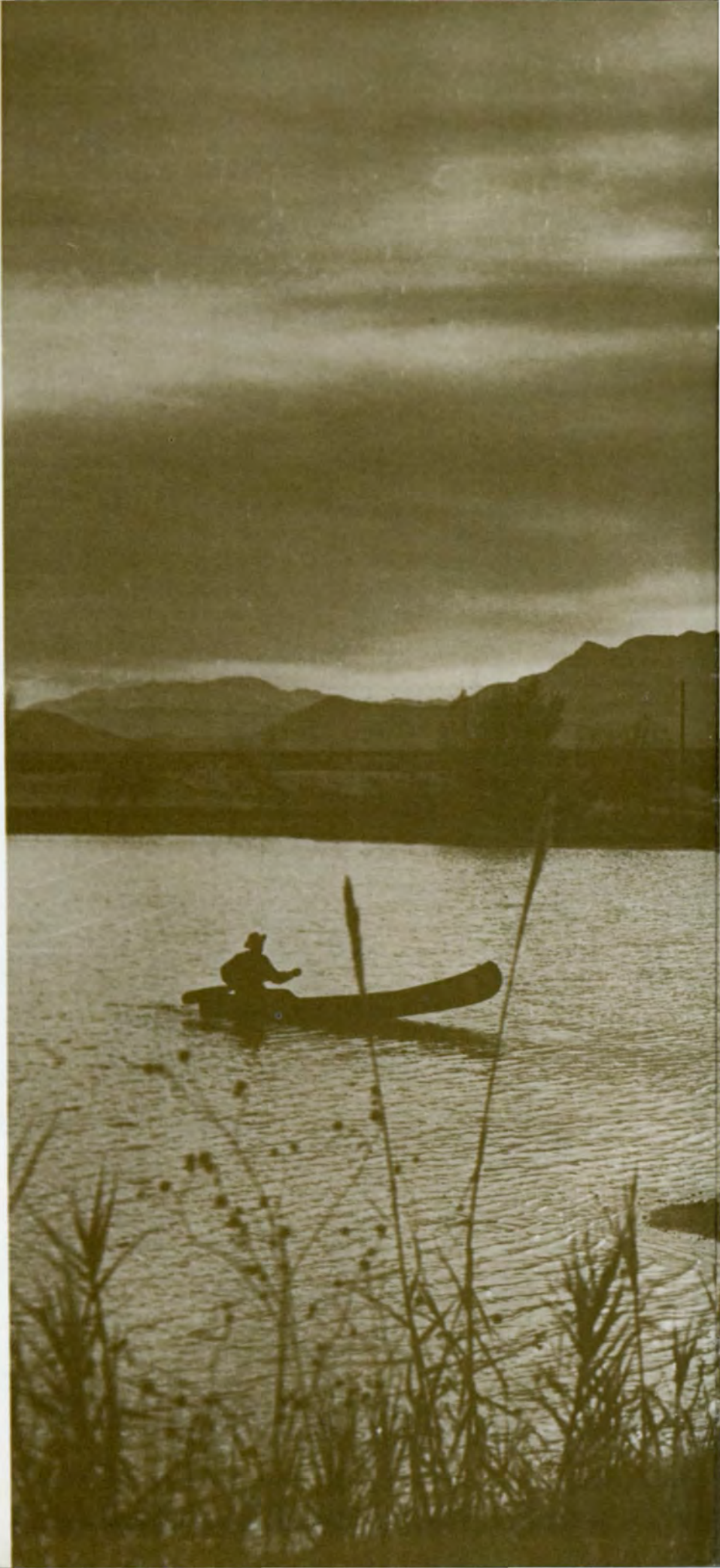
Not far from the Strip

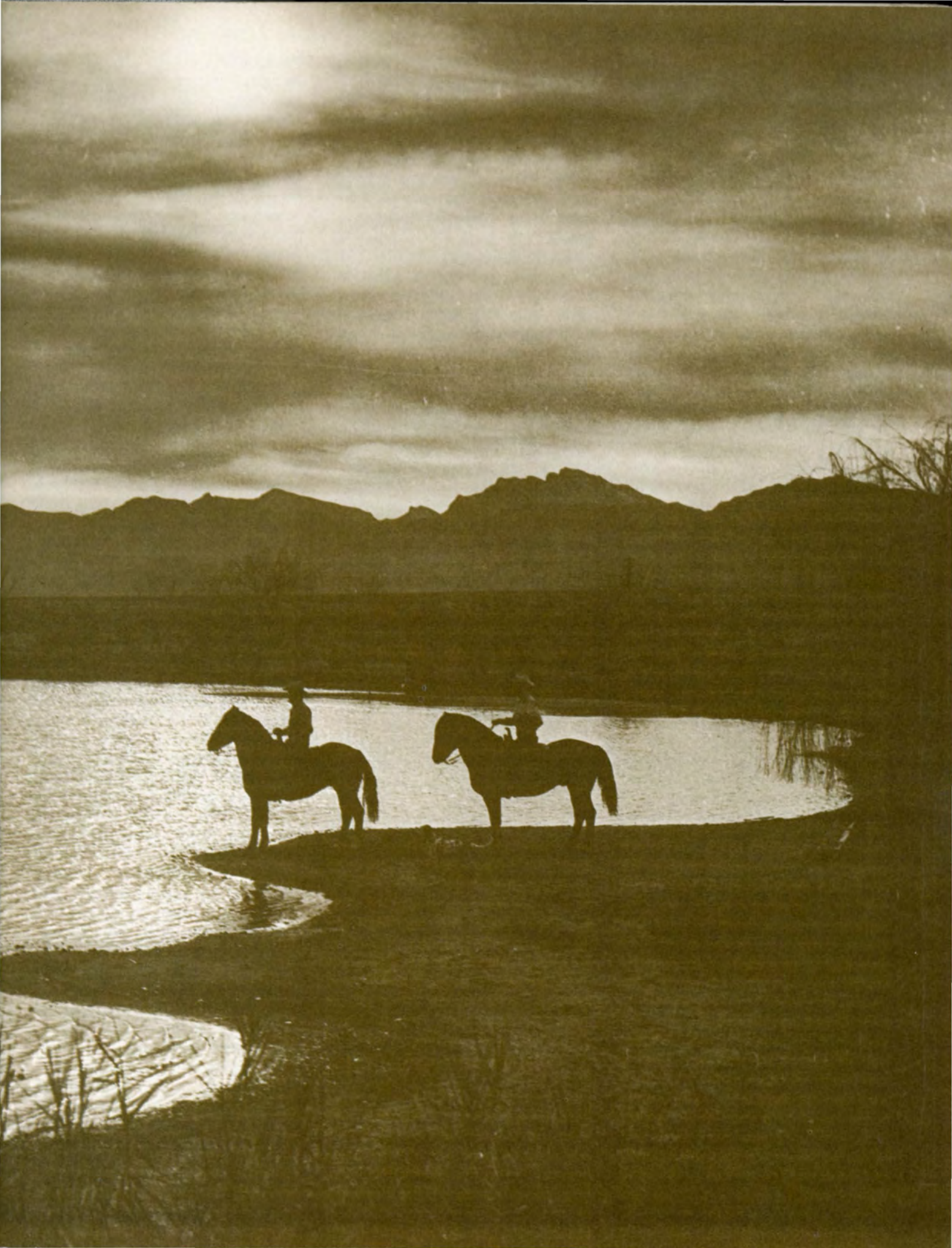
Not far from the flaming neon of the Las Vegas Strip is a quieter world, a world dominated by soaring peaks, broad desert floors, monumental carved rock formations, joshua gardens and shimmering pools of water.

Everyone—or nearly everyone—knows about Lake Mead. Millions of visitors have come there to go boating or fishing, and to explore its meandering shoreline. And thousands of visitors to the area have taken time to wander through the bright red labyrinth of stone called the Valley of Fire, and to test the trails along the slopes of Mt. Charleston.

CONTINUED PAGE 52

A canoe paddler may meet a cowboy at the shore of Tule Lake in the verdant setting of Tule Springs Park, near Las Vegas. This park was originally an express stop, then for years an extensive ranch operation before being developed by the city. It offers swimming, picnicking, riding, tennis and even a small zoo where children may pet the animals.







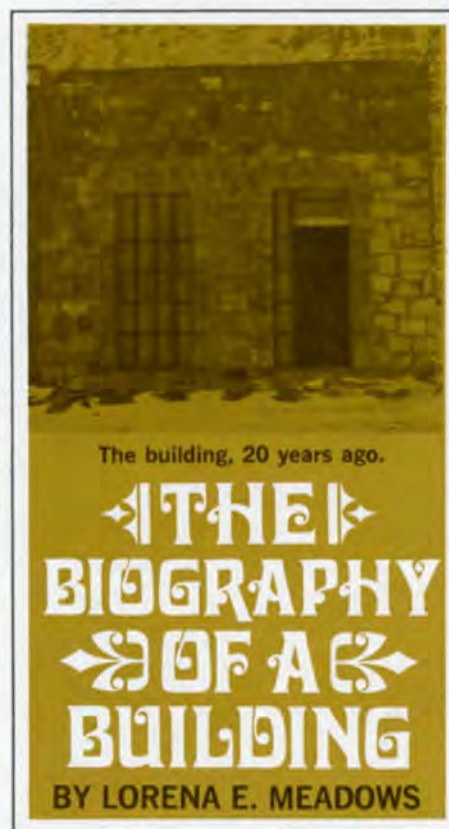
Wanting to visit my birthplace, the ghost town of Candelaria, Nevada, we drove south on Highway 95 through Mineral County. Fifteen miles south of Mina, a sign directed us to turn right onto the dirt road winding through desert covered by sagebrush and well sprinkled with black lava rock. A gradual climb of about six miles brought us to a knoll where suddenly the whole panorama of Candelaria lay before us—the entrance to Pick-handle Gulch, the site of the once-prosperous mines, rising to our left, the mine dumps giving the impression of many molehills from this distance. Indistinct in the soft light of an over-cast day, we could see the building, the only complete structure still standing on the road that once was Main Street in one of Nevada's liveliest and most productive mining camps, boasting a population of more than a thousand during its best years. A few miners' dugouts, those dark little cave dwellings carved out of the hillside, remain, and the front and rear walls of another stone building stand in the midst of a pile of stone and rubble. Candelaria is entirely deserted, if you exclude an occasional coyote, or that very likely resident, the rattlesnake.

Before reaching the building, we stopped at the cemetery to read the names, and noticed with a touch of sadness how very young were many of those who were brought there to rest. One or two plots were well cared-for, with flowers still in place, but generally the graves were overgrown with sagebrush, the fences fallen and most of the markers obliterated. No longer could we find the gravestone that once was here, that of a young woman whose name is forgotten, but whose epitaph distinguished her as a forgiving and understanding wife: "She was to his errors always kind. She was to his faults a little blind."

We went on to the building. Constructed of black lava rock, with heavy iron doors still in place, it gave the

impression of sturdiness. But on closer inspection, we saw that one tired wall was ready to collapse, and that much of the floor had caved in. However, its story which I shall now tell, is that of a long and virile life.

The history of Candelaria began in 1864, during the time when the Comstock mines were flourishing, and Aurora and Bodie were attracting crowds to their promising ore fields. A group of Mexican prospectors discovered rich silver deposits in the harsh, wind-swept area, then a part of Esmeralda County, which became known as the Columbus Mining Dis-



trict. There they staked out claims, giving them Spanish names, including Guadalupe, Zaragosa, Sacramento, Sinaloa, and Candelaria, this last name referring to a Mass day of the Catholic Church. Not wanting to attract attention to their finds, they quietly worked their claims by primitive methods, using arrastras for milling the ore.

Beginning of the Boom

In 1865 several Americans filed claims in this district, including Sam Youngs and A. J. Holmes, from Aurora, Alf Doten, the editor of the Gold Hill

News, and L. R. Bradley, who later became Governor of Nevada. Little work was done to develop these properties at first, partly due to the inaccessibility of the area, and to the open hostility of the nearby Indians. But in 1870 several companies became active. In 1873 the Northern Belle Mine opened a body of rich ore, and by 1875 began to pay dividends, and continued to produce a million dollars in bullion annually for a period of ten years. Second to it was the Mount Diablo Mining Company whose operators employed a young mining engineer, William H. Shockley, recently graduated from Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Under his direction the mine produced well and paid dividends.

In 1876 the townsite of Candelaria was surveyed by J. B. Hiskey, on the flat at the foot of the steep ravine where the mines were located. The small settlement at the mines, at first called Metallic City, soon became known by the more down-to-earth name of Pick-handle Gulch.

Only the production of rich ore could compensate for the hardships endured in these camps during the following years. This dry, desolate country was strewn with volcanic rock and supported little vegetation other than greasewood, sagebrush and bunch grass. At an altitude of 5,842 feet, Candelaria's temperatures varied from points far below zero in winter, sometimes accompanied by blizzards, to extreme heat in summer, with little or no shade. Supplies were brought in by mule teams; barrels of water had to be hauled in and sold at a price so high its use was greatly limited. (Whiskey cost \$1.50 per gallon, and was preferred as a beverage by many.) Hay, grain and some meat were brought from Fish Lake Valley. Stove wood and timbers for the mines came from Benton, California, 70 miles away.

By June of 1880, Candelaria was large enough to support a newspaper. J. M. Dormer edited *The True Fissure*, taking for its name a geological term which indicates an ideal formation for successful mining. The paper's first edition was launched with due ceremony, and told that "after the machinery was oiled, *The True Fissure* was christened with champagne." Its

colorful news items and tempting advertisements were warmly received. Conrad Zick, professor of music, offered guitar lessons and would provide music for all occasions. The news column of local happenings told that Professor Zick, musician and astrologer, planned to make a balloon ascension on the Fourth of July. "He also operates a fruit stand."

The Birth of the Building

In August, 1880, D. A. Bender, a Reno banker, and H. L. Tickner, an employee of Wells Fargo & Co., came to Candelaria to select a site for a bank.

and E. B. Cushman, cashier. Capital, \$50,000. Agents for Wells, Fargo & Co., U.S. Stage Co. and Nevada & California Telegraph Co.

"The building of the Esmeralda County Bank has been fixed up in a very neat style. The brick work has been painted red and striped, and the stone part has received a coat of slate-colored paint. Some very fine curtains have been put up in the front windows."

A telegraph line was completed to Candelaria, which The True Fissure described as being important to the bank's stock transactions, and stated that "the telegraph is in passably good

a safe would be given this responsibility, but in most camps it was handled by Wells Fargo Express Company. They provided a means of shipping out coin, gold dust, or bullion, and they brought in all kinds of freight. Where they maintained express offices, it was logical to provide banking services also, and often both businesses were conducted under the same roof.

The Esmeralda County Bank was such a combination of banking and express business, and its president, Henry Wadsworth, became treasurer and cashier of Wells Fargo & Co. in 1883. Neither he nor Bender lived in



A group of the town's solid citizens gathered in front of the town's most substantial building for this portrait, circa 1886.

They chose a location on the south side of Main Street, between the new Capitol Hotel and Talbot Root's store. The newspaper followed the progress of the construction of the 20 by 40-foot building, from the first heaps of lava rock piled in the street to its completion in October. "The iron doors have been set in place" "The walls are marvels of strength and durability and will remain in place until the crack of doom."

An advertisement appeared in the October 23rd issue for the Esmeralda County Bank, with H. Wadsworth, as president, D. A. Bender, vice-president,

working order, though at times it works a little muddy." "J. M. Bell, well-known telegraph operator from the Comstock, has arrived to enter the employ of the new bank."

Banking Way Back When

Banking in a mining camp was a far cry from what we know today. The medium of exchange was gold and silver, commodities much too heavy to carry around, and much too precious and hard-earned to leave around, so the miners looked for some secure repository. Sometimes a storekeeper of trustworthy character and who owned

Candelaria, but depended on Cushman to conduct the business. They offered to "buy and sell domestic and foreign exchange, buy and sell stocks for commission" and needed a telegraph operator to implement these transactions, and to keep in touch with the outside world. Their customers represented a cross section of many nationalities, German, Slavonian, Irish, Cornish, Welsh, and others of foreign origin, who often wanted to send money home to the old country. Payday at the mines always meant heavy traffic in the bank building. Many miners habitually set aside a portion of their wages to go to

relatives in their homelands. To do this, the bank wired the order to Wells Fargo's San Francisco office. From there it was forwarded by wire and transatlantic cable through Wells Fargo's connections in London or Dublin to its destination.

Payday was also a time to gamble in mining stocks. The favorite issues at this time were the fluctuating Comstock mining shares. The bank served as a stock broker, receiving price quotations, and giving orders to buy or sell, by wire.

Before the end of 1880, the bank building took on an unexpected function. There had been many stage robberies on the road from Bodie to Carson, with thefts from the Wells Fargo messengers of gold bullion intended for the Carson City Mint. Milton Sharp, the highwayman who had committed these holdups was captured and locked up in Aurora. Although burdened by a steel shackle on his leg, he managed to escape. After wandering for several days in freezing weather without money or arms, he found his way to Candelaria. Exhausted and hungry, he gave himself up to a group of men who were playing cards in the back of McKissick's saloon. The town had no jail, so he was put under guard in the solid new bank building until he could be taken back to Aurora. As *The True Fissure* told the story:

"Milton Sharp not so sharp after all. He comes to Candelaria and is captured by Deputy Sheriff McLean. Sharp was found crouching behind McKissick's saloon. The first thing he asked for was something to eat. He was taken to Billy Coalter's Chop stand, and proceeded to stow away a very hearty meal. He was taken to the Wells Fargo office in the bank building for safe keeping until he could be sent to Aurora. He said that the heavy shackle which he wore for three days was very painful.

"How did you get out?"

"I just dug through the brick wall. Anybody could get through that jail." Sharp was sentenced to twenty years in the state prison. In December, 1880, *The True Fissure* said of him, "Milton Sharp, the convicted stage robber is regarded by his fellow convicts as the chief aristocrat in their midst."

In Candelaria, as in most prosperous

mining camps, stage robberies were not uncommon. Early in 1882, Mr. Cushman of the Esmeralda County Bank wrote to S. H. Brastow, Superintendent of Wells Fargo & Co. in San Francisco, telling him that the stage from Candelaria to Columbus had been stopped by a man disguised with barley sacks, who commanded the driver to throw the box out and drive on. The box was retrieved. It had been broken open, but nothing was taken, as there was no treasure aboard. "I thought the prospect good to capture him and got several parties out, but I now think he had time to get back to town before I was notified. It was impossible to trail him, so well had he tied his feet up in sacks."

The Stage Stopped There

The bank building, being also the office of Wells Fargo Express Company, was the stopping place for the stage, whose arrival brought out more of the Candelaria citizens than any other event except the dreaded alarm of a fire or, perhaps, a good lively dog fight. Crowds would gather on Main Street to watch the coach and six horses clatter down the road into town, dusty in summer, often snow-covered in winter, and always noisy. They loved to see the shot-gun messenger jump down from his high perch to deliver the treasure box to the Wells Fargo agent, and it was always a matter of great curiosity to learn what passengers were coming and going. Newcomers would look for lodging, perhaps at the West End Lodging House (a tent), and then investigate the many saloons and clear their throats of the dust of travel.

The stage trip from Virginia City to Candelaria was long and tedious, if not quite as bad as it was facetiously described in the newspaper of the rival mining town of Benton, California. "April 26, 1880. One starts in a palace car, then is transferred to a Concord coach, next is dumped into a mud wagon, alias 'jerkwater,' from which he is landed on the back of a mule and started up a trail, which he follows until it ends at a pile of rocks, where he dismounts, is given an alpenstock and rope ladder, and starts up the face of a cliff."

Better transportation became more

necessary as the mines prospered. Luckily for Candelaria, D. A. Bender of the Esmeralda County Bank was a director of the new Carson & Colorado Railroad Company which was building a narrow gauge line from Mound House, Nevada, to Keeler, California. When the decision was made to extend a spur track to Candelaria, that camp was jubilant.

Another increasing need was that of an adequate water supply. The town had managed with water hauled in barrels from Columbus, eight miles away, and used very sparingly for domestic purposes. The mills had operated with dry "batteries" (heavy stamps, used to crush the ore) which made much dust.

The *True Fissure* of December 25, 1880, told of "A Candelaria Industry. Nearly everyone in town engages in melting snow for water with a large vessel on the fire. A number of gallons can be made in a day.

"John Chinaman with his thrifty ways goes to the deep canyons north of town with two large baskets on a long pole across his shoulders, fills them with enough snow to produce eight to ten gallons of water. He does not burn wood to melt it, but lets time and genial weather do that."

In April 1881, John H. Kinkead, Governor of Nevada, and a group of men went to Candelaria to look over the possibility of a water line from Trail Canyon in the White Mountains. A corporation called the White Mountain Water Company of Nevada was formed, its officers being some New York investors as well as Governor Kinkead and Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada. By June the mountainous task of putting in more than 27 miles of pipe line and three large stone reservoirs was under way. The *True Fissure* reported, "first pay day for men working on the water line," "six carloads of pipe for water line on way," "two large sixteen-animal teams arrived in Columbus with pipe, couplings, etc.," and an article on October 29, 1881, titled, "Not a Water Expert."

"When Mr. Abendroth, one of the New York owners of the water company was in town, he had a three-gallon demijohn of water from the White Mountains. This he intended taking to New York to show its quality

to other members of the company. He met one of Candelaria's hard citizens and asked him to taste it. The H. C. held the glass up to the light, and said it had good surface croppings for nice water. Mr. A. said, 'Well, taste it.' 'I'd rather not,' replied the H. C., 'I haven't drank water for many years — none since I've lived in Candelaria, and I'm afraid that if I start now my insides would think I had fallen overboard. Give it to some newcomer. I'm no water expert.' And with an injured air he stalked off to Jimmy Driscoll's saloon where he would not be bothered expediting so thin a liquid as water."

Candelaria was the neck and neck race between the railroad and the pipe line. Both projects suffered setbacks by the severe winter of 1881, but by the end of February, 1882, water was running into the reservoir above Pickhandle Gulch, and on March 4th, the first passenger train came to the station, about a mile up the hill to the west of the town of Candelaria. It was met by a cheering crowd of about three hundred people, and the following celebrations were long and lusty. Empty champagne bottles soon formed heaps in the nearby gullies.

About this time Chris Zabriskie, a

Water can now be bought for the remarkably low rate of 5¢ per gallon. People, however, do not go swimming here. Since the Carson & Colorado Railroad has been completed to Candelaria we have been enjoying a great many luxuries. Oysters in the shell and San Francisco fish are displayed in the windows of the restaurants. The sound of the saw and hammer is incessant."

The bank building took part in the Fourth of July celebration, its sidewalk providing a platform, "a perfect wilderness of flags and the national colors," for the speech making which followed the parade. First came the



Candelaria was at its peak when this photo was made, around 1886. The bank building, not visible, is on the right side of Main Street.

Eighteen-foot lengths of spiral, riveted pipe, weighing four pounds to the foot, were shipped from New York, requiring thirty railroad cars to carry it as far as possible by rail, then it was transferred to heavy freight wagons, and laboriously brought to Columbus, Nevada. From there, where the roads were impassable to wagons, mules hauled them up the steep canyons, two pipes to a pair of mules. One hundred and fifty men were needed to dig the trench, four foot deep to protect against freezing.

Water at Last! And a Railroad!

The main topic of conversation in

precocious 18-year-old lad who had been working as a telegrapher for the Virginia & Truckee Railroad, arrived from Carson City to "enter his duties as assistant to Mr. Cushman in the express and telegraph department of the Esmeralda County Bank."

In a letter to the newspaper, Carson Appeal, Chris wrote: "Candelaria is quite a little town. There are five large stores, one hotel, a bank and saloons without number. Many mines are working and money is plentiful. The White Mountain Water Co. have succeeded in bringing water as far as Pickhandle Gulch, about one mile from this town, and will have the water here as soon as pipes can be laid.

volunteer fire department, then the officers of the day riding in carriages. The Candelaria Brass Band marched and played, followed by citizens in carriages, citizens on foot, and last of all, the Horribles, the inevitable group of funny men in false faces and grotesque costumes.

The mining companies allowed only two holidays a year, the Fourth of July and Christmas. Otherwise the work went on for ten hours a day, including Sundays. Yet in spite of this rigorous life, the miners found time for amusement. Horse races, and rifle shooting contests took place, and dancing was a favorite pastime. The newly finished, two-story Candelaria Hall

advertised a saloon on the lower floor, and ample space above for dances, concerts, theatrical performances and lodge meetings. Elaborate balls and masquerades were held there, with splendid costumes imported from San Francisco. The Candelaria String Band provided music for dancing, its Glee Club entertained with song. Messrs. Pryor and Turcott, dancing teachers, frequently invited one and all to a "Soiree Dansante."

Candelaria's boom suffered a setback in 1883, when the Holmes Mining Co., whose property adjoined that of the Northern Belle, sued that company for trespass, asking \$1,500,000 damages for ore taken from its ground. The jury decided in favor of the Holmes Co., and the Northern Belle closed down, throwing many miners out of work.

A further disaster happened in December when fire destroyed many of the wooden buldings on the south side of Main Street, including the two-story hotel. The Esmeralda County Bank suffered little loss, although it was next door to the hotel, because of its fireproof construction.

The Bank Becomes a Store

As a result of the slump, the Esmeralda County Bank settled its business and closed its doors, in February, 1884. The True Fissure reported that "the Cushman family left for Sacramento in Yerington's private Car." But the little stone building did not remain empty. The bank deeded it to B. G. Smith, to be used for general merchandising, and he was appointed postmaster.

B. G. Smith had operated a general store in Candelaria for several years, as well as one in Marietta. He was a brother of F. M. Smith, who had become known as "Borax" Smith from his discoveries of borax at Teel's Marsh, and his borax operations at Columbus Marsh, both near Candelaria. The completion of the railroad made the shipment of borax much easier, and soon a common sight on Main Street was the slow movement of large freight wagons, drawn by from 16 to 20 mules, laboring through town and on up the winding road to the station, heavily laden with sacks of borax which had been processed by Chinese

coolies on the marshes. The return trip of the empty wagons was more exciting for the brakes often gave way and the mules were frightened into a runaway, the Chinese drivers screaming their own form of abuse.

Soon it was announced that B. G. Smith would conduct a banking business, with Chris Zabriskie to handle the telegraph and express departments. This assignment was apparently not enough to fill all of Chris's time. He was a restless and energetic young man who found it diverting to take temporary relief jobs with the Carson & Colorado Railroad, using his skill as a telegrapher. The paper reported in April, "C. B. Zabriskie leaves for Carson City," in May, "C. B. Zabriskie is in charge of the Belleville station in place of George Sexton," in June, "C. B. Zabriskie left to assume duties of the station agent at Benton, for two weeks or more."

While in Benton, Chris became well acquainted with my grandparents, Thomas and Catherine Edwards and their four sons and two daughters. The Edwards family had lived in Benton since 1870. Grandfather, a teamster, had often driven his mule team to Candelaria, his freight wagon filled with cord wood, or heavy timbers for the mines. My father, Ben Edwards, then a boy, usually went with him.

But now the member of the Edwards family who caught Chris's eye, was 16-year-old Margaret, a beautiful, blue-eyed girl. She was witty, intelligent, and what was perhaps most provocative to Chris was her reserve. His great

charm which had been successful in many an agreeable flirtation, to the point that gossip labeled him a gay Lothario, did not win her immediately. A long, and sometimes stormy courtship followed.

He returned to his job as Wells Fargo agent in Candelaria, and soon added a new and important dimension to his life. "Borax" Smith, whose home was in Oakland, needed someone to look after his borax operations at Columbus Marsh. He was impressed by the drive and dynamic personality of young Zabriskie, and offered him the job. Although reluctant to move to Columbus, "way out in the sticks," so far from Candelaria's pleasant social life, Chris did accept the position just about the time that Margaret Edwards became the school teacher in Columbus. She was much attracted to Chris, but could not make up her mind to marry him. Her Welsh parents looked askance at the handsome, dark-eyed "foreigner," as they considered him, and urged her to wait for some good Welshman. She left Columbus to take a business course at Heald's Business College in San Francisco, taught school in California, and returned to Nevada.

Wedding Bells at Last

They were married in Carson City in 1888. Soon after their wedding, Chris formed a partnership with Walter Shockley, the younger brother of William H. Shockley, the superintendent of the Mount Diablo mine, and they purchased the Candelaria bank building from B. G. Smith. Their letterhead read:

ZABRISKIE & SHOCKLEY BANKERS and BROKERS.

Agencies.
W U. Tel. Co.
Wells Fargo & Co.'s
Express.
Liverpool & L.G. Ins. Co.
Safety Nitro Powder Co.

Correspondents.
Knauth, Nachod & Kuhne,
New York.
Wells Fargo & Co.'s Bank.
San Francisco, Cal.
Alliance Bank, L'D.
London

Always fired with ambition, Chris never overlooked a chance to increase his income. He entered into a partnership with S. McNaughton, to handle the drayage of freight from the depot to the town, and another with George

Albright, a skilled cabinet maker. This was an undertaking business which they conducted on Sundays and evenings. Neither could embalm, but that was a matter seldom considered in mining camps. Prompt burial was the

only necessity. Albright made the coffins, and Chris lined them. Their shingle read.

ALBRIGHT AND ZABRISKIE

A to Z.

We get them all.

You kick the bucket and we'll do the rest.

In 1890 Walter Shockley planned a bicycle tour of Europe, and Chris found that his borax interests were taking much of his time, so they asked Ben Edwards, brother of Margaret Zabriskie, to work for them. Ben had worked in the Candelaria mines, and had been a telegrapher for the Carson & Colorado Railroad. Walter Shockley taught him the banking procedures, and he was left in full charge of the Candelaria business, with the title of cashier of the bank, when Chris moved to Oakland in 1892.

Ben was also a man of many hats. He carried on as banker, telegrapher, express agent, store keeper, and added some new roles — those of postmaster, notary public, and school trustee. Occasionally he had the pleasant and well-paying job of playing the piano for dances, so altogether he was optimistic, in spite of troubles in the mines, where strikes were threatened over lowered wages. He bought a surrey and a span of fine horses, a great asset to a young bachelor.

At this time, my maternal grandmother, Emma Barlow was living in Candelaria, where her sons worked in the mines. Her oldest daughter, Lorena had been living in Oakland, with an aunt and uncle. In September, 1892, she came to Candelaria to visit her mother. She was a slim, pretty young woman with a fair complexion, a treat to see in this sun-parched area.

Ben invited her to go to a dance, by means of a formally written note, delivered by her brother, Arthur. A romance bloomed, with no prolonged courtship here. By Christmas he sent to Shreve's in San Francisco for a ring, and soon after she returned to Oakland to prepare her trousseau. They were married there in March.

When he brought his bride home to the little house on Main Street which he had furnished for her, they were greeted with a noisy shivaree and showered with gifts. It seemed to them

that nothing could cloud their future.

However, this was 1893, a year of financial panic throughout the nation, and it was soon felt in Candelaria. The mine owners offered lower wages, hoping to adjust to the falling price of silver; the miners stubbornly refused to accept a cut, and in June the mines shut down completely. There followed a great exodus from the district. Candelaria's new and short-lived newspaper, *The Chloride Belt* stated, "Candelaria now is but the ghost of its former self. There are only a few men left in the old camp, but they make up in their earnestness what they lack in numbers."

Now there was little inducement to



Chris Zabriskie

remain in the town, but Ben decided to stay. He believed that the marshes would still yield enough borax to be profitable, although the Pacific Coast Borax Company had closed its plants at Columbus and Teel's Marsh, and in Fish Lake Valley. He secured leases on these plants, and employed a "boss Chinaman" with the improbable name of Billy Ford, to take charge of production. Working with about 100 Chinese coolies, Ford processed and delivered to the depot several hundred tons of borax each month. Ben had only to supervise and keep books on this business, which undoubtedly tided the Edwards family over the seven lean years that followed, and made it worthwhile for the railroad to continue

a limited service to the town.

The little stone building was still the hub of whatever activity continued in the town. Candelaria was the terminal point on the railroad from which many outlying communities received their supplies, so Ben added a larger stock of general merchandise and arranged for teamsters to deliver orders to the residents of Fish Lake Valley, Silver Peak, Dyer, Coal Wells, Lida, Red Mountain, Pigeon Springs, Marietta, and others.

The Building During its Heyday

On entering the building, the customers saw the counters that housed the Wells Fargo Express business, the Western Union office with its telegraph instrument, the bank compartment with its safe, and the postoffice cubby holes. A large, pot-bellied stove stood in one corner, flanked by barroom chairs, which seated the regular cronies who made this their meeting place, to swap stories and learn the latest gossip.

The rear wall was hung with picks and shovels, horse collars, harness parts, and overalls. A narrow stairway led to the cellar, where large reels of rope were kept. Counters, shelves, bins and barrels filled the room. Cracker barrels, pickle barrels, glass candy jars, many kinds of canned foods, and an occasional display of fresh produce, appealed to the appetite. Bottled wines and liquors were sold, but not as drinks — that was well-provided for in the saloons. Nails and horseshoes, crockery, tinware, agate ware, boots and shoes, underwear and dry goods filled the bins and shelves. A supply of drugs was kept on a high shelf, reached by a ladder. All in all, there was seldom a dull time in this place, although the mines produced almost nothing for the rest of the decade.

The severe winter of 1894 caused the water pipes in the White Mountains to burst. Candelaria and Pick-handle Gulch had to rely on water from the locomotive tanks of the Carson & Colorado Railway, or on barrelled water hauled in from Columbus. It required two years to repair the pipes, and the hot, dusty summers were almost unbearable. With two small babies in the Edwards family the temp-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

A DECEMBER SONG

The white, quiet music of winter, expressed in this series of photos by David Muench. Below, snow turns sagebrush into precisely placed globes against the sweeping backdrop of the Schell Range north of Ely. Opposite, the chilly scene in Washoe Valley south of Reno, where the camera saw one lone cottonwood in tones as subtle as the surrounding hills.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID MUENCH





Below, imported from the Sierra by an angry passing storm, a heavy snow puts a peaceful end to the story, here at a ranch on the Truckee River. Opposite, burdened by their load, evergreens, against the sullen surface of Lake Tahoe, stand in protest.





Below, White peaks, DuBois and Boundary in the White Range along the state's western border, intimidate the barren marsh country beneath. Opposite, a solitary dry plant is almost lost in such a massive winter setting, a valley under the Egan Range in eastern Nevada. Center pages following, in the Big Smoky Valley, a pool at Darrough Hot Springs reflects the majesty of Bald Mountain.









GUNS

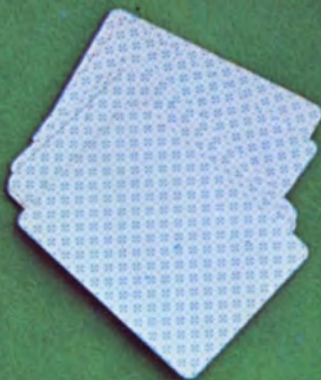
BY DAVID TOLL PHOTOGRAPHY—DON WOLTER

Ever since Berthold Schwartz of Germany constructed the world's first gun in 1313, men have felt a profound and compelling attraction for these weapons extending far beyond immediate utilitarian values. With the introduction of repeating arms in the 19th century, this attachment has reached such peaks of passionate intensity that gun collections have blossomed on walls previously reserved for fine paintings, tapestries or just plain wallpaper.

Most collectors, if you ask them why they do it, will turn

Below — An ornate example of the world's most popular pocket revolver in its day, the .31 caliber 1849 model Colt. This weapon popularized the six-shooter. Opposite page — Bad men's sidearms counterclockwise from twelve o'clock: The .44 Colt reputed to have been in Jesse James' holster at his death. Next, a Buntline Special of the kind Wyatt Earp used. The long barrel provided accuracy but slowed the draw. Earp was the only western bad-man big enough and fast enough to use it. Third, Wild Bill Hickock wore this .32 caliber Smith & Wesson the day he was shot to death. Custer favored the same weapon. Lastly, John Wesley Hardin's 1873 model Peacemaker Colt brought eternal peace to a score of his opponents. Note 21 notches above the trigger guard.





blank or, if you press them, will mumble something about educational values. This is utter nonsense, of course, and fools no one. I have been presented with this excuse by earnest men who collect such items as matchbooks, menus and marbles.

Ask not, then, what inspired the late Raymond I. Smith to begin putting together his magnificent gun collection of over 3,000 weapons, gathered from every part of the world and from many eras in history. "Pappy," as he was affectionately called by all who knew him, needed no excuse. And the result, if your imagination is working at top speed when you view it, is a large display at Harolds Club, prized samples from the collection, that will transport you back to those long-ago days when men were men and guns spoke with authority. It's a dreamer's paradise.

Simply stand in front of one of the display cases and you're a Russian fur trapper, a French-Canadian *voyageur* or an American pathfinder, a rough, quick-tempered outdoorsman who regards his weapons as dispassionately as a

carpenter regards his hammer and saw. Tools of the trade.

Not one of these early frontiersmen gathered a reputation as a gunfighter, by the way. Their firearms were invaluable as a first line of defense, but simply were not reliable enough for close work. The big favorite for personal mayhem was

Below — Made in Ireland for protection while traveling, these percussion pistols featured spring-actuated daggers for close work. Opposite page — These heavy-caliber, easily-concealed weapons used by Mississippi river boat gamblers came to be known as Derringers after the fine guns made by Henry Deringer of Philadelphia. The .41 caliber Starrs, top and bottom, are very rare. The Chu-Chu, lower left, could be folded for safety and carrying ease. The nickel-plated .41 caliber over-and-under Remington at top right is still made and carried today.





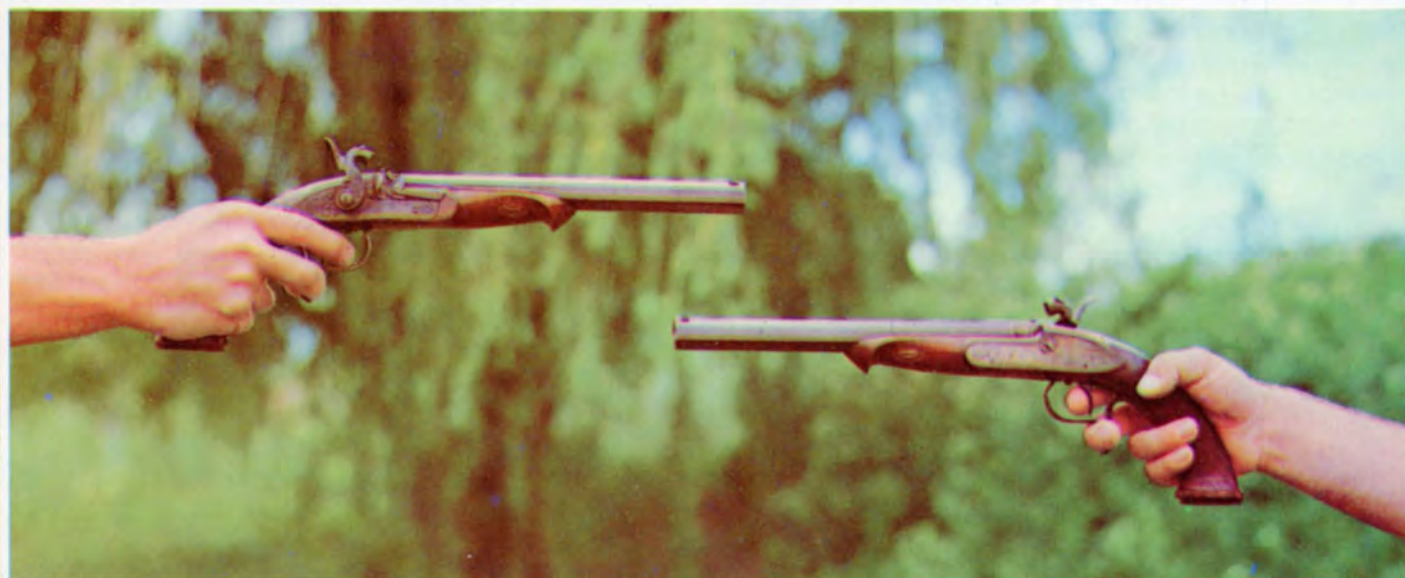
the wide, wedge-bladed bowie knife. In the days of beaver pelts and *portages*, combatants clenched the opposite corners of a handkerchief in their teeth, hooked one hand each behind their backs and glared meaningfully at each other as they took up long-bladed bowies in the other and windmilled around in a tight circle of kicking feet and flailing arms until one or the other let go the handkerchief — or his life. That's no work for a man of keen imagination.

Mountain men and ribbon clerks alike, I am sure, breathed sighs of relief when the Reverend Andrew Forsyth invented a percussion arm using a pellet of mercury fulminate in place of the standard flint and steel detonator. When Joshua Shaw received a U.S. patent for developing a copper-encased percussion cap, a man no longer had to stand within reach of

Below — Mexican Emperor Maximilian ordered this cased pair of gold-plated Colt Army revolvers for one of his generals in 1865. Ivory grips carry the

Mexican national emblem. This is one of the finest Colt sets known. Opposite page, top — Flintlock pistols, though relatively accurate, were unreliable in wet weather or rough terrain. Thus the heavy butts, permitting the weapon to be reversed and used as a hammer in emergencies. Middle — Few American gun makers produced dueling pistols. This rare pair was made for a Civil War General as a gift from his fellow citizens by J. E. Evans of Philadelphia. Bottom — Thankfully, perhaps, for the western psyche, men in other sections of the country carried lethal weapons, too. These specimens represent the variety of death-dealing tools used by eastern gangsters in the twenties and thirties, including an example of the notorious but seldom seen sawed-off shotgun.





his enemy to place him *in extremis*.

The percussion cap brought other benefits too. Multi-shot hand guns became feasible. There had been revolving firearms as early as the matchlock era — pull the trigger, the smoldering rope “match” plunges into the priming pan, ssss flash BOOM!, recock, twist the barrels to bring another loaded one into firing position, aim, and repeat until all preloaded barrels are empty. There had also been a flintlock revolving gun that fire seven times or more without reloading when it fired. These weapons didn’t work very well.

Percussion arms worked very well indeed, and several manufacturers soon introduced multi-barrel weapons popularly called Pepperboxes. These pistols were simple to manufacture, could be sold inexpensively, and were immediately more popular than the products of the fledgling revolver maker, Colt, with which they competed.

Pepperboxes were especially popular in the West where a second shot (and a third, as many as six or eight) was a highly prized commodity. Illustrations of the contemporary scene in the forties, fifties and even sixties show miners, gamblers, vigilantes and other hard cases glowering at each other over a battery of barrels protruding from the Pepperboxes gripped in their fists. Until after the Civil War, Colt revolvers sold for as much as \$200 on the West Coast, against \$25 to \$50 for a good reliable Pepperbox with as many loads.

Sam Colt patented the mechanism of his famous revolver in 1836, the year before the first Pepperbox was introduced, and immediately began manufacturing hand and shoulder

revolving firearms. After making an estimated 4,000 to 5,000 revolvers at Paterson, N. J., his company went bankrupt in 1842. Starting again in 1847 with a government contract to furnish 1,000 revolvers at \$28 each, he was phenomenally successful. This weapon became known as the Whitneyville Walker Colt, a .44 caliber single-action six-shooter which now commands well in excess of \$5,000 if it’s a fine specimen.

Colt’s continuing success was ensured by the introduction of his .31 caliber Model 1849, available in either five- or six-shot versions. This “pocket revolver” was lightweight, highly dependable and relatively accurate. It was also small enough to carry concealed under a coat and inexpensive enough to be within the reach of the common man. It is a variation of this arm, incidentally, which is called the Wells Fargo Model and is said to have been made for riders of the Pony Express. If so, it received the name later, for the Pony Express was not operated by Wells Fargo and did not commence until 1860.

The Whitneyville Walker Colts were the first in a series of increasingly popular revolvers that made the firm pre-eminent among American manufacturers. And if you study the reaction at the Colt exhibit on Harolds Club’s second floor, you’ll see men stop to examine the display carefully; their eyes narrow and one hand — watch, and you’ll see it! — one hand drops carelessly to the hip or belt. And then their women call, and off they go, stopping a few yards away, perhaps, to throw another measuring glance at the 1873 Peacemaker, the cartridge revolver favored by Hollywood for Randolph Scott, Joel McCrea, John Wayne and others. □



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who was slim?

Fred Howard was of that rare and fast-disappearing breed of Nevadans who knew and loved some of the most remote corners of the state. He roamed on foot through most of its deserts, poked into canyons, climbed many of its ranges. Fred was a mining man and a prospector, of the Tonapah boom period and later. But unlike many of the old timers, Fred never lost his keen eye or his remarkable memory, and in his later years he began writing about people such as the mysterious Slim who figures in the incident Fred recalls here. Unfortunately, this is the last of the tales we will have from Fred. He died earlier this year in California. And something of those colorful, nearly forgotten prospecting days in the early part of the century went with him—The Editor.

Louie Frank and I were camping at Tippapah Spring, a water hole as far away from habitation as it was possible to get in the United States in those days. It was a hundred miles from the nearest camp — at least it was then, and that part of Nevada has not changed much since. Louie had been there before and had found, hidden in the brush, a retort — an apparatus used to recover mercury from cinnabar, the principal ore from which quicksilver is obtained.

Louie had told me about finding the retort while we were consoling ourselves over a batch of home brew in Ely. I promoted the idea that if someone would go to the trouble to take a retort into such isolated country, there must be cinnabar some place nearby. We considered something must have happened to the prospector who found the deposit, and it would be a good idea for us to go to Tippapah and have a look around.

We took a tent along and established a base camp near the spring, which had plenty of water and a short tunnel nearby. From camp we could

circle the country on foot. This way we could systematically prospect the area and if there was any cinnabar in the district, we would be apt to find it.

We returned to camp one day, tired and leg weary, just as the sun was setting. On the sunny side of the tent was a stranger, motionless on the ground. Louie put a hand on him.

"He ain't dead," Louie said, "because dead folks don't breathe."

Had the man been dressed for the desert, we would not have been so puzzled. The fellow had on a dark suit, a white silk shirt, a necktie, and lowcut "hen skin" shoes. Beside him was a quart-size beer bottle, half full of water, which he had used as a canteen. How he had stumbled on us, a hundred miles from the nearest settlement, we did not know.

Louie went into the tent and brought out a blanket to spread over the sleeper. That time of year — late fall — the air was chilly after the sun went down. I dug out the dutch oven which held our supper, already prepared and red hot. Every day right after breakfast we dug a hole and built a fire in it. The dutch oven, filled with meat, potatoes, onions, carrots, or whatever we had, would simmer all day in the hole, covered by coals and a couple of feet of dirt.

All our talk and the noise we made preparing dinner had not disturbed our sleeping friend, but when the lid of the oven was lifted and the aroma of the food drifted over his way, he came out of the sleep at once. When Louie saw him struggling to get up on his legs, so stiff and sore he could hardly move them, we hollered for him to "come and get it." He staggered over on blistered feet, all apologies for having invaded our camp uninvited.

"That's all right," Louie answered, "but how did you find our camp out here?"

"I saw your tracks where you left the trail and

by fred howard

followed them, hoping you hadn't traveled out of reach. I just made it." Then he added, "I can pay you well for any trouble you go through over me, and if you can lead me to the next settlement, you can name your own price. I have money," and he pulled a wallet out of his pocket showing a pile of hundred-dollar bills more than an inch thick.

"Put your money back in your pocket," Louie said. "It ain't going to do you any good here. We'll be leaving in a couple of weeks, then you can go out with us. Sit down and eat, you look starved. There's plenty, so dig in." And he did. The poor soul was nearly starved to death, but after a man has gone for days without eating, his stomach shrinks. Although famished, the stranger couldn't eat as much as he would have liked.

Louie was one of the last of the old breed of prospectors, and a close-mouthed man himself. We didn't ask our mysterious friend how he came to be so deep in the desert wearing street clothing, who he was, nor why about anything. We nicknamed him "Slim" for convenience and let it go at that.

That day while prospecting Louie and I talked the situation over. Here was a good looking, refined fellow in his early thirties who had performed a feat neither of us could have accomplished with no more to go on than he had, and we were seasoned desert men. All Slim brought along was a bottle of water and twenty or thirty thousand dollars in currency. We surmised, theorized and guessed, but nothing we could think of would fit the occasion . . . unless Slim had robbed a bank, then taken to the desert to avoid capture. If this was the case, then he had reached a safe place, or had he?

Before we started for Tippapah Spring, Louie had purchased a new pair of boots which he had worn on the trip down, then had changed to his old ones when we started prospecting. With the new

boots, socks, woolen shirt and a pair of jeans, Slim was dressed like we were. With his recently acquired sun tan and whiskers half an inch long, he now had the appearance of an old time "desert rat."

Slim took to our mode of primitive living with considerable enjoyment. He kept the camp in wood and water and insisted on washing the dishes. In fact, he was a first class camp helper while waiting for us to complete our search for the cinnabar.

Still prospecting for the elusive ore, Louie and I sat down one day for lunch high on a mountainside above the desert. Below us to one side was a pass through the hills. Glancing down into the depths, I could actually see the desert haze being pushed aside by blue air rolling in from the lowland. When I called Louie's attention to this unusual freak of nature, he took one look and jumped to his feet. "Let's head for camp!" he yelled.

Far out in the desert beyond Government Well the sand and dust was boiling up like spray below a waterfall. All across the distance to the northeast was a band of brownish clouds where the wind had gone wild, and the ground itself seemed to be trembling under the force. The clear air was being pushed out by the force of a major storm.

Louie started running down the hill. "Come on," he called back. "If we don't beat the blow to camp, we may lose everything."

When we arrived, Slim had a large fire going and was heating water in which to clean and scour the pots and pans.

Louie started shouting orders before he reached camp to pack up everything as quickly as possible. Slim looked amazed at Louie's sudden burst of wild-eyed directions.

"A terrible storm is on its way," Louie explained. "Hurry!"

We all went into action. Slim packed things in

who was slim?

boxes, and Louie let the tent down flat on the ground and placed rocks as heavy as he could carry on top. We used the water Slim had packed from the spring to douse the fire. A large cloud of smoke and steam rose high in the still air as if there was not any wind blowing anywhere. This puff of smoke was the means of saving two men's lives, as we learned later.

We were hardly settled in the short tunnel by the spring when brush and tumbleweeds came rolling and bounding up the incline as if being chased by demons bent on destruction. The stormfront, its mighty winds crammed with sand and uprooted brush, came on with no regard for anything in its course. Soon the sun was blotted out, leaving the land boiling and churning in semi-darkness, hiding the desert mountains behind a wall of indiscriminate devastation. The shrieking sand storm left no room for any other sound. It was impossible to hear ourselves speak, and we sat in our stone enclosure, waiting. Louie and I had experienced such storms before, but poor Slim was overawed as he watched the strength of whirling nature going by.

At long last the screaming wind slowed to a gentle breeze, and then hardly a breath of air was stirring. We poked our heads out and found the land was left in an exquisite silence as if in apology for the reckless storm.

Now came the unpleasant ordeal of digging out our gear. Slim went back to cleaning pans, pots and dishes. Louie took on the difficult task of shaking out blankets and removing sand from the tent, while I emptied boxes and dusted everything. Every piece of glass left exposed had been sand blasted as if it had been frosted.

We were about finished with the cleaning when out of the eerie silence from down canyon came three equally spaced shots. All old-time prospectors understand the meaning of that: someone is in dis-

tress and asking for help. I took off, making as good time as the deep sand would permit. A mile and a half later, more or less, I came on two armed men, one standing and the other lying on the ground unconscious.

I knew the man still on his feet as Axel McKinzie, a deputy sheriff from Tonopah. The one on the ground turned out to be Cloud Inman, constable at Goldfield. The stars on these lawmen and the guns on their hips jolted me. My first thought was of Slim. These men would not be out in such a desolate place unless they were looking for someone who had committed a major crime. But that was no time for me to speculate when a man was unconscious and possibly dying. Axel and I picked up Cloud and managed to get headed back to camp. On the way I asked what they had been doing in this desolate part of the country. Axel said they were looking for a man for questioning and described Slim. Axel asked if I had seen anyone of that description.

"What's he done?" I hesitated. By that time we were back to camp, and there was no time for questions.

Slim came to help with Cloud and we put him on a piece of canvas by the fire. Darkness was near and we needed the light to work on the lawman. Slim took over the job of recovery like an old hand. This was not a case of thirst but of exhaustion. While Slim worked on Cloud, Axel filled us in. They had gotten off the track, and having seen the puff of smoke from our doused campfire, decided to strike out in our direction to get help. They had walked about half the distance when Cloud folded up. The deputy couldn't leave him, so the two weathered the storm out in the open.

Slim went about reviving Cloud as professionally as an M.D., and in a few minutes Cloud Inman was

who was slim?

at least back among the conscious. He was weak and shaken, but after a couple of drinks of whiskey and the aroma from the dutch oven Louie had just dug up to bring him around, Cloud looked as if he would make it. Axel himself was in pretty bad shape, and like Cloud, none too pert — flying sand had bitten into their faces, giving them the appearance of smallpox sufferers. I suggested that Axel have a jolt of whiskey before we ate. That did the business by quickening the blood in his veins, and he became casually talkative.

He started in a mild assuring manner, and he asked in an offhand way: "How long you boys been out here?"

"Three and a half weeks," Louie said.

"Where were you before?"

"Ely," Louie smiled. "So cold up there this time of year we decided to go south for the winter."

Louie and I had decided that Slim was a right guy and regardless of what crime he had committed — if any — we would stand by him.

Axel turned and looked me in the eye. I knew he was plenty tough, and much later I saw him shoot it out with a gunman in Tonopah. The man missed and Axel didn't, and a funeral was in order.

"I don't believe I got all your last names?" he said evenly.

"Listen, Axel," I said, showing resentment, "you've been on the desert long enough to realize introductions aren't necessary on the trail. We're Louie, Slim, and Fred. We know you're Axel, and that's Cloud, and that's the way it will remain. You came out here looking for a tall, slim man. That could be me or Slim or anyone of that description. Who are you looking for and what did he do?"

"We just want a man for questioning."

"Well, then, for Christ's sake, save your words until you find him."

Axel turned a little redder than usual but dummed up and finished his dinner. Slim never shook an eyebrow nor seemed at all interested in what was going on. If Slim was guilty of anything, the stage had missed a great actor.

Morning was all activity. We were moving camp. There wasn't any cinnabar in that part of Nevada, and it was time to pull stakes. Evidently the mysterious retort had been left there by someone who intended using it in another district, and had never returned for it.

Louie was methodical in loading and packing our gear. Every box and package had its place and was put in the proper order. If any item was needed on the trail, we could lay our hands on it without unloading everything.

The lawmen went on ahead, and we followed. We asked Slim if he had any objection about going to Tonopah.

"Certainly not," he said. "Any town will do."

We were getting short of grub, and there was a long trail ahead. We had daydreams as we moved through the desert of the big meal we would eat at the Montana Restaurant and a good night's sleep at the "Mizpah" on real beds.

Who was Slim? We never found out his real background, although we got to know him well. Slim stayed on in the desert country and became a mining promoter, accumulating a fortune. I visited Slim many times through the years, and he was always the perfect gentleman and a true friend. I won't divulge the name he evidently adopted when we reached Tonopah. Whether he had ever committed a crime is known only to himself. He promoted many mines in Nevada and did his best to stay honest. As far as I know he never betrayed a trust, and those who backed him all made money.

Cave Creek on the Flyway

BY PAULINE DE WITT

A score of little lakes scattered like a handful of sapphires in the Ruby Mountains mirror the passing clouds and towering crests. One lake alone lies black and silent, locked in the limestone depths of Pearl Peak. The cold, clear water of Cave Creek, outlet of this hidden lake, gushes forth from a cave-like opening in the eastern base of the mountain, to sparkle joyfully in the sunshine after its long, dark journey.

In the 1860's attempts to explore the cavern and subterranean lake usually resulted in disaster. Several soldiers from nearby Fort Ruby were reported mysteriously missing and the body of one young trooper was found near the entrance to the cave. Encouraged by a successful reconnaissance he had

returned to probe more deeply the secrets of the cavern.

Sam P. Davis in his 'History of Nevada,' published in 1913, told of the happier experience of two early Ruby Valley ranchers a few years later.

"A. G. Dawley and Thomas Short, in search for the origin of some valuable mineral they had located, attempted a thorough exploration of the cave by taking within the narrow opening material with which to construct a boat. They passed from one huge cavern to another, perhaps a quarter of a mile beyond the first opening, when at last they were confronted by a large chamber resembling a pipe organ arrangement. This they termed the 'Great Organ.' Of late years no one has had the courage to enter. The entire cave has not yet been explored. This underground river and lake is one of the natural curiosities of the State and is of more than passing interest."

In 1938 the Fish and Wildlife Service of the United States Department of the Interior established the Ruby Lake National Wildlife Refuge on 37,191 acres in Ruby Valley, including Cave Creek. Members of the Civilian Conservation Corps enlarged the opening to the cave at that time. Created by Act of Congress in 1933, the CCC was a make-work organization of Franklin D. Roosevelt's 'New Deal' and enlisted chiefly unemployed youths. The work of the corps consisted mostly of forest conservation, weed and pest control, and the building and clearing of parks, paths and firebreaks. The CCC was dissolved by the 77th Congress in 1943.

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manager of the refuge, has entered and explored the Cave Creek Cavern by boat, to a distance of approximately 600 feet. The water depth varies from 2 to 10-12 feet. Mr. Lewis found recently formed stalactites present, as well as other forms of crystalline limestone occurring as aragonite, travertine or flow-stone, and calcite crystals deposited in the original limestone cracks. Fossilized deposits of the larval shells or coverings of an unidentified insect, possibly the mayfly, have produced coral-like formations in the cavern.

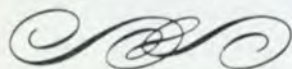
Located in Ruby Valley, 60 miles southeast of Elko, the Cave creek headquarters of the refuge are backed by the rugged Ruby Mountains on the west and overlooking Ruby Marsh. Surrounded by Nevada's state flower and other native plants, the neat white buildings and green lawns provide pleasant homes and office space for the refuge staff.

Long a resting and feeding ground for waterfowl traveling from their distant homes, this stopover on the Pacific Flyway, occupying a natural sump, consists of scattered, grassy islands, open ponds and channels and thousands of acres of marsh, containing bulrushes, pondweed, chara, water milfoil and water speedwell. Under the management of the Fish and Wildlife Service a water distribution system has been developed. Control structures permit convergence of source waters into diked units, thus preventing the spread of water on the flats and too rapid evaporation.

Cattle graze the edges of the marsh to restrict the spread of undesirable vegetation along the shore and into the open water. A part of the revenue received from grazing and other economic uses is paid to Elko and White Pine Counties, in which the refuge lies, for benefit of schools and roads.

Many rare birds nest in the re-

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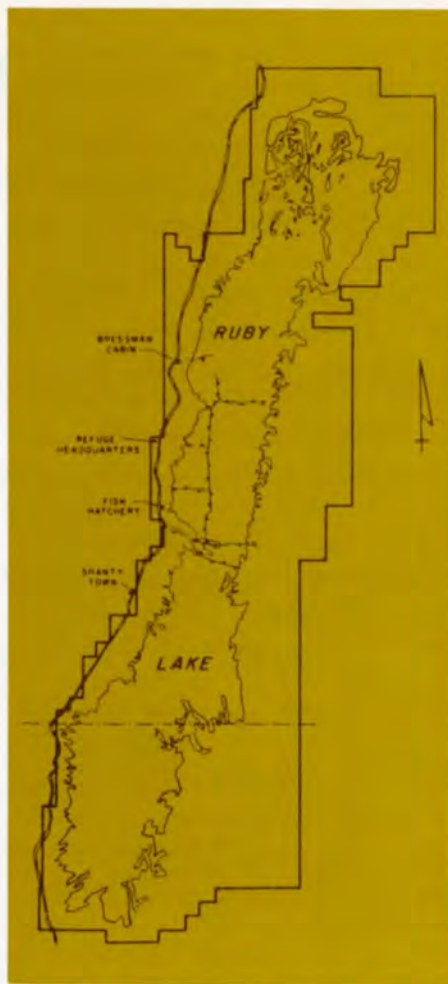
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fuge. Sandhill cranes with their young are often seen in the grain fields and in the summer there are nesting Canada geese and a variety of ducks. Nesting white-faced ibises, long billed curlews and willets are best observed in May and June. Other common



A rare view of the cave

water birds are the great blue heron, American coot, killdeer, and avocet. A bird list of 153 species observed by refuge personnel and visiting ornithologists is available for study.

Perhaps the greatest triumph of the Ruby Lake Refuge is the year-round resident colony of trumpeter swans. These large graceful, white birds, once facing extinction, were brought to Ruby Lake from lonely Red Rock Lakes National Wildlife Refuge in Montana and have become well established in Nevada.

Located on refuge lands, the Ruby State Fish Hatchery is operated under lease by the Nevada State Fish and Game Commission. The state's largest hatchery, it produces close to 200,000 pounds of rainbow, brook and brown trout annually.

The remote Ruby Valley Refuge offers many attractions to the roving vacationist. The 9,000 acre free public hunting area in White Pine County is open, during the season, to hunters with a Nevada hunting license and a migratory waterfowl stamp in their possession.

Fisherman properly equipped with a state fishing license will find all areas of the refuge open to fishing in season, with the exception of the State Fish Hatchery rearing ponds as posted. Fishing for largemouth bass and trout is excellent and boating (for fishing only) is permitted in the South Sump.

Other recreational uses of the refuge are birdwatching, sightseeing, hiking, photography and picnicking in designated areas.

More information on this delightful and rewarding region will be supplied by the manager of Ruby Lake National Wildlife Refuge, Ruby Valley, Nevada 89833. The illustrated refuge leaflet and the bird list are available for the asking. □

JET TRAILS OVER LAS VEGAS

To the casual visitor, Nellis Air Force Base is a constantly revolving kaleidoscope of color, sound and activity — a brilliant, thunderous swirl of 24-hour action.

Nellis has a number of claims to fame besides its close proximity to Las Vegas. It is the home, for one thing, of the world-famed Thunderbirds, U. S. Air Force precision air demonstration team. One of the country's largest air bases, Nellis encompasses something in excess of three million acres of southwestern desert and mountain, and holds the title, "Home of the Fighter Pilot," a finishing school where the skills in jet fighter manipulation are honed to an unprecedented edge.

The current fighter inventory includes the F-100 Super Sabre, the F-105 Thunderchief, the McDonnell F-4D and most recently, the controversial swing-wing F-111 fighter-bomber.

Through the rigorous regimen of its Fighter Weapons School and Combat Crew Training Wing, Tactical Air Command (TAC) pilots and support personnel who have graduated from Nellis bear the hand-stamped motto of TAC, "Any time, any place," and are completely versed in the latest techniques of weapons delivery and the deployment of tactical forces on a world-wide basis.

PHOTOS AND STORY BY BUD TOURTELLOTTE *The white-hot arc of an F-111 afterburner stands etched across the calm southern sky over Las Vegas, left there by a jet climbing out of Nellis Air Force Base to participate in night exercises.*



A—Wings fully extended in low-speed configuration, an F-111 fighter-bomber, afterburner roaring, flashes into the air from the main runway at the country's largest air base.

B—Two-seat F-105F stands in sharp contrast to the feathery clouds and soft colors of sunrise, while flight line crews scurry about preparing for takeoffs at first light.

C—Sunrise softens the harsh glare of work lights along the F-105 flight line as the work tempo speeds up prior to the day's first mission.

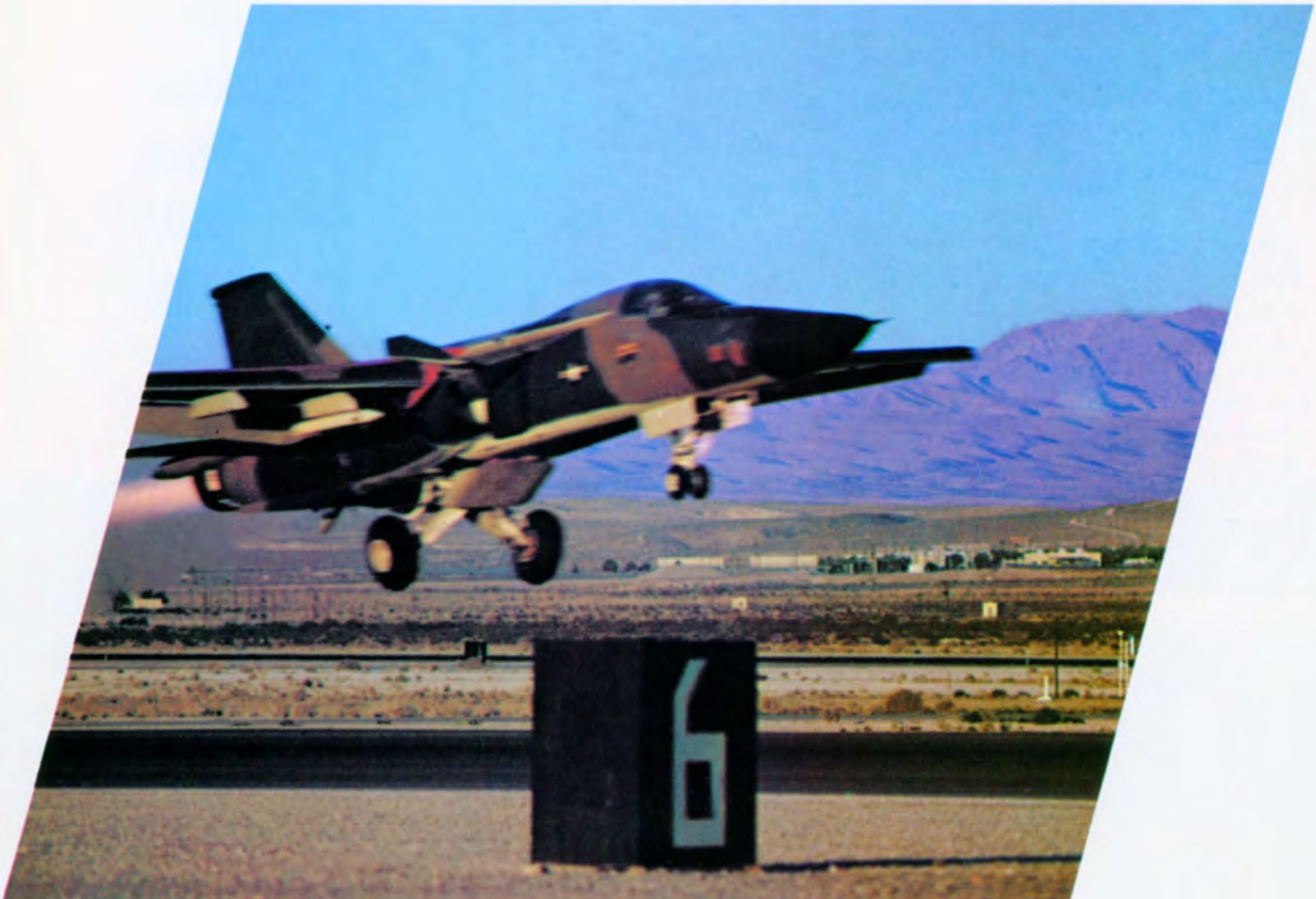
D—A rare desert shower washed down the field just after sunset and spread a thin veneer of reflective water on the parched flight line.

E—Ground-crewmen service the F-105's fantastic Vulcan machine gun, under the glare of high-intensity work lights.

F—A swing-wing F-111 undergoes routine maintenance in Nellis hangar as part of the normal, round-the-clock operation of the base, considered the finishing school for USAF fighter pilots.

G—Maintenance operations continue around the clock at Nellis. This is the action under hangar lights at the huge Las Vegas base.

A





B



C



D



E

F



G



and one parian, were literally dug from the ground by an ambitious bottle collector who was sifting the soil near Dayton, Nevada. One beautiful German child doll was rescued from a pile of trash that was on its way to the dump. A dirty cardboard box found in a cellar by a friend yielded eight dolls of the 1800's after the parts were sorted, cleaned and reassembled. Many dolls come from sentimental ladies who have kept them carefully stored away in a trunk for perhaps 60 or 70 years. Some came from antique dealers or other doll collectors, but the ones we enjoy the most are the ones who belonged to people we know.

The old clothes that come with the dolls tell stories, too. One cannot help but be touched by the love and labor that went into many of the miniature dresses. Some are embellished by rows and rows of tiny handmade tucks and yards

of hand crocheted or knitted lace. Others come with feather-stitching and "laid gathers" that required hours of work. Some of these tiny garments have perfect little buttonholes, often so small that it is difficult to put a button through. Many of the garments are lined with silk or a fine cotton. One old papier-maché doll has three embroidered petticoats and fancy hand-knitted stockings under her wool challis dress. Some mother of long ago must have loved her little girl very much to devote so much time to a treasured doll. Fathers also worked on dolls. Two from a family in Idaho have beautifully carved wooden hands and arms. The wood is dark with age now, but the detail of the carved fingers is still perfect. The bodies of these two dolls are also home-made of a very heavy twill cotton and stuffed with bran. The heads are of bisque of a very old type.

Our collection grows very slowly now, and we do not often find a doll that is substantially different from the ones we already have. A collector never gives up the search, however, and that is half the fun. Who knows where the next one might turn up? □

The ornate doll house, left, is handmade, probably of American origin, and is dated 1869. Mama has a china head and the child is of German bisque. In front of the store below stand an eight-inch goo-goo eyed German child, a favorite of the early 1900's. Mama is German, with head of china, dating from the Civil War period. The store was a promotional item, put out by an American food distributing firm in 1923.



In Nevada



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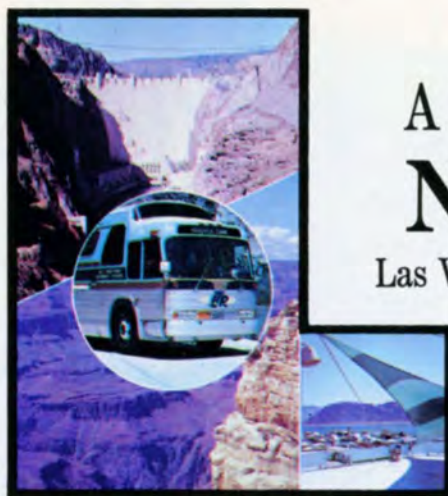
* Honored by Hotels, Motels, Casinos, Restaurants, Gas Stations, Auto Repair, Air Lines, Rent-A-Car Agencies and 150 other types of businesses



NOT FAR FROM THE STRIP
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

But not so many have discovered the lesser-known retreats, those shimmering pools, for example. They're there alright, cool exception to the surrounding desert landscape. Two are shown on these pages—and they provide an excellent target for that easy Sunday drive. □

Trailriders pause beside one of several springs along the miles of bridal paths and mountain trails near the Bonnie Springs Ranch just outside Las Vegas. Located in the multi-hued ruggedness of the beautiful Red Rock Valley, Bonnie Springs is a true western dude ranch.



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All of Nevada's recent governors were uncomfortably aware that the State's rambling old Executive Mansion was in trouble. Faucets leaked, stairways creaked, fuses blew and heating was a problem. Furniture was a worn, hand-me-down collection from earlier administrations, the kitchen was sadly inadequate, and the decor, which varied constantly as chief executives came and went, was an inconsistent mixture.

When Governor Paul Laxalt and his family moved in last year they quickly determined that unless many basic repairs were made the 60-year-old mansion could not serve adequately either as a home or as a setting for official state functions. A face lifting was clearly in order.

To finance the restoration the Legislature appropriated \$78,000 for structural changes and an additional \$100,000 to redecorate and furnish the mansion was realized when Governor Laxalt initiated a fund-raising drive and personally contributed the first \$1,000 toward the project. Then the Laxalts moved back to their own home in Carson City as teams of experts arrived on the scene. During recent months the Governor's wife, Jackie, worked hand in hand with those experts the architects, designers, engineers and contractors whose talents were required. As the huge task progressed it became apparent that more money would be needed and additional contributions, it is hoped, will materialize.

Meanwhile the remodeling project moved full speed ahead and early in 1968 Nevadans will have a new Executive Mansion of which they can well be proud. □



University of Nevada Press

Helen J. Poulton, 1967
(paper covers)

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**INDEX TO THOMPSON & WEST'S
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A comprehensive index to the best history of Nevada's formative years. "It is a key to half-buried riches in the finest early historical work on Nevada has substantially increased the research value of the *History*."—James W. Hulse.

Jack D. Forbes, 1967

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NEVADA INDIANS SPEAK

A remarkable collection of chronicles and letters of Nevada Indians (and agents) over the last century, dramatically reflecting their attitudes toward the coming of the white man. Introduction and comments by Jack D. Forbes.

Wilbur S. Shepperson, 1966

\$5.25

RETREAT TO NEVADA

An account of a little-known socialist colony founded during WW I near Fallon. "Wilbur Shepperson wisely puts Nevada City in the larger context of American socialistic colonies during the 19th and early 20th centuries." Richard G. Lillard in the *Los Angeles Times*.

Russell R. Elliott, 1966

\$5.95

**NEVADA'S TWENTIETH-CENTURY
MINING BOOM**

The author discusses the social, political and mining history of the 20th century mining camps of Nevada, tracing the discovery-boom-decline cycle of the gold camps, and the continuing prosperity of the copper camps. "Valuable, authoritative monograph . . . excellent." *Journal of American History*.

Lalla Scott, 1966

\$5.25

KARNEE: A PAIUTE NARRATIVE

A biography of Annie Lowry (who was half Paiute, half white), this book presents an unusual bi-racial view of the early Indian-white confrontations. "An absorbing personal account of Indian life." *Utah Historical Quarterly*.

James W. Hulse, 1965

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THE NEVADA ADVENTURE

"Clearly and competently written, *The Nevada Adventure* is a well-balanced, concise history of the state of Nevada. The book is well illustrated, and the maps are unusually clear and helpful. It will be received with gratitude by those desiring a good brief history of Nevada."—*California Historical Quarterly*.



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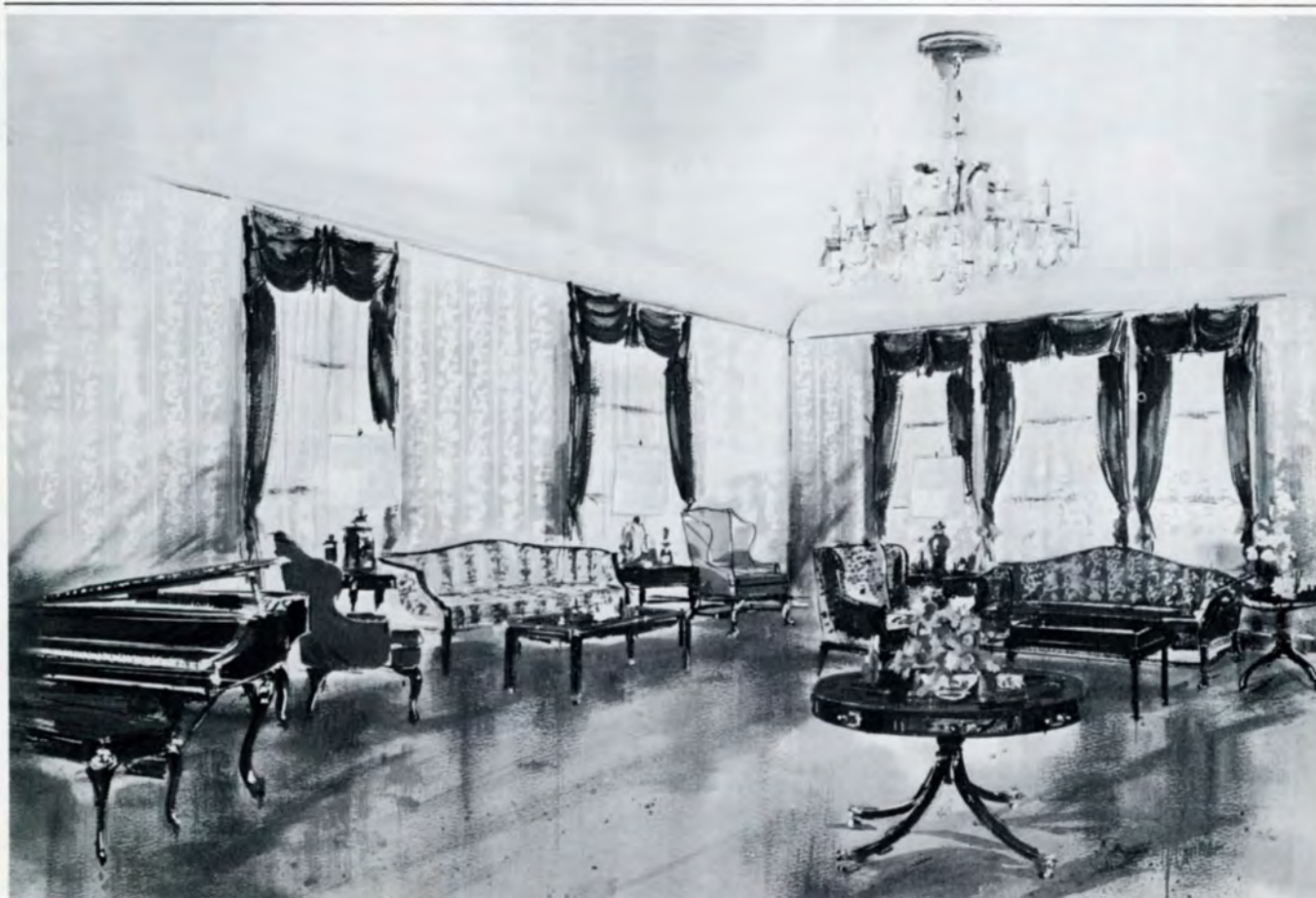


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Artist's sketch of the North State Room, designed to harmonize with the Southern-mansion look of the exterior of the building.



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THE BIOGRAPHY OF A BUILDING CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

tation to move away was tremendous, but Ben had faith in Nevada and its mines, if only the price of silver could be stabilized. He worked ardently in the presidential campaign of 1896, to support the Silver Party's candidate, William Jennings Bryan. Many a political harangue had taken place in the building, or on its porch, and all were bitterly disappointed when Bryan lost.

The train schedules were curtailed as the town's activities declined, and the people came to depend on the telegraph line to furnish them with news of the outside world. In April, 1898, Ben relayed a message from the Reno Gazette to the Inyo Register of Bishop, California, which stated, "House adopted Conference Resolution which says 'The people of Cuba are and of right ought to be free and independent.' Vote 293 to 4. Means War." Ben kept a copy of this telegram, to which he added, "first definite action by both Houses of Congress on what seems to be certain war between U.S. and Spain."

About this time Ben bought the stone building, with all of its fixtures, and contents from Zabriskie and Shockley, whose interests were far removed from Candelaria. Chris and Margaret Zabriskie were living in New York, where Chris was in charge of the Pacific Coast Borax Company's New York office.

The next year, Ben further tied himself to Candelaria by purchasing a larger home to accommodate his increasing family, their third child being due in November. The investment of \$500 for this five-room house seemed like a large outlay, but he now held the office of County Commissioner, which helped with their finances, and it gave him a voice in determining that his district got its share of money spent for road work, and other benefits.

The century ended with a very pessimistic outlook for all of Nevada. The Carson & Colorado Railroad took a dim view of the future, and in March, 1900, sold out to the Southern Pacific. Strangely enough, this took place just two months before a most unexpected event took place — one which quickened the pulse of the whole mining world — and soon a silver stampede

to Tonopah was under way.

The story of Jim Butler's discovery of rich silver ore, while searching for a lost burro, has been told and retold with as many variations as a theme by Beethoven. Here I shall report only its impact on Candelaria, 60 miles away. Sodaville and Candelaria, about equidistant from the new booming camp, were the nearest railroad depots, and they became rivals for the enormous surge of business which followed.

New Life For the Old Building

Ben Edwards' Candelaria store was swamped with orders. His building fairly bulged with wares destined for Tonopah, and freight piled up at the station to such an extent that he had to hire a guard with a shotgun to discourage thievery, until he could arrange for transportation to the new camp. Every available vehicle was pressed into service, and the resulting caravan presented a strange sight as it moved across the desert. Borax wagons, freight and hay wagons, and even buckboards piled high with goods, joined the procession.

On his first trip to Tonopah, Ben bought from Lou Leidy his half interest in the claim which was to become the West End mine, and in the first lease which Jim Butler had given to Leidy and Charley Carr. Ben shared his purchase with Henry Cutting, who had been teaching school in Candelaria. They also formed a partnership to open the Edwards & Cutting General Merchandise Co. of Butler (as Tonopah was known for a short time). The building used for this purpose came from Candelaria in sections, laboriously hauled across the desert on freight wagons.

By the end of 1901, business in Candelaria had increased enormously. Each time the little train puffed into the station, after straining up the last steep grade from Belleville, it delivered such huge amounts of freight that Ben found it necessary to have a large warehouse built near the depot. He moved the post office from the bank building into the brick building next door, and put his sister-in-law, Bessie Barlow, in charge of the mail. Then he hired E. B. Partridge to keep his books and help in the store, to give himself time

to make frequent trips to Tonopah, usually on horseback.

As he begrudged the time spent in travelling, the idea of a telephone line became more and more desirable. It was no small undertaking to survey the route, install poles, wire and equipment across the barren stretch of desert, but when the day arrived that the instrument was in place on the wall, his building was crowded with the curious and the sceptical. For days people came to see this new wonder, Candelaria's first telephone. The Chinese were most amazed to see a box with a voice, especially one which, given the proper circumstances, spoke Chinese.

A favorite character in town was



The author's father, Ben Edwards. After leaving Candelaria he became a prominent banker in Oakland and also served as a mining official in Tonopah.

Billy Grozenger, who in 1894 had discovered a coal deposit near the present site of Coaldale, and supplied the neighborhood with coal. "Jackass Billy" he was called, possibly because he always rode a burro, or could it have been his gullibility? He was constantly the butt of practical jokes wherever he went, and he responded with good-natured, if vociferous profanity. He was one of the first to try out the new telephone, and when he shouted into the mouthpiece, he was told, "Billy, you know Tonopah is 60 miles away. You'll have to do better than that!"

Billy took a firm stance, filled his lungs and bellowed louder and louder,

as the crowd cheered him on. Later when he heard Ben speaking on the phone in a normal tone of voice, Billy out-cussed the most accomplished mule-skinner.

The newfound prosperity allowed many improvements in the building. Acetylene lighting replaced the coal oil lamps. A typewriter and a letter press facilitated Ben's increased correspondence, and he might have made many more changes, had he not realized that Candelaria's active days were numbered, from the first time he saw the quality of the ore that was piling up in Tonopah. There would have to be a railroad extended to that place, and it would by-pass Candelaria, putting an end to the teaming business which kept the town alive. Facing the cold facts about his little community, as early as August 1901, he went with R. J. Laws, superintendent of the Carson & Colorado Railroad to Tonopah to look over a possible route for the line from Sodaville. As the construction of the new railroad progressed, he prepared to leave Candelaria, knowing that it would soon be deserted.

The End in Sight

He bought several Candelaria houses and had some moved to Tonopah, and some to Goldfield, another booming camp, discovered in 1903. He continued to fill orders for Tonopah, Goldfield and the outlying Esmeralda County towns, and offered great bargains in order to clear out his stock.

In the late spring of 1904 he sold all that was left in the store to the Nye County Mercantile Company of Tonopah (successors to Edwards & Cutting), including shelves, counters, bins, scales and safe. He took his wife and four children (including me, the latest addition to the family) to Bishop, and arranged to have our Candelaria home and a smaller house moved there. These were cut into sections of a size that would permit passage through the tunnel in the White Mountains, and shipped on flat cars of the Carson & Colorado, and reassembled on the Main Street of Bishop.

Railroad Day, on July 25, 1904, was celebrated in Tonopah with fireworks, speeches, a parade, races, drilling and spike driving contests, bronco riding,

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 59



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trapeze performances, a baseball game and a ball. The gaiety was loud and long, drowning out the swan song of Candelaria, which had no reason to go on.

But the town did not die, although it was almost completely deserted by the end of 1905, when the station was torn down and the train service ceased. It lay dormant for a decade or more, with sporadic bits of mining carried on by leasers who produced scarcely enough to be recorded.

When my family moved to Bishop in 1904, and there was no one interested in buying the stone building, my father let it go for taxes. It stood empty, in sad contrast to its early, robust days, with only memories of its rip-roaring youth. Having reached the age of retirement, it had to be content to bask in the summer sun, and resigned to shiver in the bleak cold of winter.

But its working days were not quite over. In 1918 the mining industry received a vital shot in the arm, in the form of the Pittman Silver Purchase Act, promoted by Nevada's Senator Key Pittman. This assured a price of \$1.00 per ounce for silver, and resulted in a spurt of activity in all mining areas. In Candelaria a new company was formed, the Candelaria Mines Co., which leased the Northern Belle, the Mount Diablo and Lucky Hill mines, and began intensive operations. In 1922, a 150-ton cyanide processing plant was completed, and once again the town was buzzing with industry.

The little building was given a part in this new lively scene. It served as a bunk house for miners and mill workers, when the company boarding house was overcrowded. Now it enjoyed the undreamed of convenience of electric lighting, but never knew that of indoor plumbing. Once again its walls resounded with hearty man-talk, and it may have seemed like old times, but not for long. In 1923 the government ceased purchasing silver, and the price slid to 65¢ per ounce, with a consequent slump in mining. The Candelaria mill was closed in 1925, and in spite of several further attempts to revitalize the area, by the start of World War II, Candelaria was truly a ghost town. □

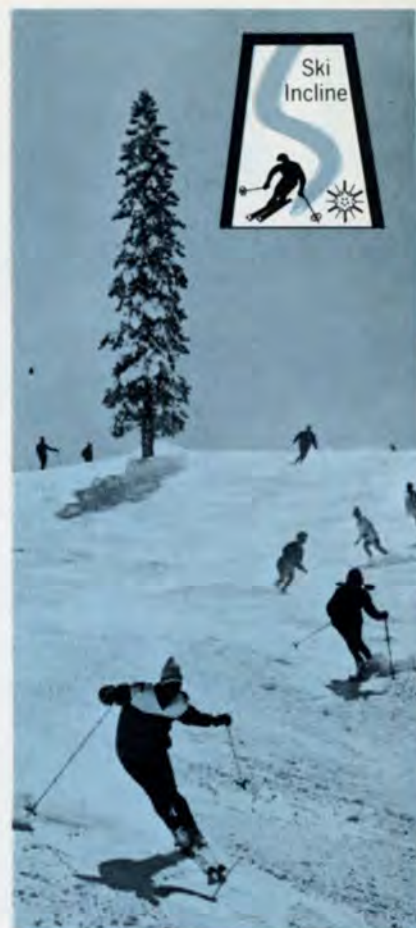


... about the contributors

LOIS MATHEWSON, wife of Mel Mathewson, Reno advertising agency owner, has collected dolls ever since she was a little girl. The collection is one of the most comprehensive in Nevada. SAMUEL G. HOUGHTON of Reno is already known to those who read two other stories recently published by this magazine. One traced the history of the Truckee River, the other dealt with ancient lakes connected to the Pyramid Lake system. BUD TOURTELLOTTE is a recent arrival in Las Vegas, but is already an enthusiastic Nevadan. He is a staff member of the Las Vegas News Bureau. MRS. LORENA E. MEADOWS has lived in California for many years but she retains much affection for her birthplace, Candelaria, Nevada, whose history she traces in a most informative article on page 18. Although Candelaria is now a ghost town, it's an interesting place to visit, and not too far off the main highway. Hence we classify the story as our *Tour of the Month*. DAVID TOLL is another Reno writer well known to our readers. A man of many interests, Mr. Toll has written stories for us on such diverse subjects as navy ships, early Virginia City golf — and now guns. FRED HOWARD, as is noted in the preface to his delightful story on page 40, died earlier this year.

... photo credits

Front Cover, and illustrations for the story about the dolls: Adrian Atwater. *Mono and Walker Lakes*: Philip Hyde. *Candelaria*: Photos courtesy the author. *A December Song*: David Muench. *Guns*: Don Wolter. *Jet Trails Over Las Vegas*: Bud Tourtellotte.



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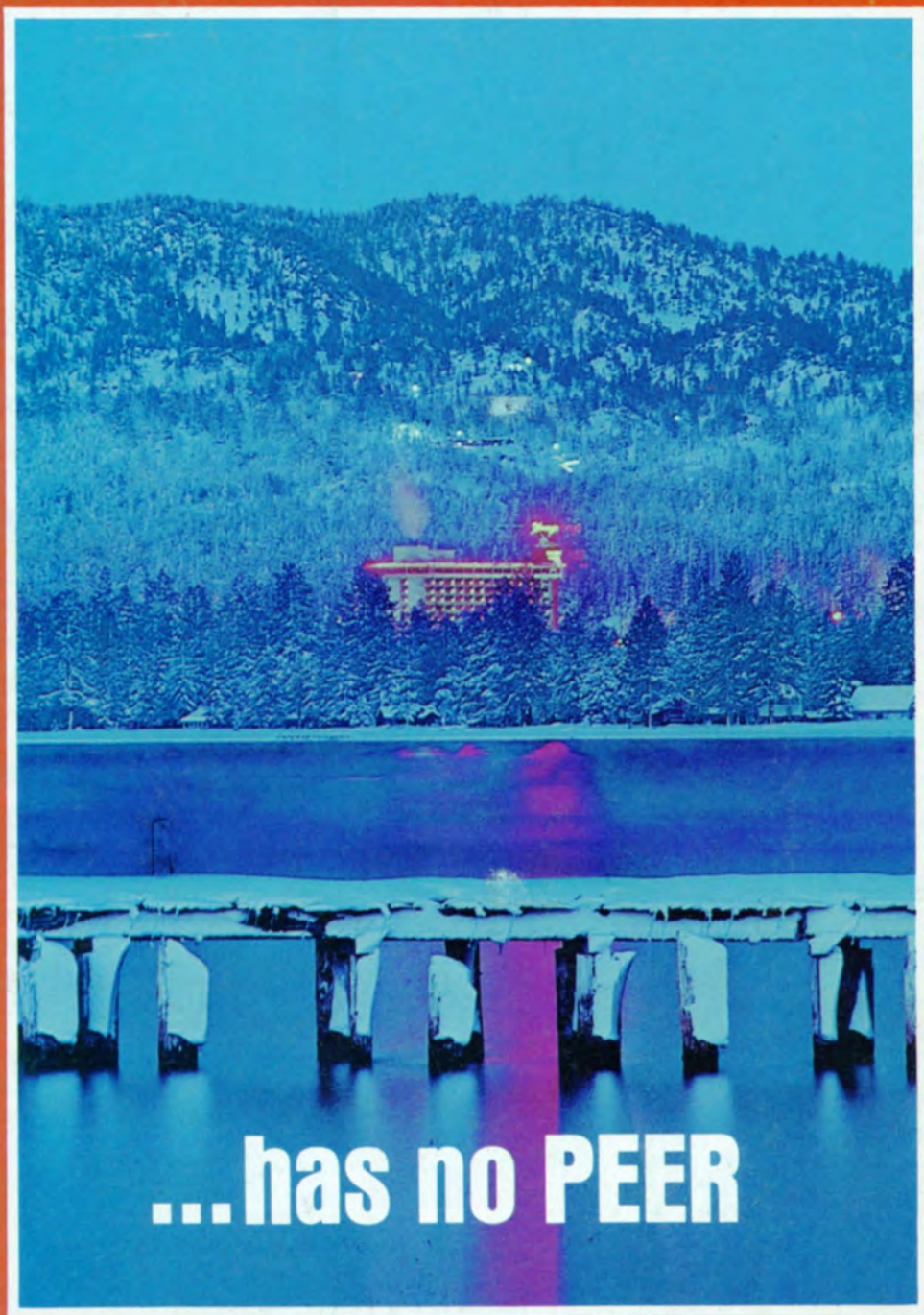
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