NEVADA

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Contributors
Anthony Amaral, Ola Blavatsky, Judy Casey, Phillip I. Earl, Guy Shipler, Julian Stone

NEVADA MAGAZINE is published quarterly by the State of Nevada, Department of Economic Development, Carson City, Nevada. ©Copyright 1976 by the State of Nevada. Second class postage permit Carson City, Nevada 89710 with additional entry in Denver, Colorado.

Subscription Rates
$4 per year, U.S. and Canada; $5 Foreign. Please allow six weeks for delivery.

NEVADA MAGAZINE assumes no responsibility for damage or loss of any material submitted for publication. Full return postage must be included.

Change of Address
New address should be accompanied with old address label and sent to Circulation Department, Nevada Magazine, Carson City, Nevada 89710.

49 PRINTED IN U.S.A.

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Jarbidge Wilderness
Nevada Game Birds
Red Rock Canyon

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Editorial



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Bill Childress

Many of the writers in this issue gave up the foaming metropolis that was filled with excitement and culture because they realized something was missing. They said goodbye to Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco and New York, to come to Nevada, which gave them what they wanted.

Leon Mandel was born in Chicago, brought up in the east. He was an American Studies Major at Cornell University and at Columbia in New York. He migrated west (to California) in his senior year and perceived that there was an intellectual difference between east and west. In the article, "Coming Home," Mandel says he felt compelled to explain why. He has traveled extensively, and appreciates Nevada, "because it is a state in which people are open, decent, and honorable."

Mandel was editor of Car and Driver Magazine in New York, publisher of Autoweek in San Francisco. His book (written with and about Peter Revson) called "Speed With Style" was published by Doubleday in 1974. He has written articles for Newsweek, Sports Illustrated, and True, among others, and is presently working on a book for Stein & Day called "Undressing the Car Culture." Mandel now lives in Reno.

Even though Roberta W. Stebbins does not make a living as a journalist, her experiences are similar to Mandel's. Born and raised in Atlanta, Ga., attending school in Cambridge, Mass., she worked in Chicago before migrating to the San Francisco Bay Area with her CPA husband. Ten years ago, the Stebbins family moved to Yerington. It was not a change Roberta particularly relished as she had enjoyed her city life and Yerington was far removed from it. But the changes she found were improvements. "Life as experienced against the rural background all brought awakenings we had not realized possible . . . the black clouds of a mountain storm, the wail of a coyote, the wild asparagus growing along the irrigation ditches, but most of all the wonderful one-to-one relationships with rural Nevadans." She wrote the story, "Discoveries of a Reluctant Pioneer," to preserve the wonder. It is the first article Mrs. Stebbins has had published.

Our photoessayist this issue, Bill Germino, is from Stockton, California. He is an ex-musician, ex-writer ("Most of my stuff was garbage, so I quit"), and self-taught photographer who says his business is roaming the earth. He loves Nevada, "because you can't just look at it, you have to discover it. There is nothing to hide behind out here and you have to be honest with yourself." He moved to Dayton so that he could be near the Carson River, to learn its ways, to photograph its moods. His touch is soft, subtle; his technical ability exceptional. We bring you a tiny sample of what he found.

"The (almost) legendary Virginia Lake Road Race," was written by Jim Kroesen, a 29-year-old teaching fellow in the Journalism Department at UNR. An Iowa native who grew up in the newspaper business, Jim has been a reporter, a freelance automotive writer and public information officer for the U.S. Army in Germany. In the late '50s his father took him to a sprint car race on a dirt oval in Iowa. "I've been a racing fan ever since," he says. The Virginia Lake road race story grew from a UNR graduate seminar project.

William Childress, writer, photographer, columnist, humorist, traveler, is an ex-paratrooper, Korean War vet, ex-English professor, ex-husband. He believes freelance journalists are people "with more guts than brains." He makes a living selling from 45 to 50 articles a year to magazines including Field & Stream, Wheels Afield, TV Guide, Mademoiselle, Good Housekeeping, Smithsonian Magazine and Readers Digest. He has won numerous awards for short stories, poetry, essays. He is a past editor/writer of the National Geographic Society. He writes about anything he can sell – but it also has to be worth reading. During his travels across Nevada he has passed The Monument on Highway 80 south of Winnemucca many times. On his last trip he stopped to find out what it was. The result is the story in this issue about Rolling Mountain Thunder, a Creek Indian who has built a castle of trash at Imlay. – C. J. Hadley

Letters

NEW WRITER?

I hope to interest you in my story and hope it would give more people the interest to visit Nevada on their vacation. I think Nevada is a remarkable place to spend the vacation for the whole family. The hotels are very comfortable and the interest in there (sic) resorts are very exciting. My name is Thomas Courtney. I'm 13 years old I hope to be a book writer some day so I took this for a start I want you to buy my story so I can tell if its good. Yours very truly.

Thomas Courtney
Ft. Mitchel, KY.

We liked young Courtney's letter, but didn't buy his story. We did, however appreciate one line: "Nevada is a perfect state and will get better." – Ed.

CORRECTION

The heading added to my story on Nevada mining (Issue #1, 1976) is inaccurate.

As most Nevadans know, copper replaced silver and gold as the State's leading mineral more than a generation ago. Gold is the second largest mineral commodity in terms of production value, followed, lamely, by sand and gravel. The story makes this quite clear. For the record, latest available production figures (1974) are: copper, $130,021,000; gold, $47,723,000; sand and gravel, $14,515,000. There may be certain money in sand and gravel, but not the "big money" your heading implies. Please help disclaim my responsibility for the statement.

Also, it is the "Nevada Bureau of Mines and Geology" (not the Bureau of Mines" as mentioned in the Editorial) that I'd like to remain with.

La Verne Rollin
Reno, NV

We apologize. – Ed.

MORE ABOUT TURQUOISE

I can't survive without your fantastic magazine. It is by far the best reading in the U.S. today. The pictures and story about gem stones was superb (Issue #4, 1975). Please continue with the beautiful pictures of my beloved Nevada.

Mrs. P. L. Stulgp
Tacoma, Washington

I'm a proud Nevada tax payer happy some of my tax dollars go to the Nevada magazine and happy to pay more in cash to support it. But I want the truth, not ignorant writing.

After being told that amber is fossilized ambergris produced by sperm whale I can hardly read on.

Elizabeth Scott
Boulder City, NV

Hoorah for reader Langsem! (Letters column, Issue 1, 1976) She has struck a bleaux for the "Esquimeaux"; a vinegar-dipped harpoon right in the old whale blubber.

Amber is, of course, fossilized resin, not fossilized ambergris. The author of my reference was incorrect, but I bear him no malice, and chalk it up to human fallibility.

Reader Langsem was also bitter about my "slanting of history." How else should I slant an article about turquoise? I'm afraid her second barb missed the mark.

Incidentally, the Encyclopedia Brittanica states that the expedition led by Coronado left Mexico in search of Cibola in 1540. As early as 1535 Alvar Nunez Cabeza de Vaca may have been in New Mexico and learned of turquoise deposits there. In 1539 Fray Marco de Ninza and a party started out from Mexico in search of turquoise. In his journals Fray Marcos mentioned turquoise fourteen times.

Reader Langsem's letter gives me an insight into what there is to do to pass those long arctic nights. Perhaps one day she'll publish an anthology of her "Letters to the Editor."

Tom Banville
Carmichael, California

SOME SUGGESTIONS

I fell in love with the Indian boy's picture on your January cover. I love anything and everything about Indians and not a drop of Indian blood in me, but I highly regard these people and love their culture.

Ruth Davis
Newark, Delaware

I would like to see articles on Wadsworth and Wonder. My father was manager of the Nye and Ormsby County Bank in Wonder and the article on Banking in the last issue was very interesting.

My family were pioneers in Wadsworth and in fact I was born there.

Ethel MacPherson
Sacramento, California

MEMORIES

Your centerfold brought back memories of a great trip my wife and I took from Las Vegas to McDermitt. There's a lot of material for your magazine out in that big State just waiting in the desert sun for some inquisitive writer and sensitive photographer to ask a question or see the soul of Nevada in a face or a hill.

V A. Cammarota
Rockville, Maryland

REGARDING ISSUE #1...

Your bicentennial issue is a great tribute to the State of Nevada. It informed people Nevada has a lot to offer every individual. I would like to mention, however, that Judy Bailey is spelled "Bayley."

Faun Crain
Moscow, Idaho

I have lived in Nevada 10 years now and didn't know about all that agriculture!

Why don't you make up patterns like the great State Seal Needlepoint for local animals such as deer, big horn sheep, wild horses, etc.?

Mrs. Billy Blair
Las Vegas, NV

Because the cost would be prohibitive. – Ed.

FROM US, TO YOU

We appreciate all the positive and encouraging letters we've been getting from you and hope they will continue. However, the letters column is supposed to bring out what is right and what is wrong with a magazine; to invite readers to participate and have a say in what the magazine will include. Fortunately, but also unfortunately, we have only received positive letters (except those on errata) about the new style and format of the magazine. The people who don't like it, and have perhaps some constructive criticism, have not bothered to write to us at all. Some people have telephoned and said our stories are too short, that we are getting too "slick," that we are forgetting history, but we have nothing on paper.

Will you please help us make Nevada Magazine the best of all the regional publications? Will you please help us by telling us what you would like to see more, or less, of? Rest assured that we will do our best to let you have what you want.

The Editors
Nevada Magazine

The Arrowhead Man

George Luke always walked with a keen eye for yet another find so that the past would not be lost to the present... or to the future. By Brendan Wesley

NOTICE
Nevada law forbids excavation or exploration of historic and prehistoric sites without a permit. Nevada Revised Statutes 381.195-227.

George Luke figures he was about 12 years old when he first spotted an Indian arrowhead poking out of the Nevada soil. That was in 1911, near Reno. "I've been hunting them ever since," says the retired cattleman, now 77 years old. "I **still** go out!"

That means Luke has been on the trail of arrowheads – and other Indian artifacts – for 65 years. Today he has what is probably the largest private collection in Nevada. His arrowheads alone number about 40,000, although he's never really kept count. About 7,500 of his favorite "points" are attractively mounted in cases that line the walls of his home in Fallon in the heart of land that was once Paiute Country.

"I didn't know I was getting into one of the best arrowhead hunting areas of Nevada," Luke says, recalling his move to Fallon from Reno in 1913. But he hasn't confined his hunting to Churchill County. He has traced ancient Indian trails all over the state, picking up thousands of arrowheads and a fascinating assortment of other artifacts – some of them Indian, others dating back thousands of years before the Indian cultures arose. While his collection focuses on Paiute items, it also includes many Shoshone and Washo artifacts.

With a twinkle in his eye, Luke delights in asking visitors if they can guess the purpose of some of his ancient artifacts. He holds up a tangle of string, for example, with tiny animal teeth attached – it turns out to be an ancient fishing line. A tiny six-inch bow was once the plaything of a hunter-to-be; what looks like a granite "top" for spinning is instead a crude drill. The purpose of other items remains a mystery to Luke. "Arkologists," as he calls them, offer various, often conflicting explanations. Luke, on the other hand, is quite content to live with question marks, admiring the items for their workmanship and primitive beauty.

Luke can spin off a story about each one of his artifacts. He has plenty of anecdotes about his younger days, when he and friends went on informal artifact hunting expeditions. But his favorite stories deal with history, such as the fierce battle between Major William Ormsby's troops and the Paiute Indians at Pyramid Lake in May 1860.

If his eyes light up while telling it – and they do – it is because Luke sees the battle so clearly in his mind. He knows the terrain of the battle site like the back of his hand, and he's stood at the spot where Major Ormsby was killed. He can reconstruct almost every event of that infamous day, as well as other battles in which the Indians fought to retain their ancient lands. Luke hasn't picked up all those arrowheads without picking up a lot of history too.

The huge oak display cabinet in Luke's den shows the variety of his collection. In the cabinet are Stone Age pendants, tiny animal carvings and talismanic effigies, bone pipes, abalone shell jewelry and ornaments, sleek bone tools, two ancient human jawbones, incredibly fine woven Indian baskets, heshe necklaces, a Paiute sandal woven from rush (Juncus), and an arrow shaft.

But arrowheads are by far the most numerous items in the collection. Their history, though shrouded in obscurity, tells one of the most important chapters in Nevada's past.

The game which early hunters brought to camp sustained Nevada's early natives for more than 12,000 years – more than 100 times the number of years the white man has been in the state. Long before the Paiute and other Indian cultures developed, Nevada was populated by primitive but ingenious Stone Age peoples who hunted wooly mammoths, giant sloths, ancient species of bison, camels, horses, and other now-extinct beasts. These early natives developed the grooved stone "Clovis" spear points – an advance so important it has been termed the "atomic bomb of their time."

The "Desert Archaic Culture" (about 10,000 to 2,000 B.C.) was followed by the Pueblo-Anasazi Culture and the Lovelock Culture, the latter named after Lovelock Cave, formed by the waves of the huge, ancient Lake Lahontan. "We used to chase mustangs out there," says Luke, who visited the cave after scientists had excavated it, unearthing some of the most significant archaeological finds in Nevada. Scientific investigation began in 1912 – but not until miners had hauled off 250 tons of bat guano for fertilizer, destroying countless artifacts in the process.

In the 500 years before the coming of the white man, Nevada was occupied largely by native bands of Paiutes, Shoshone and Washo Indians. Most of Luke's arrowpoints and artifacts date from this period.

The points range from "bird points" less than an inch long to a huge volcanic glass point that measures close to seven inches. Pre-Indian hunters used these larger points on spears, or atl-atls, to kill large game. Smaller points were all the Paiutes, Washo and Shoshones required to take more common game such as deer, antelope, and ducks. The Fallon area was once less arid than it is now, and its many lakes supported plenty of wildlife and, in turn, Indian life.



George Luke examines a piece from his huge collection. The arrowheads on the wall are only a few of his 40,000 or so specimens.

Artifacts can be beautiful riddles. The tiny white "snowflake" may have been worn as a sort of jewelry, Luke says. The other items reflect the stonecutter's artistry, but their purpose is unknown to Luke — except for the stick with the tooth lashed to it. Luke believes that was used as a tattoo needle.





Prehistoric treasures found in the Nevada desert include trinkets, ornaments and question marks. The large ornamental discs are made from abalone shell (probably acquired in trade from coastal Indians). The blue rock is turquoise.

Ancient artifacts (below) predate the rise of the Indian cultures in Nevada by thousands of years. The fetish features a zig-zag design, while the round ring is decorated with precision-carved beading.



Most of the points that line Luke's walls are made from agate, jasper or obsidian, with a few of slate. He points with special pride to a magnificent, crystal clear arrowpoint chipped from a piece of clear quartz. Another favorite is made from black and red Wainwright obsidian. Its shape is unusually complicated, with delicate projections at the base and a point which is still as sharp as a needle.

While most of the arrowpoints have projections at the base, used for binding them to the arrow shaft, some lack any projection at all. "We call them fishtail points," says Luke, although they actually resemble fish without tails. Luke has been told that these were "poison points" used in warfare. Since the sleek, simple point was detachable, it could be retrieved. "They had no ears on 'em to hang them up," Luke explains, "so they could be pulled out."

Luke has one arrowhead which the Indian user never retrieved. He found it embedded in the ribcage of one of the many human skeletons he has encountered in the desert. Holding that point, knowing that in some ancient day it killed a man, one begins to understand the paradox of the arrowhead, which could take human life as well as sustain it.

Except for the two ancient jawbones on his curio cabinet, Luke has left undisturbed the skeletons he has found. His reverence for Indian burial sites is reflected in a story he hesitates to tell to strangers. It concerns the body of a young squaw he found years ago buried behind a boulder in a cave near Pyramid Lake. Luke speculates that she must have been an important member of her clan, for her body was carefully mummified by wrapping it in buckskin. She was buried with her prized possessions – baskets, jewelry, shell trinkets – none of which he disturbed. "I already had so many Indian artifacts," he says, "that I asked myself 'What could I possibly want with more?' So I left her as she was." Luke often wonders whether that squaw still lies undisturbed in the darkness of the cave.

Luke has only one arrow shaft with point attached. The Paiutes made their arrows of greasewood and cane; time has turned most of them to dust. The few arrows that survive were either preserved in buckskin wrappings or protected from the elements in caves. The lashings are still intact on this rare arrow – demonstrating the purpose of those "ears" at the base of the arrowhead. Sinew or cord was wound around them and then tied firmly to the arrow. Luke has replaced the missing feathers at the opposite end to make a complete arrow.

"An old timer, now dead about 20 years, told me he never picked up an arrow that had been shot and lost," says Luke. But that oldtimer – who often hunted for points with Luke – **did** find a six-foot bow wrapped in buckskin. That's far larger than the average Paiute bow, which measured about three and a half feet or less.

Although not a scholar with regard to his Indian items, Luke is a master of the art of finding arrowheads. He began learning as a boy when he lived in Reno. "Me 'n friends would go along the river and up on Peavine Mountain," he recalls. The points were plentiful if one knew how to spot them. He also recalls the days when "Us kids used to follow the river down to Pat McCarran's ranch 15 miles below Reno. We'd hunt all the way." That was about a 30 mile round trip.

Best sites for "finds," Luke says, are around springs. "Where there's a spring, you'll usually find a campsite." The presence of chipped rocks, heavy metates or mortars, also indicate ancient camp locations. Metates, the oval stones on which Indians ground seeds and grain,

Photos by the Author







(Top) An arrowhead still attached to part of the arrow shaft. The saw-tooth piece was probably just that, a saw. The large arrowhead is a spearpoint about five inches tall.

(Above) Fashions for the Nevada desert a century or two ago included woven sandals. George Luke spotted this one in a cave, protected from the elements.

A primitive angler used this fishing line (right). Animal teeth were the hooks.

were too heavy to lug around, so they're a sure sign of Indian settlement. Many of the arrowheads found at such sites are poorly-shaped discards.

Many Indian campsites were located along shorelines of lakes which have since disappeared (distribution of river water in Nevada has changed remarkably since the white man settled there; huge lakes have disappeared and irrigation has brought life to thousands of acres of once arid desert land).

Luke has many tricks for spotting arrowheads, but mostly he relies on his keen eye. One method: "When the sun is 'one or two feet' off the horizon, they get a 'different flicker' to them and you can spot 'em easier."

The arrowhead hunting in Nevada isn't as good today as it used to be. Throngs of arrowhead collectors have come to Nevada from throughout the U.S., and Luke wonders if they've left any stone unturned. "People have come from California and from every direction," he says. "Now, the Hondas and four-wheel-drive stuff, they're tearing up the landscape, making it even harder to find points, especially in good condition."

Yet, says Luke, "there's more stuff covered up than we'll ever turn up." Hopefully, future finds by trained scientists will tell us more of Nevada's Indian heritage.

Today Paiutes come from a nearby reservation to see Luke's collection. Most of them are young Indians, Luke says, and they have a keen interest in the artifacts of their ancestors.

Other visitors react differently, however. Luke shakes his head. "You know," he says, "some people just stand there and all they can say is 'How much you got 'em insured for?' or 'What're they worth?' " Luke places no dollar value on his arrowheads and other artifacts – to him these things are priceless.

To make sure they are preserved in that spirit, he has already given some of his best artifacts to the Churchill County Museum. Eventually, it will house the rest of Luke's collection, giving Fallon one of the finest Indian museums in the state.

And all those Indian items will have found a fitting resting place, right in the heart of Paiute country. They'll always be part of The Luke Collection, a gift from a man who always walked with a keen eye for yet another find, so that the past would not be lost to the present . . . or to the future. □

Editor's Note: Since 1959, Nevada laws have required that persons investigating, exploring or excavating historic or prehistoric sites have a valid and current permit issued through the Nevada State Museum. Failure to have such a permit is a misdemeanor. Details may be learned by consulting the Nevada Revised Statutes, Chapter 381.

MOVING NEVADA THROUGH ITS HISTORIC DEVELOPMENT



TEAMSTERS

A PART OF THE AMERICAN LIFE

Coming Home

The subjective view of an effete Easterner, early infected with the suspicion that the West was America. Now, living in Nevada, convinced of it. By Leon Mandel

With fact, common sense, perspective, reason and research by Mary Matrille

He must have been shaking in his boots. Frederick Jackson Turner was all of 32 years old — an academic upstart – when he rose before the American Historical Association convening in Chicago in 1893 and told them they were wrong. Oh to have found a dark corner from which to have watched the expressions on the faces of that distinguished assembly, comfortable in their certainty of the reasons for the historical push behind the people and the land of the New World as they listened to this near-child, fresh from graduate school, read his astonishing first essay, **The Significance of the Frontier in American History.**

It was probably a massive concession that the historians were meeting in that bawdy western city at all. For they were men who wrote and taught in the East and looked upon the nation with a strong Eastern bias. To them, the American character was the product of the migration of European ideas to America's eastern seaboard. And here was Turner, standing before them bold as you please, and saying things like: "The existence of an area of free land, its continuous recession, and the advance of American settlement westward, explain American development," and, "The peculiarity of American institutions is the fact that they have been compelled to adapt themselve to the changes of an expanding people."

Strangely, Frederick Jackson Turner affected that gathering in Chicago so strongly that for almost 40 years after he spoke, his thesis formed a central theme in the understanding and teaching of history in this country. Perhaps his impact partook of nostalgia, for when he spoke in 1893, the Superintendent of the Census had issued his 1890 report in which these words appeared: . . . at present . . there can hardly be said to be a frontier line . . . it can not, therefore, any longer have a place in the census reports."

Whatever the reasons, Turner's words had explosive impact. Until, of course, they were debunked by the great academic cynicism that grips us all eventually and gripped us particularly in the late '30s.

By the time I arrived in college, Turner was old hat. Even debunking Turner was old hat. But I was lucky enough to have as one of my professors of American history a gentleman of the old school – not very courageous, I suspect, but at least willing to expose his students to what Turner had to say and to let them make up their own minds.

Even though I was an intellectual troglodyte, I read and was enormously impressed (I don't remember reading much else about anything, much less being impressed by it) by words like these: ". . . the democracy born of free land, strong in selfishness and individualism, intolerant of administrative experience and education and pressing individual liberty beyond its proper bounds has its dangers as well as its benefits." About then I was ready to welcome the dangers whatever they were. The benefits of the eastern "democracy" in which I lived, filled with the traditions and strictures of a society that wanted almost nothing more than to be considered European in its refinement, were more than I could bear. In my simple understanding of what Frederick Jackson Turner was saying, he was telling me (I had to stretch for this one a little) that on the frontier, you didn't have to wear a dark suit to dinner or call everyone "Mr."

If those Turnerian warnings didn't put me off, you can imagine how I reacted when I encountered this: ". . . to the frontier, the American intellect owes its striking characteristics. That coarseness and strength combined with acuteness and inquisitiveness; that practical, inventive turn of mind, quick to find expedients; that

masterful grasp of material things, lacking in the artistic but powerful to effect great ends; that restless, nervous energy; that dominant individualism, working for good and for evil, and withal that buoyancy and exuberance which comes with freedom. "

Perhaps because I was able to find in the reading of history what others get from fiction; perhaps because of that in combination with a feeling of being **confined;** perhaps because I was doing badly in school anyway, it seemed that Frederick Jackson Turner had written those words for me.

I married as a senior in college, put my wife and belongings in a car and moved west. At least I **thought** I was moving west. We went to California. Now there are many of Jackson's freedoms to be sampled in California, perhaps more in the early 50's than now, but if I remember **The Significance of the Frontier** well (and I have recently gone over it), it exempts California from many of the phenomena of the West and many of the workings of the frontier. If my almost two decades in California taught me anything, if they reinforced Turner at all, they left me with a feeling that in the West (at least in contradistinction to the Eastern seaboard where I had been raised), even in California, if you awoke one morning and decided to become a brain surgeon or an astrophysicist, no board of rigid traditionalists was going to tell you it simply couldn't be done, you didn't come from the right background, your family couldn't possibly afford to see that you went to the proper schools, you would never, even if you accomplished your impossible task, be accepted in the proper professional society. In California, I discovered, by God, if you wanted to do something, you just got up and did it. That may sound like small beer to a born Nevadan, even a born Californian for that matter, but it was a stunning revelation to me.

After an interregnum of the worst sort, a period in which I was called back to New York to work at a magazine, our family of four literally escaped in desperation to the West again for another year and a half in California and then, finally, to Nevada.

The country was strange, I could not tell the mayor or the millionaire as he walked down the street from the humblest man in the community, everyone called me by my first name the moment we met, on my third day in the state I walked into a largish store in downtown Reno to buy a shirt and when I came to pay for it encountered the store owner working at the cashier's desk who promptly introduced himself and invited me to lunch.

What seemed to be happening in the most extraordinary way was that Frederick Jackson Turner was coming alive in front of my eyes.

There were, I discovered later, sound historical and geographic reasons for this social 20th Century miracle. Frederic L. Paxson, one of Turner's disciples, had said it well: "The New West stood in its valley homes, among the mountains, in a sharp contrast to the world from which its people had been drawn."

Nevada's frontier was more than a symbol. The isolation of the desert reinforced by the protection of the Sierra left no doubt that the right to privacy meant the right to be left alone. In this atmosphere of isolation, self-reliance was at a premium and respect for authority diminished.

Thus Nevada was a breeding ground of vigilance committees (like the Comstock's "601") as much because of a belief that the individual had a right to control not only his own destiny but that of the community, as



because of a rapid rise in population from 1859 to 1880 (the end, you will remember, of the frontier according to the bureau of census report a decade later).

Boom and bust also took on a Nevada syntax (Philadelphia wasn't doing much booming and busting in the late 1800s). Bonanza and borrasca, which first built mining towns and then left them abandoned, swirled people around the state in constant pursuit of wealth. So Nevada was mobile – a precursor of the century to come – moreover there was no cohesive force in terms of a common religion, background or economic status to make the state stand still so that it could begin to turn rigid.

To right a social evil was well and good, a laudable goal; but individual liberty took precedence over every-



thing. It's not hard to trace Nevada's laissez-faire marriage and divorce laws, its adult views of gaming and prostitution from this tradition.

But side by side with the "liberal" view of each man as holding his own destiny as his most precious possession was an equally conservative strain made up of pride, a conviction that what was being done was being done right, and a deep suspicion of affairs other than Nevadan. When Frank Leslie and his wife came to Nevada in 1878 on their grand tour of the West to gather stories for Leslie's **Illustrated Weekly Newspaper,** Virginia City rolled out the red carpet. But the carpet was unceremoniously snatched out from under the proper Mrs. Leslie when she described Virginia City, in an article written on her return, as "dreary, desolate, homeless, uncomfortable, wicked and Godforsaken." Rollin Dagget, then editor of the **Territorial Enterprise,** gave the lady hers in a front page expose, bannered, "Our Female Slanderer – The History of the Authoress – A Life Drama of Crime and Licentiousness." Lovely.

Frederick Jackson Turner talked about the "Americanization" of men on the frontier, and that, too, happened in Nevada. The high proportion of foreign-born who migrated to Nevada found no ethnic community to welcome them. Physically, Nevada was as far from their homes as it could possibly have been – and the result for those immigrees was loneliness. Discrimination was a reality but so was access to a society whose social boundaries were not clearly defined.

The "Bonanza Kings": John Mackay, James Fair, James Flood and William O'Brien were cases in point. The most money in Boston could buy was the label "Lace Curtain Irish." In Nevada money meant more than economic equality, it meant the social equality for which all immigrants were searching. The Bonanza Kings started at the bottom and with luck, the real grubstake of the prospector, not only made a fortune, but did it at the expense of the California "Bank Crowd" that had monopolized the economics and politics of the Comstock.

Typically, the state's political development was chaotic. The Mormon withdrawal from the newly formed Nevada territory had an unsettling effect, and before the territory could develop any kind of intrinsic character or philosophy, the Comstock discovery catapulted it into national politics.

Nevada's first constitution was soundly defeated (Turner could have told them it would be), but then national events intervened. Lincoln, who needed votes to pass his anti-slavery legislation and who even more needed revenue for his war, was not prepared to overlook Nevada's ore deposits – not even its miniscule inchoate Congressional delegation.

Lincoln pushed. The enabling act passed, and he signed it in March of 1864. By September the new constitution had been ratified. In Nevada they celebrated the Nevada way — and then wired the results to Lincoln at a cost of $3,416.77

I learned all this much after my arrival in Nevada. In the meanwhile, I had met two Nevadans: Snowy Monroe and Merle Brennan, so not much of the **feeling** of the state came as a surprise.

Snowy Monroe, a distinguished State Senator, had been publisher of the Elko **Independent** (now **there** was a fitting name for a Nevada newspaper) and I came across him when he stood up in the legislature and told the federal government what it could do with its blackmail subsidies it was then attempting to use to force the 55 mph speed limit on the state.

I went to Carson, and we had dinner – I was doing a magazine piece on States' Rights and 55 mph – and found a strong, tough, witty man. He truly believed, this old gentleman, in his rebellion. He was reacting (I gradually discerned) not much differently than the 13 colonies had against Georges II and III. He despised the federal club – as he called it. But he was pragmatist enough to realize what it mean to the people of his state to have construction money cut off, $30 million worth, if I remember right.

In Merle Brennan, I found a man who started as the Bonanza Kings started – with nothing. I found, too, a man who expressed better than anyone, perhaps because it was expressed so undramatically, the freedom to move

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INCLINATION,

Being out under God's canopy of blue with a brisk breeze ruffling your hair is a fine sensation, indeed. By Alvin R. McLane

It must go back to our youth, for men and women still want to climb. In our childhood, we balanced atop fences, climbed lofty trees and scaled abandoned buildings. We borrowed our mother's clothesline and pretended that it was a fine mountaineer's rope. Today, we thank Providence for being alive.

The mountain man was in his element exploring uncharted mountains. The expectation of what lay beyond the next chain was a magnetic force and there was harmony with nature out there on the western horizon. The comfort of home wasn't enough to fill man's animal desires; all too soon, the beavers were gone. The excitement of western emigration was over in a decade. Before long came five-day-a-week jobs which didn't challenge the body or mind.

Where were our adversaries? For some it was the mountains. Just hiking to the top of a peak was adversity enough for many; the scaling of towering summits the dreams of others. These visions became realities during the Golden Age of European mountaineering in the 1800's. Soon, all over the world, peaks previously considered unattainable bore the bootprints of climbers. The Himalayan giants fell under the wave of early 20th century mountaineers.

Presently, climbers are still seeking the . . . "unclimbable" . and getting to the top of it. It may be a hidden peak lost in a sea of loftier summits, a fragile tower in the desert wilderness, or a local precipice passed by hundreds of people every day.

"Why do you climb?" is not an easy question to answer. Just being out under God's canopy of blue with a brisk breeze ruffling your hair is a fine sensation, indeed. The fragrance of the pine or a spring flower pleases the senses. The sounds of a cascading stream, the frightening roar of an avalanche, the silence of a falling snowflake and the ringing of silence itself are all pleasures individually savored.

Then, for another thing, climbing is an excellent exercise. You train hard. When you feel your body moving upward with a ballet lightness, the pleasure is immense. The handhold is right, the foot is well-placed, the move is swiftly and surely. You are in command. Nothing can take away the ecstasy of the feeling at that moment. Pit against nature, only your strength and cool-headedness pulls you through.

Climbers are not much different than yesterday's mountain man. Time and again, the trapper penetrated the American wilderness continually at odds with nature because he wanted to be there. The climber also wants to be there.

"What are the discomforts of climbing?" Sitting on a hard, stone ledge all night with your legs dangling over a great void can be discomforting – but it's also a high feeling! Pulling yourself up a steep wall on cold, numb fingers isn't happiness; neither is desperately flailing a difficult section in the stifling sun with a dry, rasping throat. While passing the hours of a protracted winter night in a hastily dug snow cave with spindrift blowing down your back, you are apt to long hard for a soft, warm bed. Also, the sun bakes your face, the salt of sweat runs into your eyes and the frigid wind reduces your gait to a zombi-like shuffle. When buffeted to your knees by a fierce wind which blows away your breath, you may think "What am I doing here?" but in the end, after a day's rest in the consolation of home, you again desire the mountains. All those hardships are forgotten and the delights of being on the heights are pleasantly remembered.

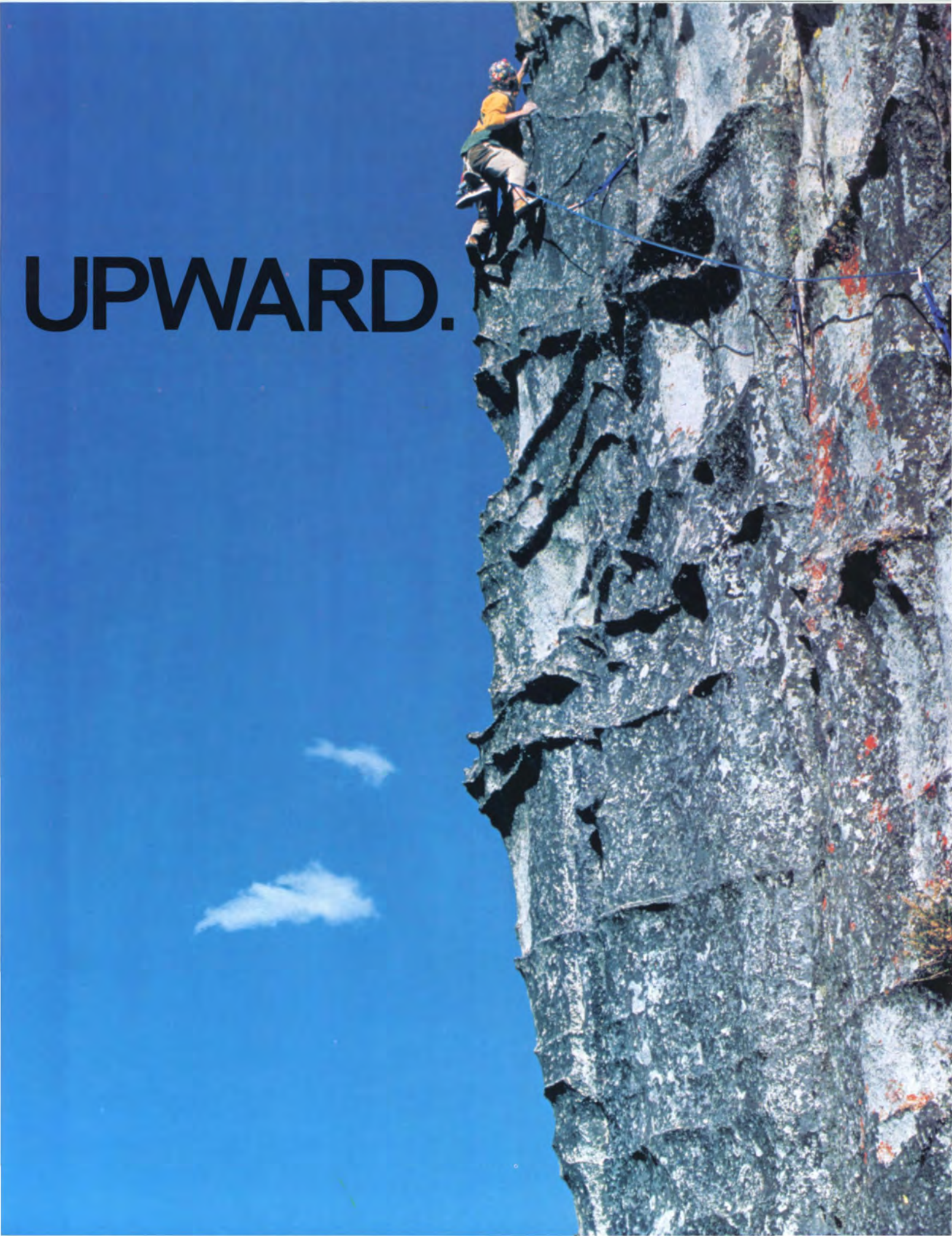
In Nevada there is excellent rock climbing. Reno-Carson City-Lake Tahoe climbers have a wealth of available walls. The Donner Pass area on old Highway 40 has routes that require super-human strength to scale. Still another nearby cliff, aptly named School Rock, has easy climbing where beginners can saunter up more than 200 feet without much danger.

A couple of rocks just north of the Reno Campus are fine for practice. The University climbing class limbers up there and some sections are less than 10 feet high. If you can't complete the ascent, you can simply drop to the ground without harm.

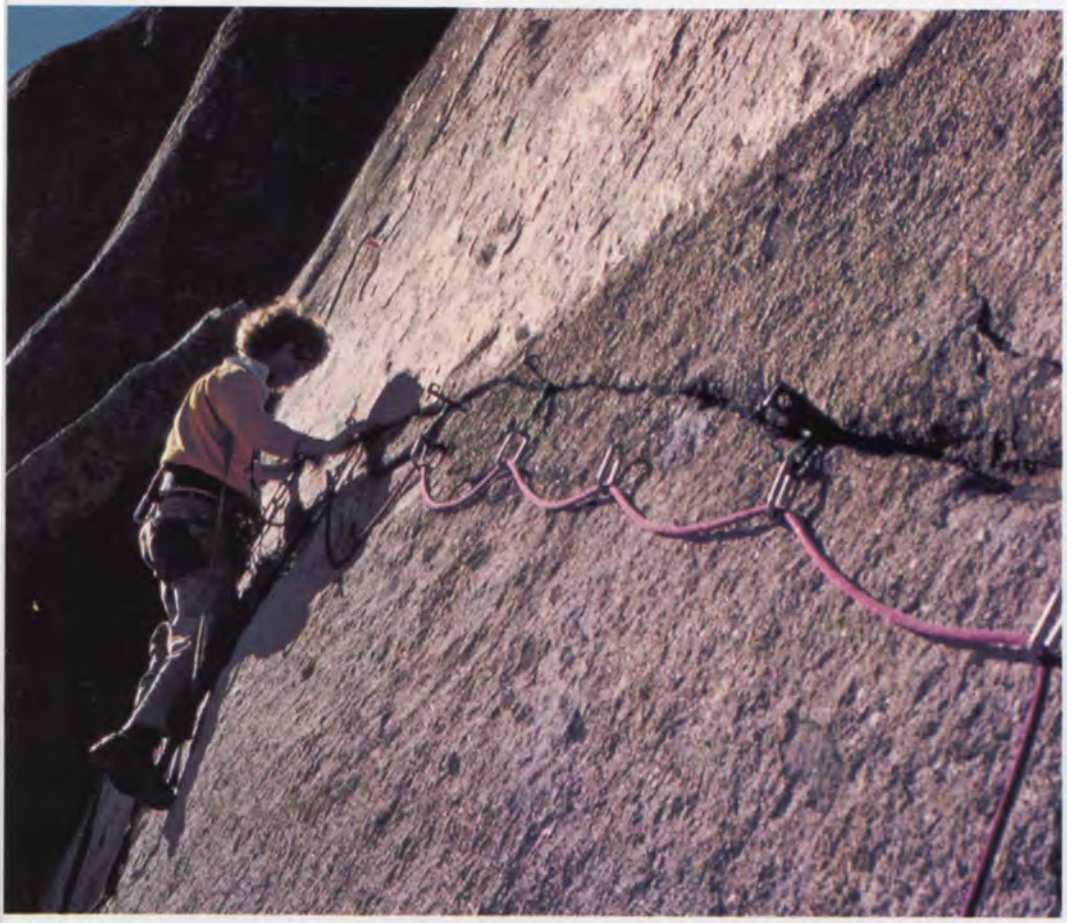
Owl Rock along the old Toll Road to Virginia City is a fine place with overhanging walls where tough men and women can practice spectacular acrobatics. Subtle routes 100 feet long are also available for the inexperienced.

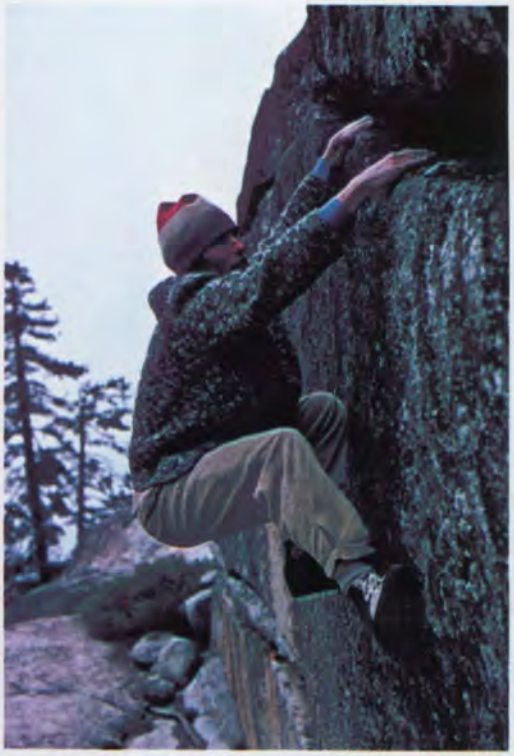
River Rock along the Truckee River south of Verdi has several outstanding routes and is used a lot in springtime. This area is generally

UPWARD.



Max Jones photos





limited to the strong climber, however, because several of the lines are quite demanding.

Easy to get to areas in the Lake Tahoe basin abound and many individuals are venturing farther into the back country seeking out unclimbed walls. They go there for the solitude so it wouldn't be proper to disclose these locations.

Lovers Leap, on U.S. Highway 50 along the South Fork American River, is frequented by the more experienced cragsmen. Its northwest facing cliff drops sheer 800 feet. Nevadans also visit Yosemite Valley; one of the most spectacular rock-climbing areas in the world. Some of the awesome cliffs are more than 3,000 feet high.

Las Vegas residents have easy access to superb cliffs in nearby Spring Mountains. The great sandstone escarpment of dramatic Wilson Cliffs in Red Rock Canyon Recreation Area offers routes 2,500 feet high. Pleasing friction climbing has been worked out on nearby White Rock and Calico Basin Hills; the powerful limestone walls in Kyle Canyon have been little explored; and at least one important route has been done on Mummy Mountain which towers 11,500 feet into the Nevada blue sky.

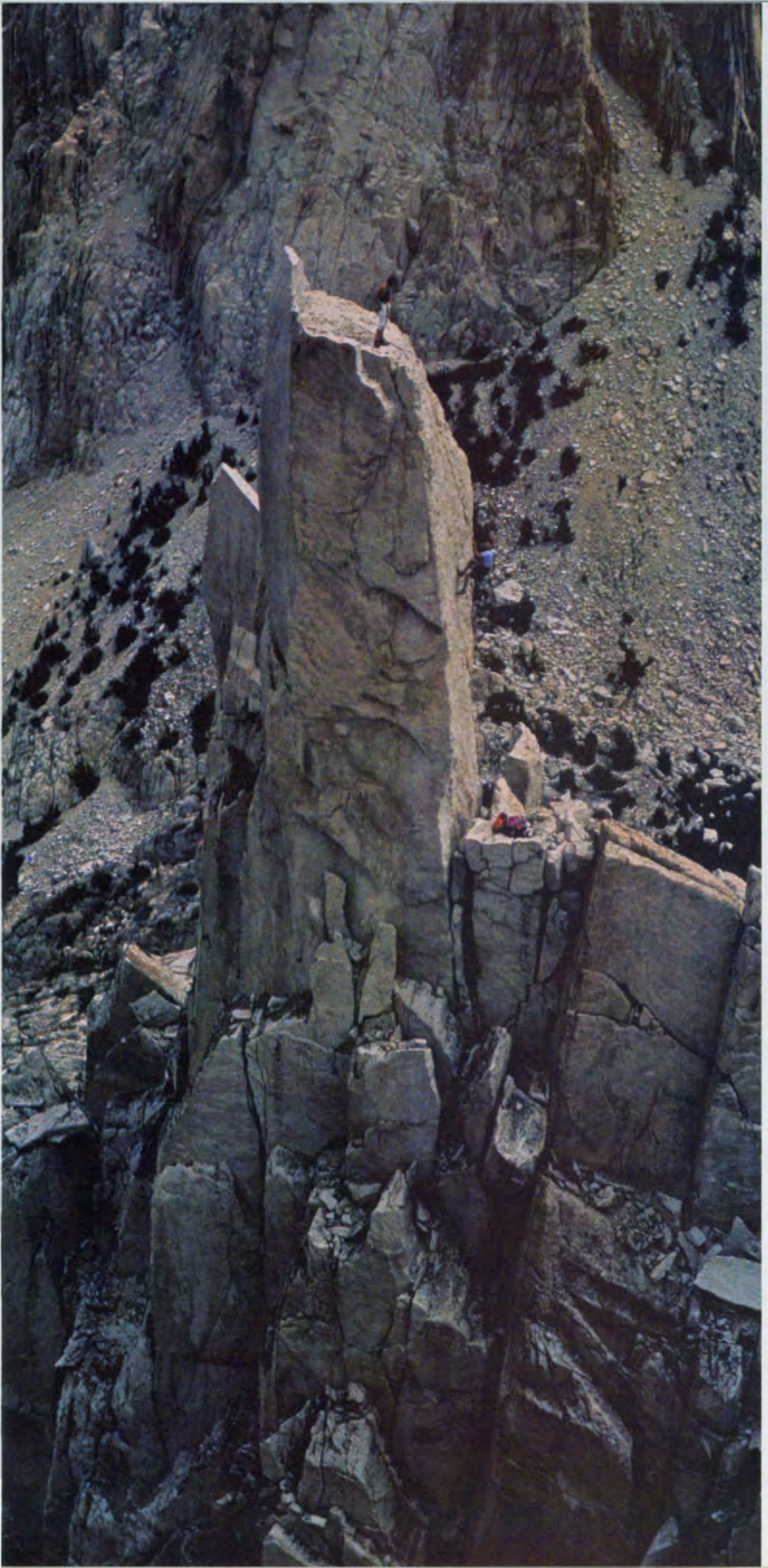
Farther afield in Nevada there has been minimal climbing interest. An 1,100-foot granite wall in the central part of the state has been scaled only a few times and sits amid an array of wild towers and domes that have never been touched; some routes have been done on the blocky quartzite shafts and precipices in the Snake Range where the climbing is spectacular and scary; the metamorphic walls in the Ruby Mountains have had ascents, but other ramparts and domes over 1,000-feet high await to be scaled.

A granite escarpment 80 miles north of Reno in the Selenite Range has some routes, but its tremendous 900-foot west wall remains unviolated. This is also an unusual area of natural bridges, huge balanced rocks and impressive pinnacles.

Nevada's climbing potential has been generally overlooked. Maybe this is rightly so because much of its sedimentary, volcanic, siliceous and metamorphic rocks tend to weather into loose blocks causing dangerous climbing. The Sierran granite is more often frequented as it fractures into long, clean cracks which makes climbing enjoyable.

Even so, there is every reason to believe that Nevada climbing will gain prominence in the future. When the psychological barrier is broken of venturing onto steep and frightening loose rocks, many walls presently considered unclimbable will be successfully assaulted. Cliffs in the great gorges of the northwest volcanic tableland, the 3,500-foot deep canyon of Smith Creek in the Snake Range, and the overhanging walls in the Ruby Mountains will find tiny men in their web of ropes, dangling high above the ground, enjoying their passion of exploring the unknown.

The cry of tomorrow may be, "Come climb your own in Nevada, far from the madding world." □



Aside from nerve and stamina, here's what you'll need.

There are a number of ways to get involved in climbing. One of the better ways is to take a class such as that offered by the University of Nevada's Physical Education Department in Reno. The course can either be audited or taken for credit. You learn balance and friction climbing and a few essential knots; you are taught proper rope handling (belaying) where one is saftied up the rock; you learn rope descents (rappelling) over sheer or overhanging cliffs. The student becomes informed of various push, pull, pinch and jam holds and other techniques that enable him to master the ascent of cliffs in the most efficient manner. By the end of the course you should be climbing to the best of your ability and be able to follow an instructor up a moderate route in complete safety and enjoyment.

Another fine way to become informed is to have a competent friend take you out and teach you the ropes. A less desirable but good way to learn (especially if you have physical prowess and agility), is from an instruction book. One of the best available is by Royal Robbins entitled "Basic Rockcraft." This book was published in 1971 by La Siesta Press of Glendale, California.

Outdoor organizations which sometimes offer climbing instruction are the Sierra Club (Las Vegas Group in Las Vegas, Toiyabe Chapter in Reno); and the National Speleological Society (Great Basin Grotto in Reno, Las Vegas Grotto in Las Vegas). The latter two clubs explore caves and they hold several climbing sessions a year and you should have an interest in speleology before seeking membership in either group. A loose-knit mountaineering group in Reno called the Krumholtz Knickerbockers allows most anyone into its folds.

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Las Vegas News Bureau

Profile

MILT KAMEN

The comedian is starring in a play called "Norman Is That You?" at the Union Plaza in Las Vegas. In a recent interview with C. J. Hadley, Kamen commented on our times.

"I didn't come from a regular organized background," recalls Milt Kamen. "My father was a barber and he disappeared when I was five; a couple of years later my mother passed away. There were seven children and we got spread all around. I was a ward of the orphan asylum until I was 17."

Milt Kamen, actor, musician, comedian, is now 51. Brought up during the depression, his youth was difficult — "If the kids in school found out you were an orphan, they treated you like a cripple"; his neighborhood rough — "My ambition and desire was to become a gangster. Any decent kid from Brownsville Brooklyn wanted that because gangsters had food and they had clothes and they had shoes. It was very simple."

Kamen liked the orphan asylum because there were always a lot of kids there, but he was moved around a lot. "I was known as an incorrigible. I was in 14 foster homes and 16 public schools. I was left back three times in the first grade. I had the lowest IQ and was very backward in every way.

"I'll give you an example. There is a typical question on every kind of IQ test. They say, 'If Mary had three apples and she gave one to John, how many would she have left?' Now that may sound like a simple question, but to me it wasn't because I bypassed the question. I got furious. First of all I wanted to grab the two apples from Mary, then I wanted to smash John and grab his apple too. That was all I could think of. Where did they get those apples? I never had three apples in my life I can tell you, unless they were stolen.

"I remember reading stories in school about cookies and milk and going home to organized homes and I just got crazy furious from that and very unhappy; therefore I couldn't think straight. I was arrested 20 times before I was 10. I was stealing but obviously I wasn't so hot at it; I got caught too often."

His schooling was erratic although it turned out he was not as dumb as he thought. He didn't know how to pass tests, said his mind was very slow and his neck used to swell. He felt very self conscious, inferior — about thinking, about anything — so he used to memorize a page of a book, putting dirt smudges around the page, then looking at it and memorizing the picture. "I would then go take a test and copy from myself. I had a photographic memory."

He applied himself diligently, desperately, to catch up the time he had lost. " I worked hard, until I heard music," and that was the end of his studies. He heard a school symphony orchestra and even though he had never known what a French horn was, he liked the sound of it. The teacher was very encouraging and let him take the instrument home. "I had a natural feeling for it; I could play the scale immediately." It wasn't long before he was playing in amateur orchestras — teachers' orchestras, doctors' orchestras — playing with hobby musicians who were very good. "French horn players were rare so I played a lot."

Kamen eventually did graduate from high school and found work as a laborer, always practicing or playing horn before and after work. "Talent is nothing, absolutely the most unimportant thing. Desire is everything. Everybody's got talent for something."

When the war broke out, a friend got him a job as a photogrammetric engineer. He wanted to join the army "because the work wouldn't have been so hard" but he said he was frozen there by President Roosevelt's signature. In his spare time he continued to play music and after the war ended he played in more amateur orchestras, then substituted for horn players with the New York Philharmonic. He could have chosen music as his career.

"If I hadn't been exposed to music it would have been different. I know that in the Ozarks there must be ten people who could have played the fiddle just as well as Jascha Heifetz, but they never had a chance. They never even knew what a fiddle was."

"When I was young I always liked comedians because I was a very miserable kid; they made me laugh so I loved them. I never knew what was possible in the world; I didn't think I could ever do anything until I became a horn player and played with a symphony orchestra. It was the most extraordinary thing; I never imagined I could ever do that. Then I began to see other things meet people

"Sid Caesar is the most hilarious man I've ever met in my life. He isn't on television any more; no one



is hiring him. There was a time when the words, 'superb and class, were used in reference to acts. Now they say 'great, 'superstar. They use extreme terms. There was a time when there were performers who were not nationally famous who were superb. Today it's different. Now we have a thing, if you're famous, you are great.

"They don't need talent any more – giant, big talent. Why? There is a monopoly; only three stations throughout the nation. People watch the new TV shows at the beginning of a season and they look at one, not because it's good, but because it's the least objectionable.

"The networks are run by CPA lawyers. They do not like any show nor dislike any show. They have no opinions. It's just beans they are selling. The networks test shows, they wire the people who go, have electronic gadgets to register their reaction, have them fill in forms. This tells them if the show is going to be a hit. Now three-quarters of the shows went off last year. In other words they failed. The fascinating thing is that when the shows fail, the executives who make the decisions remain, they never get fired. It's the artists who get fired.

"One of the characteristics of our country is you do the job, you get paid. When you mess up, you're out. How come these corporate heads don't get fired? We have capitalism for the middle class and the poor, but the wealthy live under socialism. These people live off the corporations with cars and homes and all kinds of trips and tax write-offs. This is not the free enterprise system.

The comic looks sad as he recalls; "The golden age of TV has gone now. The Sid Caesar Show, Playhouse 90, the Schlitz Playhouse, Jackie Gleason, Ernie Kovacs and Omnibus. These were all live TV shows. No tape. And they were far superior to almost anything found today. Nothing has ever matched the Sid Caesar Show, it was superior, the highest level of satire, the inspiration was tremendous.

"We don't even allow real satire now; people are very frightened. Everybody's dreams were fulfilled after the Second World War (for everybody but the blacks that is). Food, clothes, cars, homes. The dreams of the masses became fulfilled, and when that happens you had better be ready for it.

"People never knew what hit them. They started to give their children anything and everything. There were no family ties, a lot of traveling around, a lot of luaus, an enormous amount of cooking out, a lot of broiling of steaks. After 5,000 years of developing a beautiful stove, everybody left the stove and went back to the caveman to show how superior they were to everything. They all could afford a form of decadence

("Did you know charcoal broiling is very bad for you? It is. If I want charcoal, I'll burn a match, put it out, then taste that. I don't like it.")

"Conformity, extreme conformity. In an affluent society, each one learns from the other. It was golf, golf, golf. Now there is nothing wrong with golf; there is nothing wrong with charcoal broiling; there is nothing wrong with a house; there is nothing wrong with cars. But such worshipping of it! That shows something. It's a terrible thing; the people are out of their heads. If a real depression was to hit this country people would start talking to each other again and stop being such hot stuff.

"Some people say you can't take it with you. That when you die you can't take it with you. Well, no one is going to tell me that most people don't believe they are not going to take it with them. They really believe they will. I believe they believe they will take it with them. It may sound like I'm really saying something idiotic but they do believe it. My God, they'll turn their wife in for a Mercedes-Benz if they had the choice, and their children and everybody. They are all leased anyhow, the children, the wife, everything is leased. I mean there is no feeling of real thickness and love. A dream found is a dream lost. Now they have nowhere to go. America doesn't have a dream anymore; cynicism has developed gradually.

"It takes time for things to change. Our atmosphere today, what we are going through, is unbelievable. Our atmosphere permits assassinations. It permits killing without motive, crazy mad killing. We can't ban the

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Bullfrog



Wherein one of the great old boom towns of 1904 lived furiously but died pitifully in a matter of moments. By Ed Coonfield

Shorty Harris was a single blanket, jackass prospector. He was a rainbow chaser that had been around. He had worked the gold and silver rushes since 1878 and had never hit the big one; British Columbia, Coeur d'Alene, Tombstone, Butte, Tonopah and Goldfield all drew a blank for Shorty.

In 1904 he teamed up with Ernest L. Cross to prospect in the Buck Springs area of Nevada near the California state line. They packed four burros and began a trip that was to be Shorty's claim to fame. On August 4th, west of Buck Springs, Shorty split off with Cross to prospect a hillside. Cross hadn't even got out of sight before Shorty yelled; he had broken up a piece of quartz and discovered it full of free gold.

As they staked out their claim they considered several names but Shorty came up with the final choice. In his eyes the unusual thing about the claim was that the gold-laden quartz was green, the color of a bullfrog, and each piece of float was about as far apart as a bullfrog's jump and about the size of a well fed bullfrog. Shorty named the place Bull Frog.

In later years Shorty and Cross had a disagreement as to who actually found the claim. They both said they were the finders but by and large the people accepted Shorty's story. Regardless of which one was the original discoverer, the ore assayed at $665 to the ton which was more than enough to start a rush. People began drifting into the area from all over.



Nevada Historical Society

Following close on the miners' heels were the merchants who had an eye for a more secure method of making money than prospecting. By the last of August there were two towns building in the area. The first town of Bull Frog was in the making but strangely enough the town nearest the claim was first named Orion, soon to be changed to Amargosa. The reason for that is unknown.

The fantastic gold splattered green ore was becoming famous coast to coast and many people wanted the pretty ore for jewelry. As a promotional deal, specimens were selected from the high-grade green vein and cut into bullfrogs. What could be a better calling card than a piece of high-grade green ore carved into a figure of what the claim was named after? The gold filled frogs were a unique souvenir and highly treasured.

Many towns boomed and died centering around the area. Rhyolite was born in November 1904; on February 15, 1905 lots went up for sale and Bull Frog had a competitor. By March Rhyolite was taking the lead. Bull Frog had 20 tents and a population of 40; Amargosa, about one mile below Bull Frog, had 80 tents and 160 people. The brand spanking new Rhyolite already had 100 tents and a whopping 200 population. Before long, Bull Frog lost out to its competitors and was deserted.

During this time a man named H. H. Clark appeared on the scene and made a change that gave Bullfrog new life, but in a different locale. He purchased the unsuccessful townsite of Bonanza and moved the town of Amargosa there. Clark renamed the new union of towns Bullfrog, changing the name to one word instead of two. Because of the recent changes and growth of the new towns, old Bull Frog had been deserted. Clark easily moved Amargosa by giving its residents a free lot in Bullfrog and paying their moving expenses. The lots that were not taken were selling from $500 to $1500.

Bullfrog and Rhyolite were now in full fledged competition. Even though Bullfrog's population was 300-plus by May 1905, Rhyolite's had grown to a fantastic 1500. But Clark didn't give up; what he didn't have in population he made up for in buildings. Both towns had a post office and a bank. When Rhyolite got a newspaper, Bullfrog retaliated with the **Bullfrog Miner.** Bullfrog pulled ahead when it built the new three-story $18,000 Bullfrog Hotel and constructed a $65,000 water system. But the thing that really upset the Rhyolite populace was that the county commissioners let Bullfrog have the new county jail when Rhyolite didn't even have a city jail!

Bullfrog had the most famous person in the area move into town also. After five terms as a U.S. Senator of Nevada, William M. Stewart came to Bullfrog and purchased an entire block on Main Street. He spent $20,000 on a residence and a law office. The house had



10 rooms, measured 30 by 66 feet and boasted hot and cold running water with tub and shower baths. All rooms were plastered and finished in exquisite woods. Stewart came out of the Comstock area at Virginia City and was 80 years old. He believed Bullfrog was the greatest town around and that it would develop into the best camp the West had ever seen.

Bullfrog also got claim to the first deadly gunfight in the area. On October 14, 1905 a young stone mason named A. J. Jodoin was doing better than average at the poker table in the Combination Saloon. Jodoin pulled in another pot and made a remark about how well he was doing. An onlooker standing behind Jodoin by the name of Bob Arnold heard the comment and returned it with an insult: "I've got more money than that in my pocket!"

Jodoin replied, "I can buy you out several times over and still have money left in my pocket."

Arnold was angered by the wisecrack, pulled his gun and swung it at Jodoin's head giving him a nasty gash. Jodoin rose to fight Arnold but, not being armed, he decided against it. He backed towards the door then turned and ran.

Arnold roared after him, "I ought to shoot ya down like a dog."

Jodoin returned to the saloon the next day at noon. He was armed. When he saw Arnold, he removed his coat, then stated, "You're pretty tough with a gun, but let's see how good you are with your fists." Arnold refused the offer and Jodoin returned, "You big cur, you're not man enough!"

Arnold reached for his gun and the observers scattered, clearing the saloon for the battle. Jodoin drew, but was late. Arnold fired, and missed. Jodoin pulled the trigger and hit his mark. Arnold, grasping a fatal wound in his abdomen, raised his gun and emptied it wildly at Jodoin. He missed every shot. Jodoin was so shaken up that he fired three more shots, missing each one. After 35 minutes, Arnold was dead.

A coroner's jury later brought a verdict of "self defense" and Jodoin was released, ending Bullfrog's first gun battle.

Rhyolite still had the majority of the population of the district. For this reason most newcomers chose Rhyolite even though the town didn't have a jail. The **Rhyolite Herald** stated in May of 1906, "As there is no jail in Rhyolite, an ambulance has been secured at the County's expense to haul the unruly to and from Bullfrog, the suburb in which the County Commissioners wasted the price of the concrete jail."

Bullfrog now took a turn for the worse. People were leaving. Businesses were moving to Rhyolite. By May 4, 1906 the **Rhyolite Herald** boasted, "Verily, The Bullfrog Croaketh." The last building and business in Bullfrog moved completely to Rhyolite. Nearly two months later on June 25, 1906 the three story hotel that Bullfrog was so proud of burned to the ground. Even though the town was dead, Senator Stewart stayed. It was May, 1908 before he finally packed up, moving to Washington for good.

Rhyolite didn't last much longer. The high-grade ore petered out and when the San Francisco earthquake stopped the investment money from rolling in, the area died. Now, all that's left of the Bullfrog townsite is part of a stone building that is claimed to be the old jail and a few scattered foundations.

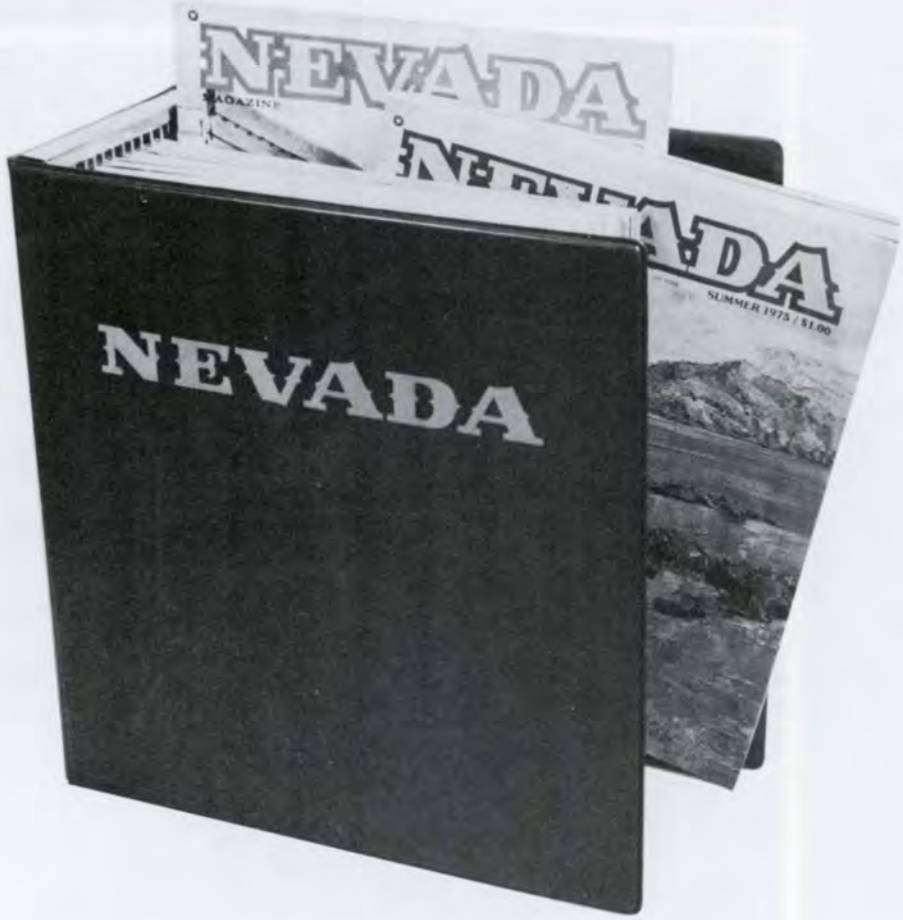
One thing is sure, though: one of those Bullfrogs carved from Shorty's green ore would be worth more than its weight in gold today simply as a treasure from the old Bullfrog town.

Ernest L. Cross was one of very few who made money from the Bullfrog district. He sold his original share of the claim in 1906 for $25,000 and moved to California. Frank (Shorty) Harris claimed he got from $1,000 to $25,000 for his share at different times but Cross claimed Shorty got drunk and sold out for $500. Shorty lived until November 10, 1934 and was buried in Death Valley, never making the big fortune he always sought. His tombstone reads, "Here lies Shorty Harris, a single blanket jackass prospector." □

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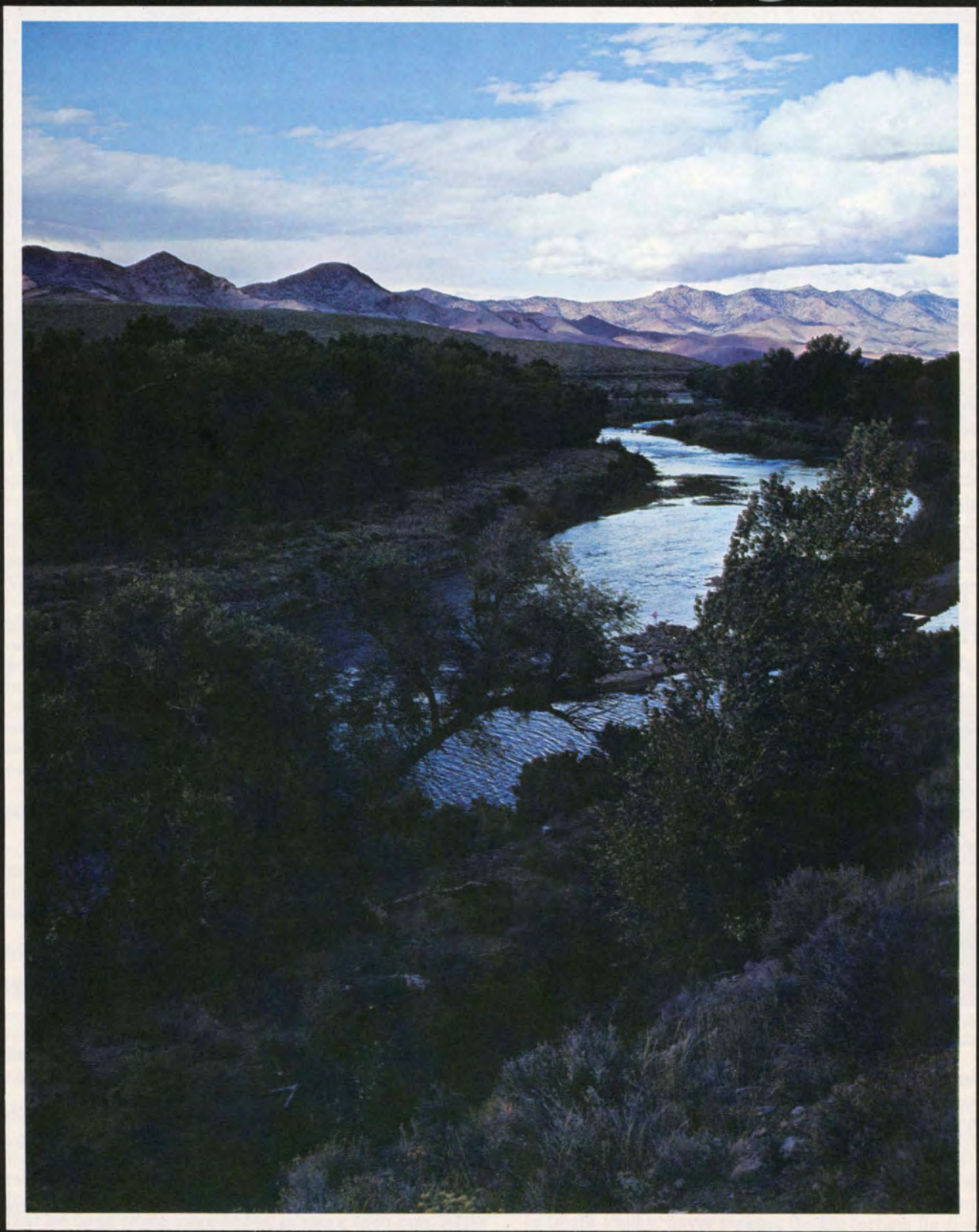
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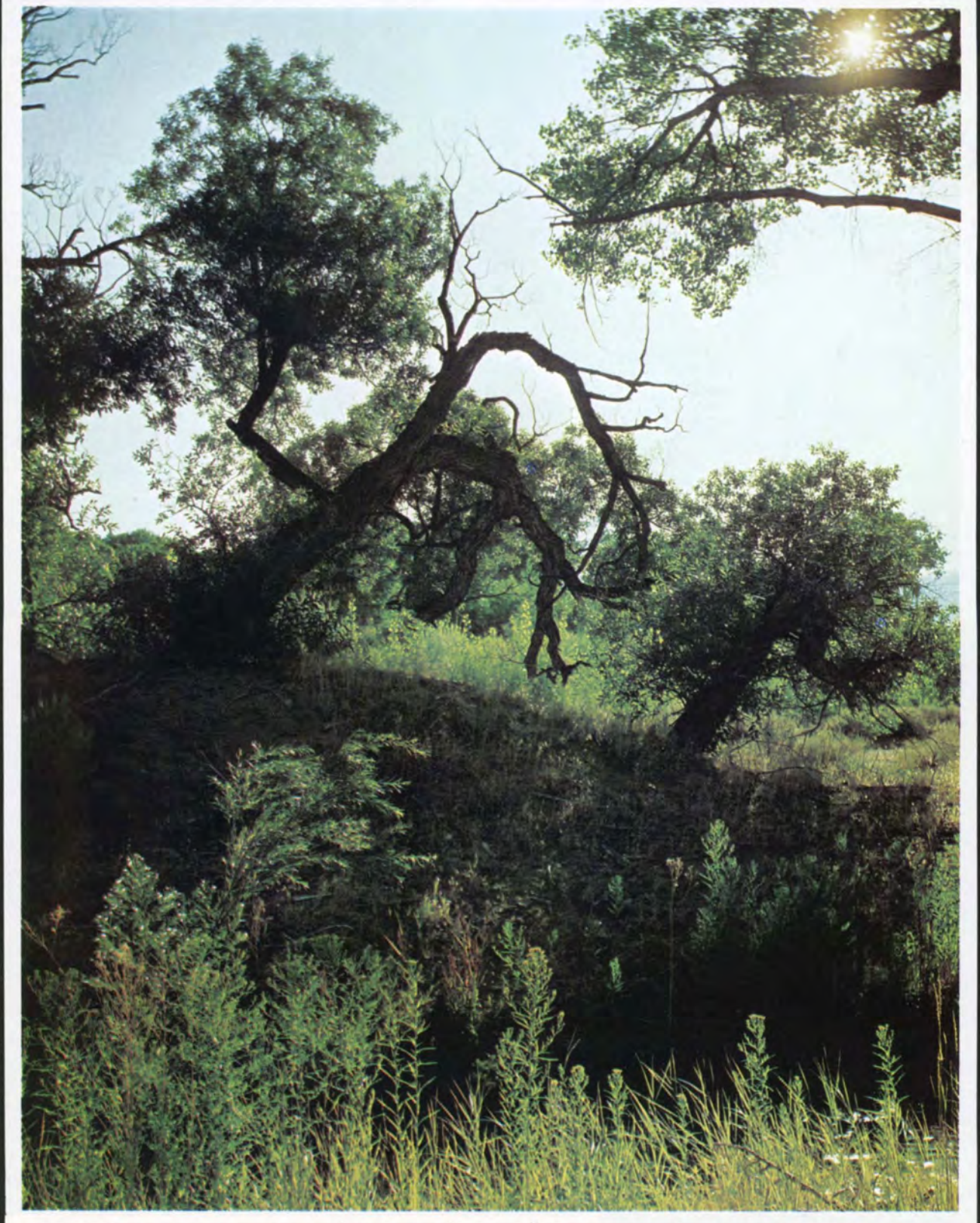
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Carson River

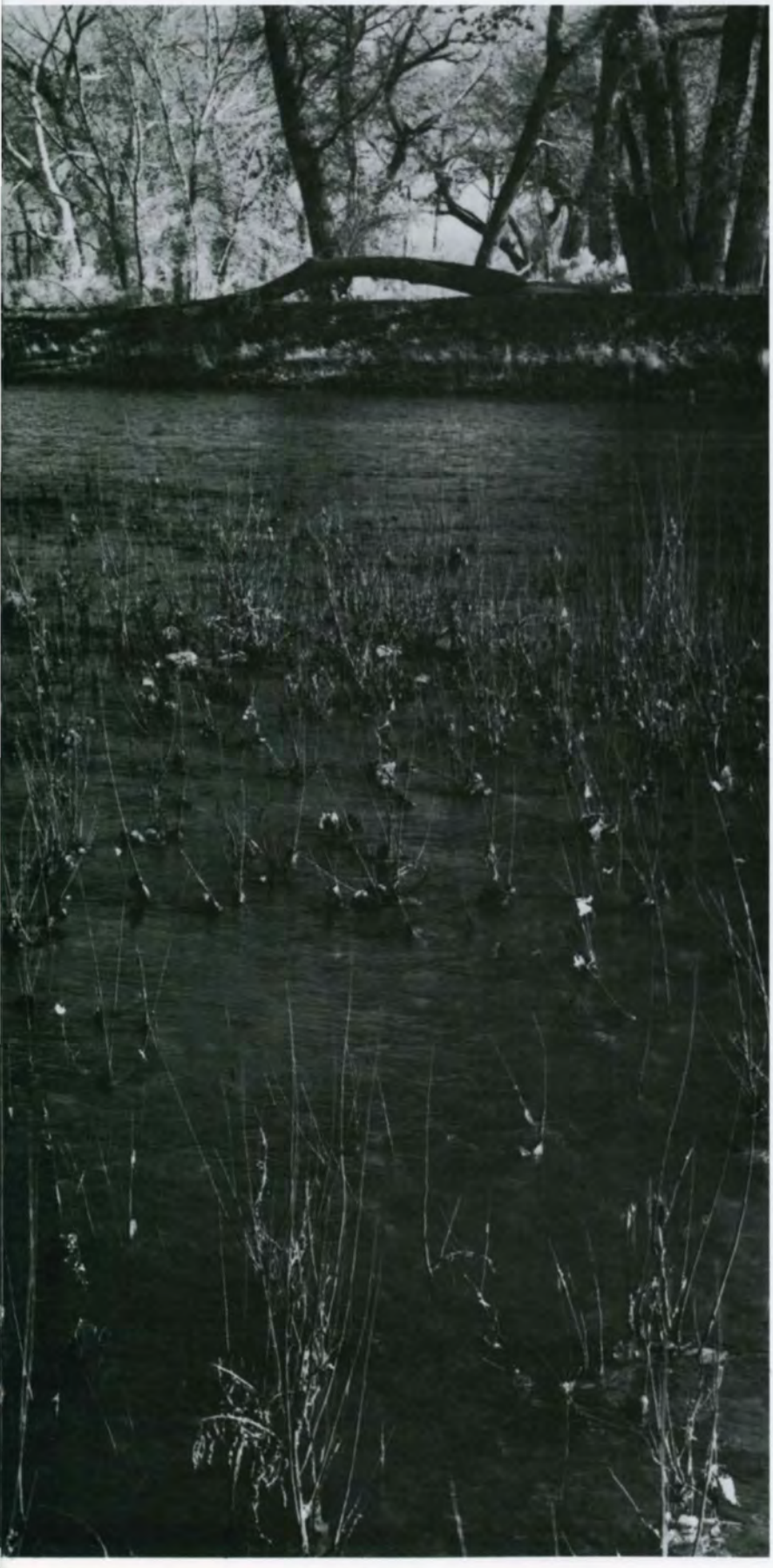


Words and photos by Bill Germino

The inspiration of the desert in western Nevada is more of awe than of might. There are no vast canyons, no towering granites, no misty shorelines; but there is a strength about its subtlety that will survive. The color, sun, the snow, trees and waters, all are splendid and beautiful in their own way.



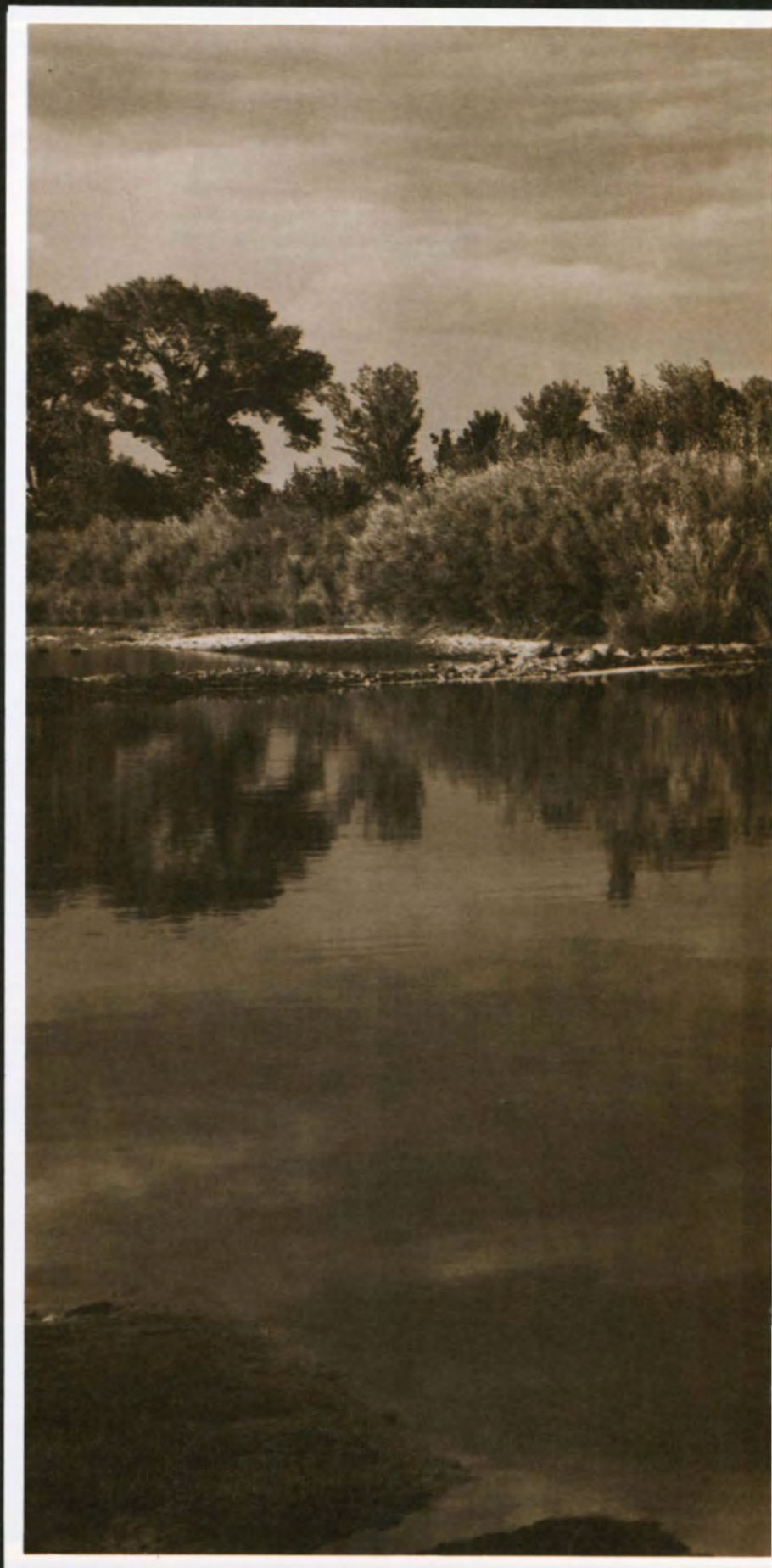




The Carson River makes it crooked bed from Hope Valley high in the Sierra where it rushes down the steep eastern slope out into the desert only to disappear. It doesn't flow into the sea, but dries and slowly sinks into the alkali flats and sands. It leaves no trace, seeming almost never ending yet forever beginning.

Mark Twain described Carson River, " it is no wider than a back alley in a village, and its banks are no higher than a man's head." That matters not to me. The cascades in the mountains wash over my senses and are fresh, the rushing waters from the melting snows alert me to the river's direction, and still waters in the valleys sing of patience, and the desert that runs to the very edge of its shores sharpens my instinct for survival. The blue or stormy skies above, the fowl, the grasses and the striving trees sustain me in my simple life within the vastness of this Earth. I, too, struggle onward.

It is my hope that we all start now to think of our living planet and how wisely we can use it. We can continue to work in harmony with our environment or we can ignore the power it has to abuse us, too. It is a matter of choice, and will ever remain just that simple.





Discoveries of a Reluctant Pioneer

At first I thought that the state was made up of equal parts of evil and sagebrush. Now I'm proud to be called a Nevadan. By Roberta W. Stebbins

The day my husband said, "We are moving to Nevada" was **not** the high point of our marriage. I had only been exposed to urban living, and had seen a nice enough side of it not to be disenchanted **yet.** Being of docile nature, I agreed at least to letting him hook up the trailer to go for a look and he was clever enough to time our trip when the fall foliage was golden and spectacular.

An accountant by profession but a rancher by longing, he quietly steered us toward rural Nevada. Before I knew it, we were stopping at real estate offices in Yerington.

Feeling expansive, we thought we might go so far as to purchase a 40 acre "spread" (our city standards having been accustomed to 40 foot frontages, with corner lots being the ultimate). We were politely told – though with a hint of a smile which said, "Oh dear, more of those ignorant foreigners" – that there just were not farming plots that small in the area. Refusing to show our deflation, we agreed to look at some 80 acre sites, being assured that this was their smallest. To my surprise they drove right past the house and out into the fields, showing us the calibre of the alfalfa stand. We peered at what looked like stubble and weeds, and tried to make intelligent comments. On our way out, I summoned up courage to ask to see the house. I wished I hadn't.

When I looked at my husband's glowing face, I knew this was to be our new home. With him so ecstatic, how could I complain? My mother's first letter containing the questions, "Do you have electricity?" and "How many casinos are in town?" poignantly summed up many of my own doubts. The name "Nevada" had brought to my unenlightened mind a place made up of equal parts of evil and sagebrush.

Fortunately, we did have the electricity until the first thunder storm, but by then I was acclimated enough that the candles were fun. Not so the plumbing. Oh, the necessary accoutrements were there, but the pipes connecting were long ago closed tight with mineral deposits. No one had ever told me to turn on the faucets before buying; I assumed that the sight of a washing machine meant that one could wash, city slicker that I was. Luckily, we had a trailer to live in while spending our first winter scrubbing, painting, and repairing. It also helped to keep our marriage on a healthy keel.

As spring came, the smelly, dreary old house turned into a little ranch home with warmth and character. We learned it had been moved there in 1890 from a mining camp, which gave us added respect for it. The once brown stubble of the fields began to turn a lush green; and even more wonderful, I began to let my eye wander. This did not come naturally for me as I had lost the knack of looking in the city, when it only resulted in being met with obstructions, which were usually ugly. I had created a small world on my corner lot, enclosed by a fence, and had scaled down my sights to see only what pleased me. Thus, I could exist, and even be happy, as people told me how fortunate I was.

Living in Nevada has changed all that. I began to see the mountains, stark and barren in their beauty, and the play of the sunlight and shadows creating spectacular hues; the sky clear and bright, alive with the galaxies of the heavens at night. Not only my eyes, but my nose awakened to the good smells of the earth and air. This, too, I had automatically turned off after an unknown saturation point with exhausts and suchlike was reached. This was not a re-birth for me; it was a coming alive for the first time.

The people were of equal impact. They were individuals who thought and acted independently of their neighbor, all the while caring deeply for each other. They had what we later were to learn was a pioneer Nevada spirit. The community was a family which joined together to celebrate in times of happiness, and to console and help in times of grief or need. Word traveled fast, but that was more the nature of the small town beast than mere human curiosity. More importantly, you were accepted and liked or disliked for what you were, not for what your ancestors did or for the name they carried. Not even for the number of cars in your garage, or whether you even **had** a garage. It forced you to find out just who you were. It was refreshing.

In the intervening years, not only the fields have been fruitful. Four little ones have been added to our family, along with eight cows, two horses, one sheep, and one goat. We had to build a large modern home, though the old one will always be our favorite. It still gets much use from the continual stream of house guests we have lured to our haven. They, too, have discarded some of their previous misconceptions of our state, seen the beauty of the spot, and absorbed a bit of Nevada by osmosis to help them return to, and exist in, their other kind of life.

I have become as proud as my husband to be a Nevadan, and even prouder that our children can add "native" to their titles. □



Touring

Cathedral Gorge



Hadley photos

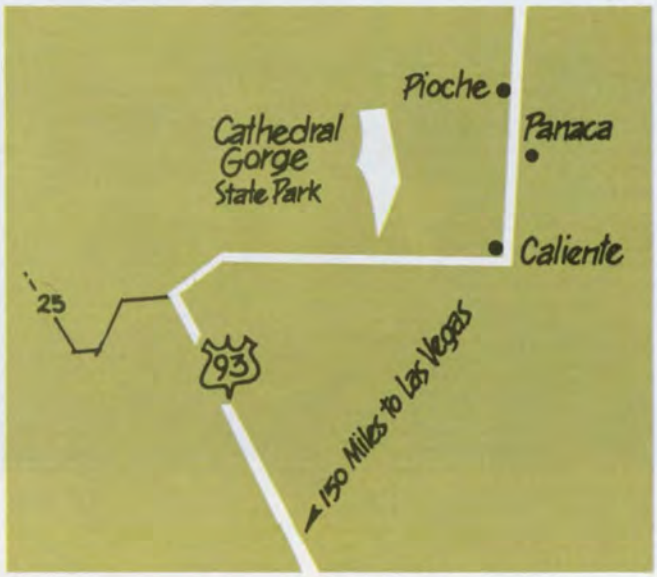
White, cream, beige, brown and red. Juniper, rabbitbrush, greasewood. An enormous chasm, deeply and beautifully carved; escarpments shaped like cathedral spires that have been formed by erosion, worn by water and wind.

Cathedral Gorge is a lovely gash in Nevada's sage-covered plains. It has been a part of Nevada's State Park System since 1935, is a prehistoric lakebed, its formation coming from volcanic ash laid down by streams. When the water receded there was an upthrust of the earth's surface and erosion took place. Strangely dramatic, subtle yet vivid, the Park's soft chalky clay has been formed into slender arches and columns. Its colors change with weather and time of day.

Scenic overlooks, shaded picnic areas and a tree-studded campground are provided visitors to this 1,578-acre Lincoln County Park whose irreplaceable geologic forms can be found in the picturesque badlands north of Caliente.

As a park Cathedral Gorge is young; to become as it is has taken more than ten million years.







A History flavored cookbook

Hardtack: it looks much like our crackers of today but it was as tough as could be. By Judy Casey.

Today in Brazil, Sweden, or maybe Japan, someone will turn on a television set and view a family dinner in Carson City, Nevada. That someone will probably realize that even in America the setting is not typical of 1976. The mode of dress – blue willow dishes, a Garland stove, even the furniture – are reminiscent of a hundred years ago when America was in its centennial year.

The ten-minute documentary film was produced by the U.S. Information Agency to show the rest of the world how America is celebrating the Bicentennial and was the result of their interest in an unusual cookbook published by Nevada Landmarks Society and edited by Noreen Humphreys of Carson City. It is titled **Carson City Historical Cook Book** and the film is being shown in every country in the world except Russia and the United States.

Mrs. Humphreys put much more than recipes in the book which was endorsed by the American Nevada Bicentennial Commission and originated as a commemoration to the event. She put in subtle glimpses of 1876 and other bygone days of Carson City and America. Footnotes describe people, places and things of the era when Nevada and the Comstock were making history. Drawings of early homes are scattered through the book and accompany recipes which originated at the respective houses. Old engravings and "separators" collected by the editor add another touch of nostalgia.



Since the wood stove most commonly used in those years seldom had any kind of temperature guide, recipes frequently called for a "very hot" or "very slow" oven (as well as several variables in-between). Temperatures were determined by the number of minutes it took to brown a piece of white paper. To aid today's cooks the book preface includes a chart defining proper temperatures. Equivalents are also listed for those unfamiliar with terminology like "butter the size of an egg" or "one whole nutmeg, ground."

On the back cover is a photo of Mrs. Humphreys cooking on a Garland wood stove first used at the Silver City Hotel during Comstock days, later moved and used at Virginia City's Savage Mansion in the 1960's, and finally to an historic home in Carson City where it is still in use.

This home, originally built in 1876 by Chartz (and still called the Chartz house) is now owned by the Gerald Harwood family and was the setting for the documentary film. Mrs. Harwood's recipe for Spanish Tripe appears below a sketch of the house in the recipe book.

Nevada's first lady, Carolyn O'Callaghan, contributed a wine cake recipe which was presented with a sketch of the Governor's Mansion. Former Governor and now U.S. Senator Paul Laxalt was represented with his family recipe for Rocky Mountain Oysters – a Western delicacy highly rated by the Basque people which has been accepted with enthusiasm by connoisseurs around the world.

The film, as well as the book, puts emphasis on the varied ethnic background in Nevada in foods, furnishings, mode of dress and architecture. Irish linen graced the table for the movie and blue willow dishes from England represented both that country and China where the design originated.

Cameras recorded points of interest in Virginia City, Silver City and Gold Hill as well as Carson City where they focused on the capitol building and many of the old houses.

The film attempted to mirror the flavor of the cookbook which was prefaced:

"The Carson City Historical Cook Book is an ethnic collection of recipes dating from the birth of Carson City, 1858, to the present day Carson City's pioneers, comprised of every race, faith and color, left their mark in the houses they built and the foods they prepared

We wish to share with America the proud heritage, traditions, and hospitality of Nevada and in particular, Carson City."

HANK MONK FRY

6 oysters, drain well
3 slices bacon
3 eggs, beaten with a little cream
Chili Sauce

Fry bacon, remove. Add oysters to grease and fry slowly until edges curl. Pour eggs over top and cook slowly until eggs are firm, add bacon. Top with chili sauce.

★ NOTE: Hank Monk, famous stagecoach driver on the line between Carson City and Placerville, California, during the 1860's. Boom town oysters and eggs were worth their weight in gold dust, befitting Hank's hunger after the long trip from Hangtown.

SWEENEY'S SPRUCE BEER

4 gal. warm water
1 pt. hop yeast (1 yeast cake)
2 oz. ginger (root) (grind)
1½ tea. oil of spruce
Sugar or molasses to make water very sweet

Let it stand overnight in a warm place. In the morning, bottle, keep warm for 2 days. Set in as cool a place as you can. Ready for use in a day or two.

Carson City Cook Book, 1887

★ NOTE: Ed Sweeney, born in 1825 in Ireland. Lived in Carson City from 1857 'til his death in 1912.

NAVAJO FRY BREAD

3 c. flour, ½ wheat and ½ white
1¼ tea. baking powder
½ tea. salt
1 and one-third c. warm water
Deep kettle of hot lard

Mix flour, baking powder and salt. Add warm water, mix well and knead until dough is soft but not sticky. Stretch and flatten dough by patting with hands until thin. Tear off 1 piece of dough at a time, poke a hole through the middle and drop into the hot lard. Brown on both sides. Drain and serve hot.

Stewart Indian School

BAKED BEAN TIMBALES

Press 1 c. left-over baked beans through a sieve, then add:
½ c. sifted soft bread crumbs
1 tea. onion juice
1 tea. chopped parsley
½ tea. paprika
6 Tbs. tomato catsup
2 eggs, well beaten

Mix all together and turn into individual well greased molds (sm. casserole). Bake these in a pan with hot water until firm in the middle. Turn from the mold and serve hot with a tomato sauce.

Hattie Hale Roberts
(Mrs. Thurman G.)

★ NOTE: Nathan Hale, 1755-1776, American Revolutionary officer, was a direct ancestor to Hattie.

MOUNTAIN OYSTERS OR KOSHKOLA

Wash well 5 dz. mountain oysters. Fry slowly, until well cooked, in a lg. cast iron skillet, in butter. In a separate iron pan, brown a sliced onion in butter. Then add sliced pimientos, sliced green bell pepper, sliced garlic, minced parsley and 3 chopped fresh tomatoes. Remove from pan and set aside. Brown 2 Tbs. flour in the butter. Add salt, black pepper and allspice to taste. Next add 1 qt. white wine to butter sauce. Return the cooked vegetables to pan. Pour this sauce over the hot mountain oysters. Serves 6.

Paul D. Laxalt
Governor of Nevada, 1967-1970

★ NOTE: Mountain oysters are actually the testicles (removed from skin sack) of a two month old lamb. The removal is performed to retain the delicate flavor of the lamb meat. Koshkola is a favorite of the Basque sheep men in Nevada and the "old country."

GERMAN POTATO DUMPLINGS

Cream a piece of butter about the size of a sm. egg, add yolks of 2 eggs; a saucerful of stale bread, grated; a saucerful cooked cold potatoes, grated (the potatoes must be nice and dry); season with salt and nutmeg and lastly add the beaten whites of the eggs. Mould into sm. dumplings, drop into boiling soup and boil about 10 min. Lift out with a slotted spoon, drain well.

The Farm and Home Cook Book, 1920

★ NOTE: Light, fluffy balls called dumplings could easily be made by pioneers in the water from stewing chicken, soups, or just plain salted water.

WINE CAKE

1 pkg. yellow cake mix
1 pkg. vanilla instant pudding
4 eggs
1 tea. nutmeg
¾ c. oil
¾ c. cream sherry

Mix ingredients together for 5 min. Pour into a greased and floured angel food cake pan (removable center type.) Bake at 350 degrees for 50 min. When cooled, turn cake out of pan, top with whipped cream, when served.

Carolyn Randall O'Callaghan
(Mrs. Mike)
First Lady, 1971-

HARDTACK

Mix flour, salt and water together. Roll out to three-sixteenths in. thick. Cut into 2 in. sq. and poke holes in it using a fork. Bake until raised about ¼ in. and brown on top. It looks much like our crackers today except it was as tough as it could be. This biscuit was the staff of life for the Civil War soldier.

AUSTRIAN STEW

25 cents worth lean breast of lamb or mutton (all fat removed). Put in enough water to cover meat only. Allow to cook slowly and add:
2 onions
1 pt. tomatoes
1 or 2 green peppers (or Chili tepenia)

When nearly done add 1 Tbs. lard (not butter), enough browned flour to thicken. Serve hot.

Sam Davis

★ NOTE: Samuel Post Davis, born 1850, died 1919, was the second editor of the **Appeal** newspaper.

CAPIROTADA OR TORREJAS

2½ c. bread cubes
1 egg, separated
¼ c. sugar
¾ c. pine nuts (Pinyon tree)
½ c. citron, finely chopped

Brown cubes thoroughly in the oven. Beat egg white until stiff, add the yolk and beat again. Dip the bread cubes into the egg and fry in deep fat. Drain and pile on a hot dish. Sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon sifted together, add citron and pine nuts. Pour over this the following sauce, which must be hot when served:
2 c. sugar
1 c. water
⅛ tea. cream of tartar
½ tea. cinnamon

Combine and heat gradually to the boiling point. Boil until the syrup threads.

Josefa Jaramillo Carson
(Mrs. Kit Carson)
Married Feb. 6, 1843

★ NOTE: Recipe from granddaughter Leona Wood and courtesy of State Historical Society of Colorado, Denver, Colorado.

VENISON MINCEMEAT

4 lbs. venison (using neck meat)
2 lb. beef suet, chopped
12 pippin apples, peel, core, chop
½ lb. lemon peel, chopped
4 lb. seeded raisins
1½ lb. citron, peeled
½ lb. orange peel, chopped
3 lb. currants
1 Tbs. cloves
1 Tbs. salt
1 Tbs. nutmeg
1 Tbs. mace
1 Tbs. cinnamon
3 lb. sugar
3 qts. apple cider
1 pt. brandy

Cook all ingredients, except brandy, slowly for 2 hrs. Stir frequently. Then add 1 pt. brandy (or as much as desired). When mixture is cool, seal in sterilized jars or package for deep freeze.

The (almost) Legendary Virginia Lake Road Race

It was a long way from Indianapolis, but to cowboys and miners, it was big time motor racing. By Jim Kroesen.

Virginia Lake is a placid pond in one of Reno's most peaceful neighborhoods. On a typical fall Sunday, the serenity is disturbed only by the conversations of migrating waterfowl. Nothing these days about the calm little lake would evoke strains less gentle than a Sunday afternoon Debussy concert in the nearby park.

But there was a time – almost a quarter of a century ago – when the solitude of that aristocratic neighborhood was violated by the scream of automobile racing engines and the squeal of tires forced to the limit of their adhesion. Then, for one strange and wonderful October weekend, Virginia Lake echoed with the traditions of European road racing.

In 1951 – and often yet today – the American concept of an auto race course was a horse track: an oval, usually dirt and usually in a county fairgrounds. Reno was no exception. Every Sunday a boisterous bunch of cowboys, miners and railroaders congregated at the Washoe County Fairgrounds, across town from idyllic little Virginia Lake, to drink Sierra Beer and watch creaky Fords and Hudsons slam and bang around the "bull ring" – a colloquialism for a short, flat, dirt oval that was especially apt here because it really was sort of a bull ring, Nevada being the heart of rodeo country.

The pinnacle of American racing was the Indianapolis Speedway, where once a year the Brahmins of the sport still perform their 500-mile Memorial Day ritual. The path to a race driver's nirvana led directly, if not smoothly, from the quarter-mile bull ring in Nevada to the immense 2½-mile "brickyard" in Indiana. And, to the American auto racer and his fans, a race track had only one kind of turn: left – as the car went around the track counterclockwise.

So what kind of race track could exist at Virginia Lake, where public streets undulated around the lakeshore and through a sedate neighborhood of trees and hedges and curbs and houses?

A race course for sports cars, that's what. These little two-seaters, designed to go very rapidly around corners as well as in a straight line, had seeped into America after the war and quickly became the badge of automotive awareness to the **avant garde** on both coasts. That these machines should be raced in the European style – with left **and** right turns – was as natural as fox hunting in Kent. The west coast aficionados had already held race meetings at Pebble Beach, Palm Springs and Buchanan Field.

The name of the man who instigated the revolution which transformed Virginia Lake and its neighborhood into an American Le Mans is, perhaps happily, lost to history. The idea probably didn't come from Reno; after all, before that wild weekend few Renoites had even seen an MG or a Jaguar.

This much is known: the Reno Chamber of Commerce sponsored the Reno Road Races; the San Francisco-based Northern California Region of the fledgling Sports Car Club of America organized the event.

The 2½-mile course wound around Virginia Lake and then ran straight south on Lakeside Drive, west on Moana Lane and north on Plumas Street. From Plumas it zigged and zagged through residential streets back to the north end of Virginia Lake. The start-finish line, pits and main bleachers were on Plumas, where the tennis courts are now.

Insurance man Clayton Phillips, chairman of the event for the Chamber of Commerce, was in charge of everything except the actual conduct of the races.

"The hard thing was getting all the residents in the



Sam Dibitonto photo

area to go along with it," Phillips recalls. Those who were there that weekend remember many residents' shock at the sight of sleek little cars blasting through their neighborhood at speeds of up to 90 miles per hour.

Phillips says "Turn 1," where the racers left Plumas for Country Club Drive, was the trickiest part of the course. Curbs, trees and houses were buttressed with hay bales, and "we had hay all over there."

"It was beyond belief," remembers Gordon W Harris, a Reno insurance and real estate man. One of the founders of the infant Reno Sports Car Club, Harris was the flagman at Turn 1. His job was to warn oncoming racers if the turn became suddenly blocked by spinning cars, stray dogs, etc.

Harris' difficulty was that the racers spent the half-mile Plumas straight building up to 90 or 100 m.p.h. Proper racing form then called for them to wait until the very last microsecond before braking hard and sliding through the turn on the sharp edge of disaster. Whenever one of them miscalculated, Harris had only seconds to warn oncoming drivers, who were also charging flat out into Turn 1.

William Paterson Sr. lived then, as he does now, at 2390 Plumas. A driver who misjudged Turn 1 would land in Paterson's yard. "I was glad there was a concrete post in front of my house," he says. "They did a lot of skidding around, but I don't recal anyone turning over. They went on the sidewalk by my hedge – they got close to it, but they didn't hit it."

Although the racing had to be stopped occasionally to let local residents in and out of their driveways ("People went for Sunday drive who hadn't been out in years," says one spectator), everyone but the neighbors considered the Reno Road Races a rousing success.

Over 75 drivers took part. Most have since receded into anonymity, but two eventually became famous.

Phil Hill drove a special aluminum-bodied Jaguar XK120 that weekend. Ten years later, as a Ferrari team driver in Europe, he would reach the summit of the road racing precipice by becoming the grand prix champion of the world, the only American yet to do so.

Bill Stroppe, who was on hand with an MG-TC powered by a Ford V8, later gained fame in the Mexican Road Races. Today he is a kingpin in the dusty world of off-road racing.

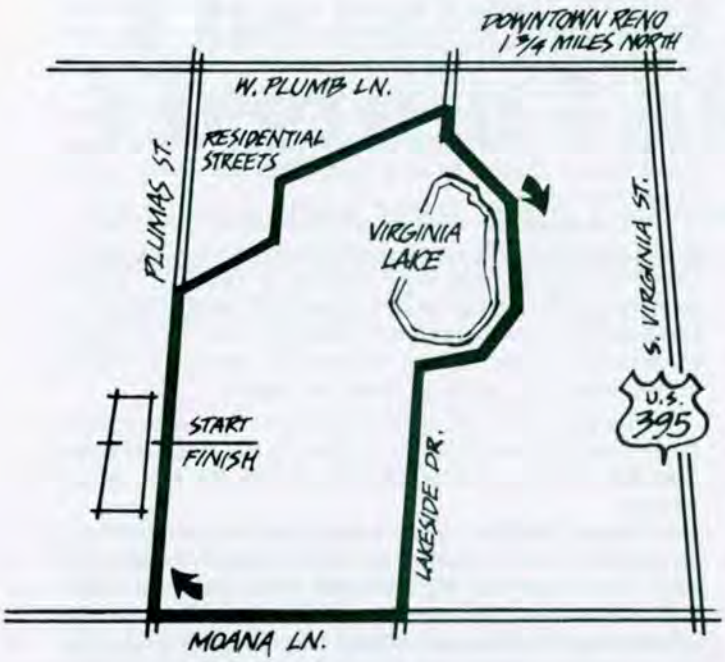
One competitor, Sherwood Johnston of Winchester, Mass., caused a stir a few days before the race when he drove his Jaguar from Elko to Reno in about 3¼ hours, an average for the 297 miles of over 90 m.p.h. In a less publicized but probably more amazing feat, his mechanic, driving a Ford station wagon and towing a trailer, pulled into Reno only 20 minutes later.

Saturday, Oct. 20, 1951, was devoted to technical inspection and practice. According to the **Reno Evening Gazette,** the racers were impressed with the fast, tricky course.

Clayton Phillips was invited for a practice spin around the course with one of the Jaguar drivers: "It may have been Phil Hill; I'm not sure. Anyway, about half-way around we encountered another driver out for a test run. For the rest of the way around, it was an all-out race. I got the ride of my life, and we still couldn't shake the other guy."

Sunday, Oct. 21, was a brilliant fall day, typically Reno. The program opened at 11:30 a.m. with the Virginia Lake Handicap, 15 miles, for novice drivers. One of the neophyte racers was Dr. William O'Brien, a Reno anesthesiologist. He raced his own XK120 Jaguar (the first





owned by a Nevadan) and scared himself out of a racing career.

The novice race was won by Tom Carstens of Tacoma, Wash., in a Cadillac-Allard, a brutish combination of British chassis and American power. Second was Max Balchowski, driving a Jaguar which flagman Harris recalls as "cream-colored with copper plating instead of chrome." The Jag was owned by Bill Harrah.

At 12:30, while the spectators munched fried chicken and sandwiches, the flag fell on the Comstock Cup, 50 miles, for small cars with engines displacing fewer than 1,500 cubic centimeters. This was an MG-dominated class, and as the pack reached the final turn (Moana and Plumas) Ed Oliver's MG-TD held the lead. But accelerating up Plumas toward the finish, a Singer SM-1500 driven by Bill Carrigan of Los Angeles nipped past Oliver. It was a rare defeat for the square-cowled MGs.

Around 15,000 people seethed around the course as time grew near for the start of the Nevada State Cup, 150 miles, for "unlimited competition." A field of 38 cars – more than could be gathered for most races today – was pushed onto the starting grid.

There were sophisticated Jaguars: Balchowski in Harrah's, San Franciscan Barry Wagner in O'Brien's and rising star Hill in the special-bodied Jag, dubbed "Silverstone" for a famous British road course. There was a flock of MGs, including mutations like Stroppe's V8.

Continued on page 60

Racing in Nevada Today

Through-the-street road racing, Virginia Lake style, is a thing of the past in Nevada as well as almost everywhere else. Putting on a well-run, safe road race is expensive and complicated enough on a specially-designed course; few organizers care to put up with the public inconvenience a race on public roads would require. Imagine blocking off Moana Lane in Reno today – or even the Strip in Las Vegas!

Several other forms of auto racing still survive in the Silver State, however. The Virginia City Hillclimb, for example, is in many ways a throwback to the early days of sports car racing. A hillclimb is a race against the clock along a blocked-off stretch of particularly exciting uphill road. Because each racer is alone on the course, and because the race takes place in a rural area, the potential for trouble and annoyance is much less than for regular road racing.

There are actually two Virginia City Hillclimbs. One is conducted in June over a 2.2-mile course on the road to Virginia City. It is sponsored by the Reno Region, Sports Car Club of America. The other event, on a 5-mile stretch of road, is a Ferrari-only affair run in the fall by a Los Angeles Ferrari owners' group.

For the most part, Nevada sports car owners indulge their competitive spirits in low-key against-the-clock events over courses marked with pylons or chalk on a parking lot or unused piece of airport paving. Called "Solo II" events by racing clubbers, and also know as autocrosses or gymkhanas, such events are a relatively safe, uncomplicated form of motor sport.

The Reno SCCA Region, often in conjunction with other clubs, sponsors between 15 and 20 Solo II meets a year, most of them at Stead Air Base. Clubs at Lake Tahoe and in Las Vegas also put on occasional events, and once a year Winnemucca becomes the site of a meet between sports car clubbers from Reno and Boise, Idaho.

Off-road racing is a relatively new variation of automobile sport, and Nevada is a focal point for it. Off-roaders delight in finding the most rugged, meanest, seemingly impassable stretch of non-road around; then racing over it. Their transportation ranges from standard-looking four-wheel-drives and pickups to stripped-down, highly-powered bundles of steel tubes with huge, deeply-treaded tires.

Dozens of off-road races are held throughout Nevada by local clubs. The biggest Nevada off-road race – and one of the premier events in the whole sport – is the Mint 400, which takes place in April. The racers bounce and jounce four times around a 100-mile course northeast of Las Vegas. Several other major-league off-road races are held near Las Vegas, and this year northern Nevada will also get a first-rank event, to be held Memorial Day weekend over a 40-mile course near Lahontan Reservoir.

Off-road racing has a cousin, a rough-and-tumble sport that combines elements of hillclimbs and drag racing. All that's required is the steep side of a sand dune and two racers. The first one to the top wins. The center of the sand-buggy world is Sand Mountain, near U.S. 50 east of Fallon.

Oval track racing, the traditional American form of motor sport, also exists in Nevada, as it does in practically every other state in the union. Some of the bigger events at T-Car Speedway in Carson City attract racers of modified stock cars from throughout California. □

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Rolling Mountain Thunder

A visionary Indian has created a castle of trash. By Bill Childress

One mile west of Imlay, on Interstate 80, is a sight that never fails to make travelers slow down. Rising from the arid desert sand is a gleaming two-story structure of glass, metal, cement, railroad ties, and other cast-off junk. The items have been brought together in what visiting artists have called "the greatest ongoing sculpture in the world."

Dr. Donald Toughy of the University of Nevada paid the place a visit, telling its creator: "I like it. By contrast, much of our own works are sterile – but this is a growing work of art and architecture."

Growing is right. Says its creator, a tall, craggy-faced Creek Indian named Rolling Mountain Thunder: "It has grown from the dust of this desert, here where many people said nothing could grow. And it has grown from cast-off materials, a monument to man's wasteful nature – and to what can be done with the things all of us, each day, throw away as trash or garbage."

The "trash castle" is possessed of a strange beauty. Bizarre in color, unorthodox in shape, the more you explore it the more its odd shape takes hold of your imagination. Secret rooms, cool as cellars, are part of an inner maze. Inside, following Chief Thunder through the structure – he prefers that it be called simply **The Monument** – I find myself in a small, lovely underground chapel. A cross, created shiningly from broken pieces of old jugs, gleams from one wall.

"Can you find the way we came in?" the Chief smiles in the dimness, and I look around. There is no door. Only a long wall filled with fine rock-work, and with odds and ends cemented into it in a sculptured effect. An antique kitchen-type cupboard graces one wall. As I look, mystified, for an exit, the Chief gently swings the cupboard away from the wall – revealing the door built right to it.

A narrow, beautifully designed stairway – its chief support coming from old bicycle handlebars covered with cement – leads from the upper stories to the lower ones. The place is dim, dusty, yet possessed of dozens of fascinating artifacts. A glass built into a wall holds ancient Indian artifacts. "That deerskin robe and headdress belonged to Chief Crazy Horse," Chief Thunder explains.

"This is both monument and museum," Thunder says, "and Lord knows, we'd like to charge admission. The only way we can keep building is through donations, but people just seem to forget that when they're here, looking around. It's partly our fault, too, since we forget to ask them to donate!"

As a work based on ecology, many university visitors have acclaimed what Chief Thunder has done. "Everything in these three structures," the Chief says, "came from countryside around here. The rocks are indigenous to Thunder Mountain ." He sweeps an arm eastward to where a tall, blue mountain rests under fleecy white clouds, " and the other materials were things people didn't want or were throwing away."

The Monument consists of hundreds of old glass bottles, jars, cans, buckets, tires, steel cable, railroad ties, stones, bones of dead animals, car windshields, bicycle wheels and handlebars, and "countless tons of cement" which Thunder trades for or buys, and which he says comes, as all things do, from The Great Spirit.

He is a poetic man, touching in his sincerity, and although he never finished high school he speaks as learnedly as do many university professors. His life has been studded with more adventures than the average man can dream of, and although he doesn't believe in war, he is a much-decorated veteran of some of the fiercest battles of World War II.

"We've had our problems here," he says simply and without malice, "but we're by no means a hippie cult. What we're doing is part of both our religion and our life. We think we do good by utilizing cast-off materials to build this Monument – but others apparently don't agree."

Vandals have, on several occasions, raided the premises and broken some of the many statues that dot the 20-acre site. "Once, for no reason, some men in a pickup came racing in, turned around, and using the truck's heavy rear bumper, backed into and smashed a statue to bits. Curiously – and I took it as an omen – the mutilated sculpture ended with an arm, shoulder, and head pointed directly at Thunder Mountain."

He smiles at the memory. **Thunder Mountain.** It looms large in the Chief's personal legend. All his children have Thunder in their names. It is where he wants to be buried when he dies, which he calls **ascending.**

"There are caves up there that go back into the mountain for miles," he says. "Caves no one knows about, or can find, but they are there. Many legends of





various tribes speak of them, so I know they exist. I keep hoping that someday I will be able to find time to explore for them – but The Monument seems to take all my waking hours. Even in sleep I dream of it."

If one lacks a certain magic of the soul, and refuses to see things as the Chief does, then one might ask: "Where does this man come from, who is he, and what are his plans?"

Chief Rolling Mountain Thunder was born Frank Van Zandt, in Okmulgee, Oklahoma, on the 11th day of the 11th month of 1911. He is 64 years old, his lovely wife is half his age, and as his seventh anniversary present they gave each other a child. "When Ahtrum Lightning Thunder gave birth last February," the Chief says, "we kept the name we had decided on, even though the new baby was a daughter."

Neither parent is worried that their daughter – a beautiful child with wide, dark eyes and a shimmering crown of light brown hair – will resent her name, **True Brave Eagle Thunder.**

"Love is more important than names," says Ahtrum.

"Names can be changed," adds Chief Thunder, "but the damage a lack of love does to a child can never be changed." He speaks in such homely-but-true aphorisms, and there are numerous signs about his property calling down blessings on those who deserve them – and even those who don't. Like the vandals. Thunder is a spiritual man, but in recent months he has kept his old police revolver near at hand, in case more prejudice rears its ugly head.

Except for one white ancestor, "my grandfather's grandfather, who chummed around with Davy Crockett," the Chief is a full Creek Indian. His ecological training goes far back: at nine, he was working as a tree trimmer, which taught him that man could, and should, nurture and help plants as they helped and nurtured man.

Tall, vigorous, well-built, the Chief's black hair is slowly beginning to whiten – like the top of Thunder Mountain as winter comes on. He laid the first stone of his curious castle in 1968, but his life before that is a well-nigh incredible series of adventures.

Although the Monument is sculpturesque in design and execution, Chief Thunder has never had any kind of artistic training. "I did carve wooden things back in the early 1930s," he grins, "but back then, we called that whittling and it never amounted to much."

Still, his eye for detail and design shows in every facet of the three structures that grace his land. (In winter he also helps nature form beautiful, gleaming ice-sculptures by leaving a thin spray of water on all night in zero temperatures at the top of a pole.)

He calls the grouping "A Sculpture Of Today's Man" – meaning that modern man's castoffs form its main support, but amid the trash are also some finer things, such as turquoise or obsidian carvings, bits of quartz, and other jewels.

"The whole place is also a monument to the west's earliest people," the Chief points out. "We've some fine Indian artifacts, and faces of long-dead Great Chiefs are sculpted into the castle walls. In addition . ." he points to a kind of sarcophagus without a body but laden with beadwork and other artifacts, protected by a curved, cemented-in-place windshield, " . we honor our more recent dead brothers."

The young Indian whose solemn photo stares from behind the glass had died in an accident. "His family is glad to have him represented here," the Chief says simply. Indeed, it is a lovely remembrance.

As he grew towards manhood, Chief Thunder went through many changes. He also went through many jobs. "I was searching, always searching," he says in his slow, calm, rich baritone. "The Great Spirit had not yet spoken to me – but I knew that someday he would."

Meanwhile, he became a logger, then a miner, then he drove logging trucks. Then he joined the Forest Service. "The Forest Service gave me tremendous impetus towards ecology," he recalls. "I liked working for them, but I was restless, still looking for something that kept on eluding me. I was in and out of Forest Service work for years, and finally, I ended in law enforcement work. I was a police officer in Yuba City, California, for years. Then World War II came, and I went into the army. I served in the 7th Armored Division, 1st Army, for the duration of the war."

The 1st Army was aptly named. It was the first in almost every major battle in Europe – first on Omaha Beach, across the Siegfried Line, into Normandy, to the Rhine – even first to meet with Russian troops.

As Frank van Zandt, soldier, Chief Rolling Mountain Thunder was awarded the Purple Heart with cluster, the Bronze Star, the Silver Star, Unit Citations, and European Campaign Ribbons with nine battle stars. He was also disabled in combat, and today receives a military pension.

"Except for a few donations," he says ruefully, "much of what we are able to do comes from that pension. Our basic diet is beans, which are high in protein, and of course we eat almost every desert plant around here. Sagebrush stew is something we look forward to with great pleasure.

"We get sagebrush when it's young and tender," he adds, "and it's very good. I also shoot jackrabbits – the only animal we kill – and that's very good in soups or stews. We don't weed our garden because most of the weeds are good to eat. We did have chickens, but stray dogs killed them. However, we buy very little of our food." There are nine people – adults and children – living in the Monument or its ancillary buildings. All appear very healthily fed.

Honorably discharged, the Chief began casting about for another way of life. The Great Spirit still had not spoken to him. "About then, I decided the Methodist religion was one of the most active I'd seen," he recalls, smiling, "so I began studying for the lay ministry."

Through what remained of the 1940s, Chief Thunder slowly built up and preached to a Methodist congregation in Stockton, California. But he still felt "unfulfilled" as a human being. In his pastoral work, he had encountered, increasingly, juvenile delinquency. His old days as a police officer came back. He recalled that the roots of crime start with the youngest saplings.

"I gave up the ministry," he says, "and gathered 39 of the most messed-up kids I could find. Kids no one wanted. Kids loose, mean, out on their own. I took 'em back into the hills, to the logging country I knew and loved. My wife and I set up a kind of "kid camp" where those kids could work – they were encouraged to work **before** they ate – and I took a logging job so we could support them. We never ate steak, but we ate, and those kids thrived away from the city and the city's temptations. After the experiment was over in a couple of years, those kids went back to civilization – and I never knew of a single one to ever turn bad again."

Rolling Thunder and his first wife used to watch the atomic tests from the top of a hill at the back of his camp. "We never knew radiation could spread so far or even that it was deadly – and more deadly for some than others. One day my wife took sick and we took her to a hospital. After a long time without knowing what was wrong, the doctors found that her white blood cell count exceeded 300,000. They told us my wife had myoblastic leukemia as a result of radiation poisoning. They wrote it up in the journals after she died."

Rolling Thunder didn't know that his own case of pernicious anemia was also the result of radiation. It would take some time, during which he never felt healthy or really well, before doctors at UC Medical Center would say, "We can't promise you will live. Get your affairs in order." He began doing as they ordered. His weight fell, 205 pounds to 125.

More than anything, his experiences with atomic radiation have scarred and horrified the Chief. He cannot even begin to conceive how generals can talk of "limited nuclear war" when such terrors as radiation can kill for as long as months or years after an atomic blast.

"I didn't die," he says, "but I was supposed to. Maybe the Great Spirit had other plans for me. In any case, I spent most of the 1950s building up a Security Service in Marysville and also in Redding. I made a lot of money and didn't like myself, so I sold out, cheaply, and "retired" to an Indian Museum – five rooms of splendid artifacts I'd gathered over the years – in Yuba City. It was mainly a museum for kids."

The Chief has great tenderness and affinity for children. He never orders his own to do anything; he asks if they will. While I was there, his five-year-old son scaled the gleaming 40-foot walls of the Monument with cool courage and astonishing ease. No one ordered him to.

Finally, after many years of waiting, the Great Spirit came to Chief Rolling Mountain Thunder. It was 1965 – two years before he would make his move to Nevada, and the vision was a strange one to say the least.

"I'd had one previous visitation," the Chief recalls, "but in that one, the Great Spirit was without form. The next visit, he came as an ancient Chief, clad in Indian garb, with a strong, lined face and a full eagle-feather headdress.

"He picked up a large stone mortar, the kind Indians used to grind corn and the kind I have in my museum. Placing his fist about it, he appeared to squeeze, very gently. The mortar immediately fractured. He then gave it to me, saying, "My son, this is your mortar of life. You can be done with it at any time, for you have done all that could be expected of you." There was a thin, hairline crack running its length, the Chief says.

Were you fasting when the vision came?" I asked.

"No. I never do anything to bring on visions. If I did, they would be mine, not the Great Spirit's."

Chief Thunder is still going strong. With little help from curious visitors, less from local law enforcement, and with setbacks too numerous to mention, he still adds to his "Monument To Modern Man" as often as time and money allow. Where will it end? Even the Chief doesn't know.

"But a man can only take so much," he told me as we parted. "I get no help from the sheriff or the district attorney. Vandals ride roughshod over my property, wrecking my dreams. I may end up in trouble with the law, as visionary types often do.

"Maybe I'm hoping the Great Spirit will give me another sign. To maybe go where I'm more welcome."

But there is a sadness in his eyes as he speaks. □

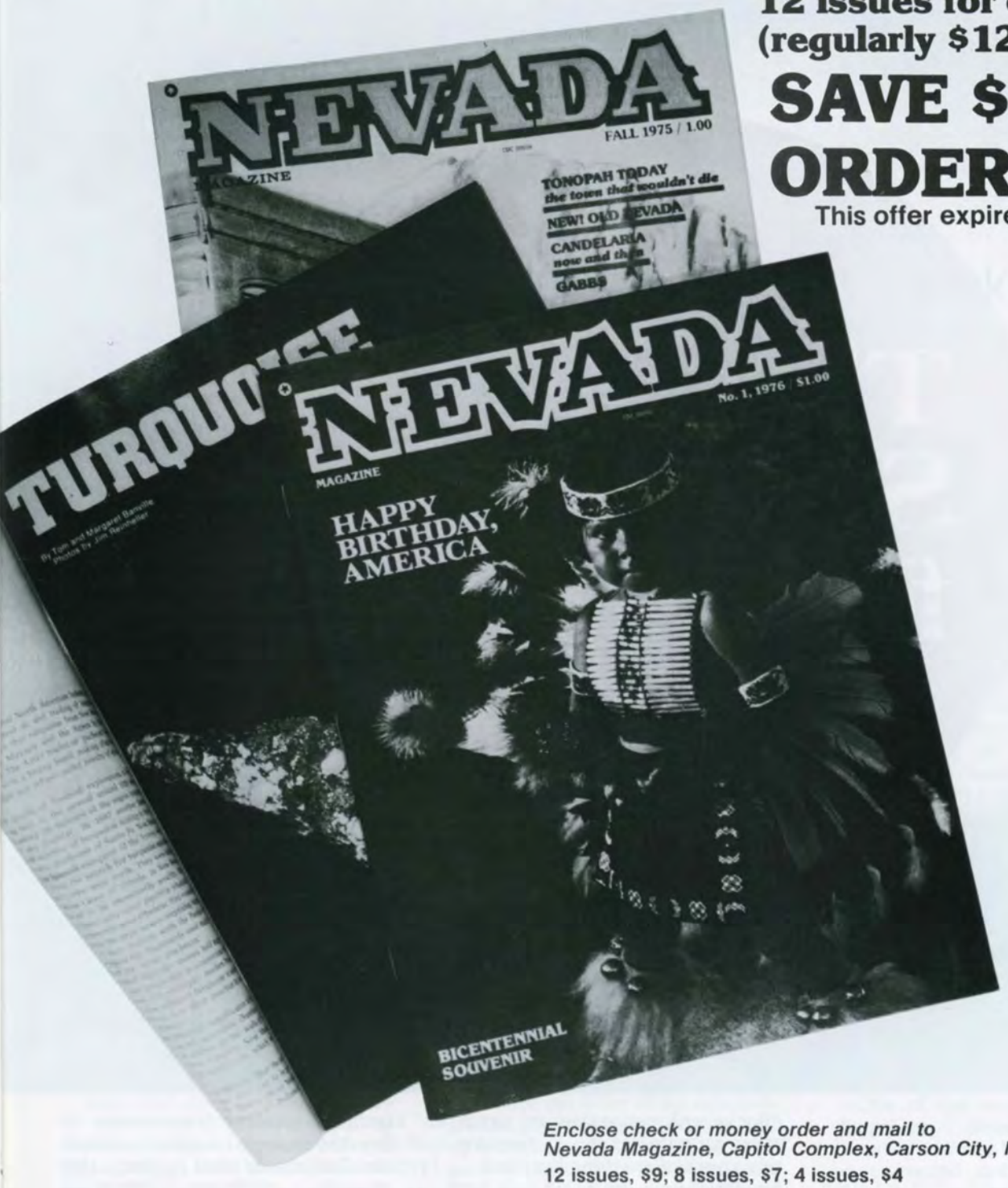
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The Search for Riches

"Rocks an' mountains an' sand; an' sand, an' rocks an' mountains — miles on miles of it . I've drove all day 'thout seein' a spear o' green, or a speck of anything but sand I reckon God knows what he made that country for — he hain't told anybody, though . " (From an interview with a gold seeker who had crossed the Nevada desert in 1849).

A good many people feel that God still hasn't told anybody. Especially those from "civilized" urban areas or the manicured greenery of gentler landscapes cannot accept the idea that a desert can be utilized profitably by anything but rattlesnakes, coyotes and lizards. These skeptics are hard-pressed to believe that the desert can even support any animals as domesticated as cattle and sheep. And they conclude that Nevada's deserts, toughest of all in some ways, had to have been the Creator's dumping ground.

The men of science conclude no such thing. On the contrary, they have long been convinced that the

Nevada's Desert Research Institute is looking at exotic new power sources — like the sun and wind. By Guy Shipler.

area is rich in unknown, perhaps undreamed-of resources. And long before the word "ecology" was anything more to the rest of us than an obscure crossword-puzzle stumper, the scientists were equally convinced that new resources of many kinds must be found both on and outside the earth if man were not to become an endangered species.

But recognition was not enough. A sense of urgency among them led to the establishment of the Desert Research Institute in Reno 16 years ago. As part of the University of Nevada System, the new organization had a broad-based, two-fold goal: (1) Find new ways to use our known resources more efficiently; and (2) discover whether any unknown and undreamed of resources really do exist in this "wasteland." To this group, the "rock an mountains an' sand" of the arid, rugged high desert country of Nevada provided an almost perfect laboratory for these pursuits.

Since that start, DRI has conducted about 1,000 projects — half of them in its first 10 years. Most of these projects have been research in the fields of atmospherics and water resources. Although these were its two strongest original elements, DRI has enlisted experts in a wide variety of scientific fields to work on past, present and possible future Great Basin resources. Its studies and experiments have ranged from anthropology (the first U.S. study of the Basques in this area, for instance) and archaeology to present water uses in Reno and Las Vegas; from weather modification to means of raising vegetables under the driest desert conditions.

Through all these activities DRI has maintained enough flexibility to be able to move in new directions. Dr. Lloyd P. Smith, president of DRI, in his 1975 message to the Institute's National Advisory Board, said that the direction now is toward intensified search for new energy sources:

"Because of its importance to the State of Nevada, our emphasis in the field of energy research continues to be placed on solar energy, although other studies are going forward to determine the potentials in geothermal and wind energy "

Dr. Smith, a Reno native, has impressive credentials for guiding DRI in such new directions. Before becoming president of DRI last year, he had been a professor and Dept. of Physics chairman at Cornell University, and held key positions in such corporations as ARCO, RCA and Philco. He is regarded by his peers as well qualified, therefore, to determine the value of the rich background of experience DRI has built up over the past 16 years. That background has made it much easier for DRI to take a new tack toward practical applications of its intensive research programs. Dr. Smith points out that that has been the goal since its foundation: As a non-profit research and development institution, it would perform and conduct scientific and technical research which could be useful for the state, the federal government, for industry — and even for individuals.

It was logical in this arid State of Nevada that DRI's two major foundation stones should be the Laboratory of Atmospheric Physics, and the Water Resources Research Center. The goals of the two departments were closely connected. The water center's main problems lay in mapping the water reserves of the state, studying water management and quality, and seeking methods of more efficient conservation. Atmospheric Physics had a more exotic but closely connected job: to study cloud physics and weather modification with an eye to increasing the state's basic water supply.

"Even in those early days," says Dr. Smith, "the institute was fortunate to obtain some very good people in both of these exacting fields. Also, the U.S. government was extremely interested in such matters, especially atmospherics." So an elaborate program was established at DRI. It involved detailed observations of the atmosphere, using some new and untried techniques and specially designed equipment.

One of the more exciting — and dangerous — series of experiments involved a World War II B-26 bomber, converted and fitted out as a flying laboratory. DRI's atmospheric scientists wanted to study the storms over Nevada first hand. That meant deliberately flying into them. Since this violated a cardinal aviation safety rule, it was obviously of considerable importance to get a plane that could withstand the strain aerodynamically. The old B-26 warhorse filled the bill and fell within budgetary limitations.

But it was still dangerous work. To make the risk worthwhile, DRI

scientists designed and built highly sophisticated electronic equipment, capable of measuring such sensitive data as the exact temperatures of clouds, or parts of a cloud, the total liquid content, air turbulence, the ice nuclei, and the cloud's electric field. This system provided so much new knowledge that the laboratory personnel were able to conduct many successful cloud-seeding projects in various parts of the nation. It also led to the study of marine fogs and the mapping of wind fields, especially those in some areas of the Great Lakes.

Weather modification on any effective scale is still a long way off, to be sure, so the layman can't yet see the results. But the experts say that the work of the scientists on the B-26 was a giant step toward that ultimate end.

Flying into storms was only the most dramatic part of DRI's atmospheric studies. Its physicists still probe into such matters as how snow and hail are formed, and the peculiarities of wind patterns over Nevada. And for several years DRI had some of its people studying meteorology and taking core samples from deep in the ice pack of the Antarctic continent to see what kinds of chemicals and pollutants fell there from the atmosphere 100 to 200 years ago. (Antarctica contains about 93% of all of the ice on the earth's surface, with an ice pack ranging 10,000 feet deep.)

All of this adds up to a big plus in the intensified search for new energy sources. Says Dr. Smith: "As far as the Laboratory of Atmospherics is concerned, we will be able to direct the knowledge and experience we have gained in the energy field through these broad projects to problems more relevant both to Nevada and the U.S. government. Some of our people who have been studying energy conversion processes that take place in the atmosphere and in the clouds and ice formations, are working toward other aspects of energy conversion.

"Since this is Nevada, it falls quite naturally for us to focus more of our attention on solar and wind energy development. Solar radiation has an important part to play in cloud physics and cloud phenomena, so what we have learned about it in our atmospheric studies will be invaluable now."

Dr. Smith says that the major thrust is the study of "solar absorption – how to absorb as much of the sun's energy as we can." Figuring out efficient methods of absorption is a key because most of the sun's energy that falls on the earth is reflected, or it heats up the terrain and re-radiates. The main object, then, is to develop perfect absorbers.

"We know how to do this, theoretically," explains Dr. Smith. "But the question is: How do we make materials that will have those characteristics? So what we are now into is a materials synthesis problem."

Equally important is the "mapping" of the amount of solar energy that falls in specific areas, and DRI scientists are already monitoring various parts of the state. "That's not as simple as it sounds," says Dr. Smith. "If you're not careful, you will measure only the direct rays of the sun. There is an awful lot of the sun's energy that gets scattered – from clouds, and droplets and bits of matter in the atmosphere generally. This is called global radiation, and is just as valuable as direct radiation. So it's important for us to find ways to absorb it, too."

The State of Nevada agrees that a special drive is now necessary: The legislature appropriated funds during its 1975 session for a solar energy laboratory in Boulder City, which is already on the drawing boards and is expected to be functioning within a year. The lab will be used not only in the development of solar energy, but on development of ways to store it.

In fact, DRI already has a search for storage methods under way. "As an example of our reorientation of the atmospheric physics work into the energy area, one of our people involved in droplet formation and ice crystals has figured out a scheme which may work as a means of storing solar or wind energy. It's so encouraging that it is being supported by a good National Science Foundation contract," states the DRI president.

(Dr. Smith says that research in wind energy is lagging, but "even Congress is needling ERDA–Energy Research and Development Administration–to get more work going on it. DRI has no contract for it yet, but we are hopeful." The preliminary work would be to map the wind fields not only over Nevada, but in the western regions.)

But as pointed out earlier, there is more – much more – to the development of resources in the desert than a search for energy. "We are regrouping our forces throughout the institute," says Dr. Smith. "The thing that has to characterize DRI is that it can do largely interdisciplinary projects. Some of the problem areas we must deal with in our complex modern society require people of a number of different disciplines – not only cloud physics, or hydrology, or chemistry. To achieve this end, we have changed the structure of the organization somewhat."

The Laboratory of Atmospheric Physics, for instance has been broadened into the "Energy and Atmospheric Environment Center," so that it can now include both an atmospherics lab and an energy systems lab. The Western Studies Center will now be "The Human Systems Center." The idea here is to extend its work of early man in the Great Basin so as to contribute "to present environmental impact studies, social impact studies, technical economics, etc.," says Smith.

Finally, the Laboratory of Desert Biology will expand into the "Applied Ecology and Physiology Center." Since there is a growing need for food and fiber, this division will step up its efforts to learn what potential there may be for production of usable vegetation in arid and semi-arid environments. (One of the more unusual projects is designed to grow plants whose root systems are not in earth but in moist air.) Obviously the perfection of this type of biology could hold untold promise for the future as far as food and fiber production is concerned. This division is also working on experiments, especially in Southern Nevada, to determine how animals and humans can adapt to a desert environment under the stresses of strong exercise. These things will be continued and expanded under the new structure. Also expanded will be DRI's research and development for private industry, "which has hardly been done in the past."

His background gives Dr. Smith an all-inclusive vantage point from which to observe his institution, its record and its future projects. He likes what he sees: "I'm very pleased about the state government's reaction to us. It seems that our credibility is going up all the time." Emphasizing that DRI is no ivory tower, but a down-to-earth mechanism for finding workable answers to tough questions, Dr. Smith adds: "We plan to be responsive to the state because of the technical problems that aren't going to get simpler, but are going to get more complex, and I think that DRI represents a very valuable asset in helping to find solutions." □

Nevada Calendar

DATE	EVENT	LOCATION
APRIL		
*	**Winnemucca Natl. Open Chukar Shooting Dog Trials**	Winnemucca
*	**Bicentennial Ball**	Fallon
*	**Henderson Industrial Days**	Henderson
*	**Boy Scout O'Rama**	Reno
1	**Girl Scout Heritage Day**	Hawthorne
1-3	**"The Night Thoreau Spent in Jail" Stage Play**	Reno Little Theater
3, 4	**Festival of '76, Costumes, Music, Dancing**	Las Vegas
8-11	**Bicentennial Youth Fair**	Las Vegas
9, 10	**Jazz Band Festival (Choirs)**	Reno
9-11	**7th Annual L.V. Indian & Western Art Show (Riviera Hotel)**	Las Vegas
9, 10	**Nevada Natl. Teenager Pageant, Community Center**	Carson City
16-19	**Jedediah Smith Trek (Boy Scouts)**	N. Las Vegas
17	**50 Flying Years, at the airport**	Las Vegas
18	**St. James Episcopal Church Heritage Day, 1872**	Eureka
19	**Grand Opening UNLV Music Hall**	Las Vegas
23-25	**Bicentennial Youth Fair**	Carson City
26 - May 2	**Mackay Day, UNR**	Reno
30	**Lions Club Convention, Nixon Hall**	Winnemucca
30 - May 2	**Silver State Square Dance Festival**	Reno
MAY		
*	**Jim Butler Days**	Tonopah
*	**PTA "Spirit of '76 Parade"**	Fallon
*	**Indian Pow Wow, City Park**	Boulder City
1	**30th Anniversary, City of N. Las Vegas**	N. Las Vegas
1	**Historical Flag Day**	Hawthorne
1	**ASTA Bicentennial Celebration**	Virginia City
8	**Antique & Old Fashioned Fashion Show 10-5:00 PM**	Ely Conv. Center
8, 9	**Annual Grand Prix (motorcycles)**	Virginia City
13, 15	**Nv. Opera Guild "Tchaikovsky's Joan of Arc" — Pioneer Auditorium**	Reno
13-16	**Walker Lake Art Club Annual Art Show, Conv. Center**	Hawthorne
13-16	**Antique Show, Centennial Coliseum**	Reno
14-16	**Chrystal Hill Antique Show**	Reno
14-16	**Armed Forces Day Celebration**	Hawthorne
14-16	**12th Annual Star Golf Tournament**	Winnemucca
14-16, 20-22	**"The Secret Affairs of Mildred Wild" Stage Play**	Reno Little Theater
15	**Lander, Wyo. to Jackpot Air Race**	Jackpot
15	**"Follow the Flags" to the Centennial Coliseum, Girl Scouts**	Hawthorne to Reno
21-23	**2nd Annual Joe Mackie Memorial Golf Tournament**	Winnemucca
22	**Seattle, Wa. to Jackpot Air Race**	Jackpot
29-31	**Demolay Bike Hike to Tonopah**	Indian Springs
30	**Annual Memorial Day Program**	Eureka
30	**Wells Annual Rodeo and Tree Planting Ceremony**	Wells
31	**Gold Hill Gallery Art Festival**	Virginia City
31	**Bicentennial Memorial Day Services**	Hawthorne
JUNE		
*	**Nevada Open Horse Show**	Winnemucca
*	**Silver State Stampede**	Elko
*	**Stillwater School Potluck Dinner**	Fallon
All Month	**Museum Opening**	Wellington
4, 5	**Square Dance Hoedown, Convention Center**	Ely
5, 6	**Auto Hill Climb**	Virginia City
6	**Eureka Co. Picnic & Game Day**	Eureka
8-12	**Musical Drama Prod. "Title of Liberty" Ashley Hall**	Las Vegas
10-11	**Coin Show, Harvey's Inn, Lake Tahoe**	Stateline
12, 13	**Carson Valley Days**	Minden and Gardnerville
11-13	**Smith Valley Arts Festival**	Wellington
13	**Volunteer Firemens Annual Father Day Picnic**	Paradise Valley
14	**Flag Day Ceremonies**	Boulder City
19	**Bicentennial Ball**	Wellington
12, 13	**Cross Country (60 miles) motorcycle race**	Jackpot
17-20	**Reno Rodeo**	Reno
19, 20	**People of 1776, Reclamation Park**	Boulder City
19, 20	**Blue Grass Festival, White Pine County Park**	Ely
19, 20	**Annual Antique Show**	Virginia City
19-30	**Piper's Opera House Musical Weekends**	Virginia City
24 - July 11	**2nd Annual Jackpot Art Show**	Jackpot
26-27	**4 Wheel Drive Off-Road Races**	Jackpot

*Actual dates uncertain at press time. Check with local chambers of commerce.

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$10,000

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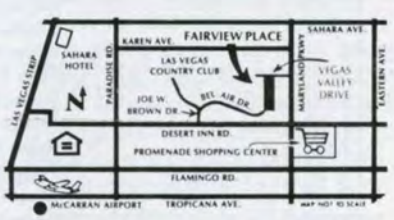
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Sellwood Realty, Sales Agents

A development of National Life Insurance Company of Vermont

Lovelock's Bicentennial Salute

Colorful characters have forever been one of the allures of small towns. In Lovelock, Nevada, with a scant 1200 population, colorful characters can be seen on nearly every corner. They are, in reality, fireplugs painted vivid colors to resemble a myriad of whimsical personalities.

Mrs. Elaine Pommerening, great, great granddaughter of the town's founder, George Lovelock, is in charge of the project which intends, before the end of 1976, to see every one of the town's 90 plugs appropriately decorated for the 200th birthday of the USA.







Remember when the West was great?

Nevada

still is!

Las Vegas

The 42nd annual Las Vegas Elks Helldorado Days

Parade, rodeo, street dancing...
Real western fun.

May 14-23

Las Vegas

Del Webb's MINT 400

Champion race car drivers from around the world challenge the Nevada desert for records and money

April 23-28

Tonopah

JIM BUTLER DAYS

Join us for a bustling western good time. Barbeque, mucking and drilling contests that recall mining boomtown days.

May 28-31

Mesquite

THE TOWN BARBEQUE

Join the locals for great food and fun. Just a 2 day ride by horse, 90 minutes by car

May 1



Yesterday

Madame Moustache

MANY OF THE fabulous and colorful characters crossing the Nevada pioneer scene came from far corners of the earth, but none of them was more appealing or more fascinating than beautiful Madame Moustache, the first "lady gambler."

First record of her appears in 1854, when she stepped off the stage at Nevada City, California, a dark-eyed fresh-faced girl of twenty, dressed in the best of taste and the height of fashion. She promptly opened her own gambling establishment, dealing vingt et un (twenty-one) and became an immediate success. The miners liked the way she paid off bets with a friendly smile and the town approved the manner in which she kept peace and order in her establishment. She commanded admiration and respect, and her virtue was unquestioned.

After a year in Nevada City, she wandered from California mining camps to Nevada, always gambling and always a favorite. She was generous to the unfortunate, and it was said no luckless miner ever failed in asking her for a stake. She exercised considerable influence over the rough miners, and it was told that at Pioche, on a wild riotous payday night, she broke up a pistol-flourishing mob by joking and laughing with the men.

She is said to have driven a smallpox-laden river boat away from Fort Benton at the point of her revolvers, to save the town from epidemic. It was widely told of her, and probably with truth, that she kept a watchful eye on the young and inexperienced; and protected more than one youthful miner from a fleecing at the hands of unscrupulous barkeeps, dance hall girls, and their associates. It is told how she served champagne instead of corn whiskey and had an orchestra instead of the customary lone fiddler. Whether these stories are true or not, there is sufficient evidence to show that this remarkable woman enjoyed the friendship, admiration and respect of thousands of miners throughout the raw, wild, mining camps of the west in the late fifties, sixties, and seventies.

The closing years of her life were sheer tragedy. She had amassed a considerable fortune in gambling and purchased a beautiful ranch in eastern Nevada. There she married and settled down with her husband to a quiet life of pleasant rural activity. She turned her property and all her money over to her husband but he proved to be a worthless rascal who soon squandered everything, and after he had wasted her entire fortune, he deserted her. From the profound emotional shock, a change took place in the fortunes and appearance of Madame Moustache. Until then the records indicate she had a fresh, girl-like beauty and vivacity. Now her features coarsened, and a growth of dark hair, previously absent or virtually invisible, appeared on her upper lip, from which she derived the name "Madame Moustache."

Her old, light touch, and her skill as a gambler seemed to desert her and she failed to rise from a grinding poverty that followed her from mining camp to camp. Hairy-faced, her features coarsened, and now in her late forties, she was an outstanding object of pity. She drifted from camp to camp and into obscurity, until finally she sought the only escape left to her. The pioneer day Thompson & West history tells "on the morning of September 8, 1879, her dead body was found about two miles south of Bodie, a bottle of poison lying near. Let her many good qualities invoke leniency in criticising her failings." □

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is another in a series of reprints of ads run by Harolds Club two and three decades ago featuring tales of early Nevada.

Show Guide

LAS VEGAS

Aladdin
736-0111
Opening in June:
Theater for the Performing Arts

Caesars Palace
734-7431
Shirley Maclaine, April 1-14
Alan King, April 22 May 5
Diana Ross, May 6-19
Frank Sinatra, May 20-26
Tom Jones, May 27 - June 9
Sammy Davis, Jr., June 10-16
Paul Anka, June 24 July 7

Castaways
735-5252
Piano Bar, Tom O'Keefe, Rusty Isabell

California Hotel
385-1222
Frankie Carr and the Nov-Elites

Circus Circus
734-0410
World Famous Circus Acts

Desert Inn
735-7478
Debbie Reynolds, March 23 April 19 & May 18 June 14
Juliet Prowse April 20 - May 17
Ginger Rogers, June 15 July 12

Dunes
734-4741
Casino de Paris '76, Showroom

Flamingo Hilton
735-8111
Continuous nightly entertainment

Four Queens
385-4011
Continuous entertainment

Frontier
734-0241
Wayne Newton/Dave Berry, April 1 - May 5
Roy Clark, May 6-26
Bobbie Gentry, June 17 July 14

Golden Nugget
385-7111
Continuous lounge entertainment

Hacienda
739-8911
Spice on Ice, Fiesta Showroom

Holiday Casino
732-2411
Wild World of Burlesque

Landmark
733-1110
Continuous nightly entertainment

Las Vegas Hilton
734-7777
Connie Stevens/Ike and Tina Turner, March 29 - April 18
Bill Cosby, April 10 May 9
Ann-Margret, May 10-31
Liberace, June 1-21
Glen Campbell, June 22 - July 12

Marina
739-1906
Bare Touch of Vegas, Mirage Showroom

MGM Grand
739-4111
Hallelujah Hollywood, Ziegfeld Room
Celebrity Room
Lola Falana, April 1-14
Joan Rivers, April 15-28
Shecky Greene, April 29 May 12
Helen Reddy May 13-26
Carol Burnett May 27 June 9

Mint Hotel
385-7440
Continuous nightly entertainment

Riviera
734-5301
John Davidson/J. J. Walker, April 1-7
Burt Bacharach/Joel Grey, April 8-21
Engelbert Humperdinck/Staple Singers, April 22 May 12
Rich Little/Lennon Sisters, May 13 - June 2
Neil Sedaka/Gabriel Kaplan, June 3-16

Sahara
735-4242
Buddy Hackett, April 1-14
Totie Fields/Dick Jensen, April 22 - May 5
Eddie Arnold, May 6-19
Tony Bennett/Count Basie, May 20 June 2
Jerry Lewis, June 3-9
Joey Bishop, June 10-23
Don Rickles/Vic Damone, June 24 - July 7
Totie Fields/Bert Convey, July 9-21

Royal Inn
734-0711
Dixie Jazz Band, Royal Inn Lounge

Royal Las Vegas
732-2916
Burlesque '76

Sands
735-3464
Nipsey Russel, March 31 April 13
Bob Newhart/Doc Severinsen, April 14 May 11
Robert Goulet/Nipsey Russel, May 12 June 1
Wayne Newton/Dave Berry, June 16 July 20

Showboat
385-9123
Continuous lounge entertainment

Silver Slipper
734-1212
Continuous nightly entertainment

Stardust
732-6325
Lido '76, 11th Edition, Cafe Continental

Tropicana
739-2411
Folies Bergere '76, Tiffany Theater

Union Plaza
386-2444
"Norman Is That You?"
Broadway Entertainment

Thunderbird
735-4111
Continuous entertainment

LAKE TAHOE

Harrah's Lake Tahoe
588-6611
Bill Cosby & Lettermen, April 2-15
Glen Campbell, April 6-29
Don Rickles, May 7-20
Wayne Newton, May 21 - June 9
Carol Burnett, Tim Conway, June 11-24
Lawrence Welk, June 25 July 15

Harvey's Wagon Wheel
588-2411

Hyatt Lake Tahoe
831-1111

North Shore Club
831-3100
Continuous nightly entertainment

RENO-SPARKS CARSON CITY

Carson City Nugget
882-1626

Eldorado
786-5700
Continuous nightly entertainment

Harolds Club
323-4105
Pete Barbutti, March 30 April 25
Dick Roman, April 27 - May 23

Harrah's Club Reno
329-4422
Charlie Rich, April 15-21
Bobbie Gentry and Larry Storch April 29 - May 12
Neil Sedaka, May 13-19
Frankie Valli and The Four Seasons May 20 - June 2
The Manhattan Transfers, June 3-16
Jim Stafford, June 17-30

Holiday Hotel
329-0411

Mapes
323-1611
Continuous nightly entertainment

John Ascuaga's Nugget
358-2040
Bobby Vinton, May 10-20
Tennessee Ernie Ford, May 21-31
Juliet Prowse June 1-22

Ormsby House, Carson City
882-1890

Jessie Beck's Riverside
786-4400

Ponderosa
786-6820
Continuous nightly entertainment

ELKO-ELY-JACKPOT WINNEMUCCA

Continuous nightly entertainment

Commercial Hotel, Elko
738-3181

Hotel Nevada, Ely
289-4414

Cactus Pete's Casino, Jackpot
755-2321

Horseshu Casino, Jackpot
755-2331

Winner's Inn, Winnemucca
623-2511

Star Broiler, Winnemucca
623-2892



Marilyn Newton / Reno Newspapers

John Wayne

"Now I'm gonna tell ya something', fella. So listen tight"



What John Wayne had to say recently in Carson City was that the roles he likes best, and the roles he acts best, are those calling for a broad-brimmed Stetson. That's what the man said and that's what the man was wearing for his newest western, **The Shootist,** with a Carson City locale.

Wayne, now 68, still carries that robust, but quiet toughness that has been his celluloid trade-mark for over 45 years of making movies. Many of his films haven't been westerns, but it is the horse-opera that he wants to be remembered for. Moreover, he's the only actor today who successfully carries his career on horseback at a time when westerns are virtually dead at the box-office and on television.

The reason? "I stick to the old-formula western," he said in his drawly clipped speech. "The type of fella that opened the West." But he added, sadly: "The people who are closing the western are trendy young directors who make hair-and-sweat movies."

Wayne doesn't like the violence he has seen in past westerns, and deprecates directors who fill westerns with ugly violence for shock value. "I think it's kinda silly to put the cowboy on a psychiatrist's couch and try to prove he was a baddie all along."

Lately, Wayne's westerns have played to his age. **True Grit** with his Oscar-winning performance of **Rooster Cogburn,** and now, **The Shootist,** are roles of an old-timer caught up in an equally aging West.

"Sure, I'd like to play romantic leads," he emphasized with that familiar sweeping gesture of his hand, "But hell, how can I at my age? I long ago gave up roles where I win a beautiful woman."

But Wayne, aging or not, still projects a charisma in front of the camera that is a legend all his own, just about the biggest Hollywood has ever spawned.

The Shootist is a story tailored to Wayne, with a unique twist. He plays an old gunfighter, dying of terminal cancer, who comes to Carson City to live out his last days. He takes residence in a boarding house owned by a woman (played by Lauren Bacall) and her son (played by Ronny Howard of television's **Happy Days**). One level of the story has Wayne recounting to the impressionable son his early days as a gunfighter on the frontier. What will become a first in film history are flashback clips from Wayne's early westerns as he tells the boy of his life as a gunfighter in the wilder days of the West.

Exterior scenes for **The Shootist** were filmed in and around Carson City. An old home on the west side of town was redecorated for scenes of the boarding house and adjacent streets were dressed with tons of decomposed granite and dirt. Then, a few false trees here and there, Carsonite extras in period dress, buggy horses jogging along—and one tiny horse-drawn trolley—pushed a bit of Carson City back to the late 19th century. Other shooting sites were the Carson River near Genoa, Jack's Valley, and Washoe Lake.

But most of all, it was John Wayne that attracted hundreds of visitors who pressed against police lines to catch a glimpse of the man who still personifies the hero ideal in America.

He had something to say about this too: "Sure, heroes are dead. But it's only for a while. When a society becomes too permissive, it dismisses models of conduct. That's what the old-time western hero was. A model. He'll come back because a society needs order more than anything else, and models are part of that."

He had just shot a scene, but was dissatisfied with the way he delivered his lines. He hooked one hand over the butt of his belted six-shooter, pointed to the director with the other, and said, "Let's shoot that one again."

And that was that.

— Tony Amaral



Barifot

A Guide to Nevada Watersports

Whether it's boating, fishing, swimming, or waterskiing, Nevada can give you what you want. By Kurt Anderson.

Nevada is very much alive.

Characterized at times as an inhospitable wasteland where only jackrabbits and rattlesnakes live, where vistors come only to try their luck at the gaming tables or to pass through on their way to another state, Nevada has much more than the obvious to offer. A wide variety of recreational activity is available; one of the most enjoyable, boating.

Nevada does have water from many rivers. Dams have been built on these rivers to create lakes that serve dual purposes. They store water needed for agricultural and municipal uses and also provide a playground for Nevada's rapidly growing number of watersports enthusiasts. Lakes have blossomed like mirages out of the desert, providing many fun-filled hours for boaters, water skiers, swimmers, fishermen and hunters.

As in many other states, Nevada's boating is seasonal. Many of her lakes freeze over during the winter months and fishermen put away their boats, get out their augers and drill holes in the ice to continue their quest for fish. On the lakes that don't freeze, fishermen are usually the only ones to venture out during the off-season even at Mead and Mohave which sit in the heart of Nevada's summer oven in the southern portion of the state.

In season, however, it's a different story. Almost half of the 25,000 boats registered in Nevada are from Clark County (including Las Vegas, North Las Vegas, Henderson and Boulder City) and while this would appear to make Lake Mead the boating capital of the state, the other half is not without lakes and boatmen of its own.

One of the most beautiful natural lakes in the world is Lake Tahoe, jewel of northern Nevada. This mile-high lake with crystal clear water is a breathtaking sight year-round. In winter the lake is surrounded by towering, snow-covered mountains



A water skier (opposite) can also be a flier, by wearing a hang glider. Good wind and water for a Washoe Lake Regatta (above).

and most of the activity is on nearby ski slopes. In the summer, though, Tahoe's shores come alive, boating shops and launching facilities open up, and thousands take to the water for a variety of boating activities.

Spring is probably the most beautiful time at Tahoe. Typical of a May day would be a warm sun climbing into the sky, a whisper of wind as a sailboat glides quietly through the deep blue and turquoise waters. In the background the mountains, covered with trees of differing shades of green, are capped with the last snows of winter. From a distant shore a speedboat appears towing a skier. The boat's wake looks like a ribbon of white on blue velvet. Tahoe is truly one of nature's finest works.

Lake Mead, the state's busiest waterway, is quite a contrast to Tahoe. With 229 square miles of water surface, 550 miles of shoreline, the lake was created by the construction of Hoover Dam to hold the Colorado River 41 years ago. It looks like a flooded moon garden, with many rocky crags shooting straight up from the water's edge. Gnarled fingers of rock extend out into and then disappear beneath the surface of the lake.

As with other desert lakes, Mead is moody. She can be placid one minute and mean the next. There are times when wind seems to come from nowhere, creating whitecapped waves that send boatmen scurrying for shelter in the many quiet coves. Even so, Mead and neighbor Lake Mohave are a mecca for the sun-baked southern Nevadans and their water-starved California neighbors. Both trailer their craft to these oases for hours of watersports activity and temporary relief from summer temperatures that can climb well over 100 degrees.



While water skiing is the prime activity at Mead, it is not the only boating done there. The lake is home to some massive trout and fishermen in quest of a record catch patiently troll the lake with deep running lines. Speedboat owners and fishermen are not exactly compatible, both thinking the other is intruding on his waterway, but Mead is big enough that they both endure and have their own kind of fun.

Fishermen and water skiers are also the prime users of one of the state's more unusual bodies of water. Pyramid Lake is the last of what was once a series of lakes that have long since vanished beneath the desert floor. In the north-western portion of the state, Pyramid is like no other lake in the United States. Surrounded by dusty mountains and strangely curled tufa rock formations, at one end, in a prehistoric setting known as the Needles, there is a hot spring where Indians used to soak away the soreness of aching muscles after an arduous trek or hunt. The lake is on the Pyramid Lake Indian Reservation and it is fed by the Truckee River which flows from Tahoe down through the eastern Sierra.

To maintain the two launching ramps and campground, the Pyramid Indians charge a special use fee of $2 per day or $15 per season per boat; this in addition to the State's $5 boat seal registration fee. There is also a fee of $4.50 per season charged to fishermen on top of the regular State license fee. Fishermen never complain about paying the extra costs, however, because the lake is full of trophy fish. In order to keep one of the cutbows (a cross between a rainbow and a cutthroat trout) the fish has to be at least 19 inches long. The average keeper fish pulled into a boat at Pyramid is between five and six pounds. Best time for fishing Pyramid is in late fall and early winter, leaving the water skiers to play the big lake during the heat of summer.

In comparison to Tahoe and Mead, the boating facilities at Pyramid are primitive. It would seem wrong to









Water skiing, a favorite summer pastime.

Aerial view of Lake Mead and one of its marinas. House boats, inflatables, and sailors, at Lakes Mead, Lahontan and Washoe. There is plenty of space for motor boating in Nevada.



have them any other way for the beauty of Pyramid comes from the ever changing colors of the water to the starkness of the surrounding terrain. And Anaho Island, in Pyramid, is a wildlife sanctuary which houses thousands of pure white pelicans, terns, cormorants, loons, seagulls and rattlesnakes. This island is not for humans but the lake is, and boating there is excellent.

Most of Nevada's other watersports areas are manmade, like Mead. Reservoirs like Wild Horse, Rye Patch, Sheep Creek, Eagle Valley and Lahontan are all excellent boating and fishing areas and most are primitive even by Pyramid Lake standards. Some offer only a single launching ramp and campground; generally the nearest source of supplies or gas is many miles away. It is a good rule of thumb to stock up at the nearest town before heading into any of these primitive areas (and in any desert state, its is wise to always carry some water).

The manmade lakes are under the control of the Nevada State Park System, the Nevada Fish and Game Department, the Bureau of Land Management or the U.S. Park Service. These agencies do a masterful job in keeping the areas clean and maintained. Launching areas in these spots are free presently, but as they become more developed a fee may have to be charged to pay for main-




14
15
51
Winnemucca
80
Elko
23
Rye Patch Res.
46
F
Pyramid Lake
25
24
13
Ruby Lake
80
33
Reno
18
Fallon
Austin
50
26
50
19
D
Lahontan Res.
Lake Tahoe
Carson City
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Pioche
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Meeks Bay
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South Lake Tahoe
Fallen Leaf Lake

GUIDE TO NEVADA WATERSPORT AREAS

	LAUNCHING RAMP OR HOIST	GAS & OIL	PICNIC AREA	CAMPING	FISHING TACKLE	LOCATION AND OTHER PERTINENT INFORMATION
A. MEAD						A 229-square-mile manmade lake on the Colorado River formed by construction of Hoover Dam 41 years ago. Dam is 26 miles southeast of Las Vegas on U.S. 93. Mead has many excellent launching facilities, improved campgrounds, mooring slips, dry storage yards, food and fuel services. Launch fees vary.
1. LAS VEGAS WASH	X	X	X	X	X	
2. CALLVILLE BAY	X	X	X	X	X	
3. BOULDER BEACH (Hemenway and Lake Mead Marina)	XX	X	X		X	
4. ECHO BAY	X	X	X		X	
5. OVERTON BEACH	X	X	X		X	
6. TEMPLE BAR (Arizona)	X	X	X		X	
7. SOUTH COVE (Arizona)	X					
B. MOHAVE						A 45-square-mile manmade lake formed by Davis Dam which controls the Colorado River below Hoover Dam. Davis Dam is 76 miles from Las Vegas, south on U.S. 95, then 17 miles on 77.
8. WILLOW BEACH (Arizona)	X	X	X	X	X	
9. COTTONWOOD COVE	X	X	X	X	X	
10. KATHERINE (Arizona)	X	X	X	X	X	
C. TOPAZ						An 1,800-acre irrigation storage reservoir formed by diverting part of the flow of the Walker River. Lake is on U.S. 395, 22 miles south of Gardnerville. Launching areas, supplies and fuel at northwest facility.
11. LAKE TOPAZ MARINA (N.W. End)	X	X			X	
12. TOPAZ PARK (N.E. End)	X		X	X—		
13. RUBY LAKE	X		X	X		Vast lake with shallow marshes. North half closed to boating; 30-acre portion in south established for water skiing. Excellent for fishing.
14. SHEEP CREEK RESERVOIR	X			X—		An 885-acre reservoir 67 miles N.W. of Elko on Hwy. 11 to end of pavement, then 29 miles north on improved #11, then 2 miles west on unimproved road. Use limited to fishing.
15. WILD HORSE RESERVOIR	X	X	X	X	X	A 3,000-acre reservoir 65 miles north of Elko on Hwy. 51. Excellent fishing area. Supplies, campground and launching ramp at north end of lake.
16. EAGLE VALLEY RESERVOIR	X		X	X		A 59-acre reservoir 16 miles east of Pioche.
17. ECHO CANYON	X		X	X		Lake formed by Echo Canyon Dam, 12 miles S.E. of Pioche.
D. LAHONTAN RESERVOIR						A water storage and power generation reservoir 38 miles east of Carson City. Two main launching areas: one at junction of Hwys 95 and 50; the other 8 miles east of junction on Hwy. 50.
18. THE COVE MARINA	X	X	X	X	X	
19. SILVER SPRINGS	X		X	X		
E. WALKER LAKE						A 70-square-mile natural lake at the end of Walker River, 6 miles from Hawthorne on U.S. 95. A primitive area with limited supplies and no phone service. Three launching areas on western shore.
20. CLIFF HOUSE MARINA	X		X	X		
21. SPORTSMAN'S BEACH	X	X				
22. TAMARACK POINT	X		X	X		
23. RYE PATCH RESERVOIR	X		X	X		An 11,000-acre irrigation reservoir on the Humboldt River, 21 miles north of Lovelock on I-80, then 1½ miles on improved road to dam, campground and launching area. Supplies, gas and oil available at I-80 turnoff.
F. PYRAMID LAKE						A 170-square-mile natural lake at the lower end of the Truckee River, 33 miles north of Reno on Hwy. 33. Two launching areas on western shore. Supplies, gas and oil available near ramp at Sutcliffe.
24. SUTCLIFFE	X	X			X	
25. WARRIOR POINT PARK	X		X	X		
26. WASHOE LAKE	X		X			A 5,000-acre natural lake, mostly shallow and muddy. Located 16 miles south of Reno on Hwy. 395, then 2 miles south on 38 to lake entrance.
G. LAKE TAHOE						A 193-square-mile natural lake on the Nevada-California border (17 miles south and west on Hwy. 50 from Carson City; Hwy. 395 and 27 from Reno). Numerous fine launching facilities all around the lake. Fees vary.
27. NEVADA STATE PARK (Sand Point)	X		X			
28. CAVE ROCK BOAT RAMP	X					
29. ZEPHYR COVE RESORT	X	X	X		X	
30. EL DORADO BOAT RAMP	X		X	X		
31. TIMBER COVE MARINA	X	X			X	
32. SKI RUN MARINA	X	X			X	
33. TAHOE KEYS MARINA	X	X				
34. CAMP RICHARDSON MARINA	X	X	X		X	
35. HOMEWOOD MARINA	X	X	X			
36. OBEXER'S BOAT & MOTOR SALES	X	X			X	
37. SUNNYSIDE RESORT	X	X				
38. THE BOAT WORKS	X	X				
39. SIERRA BOAT CO.	X	X				
40. LAKE FORREST	X					
41. TAHOE VISTA MARINA	X	X				
42. THE BOAT HOUSE	X	X			X	
43. KINGS BEACH (State Park)	X		X			

(X— = Primitive camping area)

tenance (as at Mead and Tahoe). Fees vary around the state, ranging from $1 to $2.50. They are always subject to change.

Many other Nevada lakes don't have launching facilities as yet. Some will get them in the future, the rest — destined to remain the way they are — accessible only by dirt road for the few who want to swim or fish from the banks, or for the ones who can slide a cartop boat into the water by themselves. Small boats, canoes and inflatables are the popular craft for these areas.

Still other lakes that have launching ramps are restricted to boats with 10 horsepower motors or less – for use of fishermen and hunters. Examples are the Stillwater Marshes east of Fallon, the Adams McGill and Sunnyside Reservoirs near Ely.

It is the primitive nature of many Nevada lakes that contribute to their beauty and popularity with watersportsmen, whether swimmers, hunters, sailors, skiers or fishermen. Very few are overcrowded and the solitude often found in the more remote regions is the reward for driving miles of dirt or rocky road that leads to some of these lakes.

Typical, perhaps, of one of northeastern Nevada's beautiful primitive areas is Ruby Lake, which sits at the foot of the Ruby Mountains south of Elko. Its water surface is huge and mostly made up of shallow marshland. A lush green valley where eagles often soar high in the clear mountain air has been referred to as Nevada's Garden of Eden. There is a special 30-acre area at one end of the lake set aside for skiers and it is a paradise for fishermen.

Nevada boatmen are fortunate in that they are able to enjoy some of the most unique boating waters in the United States. They have sparkling blue lakes formed in the starkness of the desert or carved by nature out of the rugged rocks of the Sierra Nevada mountains. They can fish in peace at Wild Horse Reservoir; they can boat, swim, hunt and fish at popular lakes Tahoe, Lahontan and Mead, or in the peace and tranquility of the Ruby Marshes. They can catch trophy fish at Pyramid, or revel in the deep clean waters of Walker and Topaz Lake.

The men, women, and children who love watersports, who have boats and water skis, the ones who hunt for waterfowl or go for trophy fish, all can feel at home in Nevada. No matter where they are in the state, they are just a few hours away from a beautiful desert lake. □

COMING HOME

Continued from page 13

upward. He became a Reno businessman as a result of a kind of transplanted work ethic combined with a total lack of inhibition that it might be impossible to end up owner of a prosperous parts company, auto dealership and two industrial sites without the right, Wall Street-like connections. His wife, Norah, saw no unworthiness, no sacrifice of femininity in working by his side; much, I suppose, as those early wives in Nevada and in Wyoming and Nebraska took it as a matter of course that they were full partners with their husbands in making the difficult backbreaking way through the world, particularly in this new and frequently inhospitable land.

As for exuberance, Merle Brennan raced cars in a kind of wild, free expression of independence and skill. He was, and is, good enough so that when he chooses he races with the professionals at the very highest level of competition in the country. He is 50 years old, and is as tough a competitor as there is. He would also like very much to know what age has to do with it at all, and I'm not sure, watching him carve his way in his home-built racer through the drivers in their custom-made cars and their custom-made suits from England and France, that I can tell him. Merle and I disagree a lot, probably at least as much as Senator Monroe and I disagree. Merle and Norah are strict parents, they are conservative and they tend to be socially wary – even withdrawn. And yet they are more gracious than the most elegant couple I have ever encountered in Washington or New York. Perhaps Merle is confused by the fifth or sixth fork at a formal dinner party, but in those matters that count, in the expression of warmth and decency toward others that is the true definition of manners, Merle and Norah Brennan shame their Eastern counterparts.

Much of this, I know, generalizes. But when I described my encounter with Frederick Jackson Turner in that Eastern classroom, I hope I put you on notice that when it comes to American history and particularly Western history, I am a romantic.

What makes it worse is that for me, in Nevada it has all come true. I know its faults (remember that Turner warned that western democracy had its dangers as well as its benefits), and knowing them, I can better understand. So the love affair that started in the stultified East, has flowered for me and for my family in this desert.

About a year ago, I wrote this about a driving trip across the county with my wife: "The first days of a cross-country trip seem like the sheltered days of childhood; immediately surrounded by people, packed close, bodies warm and endlessly circulating around you, the land hospitable and tamed – cloistered, closed, protected, guarded

"As the road goes West and begins to spin itself out, the world gets larger. The body and the mind expand with it. It seems like a kind of maturation

"Now here in the Nevada desert and climbing, there comes a kind of understanding Here, with no one in sight and the land empty of people, the understanding that man is ultimately alone comes ineluctably to the mind's self estimation. At first the knowledge is terrifying, but it need not be. Alone also means independent. And independence, if embraced, means self-reliance."

As the Nevada months go by, I come more and more to believe that. □

ROAD RACE

Continued from page 38

There was a pair of monster Cad-Allards. And there were some creations, such as the Edwards Special, which embodied the egos of men who believed they could build better cars than the factories.

Made by wire-rope king Sterling Edwards of San Francisco, the Edwards Special was powered by a souped-up Ford V8 with special overhead valve heads. They were called Ardun heads and were the creation of an engineer named Zora Arkus-Duntov. Two years later, Arkus-Duntov would create a car destined to become the image of the sports car in America: the Corvette.

But the Corvette was no more than a gleam in Arkus-Duntov's eye when the green flag fell for the Nevada State Cup. Bill Pollack of Los Angeles started in the pole position with Carstens' Cad-Allard. He used the Cadillac V8's torque to power into the lead at the start, and he stayed in front to win. Donald Parkinson's Jaguar Special took second and the Edwards Special third.

Yellowed newspaper clippings don't catch the excitement of that sunny afternoon when 37 men flogged their exotic racers to the limit in vain efforts to catch Pollack. O'Brien's Jag lost its clutch. Harrah's cream-and-copper beauty broke a wheel and nearly became an expensive scrapheap. Hill and Stroppe aren't even mentioned in the clippings.

John Durham of Reno, a spectator, remembers three especially troublesome sections of the course where cars often slipped, slid or spun off the roadway. One was Turn 1; another was Turns 4 and 5 at the north end of the lake, and the third was Turn 8 at the southwest bend of the lake.

In Turns 4 and 5, the racers swung through an S-curve from a downhill stretch on Bonnie Drive to Eastshore Drive. Turn 8 was a hairpin left taking competitors from a street on the water's edge, where only a jogging path now exists, onto Lakeside Drive, where there was clear sailing south to Moana Lane.

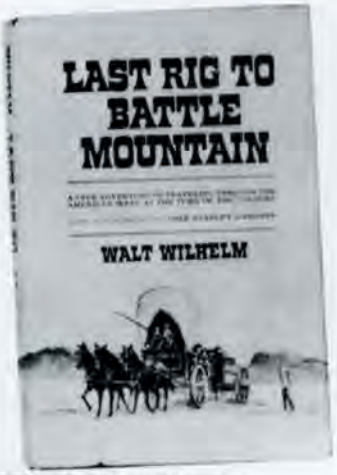
Bill Breeze, the leader of the San Francisco contingent, overturned his Silverstone Jaguar at Turn 7, at the southern tip of the lake, grazing a crowd control marshal and breaking his own arm. Eddie Jones, who had come all the way from Minneapolis with his exotic Silverstone Healey (forerunner of the later Austin-Healey and the current Jensen-Healey), also overturned and broke an arm, apparently on Turn 4. Al Gunn, according to news accounts, "struck a bale of hay on the straightaway." His supercharged MG was badly damaged and he suffered a broken wrist. None of his injuries was serious.

Because of the delays caused by accidents and interruptions by Sunday-driving neighbors, the race had to be called for darkness after 42 of the scheduled 60 laps. Whether anyone could have outrun Pollack over the entire 150 miles was a question which was probably debated long after Virginia Lake was covered with ice that year.

Virginia Lake is now the domain of ducks and geese and the children who feed them chunks of dry bread. The area bordering the long straights has gone from horse pasture and cottages to apartment complexes and a shopping center. The 15 m.p.h. limit is enforced.

But, once in a while, when the wind is out of the past, an imaginative ear can pick up the rumble of a finely tuned, double overhead camshaft, twin carburated, six-cylinder speedster, accelerating out of Turn 8 down Lakeside Drive, heading for history. □

Nevada Reading



LAST RIG TO BATTLE MOUNTAIN
Walt Wilhelm
William Morrow & Co., 1970

In bi-centennial terms, 1900 does not seem so distant. It was yesterday to Walt Wilhelm, this story of his family's westward move in search of gold. By covered wagon, Sherman Wilhelm (with his wife Dora and three small children including the author) began a 14-year adventure toward the Mother Lode, backtracking until he found the end of the rainbow at Battle Mountain, Nevada.

There is the unmistable ring of authenticity to this earthy narrative of a devoted family building a secure life for themselves (and four other Wilhelms born on the trail) in the wilds of seven states, years lived with few luxuries but not a moment without love. Each day was a frontier and it is the day to day living that gives this book life. The West and Nevada live in its pages, the remnants of that no-so-long-ago Nevada live with us still. Hopefully, so does the book, for it was published in 1970, and may be hard to come by. – **OLM**

AMERICANUAK:
BASQUES IN THE NEW WORLD
William A. Douglass and Jon Bilbao
University of Nevada Press, 1975

Americanuak to Old World Basques means "The Americans" in a language with origins lost in prehistory. The Basques have been present in the New World at least since the early 1500s when they came to the Americas before Columbus. Reknowned as whalers during Shakespeare's time, they came to South America as missionaries and settlers.

Always adaptable to the economic needs of the country they adopted, they came to the American West and became sheepherders as sheepherders were needed, innkeepers and businessmen and scholars in turn. Their presence is deeply ingrained in our heritage, and Douglass and Bilbao have spent six years in giving us a scholarly yet fascinating and readable insight into Basque accomplishments. Indeed, its time has come. – **OLM**

GOLD AND SILVER COLOSSUS
WILLIAM MORRIS STEWART
AND HIS SOUTHERN BRIDE
by Ruth Hermann
Dave's Presse, Sparks, Nevada,
1975, $11.50

William Morris Stewart was a take-charge kind of man who came to California in Gold Rush days, and to Nevada just ahead of the silver excitement. He helped create the State of Nevada. His guiding hand is seen today in the laws of California and Nevada. As a U.S. Senator he created the still-in-effect Mining Law of 1872.

Several biographies of Bill Stewart have been in the works for a number of years, but this is the first to make it into print. Perhaps in a rush to beat other authors, Mrs. Hermann neglected to avail herself of a good editor. The result is that a well-researched draft manuscript got published before its time. There is no sign of editing. Extraneous observations, properly relegated to footnote mention, are incorporated in the text. Sentences roam to illegible length. Conflicting statements, separated by a dozen or so pages, confuse the reader. The bibliography is pretentiously long. Attributive footnotes are abominably lacking.

Perhaps the worst failing is the author's adulation of Stewart, creating of him a Paul Bunyan of the West.

"Colossus" is disappointing; we'll hope for better in the next author to present a biography of this noted Nevada/California pioneer. – **RS**

A SAGEBRUSH HERITAGE
Lorena Edwards Meadows
Harlan-Young Press 1972

Can the son of Welsh mining parents in a small town in the West grow up to become one of the stalwarts of the financial community of a great city? Indeed he could, and did, in those golden years of the settlement of the frontier.

Benjamin Franklin Edwards' story, told by his daughter in naive and delightful narrative is truly the American Dream come true – hard work, love of family and animals, business acumen and a certain amount of good luck led him from "swamper" to president of banks. Accounts from letters, business correspondence, newspapers and personal recollections make this a very western book, peopled with familiar names and places in a vernacular still glimpsed but rapidly disappearing from the Nevada scene. – **OLM**



BASQUE NATIONALISM
Stanley G. Payne
University of Nevada Press 1975

Geographically schizophrenic, linguistically individual, politically multi-divided – the modern Basque nationalistic movement stemmed more from a smothering of identity, of origin, than from any particular ideological schism. Centuries of pressure from both France and Spain had not buried the Basque but industrialization threatened to during the last quarter of the 19th century. With the growing awareness of the Basque uniqueness within a young architectural student, Sabina de Arana y Goiri, the modern Basque movement was formed.

Invaluable to any Hispanic or Iberian student, **Basque Nationalism** may initially turn off the casual reader in the muddiness of the middle-ages. Begin in the middle pages and find yourself involved and intrigued – you'll probably want to return to the front for a new beginning. – **OLM**

CLIMBING

Continued from page 17

Several shops handling mountaineering gear can offer advice to beginners. These include: Bob's Alpine Shop, Carson City; Ken's Mountaineering and Country Comfort (a unit of Mt. Rose Sporting Goods), Reno; Highland Outfitting Co., Las Vegas; and The Outdoorsman at Tahoe.

Cost to the beginning climber is slight – that is, if he takes a class or learns from a friend as they already have the essential equipment. Specialized, proper fitting footwear adds to the enjoyment of learning, however old sneakers or any rubber-soled shoes can be of initial service.

For the aspiring climber, a list of equipment is presented to give some idea of money involved. The mountaineering tackle is in addition to the rock climbing gear.

Rock Climbing	
Shoes, lightweight	$20.00+
Rope, 150′	60.00+
Karabiners, 6 or more	20.00
Slings, 3 ca. 3′ in dia.	2.00
Swami belt (seat harness)	5.00+
Chocks, 6 assorted	12.00
Pack, small	25.00
Mountaineering	
Boots, heavy duty	$ 50.00+
Tent	120.00
Ice axe	35.00
Crampons	40.00
Stove	20.00
Sleeping Bag	80.00+
Pack, large	40.00

These are just guidelines. Depending on the climb, less or considerably more equipment would be required. Food, water and personal items have to be carried. In rock climbing, any rough clothes can be worn, but mountaineering dictates that tough, warm clothes cover the body – especially if climbing is at high altitudes or during winter. Wool is an excellent insulator against the cold, it not only wears well but retains warming properties even when wet. Some synthetics have characteristics similar to wool and many outdoorsmen are turning to synthetics such as PolarGuard for sleeping bags, vests and parkas whereas goose down used to be the favored filling material. Down is terrific, except when wet.

These short notes in no way prepare you to be a climber. Let the expert teach you to be safe and how to enjoy an immensely aesthetic sport. Remember, the good climber has learned to do the least amount of harm to his body and to the environment. – **ARM**

MILT KAMEN

Continued from page 19

guns because the lobby is much too strong. Nobody cares how many presidents are killed. Governor Wallace shot, and still no change. They are going after Ford. What permits that? In old times there were crazy people around who had the impulse and the desire but they could never make the move. The atmosphere was such that it was impossible to raise their hand and raise that gun.

"Today that atmosphere is gone."

Kamen was introduced to a lot of people through music, many of them entertainers. In the late '40s he decided to get into comedy; he believed he had a feeling for it.

It was in the '50s when Kamen wrote for and performed in the Sid Caesar Show; he did summer stock to develop his acting ability. He has since entertained in every medium coast-to-coast, starring in off-Broadway plays, performing in night clubs, and playing major roles in many TV productions including FBI, Mannix, Streets of San Francisco, and McMillan and Wife. He has worked casinos in Las Vegas, Tahoe and Reno and has appeared on many TV variety shows. He will soon be seen in Universal's "W C. Fields and Me" co-starring with Rod Steiger.

Groucho Marx said of Milt Kamen: "He takes the ridiculous and makes it sublime. Just when you think you've caught up with him, he does a quick switch, and with one hand tied behind his back turns the sublime into the ridiculous He does many things to you, but the main thing he does is to make you laugh loudly and uproariously. He is a most unusual comic."

Kamen is presently writing a movie in which he will star. "I am going to satirize our times but in such a way that no one will know that our times have been satirized. Our times are satire already. It's going to be rich, wild, nervy. People will scream with laughter."

Even if you know his face but could never remember his name, Kamen's influence is felt. He is more than a comedian. He is a fine actor, an accomplished musician, and an excellent writer. He is also a teacher of our times.

"I think if you make good commentary, good jokes, then you are naturally educating, but I don't believe in telling people how they should lead their lives. That's what Mort Sahl and Lenny Bruce did. Mort Sahl was brilliant, but I think he lost his sense of humor and began to believe that he knew the answers. I am not that. I am a comedian, not a prophet. I haven't got the answer, I've got the question. There is a big difference.

"I am confused, very confused, and so are the people. We are in a very similar boat. When all the talk and flack is over, I say to you, what is going on? Every day I wake up, I think I've been away things have changed so radically."

He points out that actors are used rather than comedians in television's situation comedies. He believes comedians are feared by the networks. "Something might go wrong. A director says, 'do this, say that' and the comedian says, 'what are you talking about? That is not the way to say it.' And he really knows. But the director can do anything he wants because they tape it and they put in a laugh track and it laughs.

"You know the funny thing is that the laugh track was live people who once laughed. Where did that laughter come from? From really funny shows like Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Jackie Gleason. Some of these people are dead now, but the networks don't care that they are gone. They are keeping them working anyhow because they don't have to pay them. All of these people keep working on laugh tracks."

Milt Kamen is presently starring in a play at the Union Plaza in Las Vegas called, "Norman Is That You?" It deals with homosexuality in a very human yet funny way. The play has run in 22 countries, sometimes for up to four years. The play and players are terrific; Milton Kamen is brilliant.

Kamen got married six years ago. "I had a wonderful time not being married. I met lovely ladies, but I knew one day I was going to marry. My wife was a philosophy professor in New York when I met her; a month ago she passed the bar. I forgave her after I met her, of course. She's a great looking girl and a hell-uva nice dame. I had to forgive the fact that she was so brilliant."

A New York critic once wrote, "Never be fooled by that innocent Kamen. He is the most vitriolic critic of our society we have ever known."

As Kamen drives past a Las Vegas Strip casino, he looks at the marquee. "Two singers? What are they trying to do? You can't do that. It won't work. You can't have two singers in one night, you must have a comedian or something " □

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