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NEVADA

Volume 44, Number 2

March/April 1984

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The Real Reno

By Warren Lerude. Take this colorful evening tour and you'll see glimpses of the old Reno, where the people are more remarkable than the neon. **Page 11**

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By Sharon Schneider. It's dirty work, but somebody has to find those beautiful rocks and gems. **Page 55**



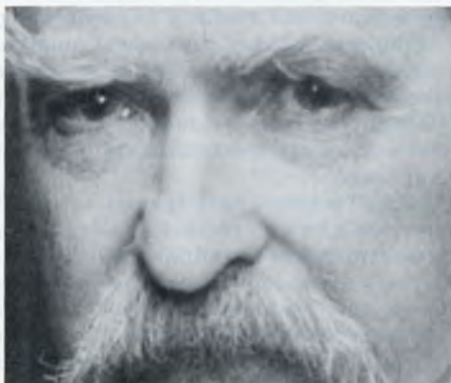
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NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Posh Horizons

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The sage hen and the bobcat, two elusive Nevada critters. **Page 72**

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The Amazing Carson Footprints

By Jordan D. Marche II. When Nevada State Prison inmates discovered a bed of ancient footprints, the world turned to the Silver State for proof of a primitive race of giants. **Page 22**

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Training Charley

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NEVADA

NEVADA MAGAZINE

Capitol Complex
Carson City, Nevada 89710
702-885-5416



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ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES:
Las Vegas, Reno, Carson City, Lake Tahoe:
Cynthia Kelley or Valerie Rose Glenn,
Kelley-Rose Inc., P.O. Box 20158, Reno, NV. 89515.
(702) 827-5551.

Rural Nevada & All Other States:
Caroline J. Hadley or Patty Noll,
Nevada Magazine, Capitol Complex, Carson City, NV.
89710. (702) 885-5416.

NEVADA MAGAZINE (ISSN01991248) is published bimonthly by the State of Nevada at 101 South Fall Street, Carson City, Nevada. Second-class postage paid at Carson City, Nevada with additional entry in Denver, Colorado. **POSTMASTER:** Send address change form 3579 to: NEVADA MAGAZINE, Capitol Complex, Carson City, NV. 89710.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$8.95 for six issues, U.S.; \$9.95 Foreign. Please allow six weeks for delivery.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: New address should be accompanied by old address label and sent to Circulation Department, Nevada Magazine, Capitol Complex, Carson City, Nevada 89710. **Please allow six weeks advance notice.**

NEVADA MAGAZINE assumes no responsibility for damage or loss of any material submitted for publication. A stamped, self-addressed return envelope must be included.

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Printing: A. B. Hirschfeld Press
Type: Sierra Graphics, Alpha Typographers

Editorial

Mustangs and misfits.

She was a trade-out for some work I did several years ago. It didn't seem like the best deal in the world. After six months of hard labor, I got paid off with a tired old horse of questionable bloodlines.

"It's a paint," I was told. "It goes by the name of Sweetpea."

She had once served on a dude ranch in the Sierra and later on a dusty spread in the Forty Mile Desert. She was short, and her coat was light brown with white blotches. She had little, fat legs, an enormous head, blue eyes, and thick hair. As she stood in my corral that first day, I could see lumps on her belly and huge sores along her protruding spine.

The horse needed treatment, but I couldn't bear the thought of taking her to town in my rickety home-built horse trailer, so I called nearby Minden and asked for a vet.

Keith Cornforth showed up.

Cornforth, a Carson Valley veterinarian, is one of the West's most respected large-animal doctors. High-priced horse breeders and trainers haul their horses hundreds of miles to get his advice. I was flattered to see him.

As he took a look at Sweetpea, who stood in the shade with her pink tongue hanging out, I asked with appalling innocence, "What kind of a horse is this?"

Cornforth rubbed his chin with a big, tanned hand. He looked at the ground, then back at me. His eyes were twinkling. "Well, ma'am," he said slowly, "they don't make 'em like this anymore."

He told me that food and water would help her a lot and that a little loving care wouldn't hurt her, either.

"How old do you think she is?"

"Well, ma'am," he said, "I'd say she's a mite more than 25."

Even though Cornforth didn't say it out loud, I knew then that I was the proud owner of a broken down mustang. I thought about her past. It was tough to picture Sweetpea running free across the desert—like the wild horses on the cover of this issue. It was impossible to imagine her outrunning the trucks and planes of mustangers.

After her back was healed, she and I traveled a lot of country. I got used to her awkward gaits—a shuffling walk, a paralyzing trot, a very rough lope—and she never gave me a minute's problem. Over the past five years I've been thrown or bucked off every equine I ever borrowed or bought. My bones have been broken. Sweetpea is the only one who's kept me

in the saddle. And she has been as much requested by friends and neighbors as any horse that ever lived. She's famous from Fallon to Truckee, Markleeville to Susanville. She has been ridden in the Reno Rodeo Parade and has attempted to strut down Carson Street while carrying a gussied up cowgirl on Nevada Day. She's never caused anyone grief.

Back in 1971, when Sweetpea was barely middle-aged, Congress gave the West's wild horses protective status on public lands. Official counts weren't kept before then, but in Nevada alone there were said to be 10,000 mustangs. Today the BLM estimates there are 27,000.

Because of an eight-year-old BLM program, more and more wild horses are landing in Nevadans' corrals. During last year's roundups, BLM cowboys captured 2,533 animals, most of which were available for adoption. All it takes is an application and, if you're approved, a fee of \$125 per horse or \$75 per burro.

New owners usually have to be patient since these are wild animals and need some time for taming and gentling. Likewise, mustangs aren't always perfectly conditioned for riding or looks—life on the range is harsh, after all—but many young wild horses are strong, swift, and beautiful. And I've never seen a horse with more heart than Sweetpea.

Last year at a livestock show in Carson Valley, I saw Keith Cornforth again. I asked him another dumb question: "When will Sweetpea be too old to ride?"

With his usual smile he replied, "Well, if she breathes real heavy and staggers a lot, she's probably a bit too old."

On a recent ride in the foothills behind my house, Sweetpea started tottering and panting as we went up a slight rise. I got off and led her the three miles home. Since then the old mustang has enjoyed her retirement, taking it easy in the pasture with her purebred buddies. She has only three teeth left and now mostly gums hand-shaked alfalfa leaves and small, high-protein pellets.

If I ever want another mustang, I won't have to work six months to get it. I'll just put in an order at Palomino Valley. Out of more than 2,000 horses, those BLM guys ought to be able to find one exactly like her.—Caroline J. Hadley

For information on adoptions, write or call: Bureau of Land Management, Palomino Valley Wild Horse & Burro Placement Center, P.O. Box 3270, Sparks, NV. 89432. (702) 329-7219

Letters

Don't Lose the Dancing Girls

My latest issue of *Nevada Magazine* arrived with two pages in goose pimples.

Sandwiched between Harrah's "Come to Life" advertisement on the inside cover and MGM's on page 42 depicting girls in less than underwear were stories of Nevada's worst blizzards (Jan/Feb '84). The article, "Dreaded Winter of '89," mentioned the Sparks-Tinnin Cattle Company branded 38,000 calves in 1885 but, as a result of severe winters, marked only 26 five years later.

Similarly devastating to casinos would be the same proportionate loss of dancing girls. May it never be.

Carl Hayden
Jackpot, NV

I have been checking all the car magazines for several months to find some information on the new land speed record which was set this year by a British team. I finally found the information in my *Nevada Magazine*, Jan/Feb '84.

Thank you and Doug McMillan for a good reporting job on a major event in automotive speed history.

Harold B. Schneider
Seattle, WA.

OK, Break Our Hearts

I ordered *Nevada Magazine* expecting to see lots of stories about the state and full pages of beautiful pictures. All I got is one or two stories and lots and lots of advertising about the gambling places. People that are on vacation are not going to do only gambling. They want to also see beautiful mountains, old mining towns, historical places, and ghost towns. If you don't change the format of your magazine, I want only the one sub. Sorry I had to write this kind of letter, but you had to know.

Mrs. Dennis McLaughlin
Sand Springs, OK.

Muench Watchers

For years I have enjoyed reading your living *Nevada Magazine* and appreciated the many photos of David Muench, both depicting life as many "Easterners" have never seen. Please do a story on David Muench. As interesting as his pictures are, we never see the person behind them.

I hope to meet both you and Mr. Muench when I return to Nevada as I am inspired by people with such high esteem for their work.

Theresa Dew
Elkridge, MD.

I was very pleased to see David Muench's fine picture of the spectacular Ruby Mountains in the Nov/Dec '83 issue. Although the caption does not say so, the picture is a view of a side canyon of Lamoille Canyon in the Rubies. This is one of the most scenic canyon and mountain areas in the West, yet it is relatively little known. Early in October my wife and I made a special trip to Lamoille Canyon to see it with the aspens in fall color. A mantle of new snow on the higher elevations enhanced the beauty of the scene and made it one we will long remember. It is good evidence that, as the 1982 Nevada highway map says, "Nevada is more than gambling, a whole lot more."

Arthur Engvall
Sunnyvale, CA.

Photos and Critiques

I was reading my Jan/Feb issue of *Nevada Magazine* with my usual excitement, and I had just been awed by another of David Muench's photographs when on page 48 something looked familiar but wrong. Is it the picture on the cover that is backward?

James A. Mayer
Winthrop, MN.

Yep.—Ed.

I was pleased to read the story on the Club Cal-Neva in your Nov/Dec '83 edition. We at the Cal-Neva, one of the few remaining locally-owned casinos, have done our best to be a responsible member of the Nevada business community; and it is therefore especially gratifying to appear in the magazine devoted to our home state.

In response to the article, I have, along with several of my partners and many associates and employees, received numerous queries. From the nature of these queries, it has become evident that the article passes over some key elements in the Cal-Neva's history, and contains some errors of fact. And so, in the service of journalistic accuracy, and out of respect for the general public, it would seem important to set the record straight. The following points should be of special interest:

1. Warren Nelson is not the "operator" of the Cal-Neva; decisions are made collectively, by the board of directors. Nor is Mr. Nelson one of the "chief owners" of the club. His interest is a minor one and has been a minor one during the entire 22 years of operation of the club.

2. The paragraph describing the opening of the Club Cal-Neva is erroneous.

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The negotiations and acquisition of the Cal-Neva in 1961 were handled by Leon Nightingale and Jack Douglass, and only later was Mr. Nelson invited into the company. It is in no way true that "Warren Nelson decided to put it (the Cal-Neva) back into business." Nelson was in fact the very last partner to be accepted into the company.

3. The caption under the photograph at the top of page 47 reads, "Reno's Cal-Neva before Nelson & Co. took over." Please note the Cal-Neva owners do not consider themselves as "Nelson and Co." Warren Nelson never "took over" the Cal-Neva, and Mr. Nelson is not now, nor ever has been, an officer of the company.

Again, we thank you for your attention to the Cal-Neva. Your magazine deserves a wide readership, and Nevada deserves such a fine magazine.

Leon Nightingale
President
Club Cal-Neva
Reno, NV

Too Exotic for Us

I want to thank Tom and Emily for their Christmas generosity—in 1984 I'll be enjoying first-hand copies of *Nevada Magazine*. I think, though, that I'll label "Country's Golden Ear" (Jan/Feb '84), "Carnall Knowledge."

Linda L. Naylor
Carson City, NV

No Spurs in Bed

In reference to Harry Webb's story, "Ham on the Hoof," Jan/Feb '84: I knew Ross Plumber when he was riding for Mr. George Goodfellow and I never saw him without his boots and spurs except when he was in his bunk. I wonder if he was chasing those hogs with his spurs on? Fond memories.

Norman Jackson
Enid, OK.

Your Nevada Calendars are the most beautiful I have ever seen. Please send two more at \$4.25 each plus \$1 for postage.

I take your magazine and look toward each edition. I love every speck of sand in your fine state and visit it at least two times a year.

John P. Gacek
Raymond, WA.

Nevada has far too many actual and beautiful scenes of nature and realities to have a waste and a cheap shot like your latest Nov/Dec cover page—that guy ain't that good anyway—lot of your subscribers like me want to see and read some real stuff—leave the personalities off the cover anyway—stick to our real Nevada.

D. Sandahl
Reno, NV

I enjoyed reading the Nov/Dec issue of *Nevada* so much (Howard Rosenberg's article in particular) that I was led to peruse previous issues that I had missed.

As in past years, I was disappointed in your coverage of the annual Great Nevada Picture Hunt. Why do you give such

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prominence to photographs that, though finalists, were not the top winners? I would be interested in having good reproductions of those photographs which have taken top honors. If you don't want to allot space in one issue, why not do so in successive issues?

Sandra J. Gess
Carson City, NV

Gess, you're right, and this year we'll be doing it your way. Meanwhile, watch for contest details in the next issue. Thanks.—Ed.

Hot Times in Denio

I just wanted to congratulate you on the wonderful improvements you and your staff have accomplished in the last few years. Your editorial about Winnemucca and the Humboldt River got to me as I have lived on it for 44 years from 20 Mile Hill to above Golconda. I am going to send this copy of a postcard type I have had since I was a child about 50 years ago.

I was supposed to have a beer with you at the Winnemucca rodeo in '82 but I was not quite up to it. I knew Bobby Tallman (May/June '83) quite well. Showed him how to tie a butcher knot on surveyor stakes when he was small.

You should go to the roping in Denio on the first Saturday in June. It is a genuine community event. The people there are wonderful. I met Linda Dufurrena while she was doing dishes; the Wilsons from Virgin Valley were cutting the beef. People from California, Oregon, Idaho, Alaska, and Nevada made for a wonderful time.

Jim Boyd
Dallas, OR.

I loved the article about Boulder City in your Jan/Feb issue. However, it left out a wonderful new addition to Boulder City: New Life Foundation. New Life and its director, Vernon Howard, are a beacon of light for those interested in inner development, higher teachings, and an escape from religious hypocrisy. Howard is an "attraction" himself. People come from all over the world to hear him in person. He also can be heard on local radio, KVOV, 1280 AM, every weekday at 4 p.m.

Dorothy Ramirez
Clark County Educator
Boulder City, NV

Theory of Relativity

As Dad told me, Granddad and a brother left Northern Italy, took a steamer (steerage) from Genoa to Boston in the spring of 1870, a train to Chicago, where the brother decided to stay, and "founded" the Chicago branch of the Quilici tribe.

Granddad headed west to Dayton, Nevada, where a friend resided, arriving there in the fall of 1870. According to Dad, Granddad was not a miner, but was pretty shrewd and made a potfull raising vegetables and milk cows (for milk, butter, cheese, etc.), which he in turn sold to the miners at Virginia City. Granddad left Dayton in the late 1870s, went back to

(Continued on page 38)

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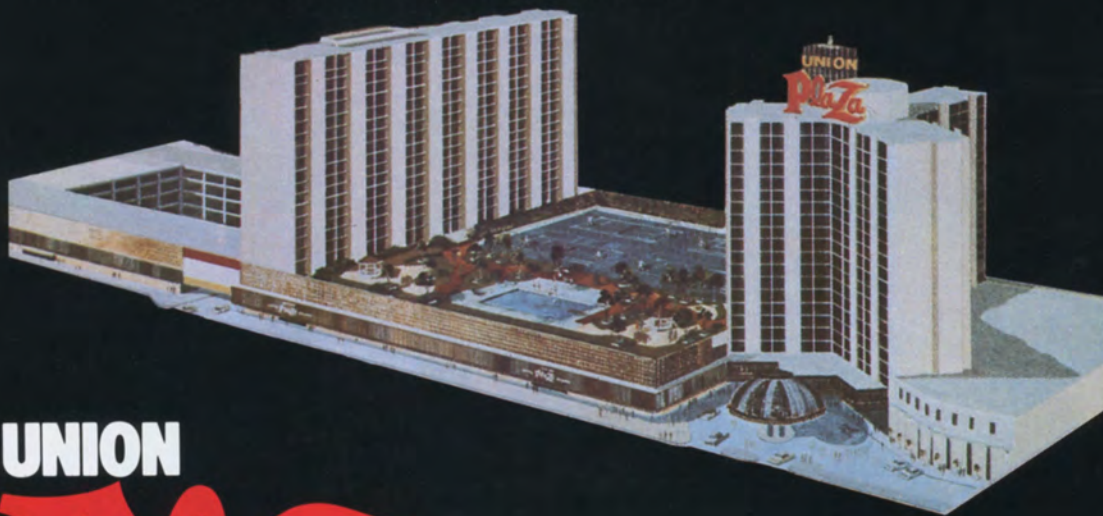


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Harrah's may overlook the Santa Fe, but old-timers like Leon Etchemendy (see page 29) wouldn't miss Santa Fe co-owner Jill Zubillaga's greetings—or her food and drink.

The Real Reno

Take this colorful evening tour and you'll see glimpses of the old Reno, where people are more remarkable than the neon.

By Warren Lerude

The dark amber liquid in the bell-shaped glass is Amer Picon. That's a French liqueur. It tastes a little like orange rind. That is, until you add the cherry-red grenadine. And the fizzing soda water. And the lemon peel. After you stir all that around tiny ice cubes, the Amer Picon tastes even less like orange rind. And after you float a little

brandy on top, it doesn't taste much like orange rind at all.

What it does taste like is a Picon Punch, which is what they serve at the long bar in Reno's Santa Fe Hotel. The Picon Punch is a potent drink you should not enjoy in great numbers. One or two never hurt anyone, say the old sheepherders who gather in the hotel. And if you believe that, you may position yourself for a walking tour of the Real Reno.

This walking tour includes some of the glitter everyone sees in touristy Reno. But it also takes a closer look at the Reno that once was, and at times still is, a place where the people are more remarkable than the neon.

You can tell you're in the Real Reno as you approach the Santa Fe's thin neon sign at 235 Lake Street on what some regard as the downside of downtown Reno. The Santa Fe's two stories of clean, red brick stand in contrast to the fading buildings across the street, where weather-worn signs tell of the once-proud Columbo Hotel, 1929, and its aging sister, the Toscano.

"Girls Girls Girls, Roaring 20s Topless," the signs beckon to those interested in that sort of thing on the landmark Columbo-Toscano side of the street. On the Santa Fe side, the sign says, "Basque Family Style Dinners." Thus the contrast of the Real Reno.

For the purposes of this sociological trek we'll opt for the family-style dinner.

As you walk through the double doors of the Santa Fe Hotel, your searching eyes discern the authenticity of ethnic Nevada. "Eskualdun Etchea," reads the cursive, inlaid inscription on the checkered linoleum floor just inside the door. Joe Zubillaga, the robust man behind the bar, will tell you that the mysterious words mean, "House of the Basques."

Joe's last name, like most Basque words, appears to be a tongue twister. It is pronounced Zoo-Be-Agh-Ah. The words on the floor are pronounced S-Qual-Doon, Etch-A-Ah. Pronouncing this stuff right is part of getting along in the Real Reno. So you might want to try it again: S-Qual-Doon, Etch-A-Ah. Once you've got that down, if you experience one of Joe Zoo-Be-Agh-Ah's Picon Punches, you may want to toss off a casual "Oh-Saw-Gar-Eia." That's written, in Basque, "Osagarria," and it means, roughly, "To your good health."

The Real Reno, the town behind the neon, is a community of ethnic diversity built around family life. Most visitors don't know this. Most residents do. Home folks often go to the Basque restaurants for family gatherings. Here at the Santa Fe children run amok in the bar as families and friends await the announcement at 6:30 p.m. sharp that the dining room is open.

Through the din of 50 to 100 people, if you listen closely, you will hear lively



It could be 1940. Maybe it is. Nevada Club employees Wanda Andrews (above), with 14 years of service, and Wilson Connally and Caroline Montgomery, with 20 and 23 years, like it that way.

music, but the strains are not those of rock 'n' roll. Walk to the juke box and look at the fading titles. "Jotas Para Bailar." That one's by Jacinta Bartolome. Another title, "Y Viva Espana," doesn't identify the musicians. Play it, however, and you'll know they've got the soul of Spain—and of ethnic Nevada.

The Basque hotels sprang to life in the American West to serve the emigrant sheepherders who came from the Pyrenees of France and Spain, where the Basques have lived for centuries. Now, these family-style restaurants serve camaraderie to tourists and townsfolk.

This evening in the Real Reno could simply end right where we began, at one of the Santa Fe's long tables, enjoying an eight-course meal for \$9, a meal cooked and served by Joe Zubillaga's family, including his spirited wife, Jill, a Fulbright scholar and philologist who speaks faster than you can listen—in six languages.

But, let us take a look at the neighborhood.

Walk out the Santa Fe's back door and you'll find an alley that dead-ends at Harrah's casino complex. Enter the glitter of cosmopolitan Reno. No linoleum floors here. Harrah's is the splendor of modern marketing and New York Stock Exchange brainpower.

Bill Harrah was a color-coded man, and the colors he favored were earth

tones. If a casino can escape garishness, Harrah's makes the best effort with its soft browns, golds, and easy reds that flow in design from carpeting to wall coverings.

Harrah's race book is no Damon Runyon joint. Modern graphics, blowups of intense, jockeying striders, pull your attention—in color, of course. The snack bar is as clean as a silver spoon in an upscale baby's mouth. The lemon in the meringue pie is as yellow and wonderful as, well, a full, ripe lemon itself.

If you want to know the flavors of the \$1.35 milkshakes, ask the attendants. They welcome you, these apple-cheeked American youths with their clear eyes, broad smiles of even white teeth, he in his fire-engine red blazer, she in her snow-white uniform with red apron.

Harrah's is the Real Reno, too. This is the gambling den raised to 20th-century art form. You don't feel at all threatened by any of the evils that your grandmother said derived from the wagers of sin. In fact, you almost feel the wholesomeness of Disneyland. Without question, you feel comfortable. There seems to be a subliminal message: we're okay, you're okay, everything's okay, and on top of that there's the Skyway Buffet for only \$7.95.

Harrah's quality control, an act of Bill Harrah's own genius that the Holiday Inns proprietors are making efforts to



Families and groups come to feast on the pure-Basque delights at the Santa Fe, where owners Jill (above) and Joe Zubillaga (right) serve bread, beans, and Picon Punch with a flourish.



continue, is as reassuring as a Lawrence Welk waltz. Suddenly, you not only wouldn't mind if your daughter married a gambler, but you also begin to think it might be rather wonderful if she became one herself. She would join the uniformly good-looking dealers whose bright smiles are as wide as a 52-card spread, becoming a part of a team that strikes you as a couple of notches above the stewardesses on the first-class run from San Francisco to New York.

There must be *something* awry here, you tell yourself. But you cannot find it. The ashtrays? Empty. They're not only clean, they're polished. Restrooms? Clean as surgery centers. Windows in the skyway leading to the main hotel? Spotless. Inside and out. On a rainy day.

Harrah's is an integral part of the Real Reno, for Harrah's set the higher standard in this gambling town. You don't just play a slot machine; you play at a Carousel of Dollar Slots. A drink? If you step into the Hideway Lounge, which you can't miss because it is foursquare to the main casino, you are greeted by a bartender in a bow tie. He looks like the wholesome young man you hoped would take your daughter to the Sunday evening church social. Perhaps he is the minister's son. Well, at least he's got to be a chess player.

Everything is just about perfect at Harrah's. If there's a gamblers' heaven,

this is it. So we could end our walk through downtown Reno with this contrast—the Old World nuance of the Santa Fe, the Big Board polish of Harrah's. But there's more.

Slipping out of Harrah's western exit into another alley, we shuffle over to the Nevada Club. The Nevada Club is vintage Reno. "Nevada fun the way you want it to be," you are advised by a small sign next to the swinging glass doors. What's more, the sign says, this is where you will find "Nevada's friendly folks."

At first glance, you do see a different crowd. You're not sure this is the appropriate place for your daughter to be dealing cards. Rather, it occurs to you it might be a better place for your sainted grandmother to turn an ace and a spade. There's an older crowd behind and in front of the tables.

There's not a Carousel of Slots anywhere. There are scores of fast-paced, old-fashioned mechanical slot machines. You can hear the whirl and the clunk, clunk, clunk as the reels churn to sudden stops. The gamblers aren't intense. They act like they're having fun. In fact, they are smiling.

You look at the gray-haired man in the slightly-worn woolen sport coat as he approaches the change lady. The man laughs about something. The change lady laughs, too. Another change lady joins

them. And she laughs. What are these people laughing about? Something someone said. To the other person. They talk to each other in the Nevada Club.

This is no Damon Runyon joint, either. It's better. First thing you notice is the snack bar. You can spot it right away because there, above it, in faint red neon is a sign that says, "Snack Bar." A line of blue neon underscores the red. Here a hot dog is \$1.05, and the marketing isn't that of Harrah's understated sophistication. The wall menus show prominently the Coca-Cola logo. You wonder, when was the last time a Coca-Cola sign went high profile in Harrah's?

You don't see a milkshake listed on the Coca-Cola sign. So you ask the lady behind the counter, "How much is a milkshake?" "It's \$1.22," she says cheerfully, matter-of-factly. You don't ask why it's \$1.22 rather than \$1.20 or \$1.25. Seems okay to her. Seems okay to you. That's the way it is in the Nevada Club.

Another neon sign, the kind you used to see around drug stores in the 1940s, says, in blue, "Lower Deck," and, in red, "Gaming, Bar-Food, Rest Rooms." It's utilitarian, not promotional. It tells you what you need to know. The system works. If you want to gamble, drink, eat, or go to the bathroom, go down to the lower deck. If you don't, don't. Stay where you are.

Nearby is a homemade wooden box sprinkled with little light bulbs. A faded sign states, "Total Jackpots Today since 1 a.m." It's now 2:30 p.m. None of the little light bulbs is lit. You ask the woman at the change booth, "What's that thing?"

"Oh," says one of Nevada's friendly folks in a sisterly way, "that lights up and tells how many jackpots we've had."

"How come it's not lit up now?"

"Oh, it's been broken for a long time."

That's how it is at the Nevada Club. No big deal. Ask a friendly question, get a friendly answer.

Over to the side of the casino a couple more neon signs say, "Change" and "Office." You walk over to the "Office" and notice a plaque and a picture of a handsome man. The plaque tells you: "In memory of Lincoln Fitzgerald 1892-1981 Highly Respected and Much Loved, Nevada Club Employees."

And you wonder, could you ever find such a folksy little display in Harrah's, where Bill Harrah was highly respected and much loved by many folks? You conclude you simply find such things in the Nevada Club. That's the way the place is. Matter of fact. They respected and loved their boss, "Fitz," so why not put his picture and a little plaque on the wall and say so? Why not?

As you look around the casino, you begin to think you're in another era, perhaps the 1940s, certainly in an era of personal rather than corporate gambling. What's that, there on the mirrored column next to a gambling table? A

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couple of letters, one frayed. Nosy, you read. One tells the employees, and anyone else who is curious, about life insurance benefits; the other, vacation scheduling.

"This is a family operation," a key lady tells you.

"How long have you been working here?" you ask.

"Thirty years," she says, cheerfully.

"Must be a good place to work."

"Oh, it is. If we have a problem we just call Mrs. Fitz and we give her our view and she gives us her view."

"No problem getting to top management?"

"No. We just call Mrs. Fitz and work it out. She's very nice."

You chat with the key lady, whose assignment is to open slot machines when they are jammed or need to be reset after payoffs, and you look around the Nevada Club.

A neatly lettered sign states:

"Total Jackpots

"April 12, 1975

"14,865

"Every 5.9 Seconds."

You wonder, has this place had a big day since then? But you don't wonder long. You simply accept the news, the Nevada Club had a big day back in '75.

Plumbing pipes hang from ceilings, exposed to view. Green carpeting is replaced on some stairs with brown material, causing a casual mismatch. Silver tape holds together the worn carpeting on the main floor, and, upstairs, venetian blinds hang in front of windows, there since they were fashionably new, which was a year or three ago.

The snack bars look like Broadway sets. So does the upstairs keno parlor, which seems reminiscent not of the 1940s but perhaps of an earlier day. Over by the back bar, you see a scoreboard used to keep track of big league baseball. It's not hard to imagine the guy in the straw hat on a sweaty summer evening chalking up the news off a ticker tape.

The Nevada Club isn't simply the Real Reno. It is the Real Nevada, the Nevada of a less sophisticated, more straightforward age. The Nevada Club, to its charming credit, is a living museum of gambling-house atmosphere. It is full of people of good humor who like to talk to you.

There's more of the Real Reno to explore, of course. You can find it just out the Virginia Street door, past the Nevada Club's slightly boastful neon sign proclaiming it has an escalator.

But I think I'll wander back over to the Santa Fe and listen to "Eskual Herria Gerard" on the juke box. So now you're on your own. □

Warren Lerude of Reno is a journalism professor at UNR, a publishing consultant, and a Reno native. The former editor and publisher of the Reno Newspapers won the Pulitzer Prize for Editorial Writing in 1977.



Laurel and Hardy struggle to start a 1914 Model T pie wagon amid a timeless traffic jam of gleaming antique autos.

THE EMPEROR'S WHEELS

Ralph Engelstad's gleaming collection of vintage autos is the crowning glory of his Imperial Palace.

By Lynn Mawson

A plaque in Ralph Engelstad's office reads, "The harder I work, the luckier I get." Work and luck so far have helped him rise from chief of a small Las Vegas construction company, which he started in 1960, to sole owner of the 1,500-room Imperial Palace Hotel and Casino. It hardly seems that he did it all for the money, though, because Engelstad has spent a great portion of his time and earnings in collecting, displaying, and promoting one of the world's most



If you yelled, "Taxi!" on a busy city street corner in 1923, and were lucky, a Yellow Cab like this would take your fare.



Henry Ford, father of the assembly line, ponders his famous, revolutionary automobile, the 1914 Model T "Tin Lizzie."



The center headlight on this rare 1947 Tucker turns left and right with the steering wheel. It was an idea that didn't catch on.



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Car collector Ralph Engelstad's heroes have names like Ford, Leland, Olds, and Dodge.

elegant automobile collections.

Engelstad is a self-made man, almost a textbook case of success in the free enterprise system. When he grew up in Minnesota, his heroes were named Ford, Leland, Olds, Dodge, Stanley—car makers all. He continued to remember such inventors and entrepreneurs when he attended college in North Dakota on a hockey scholarship. In 1960 he moved to Las Vegas and with a loan started a construction company. Building tract houses made his fortune. In 1971 he bought the sprawling Flamingo Capri motel-casino and completely rebuilt it as the Imperial Palace.

But maybe he did it just to have a large, bright, airy gallery for his Imperial Palace Auto Collection. Located on the

And a Thousand More

In Reno there's another car collection assembled by a Nevada gaming tycoon. Harrah's Automobile Collection includes more than a thousand cars—it's the world's largest—and has been featured in tours, books and, recently, its own television special. Begun by Bill Harrah in the late 1940s, the collection is located on East Glendale Avenue in Sparks.

You can get a free ride there on a bus that leaves Harrah's downtown hotel on the hour between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. It's a three-mile drive from the center of Reno to the collection. Admission is \$5 for adults, \$3 for ages 6-15, and free for children 5 and under. Hours are 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., every day.

top floor of the hotel's parking garage and opened to the public in 1981, the collection shows more than 200 cars. Approximately 150 are in Engelstad's warehouses or awaiting restoration in his special body shop. And he continues to look everywhere for prize autos—from rural sheds and barns to the heady world of auto auctions, where a nod of the head may mean a raise to \$80,000.

Three kinds of automobiles are in the \$20-million collection—antiques, classics, and special-interest. The special-interest cars are unique due to their engineering or the fame of their owners. Examples are Adolph Hitler's armor-plated, self-destructing 1939 Mercedes-Benz, a 1928 Delage custom-built for the King of Siam, and Howard Hughes' 1954 Chrysler. The likes of a 1931 V-16 Cadillac, 1930 Cord L-29, and 1934 Duesenberg represent the classics category.

The antiques make up most of the IP collection, however. There are early models of Fords, including the 1929 Model A that was Engelstad's first acquisition, and Oldsmobiles and Chevrolets. The oldest cars are an 1898 La Nef, an early French car, and a 1900 Mobile Steamer. But the models saved from extinction are even more intriguing, because they bear witness to the diversity of automotive design early in this century. Approximately 2,000 makes died along the way to the dealer's showroom. They were cars with names like Lenawee, Schact, Gatts, and Knox, each of which is represented in the collection.

Engelstad's collection has earned international renown. In 1983 he lent 30 automobiles to Autobuc, a Japanese auto conglomerate. Valued at \$2.6 million, the auto exhibition drew more than a half-million people at Tokyo's Harumi Exhibition Hall last summer.

Every fall Engelstad promotes his collection and helps antique car enthusiasts to revel in automotive elegance during the Imperial Palace Antique Auto Run. Collectors bring their vintage models to Las Vegas for a 58-mile caravan through Red Rock Canyon with a stop for a catered barbecue at Spring Mountain Ranch State Park. In 1982 the first run drew 60 entrants; in 1983 there were 134 entrants, including 10 cars from the IP collection. Robert Goulet, Lovelace Watkins, two-time Indy 500 winner Rodger Ward, Peter Marshall, and other celebrities have driven in the run. The 1984 Run is scheduled for October 27, and a host of classics and automotive and entertainment celebrities will again be present. □

The Imperial Palace Auto Collection is located behind the Imperial Palace Hotel and Casino on the fifth floor of its parking garage. The collection is open daily, and admission is \$3.75 for adults, \$2 for children under 12 and senior citizens 65 and over, and free for children under 5. A gift shop at the entrance sells a wide selection of automotive books and memorabilia.

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THE SABOTAGE OF TWO TOED PETE

There was plenty of sporting money in Virginia City in 1891, and hundreds of people came by to see Leo and his keg of beer. Some, like Two Toed Pete, were willing to bet that Leo's mouth was bigger than his muscles.

By R. E. "Colonel" Priest

Every time Leo Hechinger went into the Delta Saloon and saw all those diamonds on the slim fingers of Two Toed Pete, he got mad with himself. It was like a slap in the face to see Pete sitting there behind his blackjack game like a spider waiting to pounce on his victim. And the big diamonds gave sparkling testimony to his skill with cards.

Leo figured that he had bought and

paid for at least one of those rings. Only trouble was, *he* wasn't wearing it.

Leo was a tall, thin German, about 30 years old. His eyes were blue and his hair was the color of newly sawed pine lumber and he weighed 150 pounds. His job in 1891 was to climb up and down ladders replacing the burned-out electric light bulbs in the street lamps of Virginia City, Gold Hill and Silver City. The official lamplighter on the Comstock, he

did lots of climbing and replacing in those days.

Leo lived alone in a small cabin on the slopes of Mt. Davidson. He was well known and well liked, and he'd often invite 12 to 15 of his friends to his place for a Dutch lunch and beer. He'd buy an eight gallon keg of beer from the Union Brewery and have it delivered to his cabin, and the men's talk would be as varied as their interests and occupations. Miners, mill men, teamsters and prospectors—they were a varied lot. But several had a common financial interest in Two Toed Pete's diamonds. So he, and others of his kind, were the principal subjects of conversation.

Pete was especially disliked because he displayed his affluence arrogantly and seemed to be too lucky too much of the time. The men all agreed that something had to be done about Pete, but they didn't know exactly what.

On one of these occasions, the brewery was late delivering the beer. Leo's friends were all assembled, sampling his Dutch lunch and impatiently waiting for something more fitting than water to wash it down with. At last the wagon drove up and the keg was unloaded. As the delivery man started to lug it inside, he slipped and dropped it on the porch. It made a thunderous crash and nearly went through the floor.

Leo picked it up as though it were a pound of butter and carried it inside. His guests stared at him. Most of them were bigger and brawnier than he was, but when they tried to lift the barrel they had to struggle with it. Then Leo hefted it again and paraded around the room.

Someone got an idea. Someone else enlarged upon it. They kicked it around. And as the keg got emptier, the idea got bigger. They asked Leo if he could do it. Leo said he didn't know. He laughed and told them he thought he could and that when they all met again he would have a definite answer.

For several weeks afterward, few of them made any attempt to reclaim their interest in Pete's diamonds, remembering Leo's last words to them on the night the big idea was born: "Save your money, boys, save your money."

The next time there was a party at Leo's house and the brewery delivered the beer, Leo couldn't seem to find the empty keg. The delivery man finally accepted an extra deposit and drove off grumbling. When the delivery man was out of hearing, Leo called all his friends into one room and swore them to secrecy. Then he told them that he could definitely do it and that now all they needed was plenty of betting money.

Two Toed Pete's business was bad, and he wondered why some of his most avid victims hadn't been honoring his game with their presence and their bankrolls. So at the first opportunity he started asking questions. He was told that

most of his special customers were sore at him because it seemed as if nobody ever won at his game.

Pete caught on fast and decided that he'd have to get the old gambling fever fired up again by letting some of the heaviest losers win, at least part of the time.

So some of the secret circle started winning. They passed the word, amongst themselves, that Pete seemed to be in a losing cycle. Several of them played with Pete and won considerable amounts. They played till he tightened up again. Then they all quit and put their money in the bank.

ne day several weeks after the episode of the missing keg, Leo had a full one delivered to the U.S. Saloon at the corner of Union and C streets. And the next day, June 17, 1891, an ad appeared in the *Territorial Enterprise*:

"A Chance For Sporting Men: I the undersigned am willing to wager anything from one dollar to thirty five hundred dollars that I can pick up and shoulder an eight gallon oak keg of beer; not to weigh less than one hundred five pounds, and pack it; without rest, without any harness, canes, crutches or any other manner of artificial support, from the U.S. Saloon at the corner of Union and C streets to the flagstaff on top of Mt. Davidson and return to starting place. Man, keg and betting money can be found at the U.S. Saloon, Union and C streets, Virginia City.

"Signed, Leo Hechinger."

There was plenty of sporting money in Virginia City in 1891, and in the next few days hundreds of people came by to see Leo and his keg of beer. Evenings and on days when he wasn't working, he dressed up in a lion's skin like a strong man. He made fierce faces and flexed his muscles, but he didn't scare anybody and he didn't have much muscle to flex. One look at his build and one heft of the beer keg left many people willing to bet that Leo's mouth was bigger than his muscles.

Some of the secret circle started needling Two Toed Pete. They asked him if he had made any bets yet, and if not, why not? Just where was his sporting blood anyway? They needled him in relays. Nearly every day he had to listen to the same insults and innuendos from a dozen men or more.

Now, Two Toed Pete was not stupid. He knew better than to bet on another man's game. He had always played it safe, never placing a bet on anything but a sure thing. But a man can only take so much. He went to the U.S. Saloon and saw Leo in his lion's skin flexing his puny muscles and looking very fierce and determined. Pete wasn't a bit impressed by Leo. Then Pete hefted the keg of beer, which weighed 107 pounds. It took all his muscle just to lift it off the scales.

Then he went to several doctors and asked their opinions. Nearly all of them

agreed that no one weighing only 150 pounds could carry such an awkward deadweight up the almost 40-degree slope of Mt. Davidson without rest and without a harness or pack board. Leo would be starting in the rarified atmosphere of 6,110 feet altitude and climbing up that gravelly slope to the 7,775-foot peak, a four-mile round trip. The doctors told Pete it was a physical impossibility.

So Two Toed Pete hocked his diamonds, took most of the bankroll off his blackjack game and plunged in with both feet. Several of the doctors also had hard cash to back up their opinions.

All bettors agreed, before impartial witnesses, that if Leo should stop walking for longer than 30 seconds he would be considered resting and all those betting on him would lose, and if he should slip and let the keg touch the ground, he and all those betting on him would lose.

As the expert opinion of the doctors became known, odds were offered as high as 3 to 1 that Leo wasn't as skookum

“

Pete went to several doctors, nearly all of whom agreed that no one weighing only 150 pounds could carry the beer keg up Mt. Davidson without a rest or a harness. So he hocked his diamonds and plunged in with both feet.

”

as he thought he was. Leo's friends had been waiting for this development, and all the money they had saved or borrowed was bet at the last moment at the highest odds available.

he stake holders' pockets were heavy with over \$32,000 in gold dust, greenbacks and double eagles when the day of the big event arrived. The booty's ownership would be determined by the endurance of one skinny, bullheaded Dutchman—and on the luck of his every step.

The intersection at Union and C was jammed with people that June afternoon at three when Leo shouldered his keg and started up the mountainside. About 15 people, for and against him, went along to see that no one tripped him up or gave him a helping hand.

To make doubly sure that there would be no dirty work afoot, the sheriff and two deputies went with them. The sheriff wore two big six-shooters and carried a stopwatch in order to time Leo's rests.

The sheriff was the final authority.

Leo led off, carefully choosing his path and picking his steps up the treacherous slope. The sheriff followed about 20 feet behind. The deputies were in the Indian file of followers strung out for 100 yards or more along the trail. People on the streets watched their progress through field glasses and telescopes.

Two Toed Pete, who had one of the heaviest financial interests in the outcome, started with the group. But he fell out and went back before he'd gone 200 yards.

About 300 yards up the steep slope Leo veered sharply to the right and started walking almost due north. A great howl went up from half of his party and from the watchers in the streets who had bet against him. They had expected him to walk in an almost straight line up the steep slope to the flagstaff on the summit. But his route had not been specified, nor was there any time limit.

To his right and his left the slope was gravelly and treacherous. But in the direction he chose to go, the rise was not more than 15 degrees. It was perhaps a mile further to the summit, but he could reach it, with luck, if he had the endurance.

So Two Toed Pete groaned and anticipated the worst. He cursed himself for a stupid fool and hoped that Leo would slip and fall and break his neck.

But Leo made no false steps, nor did he ever once slow his pace. At the summit he walked twice around the flagstaff and he and his followers came down by a similar route.

Two hours and 20 minutes after shouldering the keg he was back at the starting place. A great cheer went up from the waiting crowd as he wearily staggered into the intersection and slid the keg to the ground. The winning bettors shook his numbed hands and pounded him on the back.

The losers felt in great need of morale boosters. The liquid variety was most preferred, so they scattered up and down C Street in search of solace. Two Toed Pete drank by himself. His fingers looked indecent and naked.

That night Leo's friends met at his house for a victory celebration. Leo asked one friend if he would climb up to the summit of Mt. Davidson and look under a pile of rocks about 50 feet south of the flagstaff—and if he would please empty and bring back the missing beer keg that Leo had filled with water and carried up the mountain one dark night, when no one could see. □

R.E. "Colonel" Priest was an artist, writer and mining man who lived in Gold Hill and later Carson City for many years. He died in 1956. This unpublished story, based on a true event and accounts Mr. Priest heard from Comstock friends, was submitted by his daughter, Patricia Vreeland of Reno.



CLOSED

HOURS — AM TO — PM



Will somebody please answer the phone?

In winter, chicken-hearted travelers shy away from the tortuous descent into Austin, a living ghost town perched in a canyon in the Toiyabe Range. Gone are the fair-weather tourists passing through the Central Nevada town, which is favored by photographers because of its historic charm. The seasonal lull made the International Hotel's lunch counter—a traditional social and nutritional center of the town—even more appealing to Reno photographer Stuart Murtland.

"I prefer the classic photographs of the past," says the 30-year-old freelancer. "Black and white film achieves the look and the mood of that era, and Nevada's rustic towns make perfect subjects. Places like the International Hotel were such fixtures of small town life in Nevada, and now they are starting to disappear." But with his lens, Murtland, a former TV producer in Reno and Las Vegas, was able to preserve a bit of Nevada history.

"It seemed as if the old-fashioned lunch counter was suspended in time," Murtland says. "It could just as easily have been 1943 as 1983."

—Ann Henderson

STUART MURLAND



The controversial "human" footprints found at the prison befuddled scientists for decades.

The Amazing Carson Footprints

When Nevada State Prison inmates discovered a bed of ancient footprints, the world turned to the Silver State for proof of a primitive race of giant men.

By Jordan D. Marché II

The convicts were the first to know about the remarkable find, for they were the ones who worked with picks and shovels in the prison quarry in Carson City. The warden heard about it too, and became curious as more and more fossils and footprints began appearing in the quarry in the late 1870s.

Puzzled, he wrote the California Academy of Sciences in San Francisco. There was no reply; the letter had been lost.

Finally the academy's scientists learned about the fossils and made the journey to Carson City. They concluded that curious tracks had been made by animals about a million years ago during the Pleistocene, or Ice Age, epoch. The site, where tracks had been made in beds of silt and sand, may have been on the edge of ancient Lake Lahontan. But the Carson Footprints were even more noteworthy, said certain scientists, because some of the

prints had been made by a member of a primitive race of human beings.

That finding caused a sensation, riveting much attention on the tracks on the prison floor. It also created a puzzle that took 50 years to solve.

Before then, little evidence of early man had been found, but the scientists' shocking conclusion—that a large, primitive man had made some of the tracks—was not completely unexpected. A century ago, Americans were occasionally excited by the discovery of "petrified" human remains. These colorful hoaxes, perpetrated in both story and stone, seemed to take their inspiration from the Bible and, in particular, from a compulsion to prove the literal truth of the passage in Genesis, "There were giants on the earth in those days." One example was the Cardiff Giant, a 10-foot stone figure that a New York man carefully buried and then rediscovered on his brother-in-law's farm in 1869. The statue went on tour before the fraud was proved scientifically by Othniel C. Marsh, an eminent Yale paleontologist.

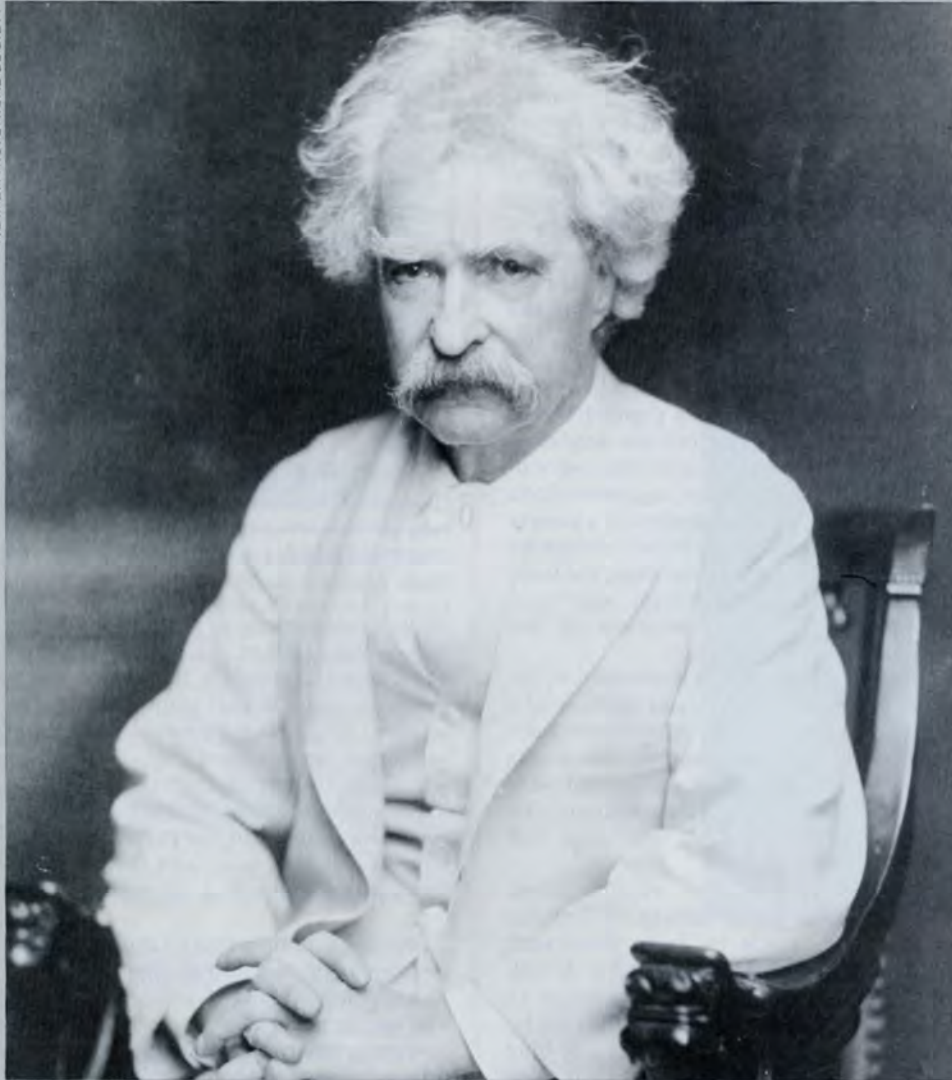
Another famous hoax was the work of Virginia City reporter Mark Twain (see box). In the *Territorial Enterprise* of October 12, 1862, there appeared his story, "The Petrified Man," which poked ill-natured fun at a judge in the Humboldt Mining District. Twain wrote that a petrified man had been found at Gravelly Ford. The judge was said to have ridden five days to reach the scene and hold an inquest, following which came the jury's verdict: "death from protracted exposure." While local readers laughed at the joke, other papers took the story seriously, and Twain's petrified man shocked readers from coast to coast.

The public also had been warmed to the subject by the evolutionary theories of Charles Darwin. His two works, *On the Origin of Species*, published in 1859, and *Descent of Man*, 1871, had outlined his belief that man, like other animals, has descended from more primitive beings. Thus, too, a fossil record of man's evolution probably existed.

So when the convicts and then the scientists discovered what became known as the Carson Footprints, creationists and evolutionists began stepping on each others' theories with a vengeance.

The quarry where the footprints were found consisted of coarse, brownish sandstone that had been excavated over the years to a depth of about 30 feet. (Many of Carson City's older buildings, including the State Museum and State Capitol, were built of "prison sandstone.") Fossilized impressions of woody plants, pine cones, freshwater shells, and the bones and teeth of large mammals had been found earlier in the same beds. Then two thin layers of softer shale containing the wondrous footprints were finally exposed by the prisoners' shovels.

(Continued on next page)



Mark Twain and the Fossil Controversy

The fossil footprint controversy couldn't escape the attention of Mark Twain, who had been a reporter for Virginia City's Territorial Enterprise in the early 1860s. Hoping to dispel the confusion, Twain offered his own eyewitness account of the "beasts" that made the footprints. Following is an excerpt from Twain's story as it appeared in the San Francisco of February 16, 1884:

It may be all very well for Professor Marsh and Professor Harkness to talk their scientific talk about the Carson Footprints, and try to saddle them onto the Primeval Man, the Irish Elk and others who are gone and cannot now defend themselves; it may be all very well, I say, and entertaining, and within the just limits of scientific slander and research, but it is not *moral*. For I know the cold facts about the footprints, and I know they were not made by the Primeval Man, or the Irish Elk, or any of that sect: they were made by the first

Nevada Territorial Legislature, and I was there when it was done.

It had rained rain all the evening outside, and it had rained whiskey all the evening inside—inside the fence, I mean, for there were no buildings in that early day—and neither you nor a much older man could have told on which side of the fence the weather was the most inclement.

The footprint quarry, where that legislature sat—stood, while they could, I mean,—was a dry alkali flat containing a fence-full of dry honorable alkali flats from all over the Territory; and in three hours that first mentioned flat was absolutely soaked, to a depth of three inches, and the others all the way through. And when the weather moderated so that one could venture outside—outside the fence—these latter adjourned.

It was then that they made the tracks. They couldn't help making them, for the place was a marsh. I saw it done. The

Primeval Man was absent; the Irish Elk did not arrive; the Cave Bear responded not to the summons; the Old Silurian Ass got left. The menagerie was wholly local. Part of it I saw, and the rest of it I was.

The Speaker went first. He made the large tracks—the ones that are eight inches broad and eighteen inches long, and resemble the footprint of a champagne basket. He was a prime man in two or three ways, and evil in forty, but he was not the Primeval Man, just the same: reflect upon this. He was a rancher: kept a ranch; cattle ranch; and did not wear shoes, such not being his custom and always when he went forth ranching with all his might into the pasture amongst the cattle, there was much hay and straw lying scattered about, and other material of a plastic nature. Acres of it, and this material and the straw did of a truth and by custom combine and form unto him uncreated sandals. And as the prospectus years rolled on, his sandals waxed, and gathered grace and style, and also magnitude and majesty. And he became a legislator, and also Speaker.

These scientists are in an ill-concealed sweat because they cannot tell why there are so many tracks, and all going one way, all going north. It was a large legislature, dear sirs: and the saloon was north. This is history, not conjecture. For I was there in person.

And they cannot divine why the Primeval Man took such short steps, yet with so little lateral spread. Think of the feet he carried; also remember his condition: of course, a person could not spread laterally, in his condition, as deftly as he could formerly when sober; necessarily he would spread laterally, formerly, but not laterally, the condition being reversed, you see. This seems simple.

And they are perturbed because they cannot tell why the tracks are so confused, and move in such subtly sinuous curves. Listen, then; I will explain this also. It is a law of nature that whiskey cannot be conveyed in straight lines by a legislature, except in buckets. A legislature never uses buckets, man.

The tracks attributed to the Old Silurian Ass, were not made by the Old Silurian Ass. I made them myself, and I am not an Old Silurian Ass. I may be some kind of an ass, and some observers have held the theory that I was and am. But I am not the Old Silurian Ass. I made those tracks; and I make the same tracks now. And the man that calls me an Old Silurian Ass, and proves it, shall not go out of this world alive.

Such is history. Such are the Carson Footprints. They are not fossiliferous, they are legislative; they are uniform, they are identical with the tracks deposited by all adjourning legislatures. In the West, I mean. Let us have peace. □



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In 1881 Warden William Garrard wrote to the scientific academy in San Francisco but received no answer. Then in the summer of 1882, W. J. Hanks, sheriff of Storey County and a former prison employee, paid a visit to the academy and conveyed the news to Charles Drayton Gibbes, the geological museum's curator. The next month a party of investigators from the academy, including Gibbes, H. W. Harkness, Professors Le Conte and Rising from the California State University, and J.R. Scupham, visited the quarry.

The spectacular sight was later described by Harkness in a paper he read on August 7, 1882, before the academy:

"Presumably we stand on the shore of this ancient pond or lake, and as we look about us we see the footprints of a variety of animals, among which we recognize those of the mammoth, the deer, the wolf, of many birds, of a horse, and most important of all, the imprints of the sandaled foot of a man."

The largest and most distinctive of the Carson Footprints belonged to those of a mastodon, probably the American mastodon or the woolly mammoth. The tracks measured 22 inches in diameter and were as much as five inches deep, although no distinct toe or foot-pad markings had been preserved.

Besides these large, round prints, there were a great variety of smaller tracks. Some made by large birds with widely-spreading toes reached a length of five inches and indicated a stride of 12 to 20 inches. Their size was compared by Professor Le Conte to the tracks of blue heron or whooping cranes. It is also conceivable that large vultures may have made some of the prints.

Still more tracks, each about five inches in diameter, were thought to have been made by a large cat such as the saber-tooth tiger. Those roughly four inches across were attributed to a large dog or wolf, perhaps the Dire Wolf, known from the Rancho La Brea deposits in Southern California, and others seemed to have been made by deer, elk, or buffalo. Lastly, numerous hoofprints of extinct horses were found on the same bedding plane.

The tracks that most excited the scientists, however, were the "human" footprints first described by Harkness. The prints were 19 inches long, eight inches across at the front of the foot, and six inches at the heel. The stride varied between two-and-a-half and three feet. The straddle was about 18 inches wide. No signs of toe or claw marks could be noted on any of these tracks.

Because the prints appeared to have been made by a two-legged creature, Harkness and Gibbes put forth their "sandal human foot" hypothesis. The



Detail from an 1884 map. It said the long, curved tracks had been made by a "giant man."

prints' extraordinary size precluded a bare-footed walker, so they suggested large wooden sandals had been worn. This idea came in part from Garrard, the warden, who first supposed that the feet had been "moccasined."

Several other characteristics of the tracks supported the "human foot" theory. Scientists pointed to the curvature of the foot, its outward turn, and the length of the stride—about that of a six-foot-tall man.

But the one property of the tracks that cast doubt on the human theory was the 18-inch straddle. Le Conte pointed out that the straddle was "as great as the contemporaneous elephant." The footprints, he argued, could only have been made by a four-footed animal, perhaps a bear, or "the extinct gigantic ground sloth, the *Mylodont*—perhaps more likely the latter." Indeed, when the *Mylodont* walked, its hind feet fell almost exactly over the prints just made by its forefeet. This gave in all appearances a bipedal trackway. The stride, or average spacing between successive prints, measured roughly four-and-a-half feet. The straddle, however, was only 19 inches. As for the absence of toe or claw marks, Le Conte said that was due to "the clogging of the feet with mud."

Further support for Le Conte's quadrupedal theory came from paleontologist Othniel C. Marsh of Yale, who had exposed the Cardiff Giant hoax. Marsh compared diagrams of the Nevada footprints to the reconstructed foot of the South American sloth *Mylodont robustus*. Finding nearly perfect agreement, he concluded "that the supposed human tracks were made by large Edentates," which were mammals with greatly reduced, simplified, or absent teeth. In addition, he cited the important fact "that some of these tracks show impressions of the forefeet somewhat outside of the large footprints." It thus appeared, scien-

tifically, that the "human" theory was dead.

The next person to devote considerable attention to the Carson Footprints, and who confirmed the non-human theory, was paleontologist Chester Stock. His work was aided by the excavation of the Rancho La Brea asphalt deposits in Southern California. From that wealth of material came a fair knowledge of those animals that were contemporaries of the Nevada trackmakers. In 1917, Stock observed that "A comparison between the pes (hind foot) of *Mylodon harlani* from Rancho La Brea and the debatable footprints at Carson City reveals a remarkable similarity in size and general outline."

Two years later he examined "a number of specimens of fossil mammals collected in the prison yard during past quarrying operations for building stone. In the material preserved were fragments of a skull and a cervical (neck) vertebra belonging to the ground sloth. The actual occurrence of osseous (bony) remains of *Mylodon* in the Pleistocene deposits at Carson City, Nevada, removes still further the possibility that the Carson footprints are to be attributed to a member of the Hominidae (human race), and materially substantiates the suggestions of Le Conte and Marsh." Thus, the long-standing mystery of the enigmatic tracks had at last been solved.

A century later there are few reminders of the remarkable Carson Footprints. The Nevada State Museum has exhibits on the sloth and mammoth, and UNR's Mackay School of Mines Museum displays two genuine tracks of the sloth and those of a horse. The University of California Museum of Paleontology in Berkeley has a plaster cast of the sloth tracks, while the Natural History Museum of Los Angeles County retains the *Mylodon* skeletal fragments described by Chester Stock. Many shell, plant, and teeth fossils collected during the first visit of Harkness, Gibbes, and Le Conte were housed at the California Academy of Sciences, but all were destroyed in the 1906 San Francisco earthquake.

As late as 1936 clearly-defined footprints of the mammoth and sloth were preserved for casual inspection at the prison, in two tunnels in the yard's east wall and at a spot near the west wall. Today, however, only the upper 10 to 20 feet of original rock walls are still visible. The footprints are now covered by many feet of soil and the foundations of new buildings. □

Jordan D. Marche II is a freelance writer who enjoys studying old-time paleontology. A former program specialist with Reno's Fleischmann Planetarium, Marche is now planetarium director at the North Museum at Franklin and Marshall College in Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

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THE BIG PAYOFF

For the instant millionaire,
life is never quite the same.

By Rena Dictor LeBlanc



After her victory last spring, mother-to-be Marie Pomplun marveled at her winnings: a million in \$100 bills. On stage from left are Charles and Jessie Louise Bolsten, the runner-up, next to Barron Hilton; Marie; Cathy Lee Crosby; and Daniel Pomplun. When her daughter was born, Barron sent a gold baby rattle.

Mary Shater, from Phoenix, Arizona, was there because she read in her horoscope that she'd strike it rich.

Michael Hennessey, from Antioch, California, skipped work to try his luck.

Gillian Kaplan, of Washington, D.C., went to Las Vegas because her late father wouldn't have wanted her to brood on the anniversary of his death.

Marie Pomplun, of Los Angeles, California, was simply on vacation with her husband.

All four won instant riches at the pull of a slot machine lever. Mary won \$250,000, Michael \$171,740, Gillian \$385,000, and Marie \$250,000.

They were among 35 men and women who won major jackpots last year at the Las Vegas and Flamingo Hiltons in Las Vegas and at the Reno Hilton—and who were called back in April 1983 to compete in Hilton's \$1 Million Pot-O-Gold Slot Championships. The winner was seven-month-pregnant Marie Pomplun, who followed her father's advice and rubbed her tummy for luck. The Reno pull-off victory brought her total winnings to a record \$1,251,388, which included \$1,388 she won during the finals.

This year, on April 24, another group of jackpot winners will test their touch on the Reno Hilton's carousels. Like Pomplun, the 1984 contestants will have known the sensation of striking it rich, of the American dream coming true. For it's only a lucky few who ever find such sudden wealth.

And afterward, they find, life is never quite the same.

☆ ☆ ☆

Her horoscope said she would strike it rich, so Mary Shater went straight to the slot machines when she arrived in Las Vegas on July 24, 1982. A spunky, wise-cracking, youthful 79-year-old, she recalled, "I said to my husband, 'Take a walk,' and I played the Pot-O-Gold slot machine. After I played three silver dollars, bells started ringing. I didn't know what happened. Cops came and cordoned off my machine. When my husband came back, I was surrounded. He said, 'Let me in there! That's my wife!'"

"When I got back to Phoenix, people I'd forgotten about came out of the woodwork. They made you feel like a heel for having won all that money when they needed this and that. I had phone calls from people who hadn't called or written for so long.

"After I won I told my daughter, 'I just hit the big one!' I gave her \$20,000. I thought, now I won't have headaches about money. But, I still had headaches about what to do with it.

"My husband and I are both retired. We paid off the mortgage on our house. The only thing I'd like to do with the money is go to Tahiti while I can still put one foot in front of the other.

"If I was younger I might have went nuts with the money."

☆ ☆ ☆

"I wasn't even supposed to have been there," said Michael Hennessey, a Bay Area resident who won a jackpot in Reno on June 29, 1982. "I was supposed to have been working, but I decided to take the day off and go to Reno with my wife."

"I didn't even see myself win. I'd put a coin in the machine, pulled the lever, and then watched my wife go to another machine. Then I tried to put more money in the machine, but it was locked. It took about 45 seconds for the bells to go off."

Hennessey is a toll collector on the Benecia-Martinez Bridge, and after the jackpot motorists would call out to him, "You're the guy that won!"

"Winning means getting dreams sooner than you thought," he said. "We got a swimming pool, a room addition, and I've been able to help my wife's brothers and sisters in the Philippines."

☆ ☆ ☆

Gillian Kaplan, a native of South Africa, wanted to get away from Washington, D.C. for a weekend by herself on the first anniversary of her father's death. He was the kind of man, she said, who wouldn't have wanted her to "sit and be miserable." Her sister encouraged her to go to Las Vegas, pointing out, "Daddy would want you to go and enjoy yourself."

Gillian won \$385,000 the day after the anniversary of her father's death, May 30, 1982. "When I knew I won, I looked up and said, 'Thanks, Daddy.' When I called my sister and told her what happened, she said, 'Who do you think was pulling that slot? Daddy!'"

"I guess it was my dad's way of saying, 'I may not be here, but I'm sure watching after you girls.'"

Remarkably, Gillian is giving a lot of her money away. "The things I need to make me comfortable, I worked for through the years," she explained. "The best thing about the money is being able to help people. I've invested some of the money and it's very nice that every month now I can send money to animal humane societies, the Jerry Lewis telethon, police benefits. Police really are not appreciated."

☆ ☆ ☆

"The slot machine suddenly went dead," Walter Jackson recalled, or so he thought. Then someone came over to him and said, "You won \$250,000."

Walter, a part-time professional bowler, was in Las Vegas for a bowling tournament on June 26, 1982, when he won.

Previously, he and his wife Velma, of Los Angeles, California, had been looking for a house to buy. Their minister, who also is their real estate agent, said, "Velma, have you prayed for a house?"



Barron Hilton, center, stands amid the 1983 contestants. Gillian Kaplan, Marie Pomplun, and Mary Shater are third, fourth, and fifth from right, respectively, in the front row. Michael Hennessey is fourth from right in the second row. Walter Jackson is third from right in the third row.

So she prayed. She said, "I want this house. I think I deserve it."

Later that week came the amazing phone call from her husband in Las Vegas. "Velma," he said, "you've got the house. I won a jackpot."

During the competition for the million dollar slot machine jackpot Velma accompanied her husband to Reno and worked on visualizing him winning the million. The night before the competition she had a nightmare. "I woke up screaming because I dreamed his hand couldn't pull the slot lever."

Walter didn't win the million, but his initial win brought a lot of changes in their lives. "It's made our life more comfortable and happier," he said. "We purchased a home in Anaheim, California, and the money will help finance a heavy construction business."

But, Walter pointed out, they paid a price for winning as well (in addition to the IRS). "People travel in peer groups and when you advance you leave some people behind," he said. "Some friends no longer are at ease with us. And that's the sad part of it."

☆ ☆ ☆

Perhaps most typical of the American dream, Marie Pomplun bought a house and a car after she won \$250,000 at the Flamingo Hilton in Las Vegas on May 10, 1982. A 25-year-old payroll clerk, she and her husband and child live in Los Angeles.

"Winning made life a little easier," she said. "But we keep striving for the same things."

Then, on April 5, 1983, while seven

months pregnant, she competed with 34 other top jackpot winners from the three Hilton hotels in Las Vegas and Reno in the \$1 million slot championships. For hours the contestants competed to win the most money on slot machines on a stage in the main showroom of the Reno Hilton. While a large crowd of onlookers cheered their favorite contenders and Norm Crosby barraged them with millionaire jokes, two women emerged as finalists. Pomplun won, and Jessie Louise Bolsten, 45, a dietician and cook for a nursery school from Montclair, California, was the runner-up.

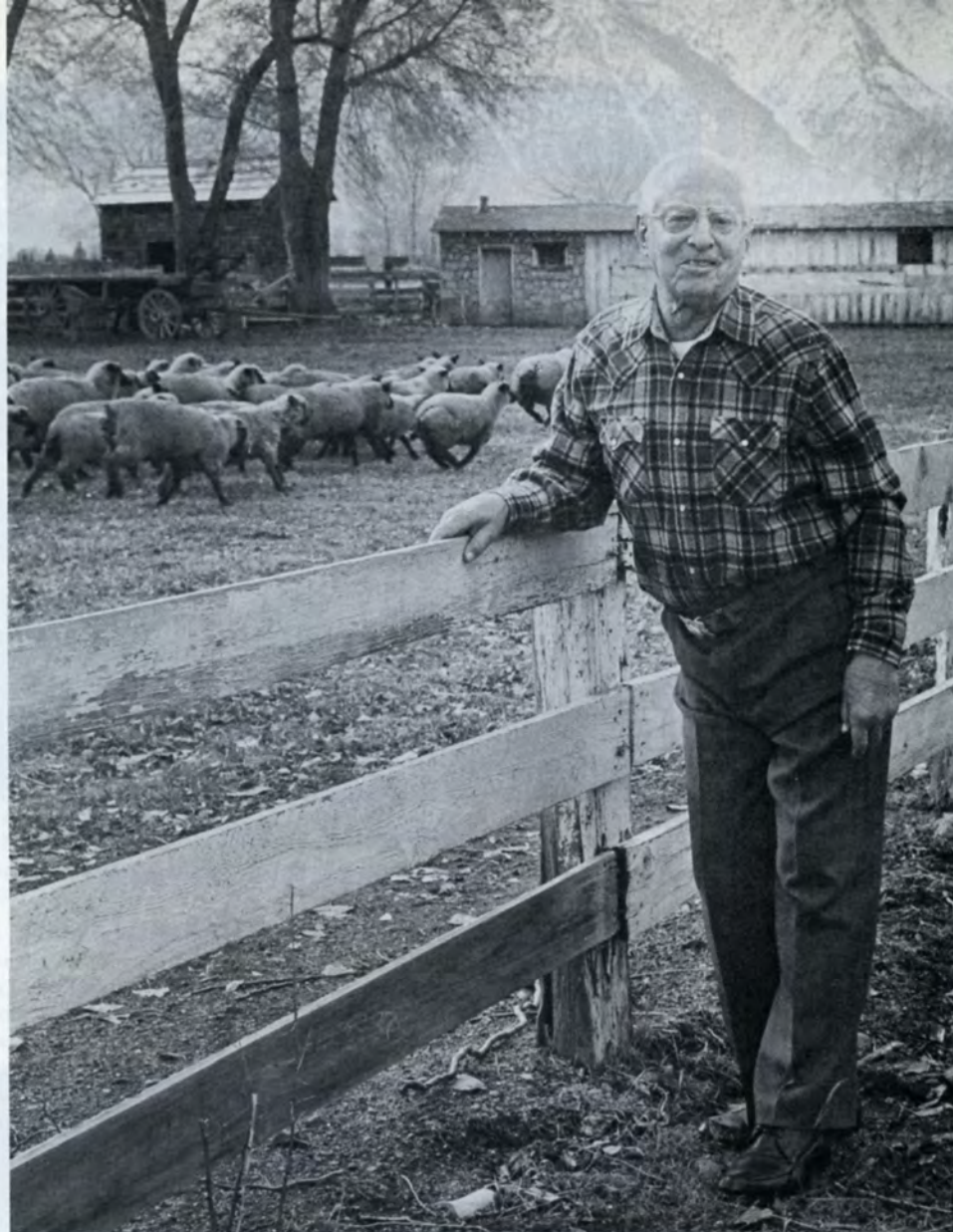
After the young mother-to-be was declared the winner, and amid cheers of "million-dollar baby" from the audience, she was allowed to run her fingers through \$1 million in \$100 bills displayed in a huge bowl on stage. She told hotel magnate Barron Hilton, "I had a very nice time." She smiled as her husband Daniel, a 23-year-old naval designer, repeatedly broke into tears of joy. Later she confided, "I rubbed my stomach for luck, like my daddy told me to do."

The first thing the Pompluns thought they'd do with the money is take a trip to the Holy Land.

Marie phoned her father shortly after winning to tell him the great news. It obviously was hard for him to believe.

"I won a million, Daddy! Honest!" □

Rena Dictor LeBlanc of Woodland Hills, California, is co-author with her husband Jerry LeBlanc of the book "Suddenly Rich," published by Prentice-Hall, which tells what happens to people who acquire instant wealth.



POP ETCHEMENDY

The 97-year-old Basque will be back to bid the wool this spring, sharing whiskey, spinning yarns, and talking sheep.

By Christine Cendagorta

Many of John "Pop" Etchemendy's stories about the sheep business have almost become folklore, and after 77 years as a herder, owner, and wool agent, the 97-year-old Etchemendy has a lot of stories to tell. His three sons and two daughters can recite most from memory, but they prefer the wit and drama their father provides and often prompt him.

"Tell us about the time the bear raided your sheepcamp, Aita" ("father" in Basque). With obvious relish, he recounts

the story. "And he wouldn't scare off, so I had to kill the bear with my hatchet," Etchemendy concludes.

"How about the time they sold you, Aita." This is one of Etchemendy's favorites. "I was herding just south and west of Squaw Valley," he explains, "when the owner decided to sell out. He sold the whole outfit: sheep, burro, dogs, and *me*." It is a good joke, because now it's Etchemendy who does the buying and selling.

This spring, as he has done for the last

50 years, Etchemendy will make fair bids for good-quality wool. He also used to own and run two hotels in Gardnerville, where he lived until he moved to Reno in 1979. His businesses have taught him nearly every aspect of Basque life in Nevada.

Like many Nevada Basques, he came to America from his native France hoping for work and a richer life. The 1907 Atlantic crossing wasn't an easy one, but Etchemendy says he escaped seasickness by avoiding heavy meals. He ate lightly

even after reaching America, mostly out of necessity. For the entire eight-day train ride from New York to Chicago he ate sardines he'd brought from home. Unable to speak English, he finally got off the train in Chicago and wandered around pointing at a piece of bread until someone directed him to a bakery.

A few days later, two of his brothers met him at the Reno train depot and took him to the Indart Hotel, which like most Basque hotels served as sleeping quarters and employment agency. A series of short-term jobs followed, each separated by a few days at the hotel. Etchemendy did a stint on the railroad, working with a short-hand shovel for \$1.25 a day. He tried herding sheep for a while but decided the loneliness wasn't for him. Then he went with his brothers to work at the Smoke Creek Ranch in northern Washoe County and found himself substitute shepherd for what his boss said would be a few days. The few days stretched into a month of herding rams back and forth across a series of barbed-wire fences. Wool was valuable, and Etchemendy was told to take a sack and pick the stray bits of wool from the fence after each such passage. He began to learn the wool business by bits and pieces.

Besides sheepherding, Etchemendy knows another part of the sheep operation, intimately. "Every spring since 1920 the owners around Carson Valley would call me to come dock the lambs. Not everyone can do it, you know," he said, referring to the way male lambs are traditionally docked (castrated) by severing the testicles with a quick bite, the result being a clean wound, and a bucket full of what later will be fried up as mountain oysters. "I had to give it up a few years ago—my teeth aren't strong enough now," he said. Etchemendy is a member of Carson Valley's "nut club," a group that holds a huge mountain oyster feed each spring after the docking operation.

His early sheepherding and chore jobs took him to California and then back to the Eastern Sierra. He soon picked up some English from an Italian who was herding ducks in the field next to Etchemendy's sheep. He worked his way from Woodfords to Gardnerville by installing telephone poles, and then found work drilling wells while he camped out in Papa Starkey's ice house. He remembers, "I knew it was time to look for better quarters because the sawdust was wet and my bedroll got moldy."

He moved on to Wellington where he advanced from chore boy to bartender, a skill that he used during the next years as the owner of two Gardnerville hotels, the East Fork and the Overland. During these years he married the former Jenny Trounday, and they raised their five children while running the hotels, a bar



The Etchemendys have longtime roots in Gardnerville. After lunch at the Overland Hotel (top) Pop is joined from left, by sons Leon (see him in Reno on page 11), Bill, and John. The family photo shows the Overland's old bar in 1929, with Pop's wife Jenny holding their daughter Marie on the right.

at Mono Lake for the men building the Los Angeles aqueduct, and a band of sheep that grazed between Topaz and Bodie.

Etchemendy grew to love a good bet, which would come in handy later in wool-bidding contests. His first wagers were on local boxing matches. A young Basque boxer named Paulino Uzcudun was training at Steamboat Springs for a fight with Max Baer. That was enough to spark a family interest in boxing that would last for years, with Etchemendy's sons winning roller skates and bicycles at boxing exhibitions in the Carson Valley. "There were always two out of the three of us in the boxing ring," Pop's son, John, remembers. "Spectators would toss money in the ring and we'd pick it up afterwards."

Boxing wasn't Etchemendy's only sport. When he wasn't working or watching a boxing match, he could fre-

quently be found at the concha (handball court) at the French Hotel in Gardnerville. He gave up handball on his 80th birthday, but his wool buying, a hobby turned career, he's yet to give up.

Maybe the knack goes back to the days of handpicking scraps of wool from that fence on Smoke Creek, for Etchemendy has developed a flair for recognizing good wool. His sons, John, Leon, and Bill, remember watching their father and other hotel owners predict the price of a clip of wool and then bet on their own predictions, competing for the pot of money. Whoever won the bet was expected to throw a big party at his hotel. Etchemendy won often enough, and paid for enough parties, to develop a reputation around the Carson Valley as a shrewd appraiser.

A representative of the Adams and Leland Company, a Boston wool firm, found Etchemendy after asking around

Gardnerville, "Who the hell is this Etchemendy who knows wool so well?" He bought for the Boston company for nine years before Haber, Zemel, and Tyron of South San Francisco offered him a better deal, a one-quarter-cent raise, in 1943.

Etchemendy describes the wool buying process as not much different from dealing for a car. The buyer examines the wool and makes a bid based on both the current market value and his company's instructions. The seller decides whether to sell at the offered price. Then they haggle. There are a number of factors that determine the bid offered—shearing date, condition of the wool, the current market, and climate. Then, too, there are strategies used by the players in the wool game.

For instance, a buyer and sometimes his boss will go out to see the wool during the few days of shearing. Etchemendy's boss, Henry Haber, says teamwork is important when they bid the big outfits because they move their sheep around more, picking up more dirt in the wool.

Etchemendy explains, "I look for long wool, three inches or better. The merinos I'm used to have fine wool with lots of wrinkles. And wool that is clean." Wool is bid on by the pound, so a buyer must consider shrinkage. How much weight a fleece loses depends on how dirty the wool is at shearing and also on humidity,

both at shearing and in storage.

Smith Valley rancher Fred Fulstone, Sr., Etchemendy's longtime friend and customer, describes him working the wool sheds. "He would always kind of lean over and lift the fleeces. 'Feels pretty heavy to me, Fred,' he'd say. He was hinting that the wool had a lot of dirt. Then he could offer me a lower price."

Etchemendy says he's seen a 300-pound sack of wool lose up to 10 pounds in a week. Those pounds add up quickly, and a grower can lose a lot of money because of shrinkage. In a high-priced year, like 1982, when wool sold as high as \$1.08 per pound, he could lose more than \$10 on each sack of wool. One way to avoid shrinkage, Etchemendy says, is to shear during a dry spell. Another is to store the wool in San Francisco's moist climate rather than the dry air of Salt Lake City.

Back before his wool-buying days, Etchemendy was himself a sheep owner, and he worried about getting the best price for his wool. One tough decision came in 1918, when he chose to sell his wool for 55 cents a pound, a nickel less than most sheep growers considered acceptable. Several growers held out for the 60 cents a pound, deciding to store their wool until prices came up the next year, but had to settle for only 10 to 13 cents a pound in 1919. "A lot of sheepmen went broke that year," he says.

Fifteen years later he was the buyer holding the grower's profits in his hand. At a wool bid, the buyers, either men from competing companies or a buyer and his boss working as a team, pace the shearing sheds, examining the wool. Inspection completed, each man writes his bid in the palm of his hand, concealing the figure from his competitors. Etchemendy's son, Bill, says he always likes to watch as each man raises his hand to reveal his bid, especially when his father and Henry Haber work the sheds together. "Haber went to school to learn the wool-buying business, and Pop learned through practice, so it's really something to see them study the wool and arrive at the same figure, or nearly the same," he says.

Haber explains Etchemendy's success in terms of trust. "This business is based on a handshake and a man's word, so the buyer has to develop that kind of relationship with his customers over the years. A grower has to know that if the buyer says he'll pay 90 cents a pound one day and the market drops two days later, he'll still get the promised amount. John Etchemendy's customers know his word is good."

This spring marks Etchemendy's 51st year as a wool buyer. His regular customers, from Gardnerville and Smith Valley to the University of Nevada's Experimental Farm, know he'll be at the sheds when the shearers strip the woolies of their valuable coats. Occasionally, he makes an extra trip out to see the sheep on the range and sometimes gets invited to lunch at the sheep camp.

His sons say he always packs a couple bottles of whiskey in the car, because whenever he sees a herder, anywhere, he takes him a drink. Fred Fulstone, too, remembers whiskey offered from a bottle carried in a paper bag. The offer always preceded the real purpose of the visit, to bid the wool.

Etchemendy looks forward to many more wool-buying springs. He lives today in southeast Reno, within walking distance of all five of his children. From the condominium he shares with his daughter, Josephine Uhalde, he can see the Capurro Ranch, where he once worked as a milker. Parked in his carport is a 1968 Chevy sedan, specifically chosen because it sits high off the ground and won't get stuck when he drives on dirt roads to remote sheepcamps.

Like his 100-year-old sister in France, Dominique, John Etchemendy, the West's oldest active wool buyer, has had to change some of his habits, but he has hardly slowed down. "The only difference," Henry Haber says, "is that up until a couple years ago he was climbing fences, and now you have to open the gates for him." □

Christine Cendagorta of Reno is a freelance writer and an adopted Basque by marriage.



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The 7th annual photo contest of *Nevada Magazine* will be opened officially in the May/June issue. It also will include the usual rules, an entry form, and all the prizes, like cash, gifts, and a free lunch for the Big Winner. The deadline will be on or about June 1, 1984, so you'll have plenty of time to enter.

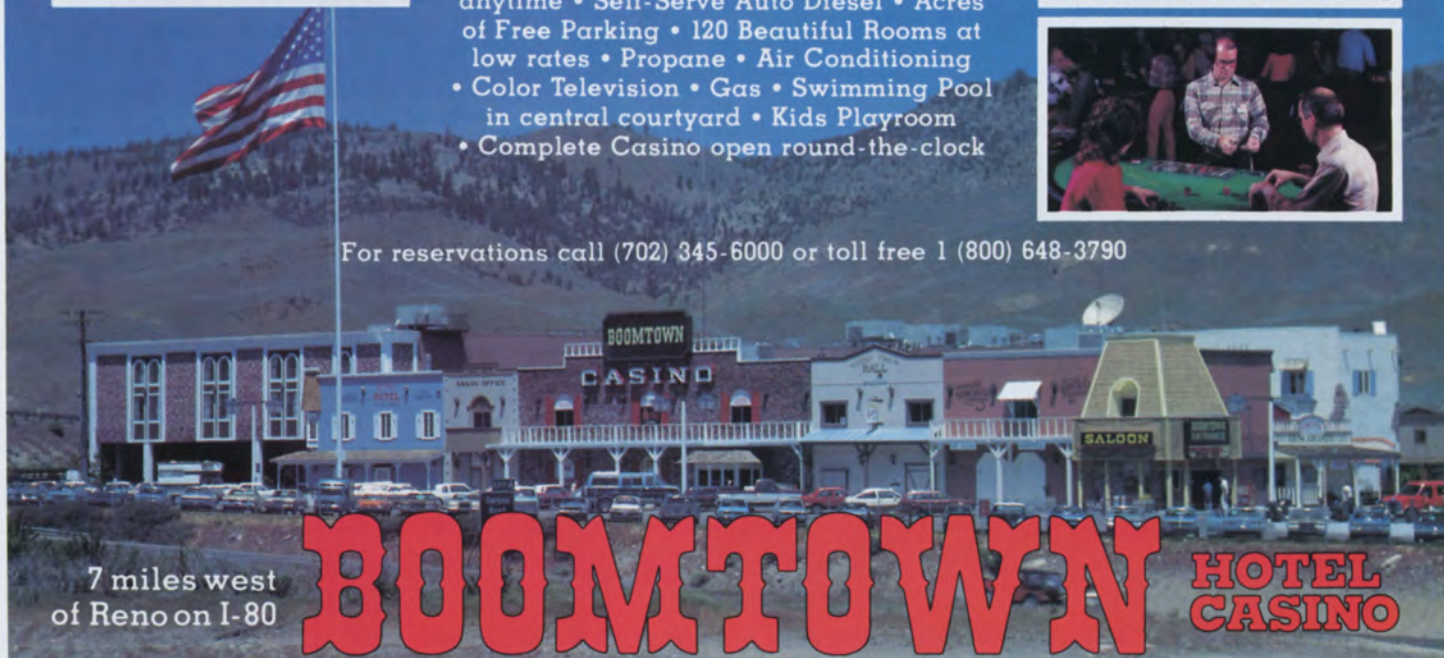
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Photos by Linda Dufurrena

Frisky Business



Linda Dufurrena is a rancher-photographer who is surrounded by appealing models. Lambing season on her family's remote Humboldt County ranch could produce photos like these daily, but such chances are rare for Dufurrena. With her husband, Buster, and three sons, she works from daylight till dark, every day, during the six- to eight-week lambing season, tending the newborn lambs. She takes it with humor. "I used to rely on a self-feeder for the lambs until I found out the barn cats and the lambs were getting too chummy," she says. The cats liked the self-service lunch

so much they chewed the nipples off the feeders. Now the lambs must be fed by hand. The herders also watch for ewes who are sick or have rejected their lambs. When a ewe is taken back to the main pens, the lamb hitchhikes in a special burlap sack.

Dufurrena, whose photos appear regularly in *Nevada Magazine*, has been a serious photographer for 10 years. She began taking photos when her children competed in high school rodeos. Now she has an enviable list of awards and clients.—Ann Henderson

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About four the sun dropped behind the summit of Ruby Dome. The colors on the west wall of the canyon went flat, all but the aspens, which still blazed gold as though the source of light came from within the trees. On the floor of the canyon, where the two of them sat, the shadow seemed to draw the mountains that rose around them a step closer, and when the sound of rifle fire came from further down towards the canyon mouth, the girl stirred restlessly and said, "Let's go on."

So they started the Ford, a three-quarter-ton van, and left, bumping slowly up the rocky track that climbed a half mile to the blacktop running along the eastern side. The girl drove and the man, wincing at the bumps, looked at the map. He thought of what his friend had said about the difficulty she'd had with the road to Eureka through Jiggs and about how uncomfortable it might be, 70 miles of dirt, and he said to the girl, "We can go back to Elko, take the interstate west to Carlin and then go south on the pavement to Eureka, or we can go on the gravel road through Jiggs and Railroad Pass. It's probably a more interesting way, will give us a close look at the western side of the Rubies, and is maybe 35 miles shorter. But since we haven't got a spare and it's close to getting dark, I suppose we'd better take the blacktop."

He wondered idly why he hadn't told her about the difficulty his friend had had with the road. That would have decided the issue. The truth was he didn't want it decided that way, but then neither did he want to go against his better judgment. Boredom against adventure. That's what it was.

In her civilized, English way the girl agreed. "Yes," she said. "I suppose we'd better."

When they reached the fork, the man said suddenly, "What the hell, let's go south," and the girl instantly swung the wheel. She didn't hesitate. The road ran swiftly down into the Ruby Valley, the mountains rising from the sage upon their left, more mountains, blue and distant, coming slowly up on the right. Jiggs was two houses, a bar, and a lean-to fire house. Beyond, where the pavement ended, was a convoy stopped: old pickups, a trailer or two with religious slogans on the side, and men standing about uncertainly on the road, waving. The two travelers waved back from the Ford and drove onto the dirt.

After the girl had braked the Ford into a couple of good-sized chuck holes, the man told her to speed it up. "Fly 'em," he said. "The worst thing you can do is go into a hole with your brakes on."

So she speeded up, keeping on the track well, and the dust rolled out behind

Railroad Pass

It was a choice between paved road and dirt,
boredom and adventure.
The latter spun the steering wheel.

By Charles Fox

and the sun sank off to the right. The girl was enjoying herself.

"It reminds me of going to see Tony Adamson the lion man in Kenya," she said. Climbing between sandy desert hills into Railroad Pass, they turned due west, and the sun was in their eyes. The man gave up trying to see. They came into the pass and suddenly they were in a long streak of water, the engine note rising, the Ford losing speed. They came to a stop 20 yards short of dry land. The sun was half down over the rim of the hills ahead. The track had been flooded by the showers they had passed through north of Wells the afternoon before. They hadn't met a car since Jiggs. They were 35 miles from Eureka still. The air was cool, the light was turning blue, silence settled all around. The man couldn't get out in this much water, and they only had one sleeping bag. It was going to be a miserable night. He had been a fool. But the girl smiled happily, and so he caught himself. She seemed quite pleased to be there, alone in the desert. She was instantly alive.

"I'll drive," the man said. "You get out and unroll the chains and lay them down in front of the rear wheels."

She took the white plastic bucket of chains, rolled up her jeans, and stepped out into ankle-deep water.

They made half the distance with the

chains and then were truly stuck. The girl had streaks of mud drying on her face. She got back into the Ford.

"Now what shall we do?" she smiled.

"Let the air out of the tires," the man said.

As she got down into the water once more, there was the sound of an engine. A truck was going by on a higher track 50 yards away through the scrub. The girl climbed on the roof, and the man blew the horn. The truck stopped. It was hard to see.

"All right, all right," a man shouted. "I'm stuck, too." In a moment he started again, hubs locked. Another minute and he appeared, driving an old, white Toyota pickup with a camper shell that looked lived in, yelling out of the window:

"I'm supposed to call my mother in Las Vegas at six."

In the Ford the man thought this meant the rescuer was going to leave. The girl did, too. She went over to him. He stayed in his cab. The Toyota was nose-to-nose with the Ford, in the water also. From the Ford the man yelled to the girl. "You'd better tell him I'm in a wheelchair before he goes away."

Then the other man got out. "You'll be my excuse," he called. He chained the two vehicles together. He was fifty or so. He had lank, straight hair to the collar of his dark, worn jacket. He wore shapeless

pants and black plastic overshoes. He looked a strangely urban character, though he didn't care about the mud. He got back in and started, and the two vehicles rocked at each other and pulled. Wheels spun, the mud flew thick, engines raced, and inch-by-inch the Toyota pulled the big Ford out while the girl pushed at the back or directed from the middle. When they got out the two men cheered and the one in the Toyota got out to unfasten the chain.

"Let me buy you a beer," the man called from the Ford. The other came over. He was a rummy. His face was blotched and veined and his nose was blue. He shook his head. "Had to quit," he said. "My brother-in-law told on me and my mother cut me out of her will. I told him I'd shoot him and he told her that, too. You got a brother-in-law?"

"I had one."

"Shoot him did you?" He aimed a forefinger. "Bang, bang."

"Where are you going?"

"Into town to have a meal and call my mother. Can't drink 'til I get back in the will."

"You mean Eureka?"

"Yes."

"Isn't that a long way off?"

He shook his head. "Five miles. Just round the mountains. I eat at Jim and Lorraine's, opposite the bank."

"I'll buy you dinner."

"All right. I'll follow you. But if I don't get there you tell Jim and Lorraine that..." He hesitated. "Tell them *Bad Bob* sent you."

"All right," the man said, knowing then that for whatever reason *Bad Bob* wasn't going to be there.

"Yes," the other said defiantly. "Tell them *Bad Bob* sent you." As if it were a title he had just proudly adopted.

The lights of the Toyota followed them down the valley through the sage of the alkali desert and the myriad jackrabbits for an hour. Lord knows where *Bad Bob* got five miles from. Lord knows where he came from or where he went, for just as they were getting to the lights of Eureka, his lights disappeared.

"I'm glad he's gone," the girl said. "I'm afraid I thought he was going to take us up some canyon or a dead-end road. Knowing you were in a chair. My imagination ran away with me."

"I'm sorry you scared yourself."

"No, no, it was good to be scared," she said. "I'm glad we came this way." □

Charles Fox of Bolinas, California is a widely published writer. His 1980 novel, *The Noble Enemy*, is being made into a movie, and his latest book, *American Beauty Rose*, will be published in the fall by Doubleday.



CAROLINE J. HADLEY

Down Home with the Breeze Brothers

None of them are brothers, and they say it isn't a breeze, but this country band from Fernley would like to make it big.

By Guy Richardson

While winter's bite chills the outside air, four fellows gather in a Reno garage and soak up warmth from a wood-burning stove. They look like a bunch of good ol' boys sitting down to discuss the hunting season or middle-class ranchers about to grind their teeth on what the BLM hath wroth.

But ranchers aren't surrounded by black boxes named "Peavy" and "Yamaha," and Nevada hunters seldom use drums.

This is the start of a rehearsal of the Breeze Brothers, none of whom are named Breeze and none of whom are brothers.

Warming up, drummer Derek Smith gives a "tha-whump" on his bass drum and a gray cat streaks out the drum's open front and heads for what it dearly

hopes is safety out the door.

After a laugh, the band kicks into rich country harmonies that would do credit to Nevada's classiest lounge stages. At the moment, that would seem to be where the Breeze Brothers (neither Breeze nor but we're coming to that) are headed.

Late last year they did a gig at posh Caesars Tahoe Lookout Lounge, a long distance symbolically from Fernley, where three of the Breeze Brothers grew up. They intend to keep moving up, but most of their jobs are still in little Northern Nevada towns like Winnemucca and Fallon.

And, of course, Fernley.

"We've never played outside Nevada," says band member Geoff White, "and we break in new members at JR's in Fernley.

We're also the band to break in new owners there—they've had four."

White, 31, is also an attorney.

Bob Teal, 32, is in construction work.

John Elkins, 31, says he was a room-service waiter in Hawaii. "But now I stay home, take care of my daughter, cook dinner, and all those fun things, and work at night."

White, Teal, and Elkins grew up together in Fernley and have been friends since high school. Drummer Smith, 25, is from Reno, "and I'm not over the hill like these guys."

The Breeze Brothers are doing well in small dance clubs. Jay Bird, who books the Red Rose Saloon in Sparks where the four frequently work, says they are "a fantastic group—they do fine business."

The name comes from a band that Teal



The Breeze Brothers warm up the garage with hot country licks during a weekend practice session. From left are Bob Teal, Geoff White, John Elkins, and Derek Smith.



At this bash the band was last on the poster but first in the hearts of their country fans.

had in Oregon called "The Oak Creek Breeze Brothers." When the current members got together in Nevada, they just picked up the name.

The big question, however, is why, at an age when most men are settling into a career, are they striking out into the music business? "I guess because I didn't do it at 25," says Teal. "I always wanted to play music. After college I got into a hard-rock band in Oregon but then quit and moved down here. And then these guys came along."

White went into law after getting a psychology degree. "While waiting for the results of the bar exam I went to see John in Hawaii, and we got to doing harmony," White says. "Then I thought music would be fun to play weekends while I practiced law full time. In 1979 or '80 in good ol' Fernley I had a group called 'Over Easy'—the name was better than 'Scrambled Eggs'—and then a drummer showed up, and then Bob came along."

What White calls "our next big gig" was in Fallon for \$50 a night at the Rusty Spur. "We kept getting better part-time gigs," he says. "Hooten Wells in Carson was better than Fallon. Then we worked up to Eddie's Web at Stead, and then the Ice House in Reno."

It was there that Lou Martinez, then the entertainment director at the Eldorado, saw the band. "He walked up and offered us a job for 3,500 bucks a week," says Elkins, "and I about fell off the bandstand." Their income fluctuates, he says, "But I never expected to make this much."

Other than the money, what's the difference between Caesars Tahoe and Winnemucca? "They told us to play more rock at Caesars," says Teal. Elkins adds, "In Winnemucca they want 'Elvira' all the time."

They work without agent or manager, with Elkins and White handling most business arrangements. "I just want to do music more than I want to practice law right now," says White, who still puts in 10 or 15 hours weekly with Echeverria & Osborne in Reno.

"There are more contrasts than parallels from music to law," he says. "In law you're regularly in an antagonistic position with other people, trying to win. In music you're trying to please. Law's competitive—with music you're going for acceptance. The only parallels I can see are that there are a lot of high egos in both, and you have to be aware of that, and there is a lot of income potential in both. It's nice to put on a three-piece suit, but it's also nice to please people with my friends here."

Pleasing is nice, but what about money and fame? "I make enough for my mortgage and food," White says. "In the back of our minds there's probably a notion that we can be great. But we keep our noses to the grindstone and '84 is

going to be better than '83.

"We played the Governor's Ball last year, and I still remember the words in the newspaper which said (and he quotes from memory) '...the mood turned from formal to festive when the Breeze Brothers...'"

Elkins says, "The music keeps us happy. It would be great to be another Alabama, but that's pie-in-the-sky, not our primary motivation."

Teal adds, "It's a step-by-step process. I want to be like David Bowie—make millions and pay musicians' scale."

On the garage wall is a poster announcing in large type, "Truck Inn Festival '83. I-80 at Exit 48, Fernley." At

the end of a list of bands are the Breeze Brothers. "We were the stars of that thing," says Elkins dryly, "and last on the poster."

Are they indeed stars in Fernley? "Yeah, they love us there," says Teal with a grin. All right, but is Fernley the entertainment capital of Nevada? "I seriously doubt it," says Elkins.

So, if they get to age 51 and are still playing in Winnemucca and Fallon and Fernley—what then?

Says White, "I'll be very depressed." □

Guy Richardson, who lives 30 miles west of Fernley in Sparks, is an entertainment critic for the Reno Gazette-Journal.

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LETTERS (Continued from page 8)

Northern Italy, married his childhood village sweetheart, and raised seven sons, Dad being the first born.

Dad (Domenick E. Quilici) came to Wells, Elko County, as a 15-year-old in 1903. He started Quilici Mercantile in Wells, prospered, and by the end of World War I, had "sponsored" and found work for all six of his brothers. They scattered all over Nevada, with Uncle "Duke" going to San Francisco where some have added an additional "L" to our name. So, if there's a Quilici in the good old USA, they are relatives.

Lee B. Quilici
Tucson, AZ.

My wife reminded me that my subscription was about to run out. Heaven forbid! Enclosed please find check for another year.

I showed my neighbor a copy of *Nevada* and now they are subscribers.

John M. Schmidt
Park Ridge, IL.

We would be remiss if we failed to write and tell you how much we have enjoyed your fine publication.

We all complain when we are unhappy but we seldom take the time to say thanks when we have received a lot for our money. To show our appreciation, please extend our subscription for two more years.

Charles L. Peckham
King City, CA.

In your Jan/Feb issue, you have an ad on page 31 for the new book, "Slot Machines," by Marsh Fey of Reno. I received one of the first copies of the book, and I can tell you it is the greatest, most complete work to date on coin operated machines. Any readers who enjoy reading history of the American invention—the slot machine—will want this new book.

Name withheld on request
Madison, WI.

Yep, yup, you-bet. Twelve-point type would be splendid (Letters, Nov/Dec '83), but could we compromise on 10 point?

As an editor, you ought to be concerned to get the communication off the page, into the eyes, and stimulating the cerebral machinery of your readers. And what reader wants to work his eyes out for all that?

If you're paying your writers by the word, you'll save money (and gain readers) by getting them to cut the verbiage. Had I time, and if you'd pay me to do so, I'd show you how to cut words and improve text. So how about doing less and doing better?

George Gleason
Springfield, MO.

My God, Gleason, if we stimulated our cerebral machinery we wouldn't be working for the government! Also, we did increase type size with the Jan/Feb '84 edition. Thanks for the prod.—Ed.



Walter McNamara

Unusual perspectives on what shape Nevada's in.

"Jawbone Nevada" (left): One critic wrote that this wood and bone sculpture "was like the state eating itself," McNamara recalls, but the artist says he sees the confrontation of the parts as a natural one. "Of course," he says, "it will have different implications for everyone who sees it."



The shape of Nevada is not a geographic matter in the hands of Reno artist Walter McNamara. "The idea of Nevada is a great western myth," McNamara says. "It's a myth with a great shape, like a human myth with a great personality. The artist can pursue and enlarge the myth."

As in the works shown here—large, wall-mounted images he began developing in the early seventies—McNamara shows his fascination with his state. McNamara, 44, has lived in the Reno area since he was nine years old. Today he lives in Raleigh Heights just north of Reno. "It's as remote as you can get while still being close to town," he says. He is a dedicated collector of bones, weathered wood, and other desert leftovers that eventually find their way into his work.

As curator of the Sheppard Fine Arts Gallery on the University of Nevada Reno campus for the past 15 years, McNamara has brought many important art shows to the state.

McNamara's efforts as a graphic artist and sculptor have been widely recognized. His work has been displayed in New York's Whitney Museum and reviews of his shows have appeared in such national art periodicals as *Artweek* and *Art in America*. In 1983 McNamara was the recipient of the Governor's Art Award in the Visual Arts. Earlier he was honored by Reno Newspapers as Visual Artist of the year.

McNamara contends that "Nevada holds a rare attraction for the artist. The artist finds freedom in space. What must be added is people who appreciate the space and the ideas that grow out of it."

This spring McNamara will have two shows of his paintings and sculpture, including some Nevada-shape works. The first is at the Jennifer Pauls Gallery in downtown Sacramento, from March 24 to April 23. The second is at the Sierra Nevada Museum in Reno during May.—Jim McCormick



"Noodlehead Nevada" (left): The medium is paper. "It's a kind of takeoff on Jackson Pollock. It was a whimsical thought—like a lot of artists, he probably ate a lot of spaghetti."

"Chickenhead Nevada" (right): This is made from frozen food cartons. "A lot of packaged goods, like frozen foods, have a sort of richness to them. It's a matter of transformation. The chicken, if you look at it out of context, becomes almost mineralized."





Muench's Gallery

While clouds dance upon the glassy surface of a meadow pond, the snow-covered Independence Mountains west of Elko climb into a deep blue sky to greet the arrival of spring.

David Muench enjoys showing what he calls "a spirit of place" in his work. Muench, one of the West's great landscape photographers, presents selections from his Nevada portfolio in each issue.

THE NEVADA CALENDAR

FOR MARCH & APRIL

Your complete day-by-day guide to events and celebrations in the Silver State.

Compiled by Melissa Cronin

Las Vegas/South

March

Frozen in Silver, thru 9/30, P.E. Larson's photographic essay of Goldfield circa 1905-07 8:30am-4:30pm Wed.-Sun., Nevada State Museum and Historical Society, 385-0115

"The Rake's Progress," 1 opera by Igor Stravinsky, Las Vegas Chamber Players, 8pm, adults \$6, students, senior citizens, and military \$4, Black Box Theatre, Alta Ham Fine Arts, UNLV, 739-3801
UNLV v. Oklahoma, 1 baseball, 2:30pm, UNLV, 739-7267

Walt Disney's Great Ice Odyssey, 1-4, ice production starring Disney characters, Thomas and Mack Center, UNLV, 739-3761

UNLV v. BYU, 2-3, baseball, 2:30pm Fri., 11am Sat., UNLV, 739-7267

"True West," 2-3, comic drama, 8pm, Clark County Community College Theatre, 643-6060

"Hansel and Gretel," 2-4, at 2pm with additional 7pm performance on Sat., Rainbow Company, children's theatre, Reed Whipple Cultural Center, 386-6553

"The Rake's Progress," 3-4, opera by Igor Stravinsky, Las Vegas Chamber Players, 8pm on Sat., 7pm on Sun., adults \$6, students, senior citizens, and military \$4, Black Box Theatre, Alta Ham Fine Arts, UNLV, 739-3801

UNLV v. Oklahoma, 4, baseball, 1pm, UNLV, 739-7267

Pan Tournament, 4-7, 2-7pm registration on Sun., noon play on Mon.-Tues., \$100 elimination at 1pm and \$200 elimination at 7pm on Wed., Union Plaza Hotel, 386-2110

Photo Exhibit, 4-30, works by Thomas R. Chapman, Flamingo Library, 733-7810

Art Exhibit, 4-30, pastels by Susan Bryan, opening reception on 4th at 3pm, Charleston Heights Arts Center, 386-6383

Art Exhibit, 4-4/5, pastel and bronze works by Richard Bennett, watercolors by Jo Harding, oils by L. Capaldi, Las Vegas Art Museum, 647-4300
UNLV v. Florida, 6-8, baseball, 2pm, UNLV, 739-7267

Tropicana Golf Classic, 6-9, Tropicana Country Club, 739-2546

"Chicago," 8-4/7, vaudeville musical by Fred Ebb and Bob Fosse, 8pm Thurs.-Sat., 3pm on 11th and 25th, Las Vegas Little Theater, 735-0167



JAY ALDRICH

Riding the Best Wind in the World

Each spring, sailplane pilots bring their airships to the Douglas County Airport near Minden to talk shop, show their ships, and catch lofty rides on the Sierra Wave—a ridge of air that can carry pilots 40,000 feet and higher. This year's Wave Camp is April 15-22.

"Fifth of July," 9-10, play by Lanford Wilson, 8pm, Judy Bayley Theatre, UNLV, 739-3801

"Hansel and Gretel," 9-11 7pm on Fri., 2pm and 7pm on Sat., 2pm on Sun., Reed Whipple Cultural Center, 386-6553

"Bambi," 10, children's film, 2pm, Flamingo Library, 733-7810

Easter Seals Saturday Slow Goer, 10, 8am start for 10-km. walk, between the Hacienda and Sahara on the Strip, 369-5000

Beverly Hills Ensemble, 11 2:30pm, free concert, Henderson Civic Center, 565-2121

Maitre d's and Captains Wine Tasting Party, 11 hors d'oeuvres, benefit, \$10, Sahara Space Center, 369-3609

Annual Miniatures Exhibit, 11-4/6, Flamingo Library, 733-7810

Utah Jazz v. Portland Trailblazers, 13, pro basketball, 7:30pm, Thomas and Mack Center, UNLV, 369-2255

"Fifth of July," 15-18, play by Lanford Wilson, 8pm on Thurs.-Sat., 2pm on Sun., Judy Bayley Theatre, UNLV, 739-3801

UNLV v. Wichita, 15-18, baseball, 2:30 Thurs.-Fri., 1pm Sat.-Sun., UNLV, 739-7267

Mozart's "Requiem," 18, 3pm, free, Musical Arts Chorus and Orchestra, Charleston Heights Arts Center, 451-6672

"Night and Day," 19, musical-biography with Cary Grant as Cole Porter, Classic Musical Film Series, 7pm, \$1 Charleston Heights Arts Center, 386-6383

UNLV v. Nebraska, 19-20, baseball, 7pm Mon., 1pm Tues., UNLV, 739-7267

Hotel Grand Opening, 20-27 free food and drinks, entertainment, Peppermill's Western Village, Mesquite, 346-5232

Trio Serenata, 22, cello concert, 7pm, Flamingo Library, 733-7810

"1984," 22-24, play based on George Orwell's book, 7:30pm, Boulder First Nighters Community Theatre, Boulder City High School, 565-0861

San Diego Padres v. Milwaukee Brewers, 23, exhibition baseball game, Cashman Field, 385-1664

Utah Jazz v. Golden State Warriors, 23, pro

basketball, 7:30pm, Thomas and Mack Center, UNLV, 369-2255

Art Exhibit, 23-24, works by illustrator Millie Funk, Newsom's Western Art Gallery, 384-9865

UNLV v. Cal. State Fullerton, 23-24, baseball, 4pm Fri., noon Sat., UNLV, 739-7267

17th Annual Desert Dancers Spring Festival, 23-24, round and square dances on Fri., on Sat. workshops, barbecue chicken dinner, and main square dance; package deal for entire festival, \$20 per couple, Virgin Valley High School Gym, Mesquite, 346-5554

National Women's Wheelchair Basketball Championship Tournament, 23-25, Thomas and Mack Center, UNLV, 386-6296

Eden in Concert, 24-25, dances from around the world, 2pm with additional 8pm performance on Sat., Ethnic Dance Ensemble of Nevada, Judy Bayley Theatre, UNLV, 735-2002

Old World Musicians, 25, 2:30pm, free, concert, Henderson Civic Center, 565-2121

Afternoon in Old Vienna, 25, dance to the elegant waltzes and polkas of Johann Strauss, \$7.50, Las Vegas Civic Symphony, Reed Whipple Cultural Center, 386-6211

"Breakfast at Tiffany's," 26, film, 7pm, Flamingo Library, 733-7810

UNLV v. Air Force Academy, 26-29, baseball, 7pm Mon.-Wed., 2pm Thurs., UNLV, 739-7267

Professional All-Star Wrestling, 27 7:30pm, Showboat Hotel, Las Vegas, 385-9123

Concert, 28, tribute to the music of Arnold Schoenberg with guest artist violinist Roy Malan, and world premiere of "Through a Child's Eyes," by Jack Holloway, Las Vegas Chamber Players, 7pm, adults \$5, students, senior citizens, and military \$2.50, Alta Ham Fine Arts, UNLV, 739-3801

Tropicana Blackjack Tournament, 30-4/1, \$250 entry fee and \$800 per-round buy-in, Tropicana Hotel, 739-2105

Hospital Olympics, 31 competition between local hospitals in the bedpan toss, gurney race, urinal carry, and wheelchair relay, \$2, Valley High School, call Reno 323-5864

April

Gin Tournament, 1-5, 2-7pm registration on Sun., 10am play on Mon.-Tues., second-chance elimination on Wed., championship on Thurs., Union Plaza Hotel, 386-2110

Pan Tournament, 1-5, 2-7pm registration on Sun., noon play Mon.-Tues., \$100 elimination at 1pm and \$200 elimination at 7pm on Wed., Union Plaza Hotel, 386-2110

Art Exhibit, 1-27 weavings by Kim Kennedy, opening reception on 1st from 1-3pm, Charleston Heights Arts Center, 386-6383

UNLV v. Southern Utah, 3, baseball, 5pm, UNLV, 739-7267

Utah Jazz v. Los Angeles Lakers, 5, pro basketball, 7:30pm, Thomas and Mack Center, UNLV, 369-2255

"Come Back to the 5 & Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean," 6-7 based on comedy drama by Ed Graczyk, 8pm, Alta Ham Fine Arts, UNLV, 739-3801

UNLV v. Loyola-Marymount, 6-7 baseball, 4pm Fri., noon Sat., UNLV, 739-7267

Las Vegas Stars v. Edmonton Trappers, 6-10, triple-A pro baseball, 7:35pm Fri.-Sat. & Mon.-Tues., 1:35pm on Sun., Cashman Field, 386-7200

Photo Exhibit, 6-30, photographic history of the Duck Valley Indian Reservation, Lost City Museum, Overton, 397-2193

Boulder City Spring Jamboree, 7 10am parade, business promotions with games and prizes, pancake breakfast, Boulder City, 293-6352

Long Range State Championship Match 1984, 7-8, state high power rifle championship, Boulder

The Stars' Big-League Success in Vegas

Jerry Davis stood deep in the batter's box, leaned toward home plate, and waved his bat slowly. Despite a late rally, the Las Vegas Stars trailed the Albuquerque Dukes 11-9 in the ninth inning. It was Game 2 of the Pacific Coast League's Southern Division playoffs. Runners were on first and second, and there were two outs.

Davis let two fastballs go by. Then, with impeccable timing and a wicked swing, he sent the third pitch deep into left-center. The ball arched high into the desert night and landed on the grassy berm behind the left-center field wall of Cashman Field. Although they eventually lost the series, the Stars were winners that night.

Indeed, throughout their first season the Stars were winners. The class-AAA farm team of the San Diego Padres, the Stars brought excellence to a baseball-hungry city, finishing 83-60. They packed Cashman with fans, setting the 1983 league attendance mark along the way. With a new manager, Bob Cluck, and talented players up from the class-AA Texas League, the Stars could be on their way to another stellar season. Their 1984 season opens April 6 at Cashman Field against the Edmonton Trappers.

Last year the Stars' timing was just right for Las Vegas. While some bush league ballparks draw as many moths as fans, the Stars packed Cashman's friendly confines and averaged 5,302 fans over 69 home dates, the fifth best mark in the minor leagues.

Good promotions helped draw fans to Cash-

man Field, the new, 9,370-seat ballpark complete with a computer-animated scoreboard. From free caps and baseball cards to appearances by the San Diego Chicken, Stars management kept promotions lively throughout the year. The players provided the rest. The park, a Pacific Coast League jewel, was known throughout the minors for its relatively cozy dimensions—422 feet to center field but just 328 to the left and right field foul poles. With a dry, outgoing breeze, Cashman is a power hitter's mecca.

Thus, no matter how far behind the Stars were, a comeback was imminent when Davis, Kevin McReynolds, and Joe Lansford, the third, fourth, and fifth batters, came to the plate. Their combined regular season statistics included 83 home runs, 332 runs batted in, and 322 runs scored. McReynolds was named Minor League Player of the Year by *The Sporting News* and Topps Chewing Gum. He played so well that the Padres shuffled their outfield to make room for him. Despite his absence, the Stars will have plenty of talent in 1984, including Davis and Lansford and newcomers Ozzie Guillen, Mark Gillaspie, and John Kruk.

Former Stars manager Harry Dunlop, now a Padres coach, said his team was the finest club he has managed in his more than three decades of professional baseball. "They've made my summer a very happy one," he said. Las Vegas baseball fans, now with a team of their own, couldn't have agreed more.—John L. Smith



DAVID BROWN

Rifle & Pistol Club, at the Boulder City Rifle Range, 293-6244

Art Exhibit, 8-5/3, National Watercolor Show, Las Vegas Art Museum, Lorenzi Park, 647-4300

Art-A-Fair, 8-5/4, 10th annual exhibition of juried competition sponsored by the Clark County Library District and Allied Arts Council, Flamingo Library, 733-7810

J&B Scotch \$200,000 LPGA Pro-Am Tournament, 9-15, pro-am golf with top women pros, Desert Inn Country Club, 733-4444

Utah Jazz v. Denver Nuggets, 10, pro basketball, 7:30pm, Thomas and Mack Center, UNLV, 369-2255

"Come Back to the 5 & Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean," 12-15, based on comedy drama by Ed Graczyk, 8pm Thurs.-Sat., 2pm on Sun., Alta Ham Fine Arts, UNLV, 739-3801

"Battle for the Planet of the Apes," 14, film, 2pm, Flamingo Library, 733-7810

Gems for the '80s, 14-15, rock-collecting show with lectures, films, displays, demonstrations, and field trips both days to the Lake Mead area, 10am-9pm on Sat., 10am-7pm on Sun., free, Clark County Gem Collectors, Hacienda Hotel, 458-7302

Arts Festival, 14-15, visual and performing arts, food, children's activities, \$2 daytime, \$5 evening, Flamingo Library, 733-7810

Las Vegas Stars v. Vancouver Canadians, 15, triple-A pro baseball, 1:35pm, Cashman Field, 386-7200

Las Vegas Stars v. San Diego Padres, 16, exhibition baseball game, 7:35pm, Cashman Field, 386-7200

"High Society," 16, a 1956 musical remake of "The Philadelphia Story," Classic Musicals Film Series, 7pm, \$1 Charleston Heights Arts Center, 386-6383

Las Vegas Stars v. Vancouver Canadians, 17-18, triple-A pro baseball, 7:35pm Tues., 6:35pm doubleheader Wed., Cashman Field, 386-7200

Clark County Country Fair, 19-21, cutting horses, rodeo, carnival, livestock show and judging, baking, art, crafts, Indian arts and culture, balloon rides, historic exhibits, Logandale in Moapa Valley, 864-2271

"Come Back to the 5 & Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean," 19-22, 8pm Thurs.-Sat., 2pm on Sun., Alta Ham Fine Arts, UNLV, 739-3801

Las Vegas Stars v. Portland Beavers, 19-22, triple-A pro baseball, 7:35pm Thurs.-Sat., 1:35pm Sun., Cashman Field, 386-7200

UNLV v. Grand Canyon, 20-21 baseball, 7pm Fri., noon Sat., UNLV, 739-7267

"East of the Sun and West of the Moon," 20-22, play based on a Norwegian folk tale, 7pm on Fri.,



LAS VEGAS NEWS BUREAU

Dirt Roads, Dry Lakes, and Lots of Dazzle

The Mint 400, the largest off-road race in the U.S., mixes Las Vegas-style dazzle with tough desert driving. On race day, Saturday, May 5, about 500 drivers will tackle the four-lap, 100-mile course north of town over dirt roads, dry lakes, and washes. The \$300,000 race is so grueling that based on previous records, fewer than 20 percent of the racers are expected to finish. On Friday spectators can mingle with drivers, cars, and celebrities like the Girls of the Mint 400 (above) downtown in front of the Mint Hotel, sponsor of the 17th annual event.

2pm on Sat.-Sun., Rainbow Company, children's theatre, Reed Whipple Cultural Center, 386-6553
Las Vegas Stars v. Tacoma Tigers, 23-26, triple-A pro baseball, 7:35pm, Cashman Field, 386-7200
"Butterfield 8," 24, film, 7pm, Flamingo Library, 733-7810

Henderson Industrial Days, 24-29, on Tues. beauty pageant, Thurs. 7pm talent contest, on Sat. 7pm parade, Fri.-Sun. softball tourney, carnival starts at noon Tues.-Sun., golf and bowling tournaments throughout the celebration, Henderson, 565-8951

"East of the Sun and West of the Moon," 27-29, play based on a Norwegian folk tale, 7pm on Fri., 2pm and 7pm on Sat., 2pm on Sun., Reed Whipple Cultural Center, 386-6553

National Tractor Pull, 27-30, Thomas and Mack Center, UNLV, 419-294-3819

40th Anniversary Celebration for First Nighters and Little Theatre, 28, 6:30pm cocktails, 7pm program starts with scenes from one play from each decade, starting with the 1940s, Elks Lodge, 1217 Nevada Highway, Boulder City, 565-0861

Senior Olympics, 28-5/6, softball, racquetball, basketball, tennis, swimming, bocci ball, bowling, pool, table tennis, shuffleboard, horseshoes, golf, frisbee throws, and checkers; opening ceremonies at UNLV track, 28; picnic and awards ceremony 1pm at Paradise Park, 5/6; registration open until game time, volunteer organizers welcome, 385-5286

Art Exhibit, 29-5/25, basket weavings by Ella Bell and Maxine Mansor, opening reception on the 29th from 1-3pm, Charleston Heights Arts Center, 386-6383

Mint 400, 5/3-6, the biggest off-road race in the nation with 500 cars competing in 17 classes. Registration from 8am-10pm on Thurs. and Fri. at Mint Hotel and tech inspection from 8am-midnight on Fremont St. on Fri., race starts on Sat. at 9am at the Las Vegas Speedrome and follows a 400-mile loop, Mint Hotel, 385-7440

Silk Purse Ranch Horse Trials & Festival, 5/5-6, top-flight equestrian competition based on the Olympic event, with dressage, cross-country, and stadium jumping at Silk Purse Ranch, 10 miles north of Las Vegas on U.S. 95 on Racel Road, off entrance road to Floyd Lamb State Park. Festival with booths, dance floor and entertainment. 8am-7pm Sat.-Sun., 645-3223

Central

March

Junior High School Rodeo, 2-3, Primrose Rodeo Arena, Tonopah, 482-5351

Central Nevada Art Show, 6-10, work by area students using all mediums, noon-5pm Tues.-Sat., free, Central Nevada Museum, Tonopah, 482-9676

April

Central Nevada Art Show, 3-7 various mediums depicting landscapes, noon-5pm Tues.-Sat., free, Central Nevada Museum, Tonopah, 482-9676

North

March

State A Basketball Championships, 2-3, boys and girls, Centennial Gym, Elko High School, call Reno 885-4390

John Strong Space Show, 1, Convention Center, Elko, 738-4091

Nevada 84, 1-4/2, photo show, Northeastern Nevada Museum, Elko, 738-3418

Texas Hold 'Em Poker Tournament, 2-3, first day buy-in is \$50, second day \$100, Cactus Pete's Casino, Jackpot, 755-2321

Polar Bear Bowling Classic, 2-4, 9-11 & 17-18, Rainbow Lanes, Elko, 738-6525

Chariot Racing, 3, 11am, Chariot Race Track, Wells, 752-3867

Sagebrush Spinners Square Dance, 3-4, Grammar School No. 2, Elko, 738-3666

Motocross Race, 11 motorcycle races start at 9am, 2nd of a three-race series, American Motorcycle Assn. sanctioned, Calder Cycle Park, Winnemucca, 623-6382

Elko County Science Fair, 15-17 exhibits of students, kindergarten through high school, Convention Center, Elko, 738-4091

Shepherders Ball, 17 traditional Basque dancing as well as popular dancing from the waltz to the twist, chorizos, beer, and wine, 9pm-3am, Elko Basque Center, 738-7111

High School Band Concert, 21 Convention Center, Elko, 738-4091

"Hamlet," 23, Shakespeare, 7pm, \$5, National Shakespeare Company, Convention Center, Elko, 738-4091

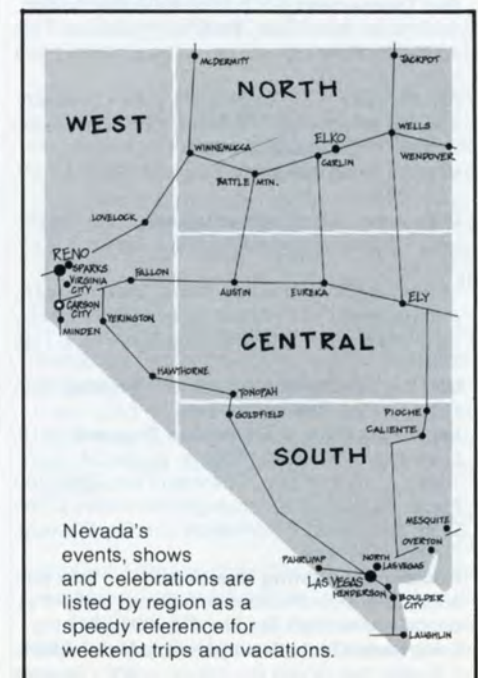
April

Motocross Race, 1 all classes, motorcycle races start at 9am, final race of three-race series, American Motorcycle Assn. sanctioned, Calder Cycle Park, Winnemucca, 623-6382

UNR Ballet, 5, Convention Center, Elko, 738-4091

Nevada 84, 6-23, photo show, Humboldt County Library, Winnemucca, 623-5081

Cabin Fever Reliever Square Dance, 13-14; pre-rounds 7:30-8pm, squares 8-10:30pm on Fri.;



on Sat., round dance workshop 10am-noon, square dance workshop 2-4pm, pre-rounds 7:30-8pm, squares 8-10:30pm; (main stream level with plus tips), \$20 per couple and \$10 single for weekend package or \$3 per dance, refreshments, Grammar School No. 2, Elko, 738-3666

L.D.S. Church Play, 14, Convention Center, Elko, 738-4091

Women's State Bowling Tournaments, 4/20-22, 4/27-29, 5/4-6, 5/11-13, 5/18-20, 5/25-27 6/1-3, alternates between Telescope Lanes and Rainbow Lanes, Elko, 738-6525

Gem State Homing Pigeon Race, 21 race from Jackpot to points in Idaho, release at daybreak, Cactus Pete's Casino, Jackpot, 755-2321

High School Band Concert, 25, Convention Center, Elko, 738-4091

Pony Express Race, 28, 20-mile relay horse race, \$1,000 purse, race can be seen from grandstands, noon, Rodeo Grounds, Wells, 752-3328

YMCA Fundraising Banquet, 28, Convention Center, Elko, 738-4091

Sixth Ever Winnemucca Grand Prix, 29, cross-country motorcycle race, 10 laps around a 12-mile course, American Motorcycle Assn. sanctioned, 10am, Winnemucca Mountain, Winnemucca, 623-6382



Odyssey on Ice

Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Goofy, and the Handsome Prince join a host of Disney characters and world-renowned ice stars during Walt Disney's Great Ice Odyssey March 1-4 at the Thomas & Mack Center at UNLV.

Reno/West

March

State AAA Basketball Championships, thru 2, boys and girls, Lawlor Events Center, UNR, 885-4390

Art Exhibit, thru 4/1 Native American baskets and mixed media works by Deborah Cofer, free, Sierra Nevada Museum of Art, 329-3333

Pederson Classic, thru 7/30, bowling tournament, single, double, and three-man bowling teams, Town & Country Bowl, 825-1048

State AA Basketball Championships, 1-3, boys and girls, UNR gym, 885-4390

"Alice," 1-3, musical based on Lewis Carroll's "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," 7:30pm, \$5, Collegiate Theatre, Lake Tahoe Community College, 916-541-4660

Animal Fair, 1-4, Nevada Humane Society, Convention Center, 331-5770

Amateur Ski Race, 2, part of the Rossignol/Salomon Race Series, advanced skiers, Kirkwood, 209-258-6000

"The Seahorse," 2-3, adult drama, 8pm, Proscenium Players, Brewery Arts Center, Carson City, 883-1976

Doctors' Wives Rummage Sale, 3, Convention Center, 853-3170

Snowfest, 2-11 North Tahoe winter celebration with more than 50 events, including ski events at Squaw Valley, Homewood, Tahoe City Nordic Center, Alpine Meadows, Tahoe Donner, Northstar, and Tahoe Ski Bowl, with cookoffs, torchlight parades, contests, and endless parties. For a copy of the complete schedule call 916-583-7625

UNR v. Northern Arizona, 3, basketball, 7:30pm, Lawlor Events Center, UNR, 784-4870

Donner Party Survival, 3, learn how the pioneers built shelters, hunted game, and passed the long winter; there will be a fire to warm up and cook lunch; for an easy 1-mile hike, bring snowshoes or cross-country skis and lunch; meet at 10am at Donner Memorial Museum, 3 miles west of Truckee, Sierra Area State Parks, 916-525-7232

Amateur Speed Skiing, 3, part of the Camel Sprint Series, clinic and demonstrations, Kirkwood Ski Resort, 209-258-6000

National Amateur Bowler's Tournament, 3-4, a

handicap singles tournament, open to all amateur bowlers with a 199 average or less, \$750 in guaranteed prize money, entry fee \$30, Starlite Bowl, 356-6355

Far West Atari Grand Prix, 3-4, sanctioned slalom, Boreal Ski Resort, 916-426-3666

Gold Show, 3-4, Gold Panners Assn. of America, State Fairgrounds, 329-1158

The Great Ski Race, 4, a 30-km. cross-country ski race from Tahoe City to Truckee, party at Hilltop Lodge in Truckee and prizes, proceeds to Tahoe Nordic Search and Rescue Team, \$15, registration closes 8am, race begins 9am, Tahoe Nordic Center, Tahoe City, 916-583-0484

Schallenberg Ridge Hike, 4, difficult 5-mile hike, bring cross-country skis, meet at 10am at Donner Memorial Museum, 3 miles west of Truckee, Sierra Area State Parks, 916-525-7232

Art Linkletter Family Challenge, 4, free family breakfast followed by a NASTAR-type race with the lowest family combined times winning prizes, master of ceremonies is Art Linkletter, Alpine Meadows Ski Area, Tahoe City, 916-583-4232

High Power Rifle Silhouette, 4, registration 8am, shooting begins 9am followed by club barbecue, NRA membership not required, minimum 40 rounds required for match, Palomino Valley Gun Club, 22 miles north of Sparks on Pyramid Lake Hwy., 323-3950 or 785-4616

Restaurant Relays Nordic Race, 6, 1pm, 4-man teams ski a kilometer each and perform a culinary task; winners are based on time as well as taste and presentation of their culinary tasks, Northstar, N. Lake Tahoe, 916-562-1010

Adaptive Technique Race, 6, non-handicapped skiers take clinics on three-track skiing and blind skiing, then race against handicapped skiers, Alpine Meadows Ski Area, Tahoe City, 916-583-4232

"Alice," 7-10, drama based on Lewis Carroll's "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," 7:30pm, \$5, Lake Tahoe Community College Theater, 916-541-4660

Tyrolean Day, 8, dances, music, sausage sandwiches, sauerkraut, and beer, Sugar Bowl, Norden, 916-426-3651

Utah Symphony, 8, pops concert, 8pm, Lawlor Events Center, UNR, 784-4659

Corporate Ski Challenge, 8-11 amateur ski race open to all companies except "ringers," Alpine Meadows Ski Area, 916-583-4232

"The Seahorse," 9-10, adult drama, 8pm, Proscenium Players, Brewery Arts Center, Carson City, 883-1976

Ladies Invitational Slot Marathon, 9-11 slot play limited to dollar slots, cash prizes given to players who earn most coupons, player and guest spend three days and nights with room, food, and beverages included, part of a continuing marathon that culminates in the grand finals in July, \$200 buy-in and \$100 entry fee, Reno Ramada Hotel, call 788-2000 in Nevada, or 800-648-3600 to be put on the mailing list

Cross-Country Skiing, 10, moderate hike following the General Creek Valley to the west, bring skis and lunch, meet at 10am at General Creek campground entrance station, Sugar Pine Point State Park, 10 miles south of Tahoe City on Hwy. 89, 916-525-7232

Far West Race, 10-11 ages 8-12, Echo Summit Ski Area, 916-659-7154

KOZZ Bazaar '84, 10-11 Convention Center, 329-9261

Donner Party Escape, 11 moderate snowshoe hike up Donner Pass and back while learning of the Donner escape attempts and ordeals; bring snowshoes; meet 10am at Donner Memorial Museum for parking and to arrange transportation to the foot of the pass, 3 miles west of Truckee, Sierra Area State Parks, 916-525-7232

Concert, 12, Reno Municipal Band, Washoe County School District, 10:30am and 12:30pm, Pioneer Theater, 786-5105

Fun Day Races, 14, Tahoe Donner Ski Area, Truckee, 916-587-6046

Amateur Ski Race, 16, advanced skiers, Kirkwood, 209-258-6000

Op Auction, 16-17 benefit for Nevada Opera Assn. includes airplane and hot-air balloon rides, original paintings, and furs, Reno Hilton Hotel, 786-4046

"The Seahorse," 16-17 adult drama, 8pm, Proscenium Players, Brewery Arts Center, Carson City, 883-1976

St. Patrick's Day Celebration, 17 special races, green carnations, Northstar, 916-562-1010

St. Patrick's Day Boxing Festival, 17 8pm, Community Center, Carson City, 882-5087

Art Exhibit, 17-18, hand-weaving artistry by Kate Hanlon, original designs and apparel, noon-5pm, free, Hazen Bar, on U.S. 50-A in Hazen, 867-3066

National Amateur Bowlers Tournament, 17-18,

handicap singles tournament, open to all amateur bowlers with a 199 average or less, \$750 prize money, entry fee \$30; leads to National Finals after Memorial Day at Showboat Lanes in Las Vegas, Sterling Village Lanes, 356-6355

Overnight Survival Hike, 17-18, learn survival techniques in the snow; bring snowshoes or cross-country skis, mountain sleeping bag, backpack, change of clothes, stove, food, and tent (if not enough snow for snow caves); 4-mile hike, Sugar Pine Point State Park, must register in advance by calling 916-525-7232

Rifle Silhouette, 18, any .22 rimfire rifle usable, 8am registration, shooting begins 9am, club barbecue follows match, Palomino Valley Gun Club, 22 miles north of Sparks on Pyramid Lake Hwy., 323-3950

Rummage Sale, 18, Daughters of the Nile, State Fairgrounds, 785-4306

Thieves Market, 18, Convention Center, 356-7566

Special Olympics, 18-21 downhill and cross-country ski events for mentally retarded children, Echo Summit Ski Area, 916-659-7154

Musicians of Swanee Alley, 19, music of English and Italian Renaissance, 8pm, Church Fine Arts Theatre, UNR, 784-4444

Concert, 20, featuring Bach's "Brandenburg Concerto No. 2," Beethoven's "Symphony No. 7" and Brahms' "Double Concerto," 8:15pm, Reno Philharmonic Orchestra, Pioneer Theater, 329-1324

Concert, 20, melodies from the Great White Way, the Silver Screen, folklore, and the classics, Eileen Bianchi and friends, 7:30pm, \$4, Brewery Arts Center, Carson City, 883-1976

Art Exhibit, 21-22, sculptures and carvings by Martha and Larry Austin, noon-5pm, free, Hazen Bar, on U.S. 50-A in Hazen, 867-3066

Reno International Jazz Festival, 22-24, largest educational jazz gathering in the world, with student musicians from the U.S., Canada, and Mexico and jazz bands from around the world; guest-artist concert features Count Basie and His Orchestra on Fri., Pioneer Theater, Convention Center, and Lawlor Events Center, 323-5672

Ladies Invitational Slot Marathon, 23-25, Reno Ramada Hotel, call 788-2000 in Nevada, or 800-648-3600 to be put on the mailing list

Reno Autorama, 23-25, 5-11pm on Fri., noon-11pm on Sat. with the Nevada State Teenage Bodybuilding Championship, noon-9pm on Sun., Convention Center, 786-1544

National Amateur Bowlers Tournament, 24-25, Town & Country Lanes, 356-6355

Gourmet Ski Tour, 25, cross-country ski outing with a gourmet lunch, 6-km. roundtrip, noon, \$12, Tahoe Nordic Ski Center, Tahoe City, 916-583-0484

Cross-Country Skiing, 25, ski along steep terrain in D. L. Bliss State Park, some sidehill skiing off trails, difficult, bring skis and lunch, meet 10am at D. L. Bliss Park office on Hwy. 89, Sierra Area State Parks, 916-525-7232

Handgun Metallic Silhouette Shoot, 25, Reno Silhouette Assn., Washoe County Range, 22 mi. north of Sparks on Pyramid Hwy., 345-0225

'52 Association Handicapped Clinic and 7-Eleven North American Championship Races, 26-30, culmination of clinics held for handicapped skiers throughout the U.S. and Canada, with top finishers invited, Alpine Meadows, Tahoe City, 916-583-4232

Women's Professional Ski Championships, 31-4/1 open to all women, one qualifying round, two elimination rounds for slalom and giant slalom, Kirkwood Ski Resort, 209-258-6000

World Snowboarding Competition, 31-4/1 Boreal Ski Resort, Soda Springs, 916-426-3666

April

April Fools Relay Race, 1 15-km., 3-man teams, 10am, \$15 per team, Tahoe Nordic Ski Center, Tahoe City, 916-583-0484

Tanner's World Wide Flea Market, 1 Convention Center, 382-8355

Concert, 4, University of Nevada bands, 8pm, free, Pioneer Theater, 786-5105

Reno Wine Adventure, 5-8, food and wine festival held in conjunction with Harrah's Art Competition Show; wine tastings with 70 western wineries represented, a gourmet dinner, two champagne brunches, seminars on wine-related subjects, and cooking demonstrations; Harrah's Hotel, call for times and ticket prices, in Nevada 329-4422, outside of state 800-648-3773, and ask for wine desk

"The Robber Bridegroom," 6-7 musical, Brewery Arts Center, Carson City, 883-1976

Arts and Wine Exposition, 6-8, Convention Center, 785-4800

Ladies Invitational Slot Marathon, 6-9, Reno Ramada Hotel, call 788-2000 in Nevada, or 800-648-3600 to be put on the mailing list

Sierra Para-Ski Championships, 7-8, expert parachuters land on the slopes and then race on skis, Northstar, 916-562-1010

Gourmet Ski Tour, 8, cross-country skiers' gourmet lunch, 6-km. roundtrip, noon, \$12, Tahoe Nordic Ski Center, Tahoe City, 916-583-0484

Donner Camp History Tour, 8, learn about the Donner Party, with driving and easy walking routes, meet 10am at Donner Memorial State Park Museum, Old Hwy. 40, 3 miles west of Truckee, call 916-587-3841

Piano Duo, 10, concert features works by Mozart, Rachmaninoff, Brahms, and Crumb, 8pm, Church Fine Arts Theatre, UNR, 784-4444

(Continued on page 75)



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Idrove into the Lake Mead resort of Overton Beach for the first time last fall. A conglomeration of camp trailers, converted school buses, and mini-palaces on pickup trucks filled a clearing off to the left of the main road. A permanent trailer park was laid out closer to the marina area. Right on the beach was a tiny RV town, with television antennas popping up and neighbors sitting in lawn chairs, talking sports and politics.

At the refreshment stand, a converted camp trailer, I talked to manager Fran Daly. She said there used to be a restaurant down near the boat-launching ramp, but last year's record water sank it. A few local campers wandered in. They spoke in slow, easy tones and smiled a lot.

Back outside, I noticed the RVs and trailers emptying as people ambled down to the beach to watch the sunset. Two girls waded out into the water and stopped, neck deep, to chat. A small fishing boat cut a smooth wake as a lone fisherman motored back to the bay. Seagulls hovered.

As the sun lowered in the west, all heads turned to the mountains on the eastern shore. At midday those hills had been pale brown, but now they were lit with a golden fire. The hills burned briefly against that startling, mercurial blue mirror of the desert lake. As the sun dropped off, the fire simmered and cooled, and stars appeared in the paling night sky. I laid back on the beach, drinking in the ambrosia of the gentle desert.

I had planned to arrive at Overton Beach at the start of the day, rather than the end. But it had taken an entire day to drive the 65 miles from Boulder City. I wasn't quite sure where the time had gone, and didn't really care. There seemed to be a raw power of replenishment in the vast desert vistas that beckoned you to dawdle here and there along the way. Cares, worries, ambitions, and failures were forgotten. I had been soothed and massaged by the desert.

I had just one more day to explore the country, and it wouldn't be enough. What I really needed was a week, a month—why not an entire season?—to ramble down these spellbinding desert roads from campground to campground.

After all, people don't go to Lake Mead just to camp—they go there to marvel. To explore surrealistic landforms. To set sail to secret harbors. To wonder at monumental endeavors like Hoover Dam. To touch the petroglyphs carved in rock by Indians 1,000 years ago. To lose all track of time in this magical land.

The campers have it best. Lake Mead has six marina campgrounds, and Lake Mohave has two. For the most part, the campgrounds are standard government issue. Azaleas, oleanders, and palm trees line the drives to numbered camp slots.



DAVID HUNTZINGER

Camping: On The Waterfront at Mead and Mohave

Eleven portals to paradise.

By Jim Crandall



DAVID HUNTZINGER

You can use public campgrounds or set off by boat to find your own wilderness camp. Either way, Mead and Mohave (above) offer serene vistas and unlimited water sports.

Each has a picnic table and barbecue. The grounds offer bathrooms, sewage dumps, and running water. The fee is \$5 per night, and you may stay from 30 to 90 days, depending on the campground. Overton Beach is an exception—no landscaping, no roads, no fees.

Each campground is part of a small lakeside village. The marinas are run by concessionaires, and most have a small general store, coin-op laundry, and restaurant or coffee shop. They also have RV parks and trailer villages with full hook-ups and showers. And, of course, the marinas have fishing, skiing, and patio boats and houseboats (see chart) for rent.

A good travel plan is to start at Overton Beach and then ramble south, seeing the sights unique to each campground and maybe dining on a few catfish, bass, or trout along the way. Following are the camping areas from Overton Beach to Davis Dam.

Overton Beach

Because it has the only free campground on the lake, Overton Beach is perfect for overnighters who don't mind roughing it a little.

It's also popular with the "snowbirds," retirees from the cold northern states who follow the sun to Mead. They're the real experts at campground and RV living, and they are only too willing to share their expertise—and maybe a cup of sugar—with the casual traveler. Many of them find odd jobs at the marinas, the larger of which employ dozens of people.

The RV park, which sits right on the shore, is a gleaming mini-city of chrome, glass, and TV antennas. As all RV parks at the marinas do, it comes with full hook-ups, coin-op laundry, showers, and bath-

Floating Campsites

Rental houseboats equipped with kitchens, baths, bedrooms, air-conditioning, cassette stereos, and gas barbecues are the aquatic RVs of Lakes Mead and Mohave. They're the most luxurious way to explore both lakes and the many hidden coves and unmarked beaches accessible only by boat.

PlayMate Resorts offers houseboats at Echo Bay on Mead and at Katherine on Mohave. The 36-footer sleeps six, and during the regular season (May 11 to September 20) it costs \$535 for a three-day weekend, \$695 for four days midweek, and \$965 for a full week. Their 50-footer sleeps 10 and rents for \$675, \$875, and \$1,195 respectively. The 50-foot luxury model with bathtub and wet bar runs \$765, \$995, and \$1,375.

Forever Resorts offers houseboats at Callville Bay on Mead and at Cottonwood Cove on Mohave. They have two models, a 36-footer and a 50-foot luxury model that sleeps 12. The regular-season dates and pricing are the same as PlayMate's; the 50-footer's rental rates are the same as PlayMate's luxury model.

You can take advantage of off-season rates from November 2 to April 12. Besides discounts on all houseboats averaging about 70 percent of regular rates, PlayMate offers one-day rentals of \$105 for the 36-footer, to \$130 and \$150 for the 50-footers. Forever Resorts has a "super saver" special, with 36-footers going for \$265 and 50-footers for \$380, for a three-day weekend.—JC

rooms. Most concessionaires will allow non-RV campers to use the laundry and showers, sometimes for a fee.

The marina area is small and casual. There are no slips for boats, only buoys, but with free taxi service to and from. The loading ramp is actually the end of the entry road, which spreads wide to dip into the water. The small general store, formed within a camp trailer, offers the forgotten items common to traveling.

Valley of Fire and Lost City

Aside from its lakeshore attributes, Overton Beach is the gateway to explorations in Valley of Fire State Park, Overton, and the Lost City Museum. Valley of Fire, so named for its rust-colored sandstone mountains, is just five miles east on Nevada Route 169. About two miles into the park is the visitor center, which offers history, maps, and information on the Valley of Fire. There's a campground, too, set among the strangely-shaped rocks.

At the south end of the nearby town of Overton is the Lost City Museum, which tells the story of the Pueblo Indians who lived in the Moapa Valley more than a thousand years ago. Models of pueblo dwellings are outside the museum, and inside you'll find a bounty of arrowheads, pottery, and tools discovered in the 1920s excavations.

Echo Bay

The campground here offers a panoramic view of the lake and marina, which is built on a flat, land-fill peninsula with a huge, paved parking area. The peninsula creates a protected cove where aluminum-roofed docks the size of airplane hangars offer slips for boaters. Houseboats form a bobbing city nearby.

Fronting the lake is a complex with a modernistic motel. The restaurant and lounge are decorated in early frigate, with oak turnings, captains' wheels, oars, blunderbusses, and portholes. Brass lanterns in the darkened bar cast an amber glow, which is sometimes offset by sports broadcasts on the big-screen TV.

Callville Bay

This marina area is a bustling lakeshore outpost where the captains of \$100,000 yachts mingle with first-time navigators. A 12-foot-wide dock leads out to the main marina area with a store, casual restaurant, and bar on the water. The dock continues along to a suburb of sheltered slips and sleek boats. To the left of the main area, another dock hosts a flotilla of rental houseboats. And farther up the beach is a private yacht club and harbor.

The four campgrounds here are currently under a two-year lease program with the concessionaire. The sites are scattered on the hills overlooking the marina and the lake as you enter the area and offer startling panoramas.

Callville Bay hosts the Parade of Lights

each December, in which jolly sailors deck the hulls from stem to stern with elaborate displays and colored lights. This floating visual explosion sets sail at dusk, stirring Mead with a swirling Christmas tribute.

Las Vegas Wash

Las Vegas Boat Harbor is at the mouth of the Las Vegas Wash, with the campground perched on a ridge overlooking the wash, Las Vegas Bay, and the marina. Operated by the Gripentog family for 25 years, the marina is popular with locals for family outings. When the Gripentogs first took over the concession, there were six trailers and about a hundred feet of dock. Now there are 650 slips, a floating tackle shop and restaurant, and boats (private and for rent) galore. The place has a casual atmosphere, and that's the way the family likes it. Besides Bob Gripentog, Sr., and his wife, Betty, there are two sons, two daughters, an uncle, and various in-laws running the operation. If you need help with anything, just yell "Gripentog!" But don't be surprised if a dozen heads turn your way at once.

Boulder Beach

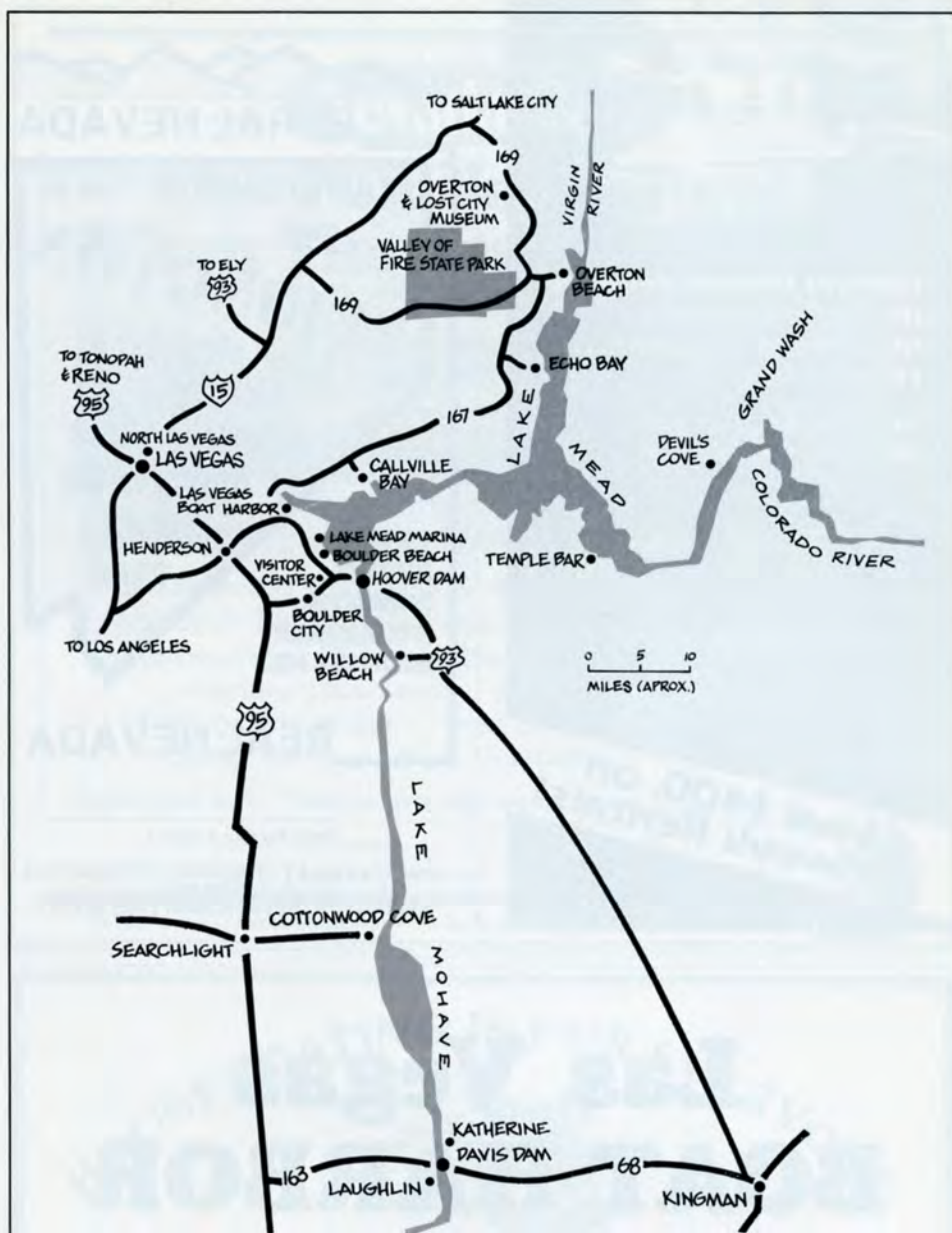
Boulder Beach and the Lake Mead Marina are among the busiest of the two lakes' resorts, as the beach is located just six miles from Hoover Dam on the south end of the Boulder Basin. There are two campgrounds here, one at Boulder Beach and another to handle overflow campers at Hemenway Harbor. The Hemenway site can also be reserved from the National Park Service for large group outings. There are bathrooms, coin-op laundry, and showers. The RV park, landscaped with mature oleanders, figs, palms, and cacti, has 75 spaces with full hookups.

In summer Boulder Beach, the longest developed beach on Mead, draws thousands of sun bathers from nearby Boulder City, Henderson, and Las Vegas. It also draws anglers out for an evening's cast or competing in a fishing derby.

The National Park Service Visitors Center, just south of Boulder Beach, has books and advice on the Lake Mead region, and rangers there are glad to give directions and information. The NPS gives interpretive programs on spring and summer evenings at the Boulder Beach amphitheater.

Hoover Dam

Of course, Hoover Dam isn't a campground—it's a legend. And it is impossible to pass anywhere near it without a visit. The four-mile drive to the dam winds through herds of randomly-grazing steel stanchions that carry heavy-gauge electrical cables. The earth thrusts upward, and each rock formation is a different tone—red, magenta, brown, tan. The area echoes the volcanic forces that propelled it into being, as if during some



Camping & RV Hookups at Lakes Mead & Mohave

Marina	Phone	camping fee	no. of sites	RV hookups fee	no. of sites	showers	laundromat	motel	restaurant/cafe	bar	slips	houseboats	ski boats	fishing boats	patio boats
LAKE MEAD															
Overton Beach	702-394-4040	free	open	\$7	14	✓	✓	✓	✓	**	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Echo Bay	702-394-4000	\$5	166	\$9	57	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	320	✓	✓	✓	✓
Callville Bay	702-565-8958	\$5	80	†	15	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	750	✓	✓	✓	✓
Las Vegas Boat Harbor	702-565-9111	\$5	89	none				✓			650	✓	✓		
Boulder Beach & Lake Mead Marina*	702-293-3484	\$5	154	\$8.50	75	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	528	✓	✓	✓	✓
Temple Bar	602-767-3400	\$5	153	\$9	18	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	68	✓	✓	✓	✓
LAKE MOHAVE															
Willow Beach	602-767-3311	none		\$8.50	15	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	175	✓	✓	✓	✓
Cottonwood Cove	702-297-1464	\$5	145	\$9	75	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	100	✓	✓	✓	✓
Lake Mohave Resort (Katherine)	602-754-3245	\$5	173	\$9	28	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	718	✓	✓	✓	✓

Note: Ramps, dry storage, gas, oil, bait, tackle, and groceries are available at all marinas. Callville Bay, Lake Mead Marina, and Cottonwood Cove have hoists. Launching is free.

* Lake Mead Marina is a mile north of Boulder Beach Campground. ** Overton Beach has 60 buoys.

† Callville's RV hookups may not be available in '84.



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turbulent, bubbling storm of creation, it froze. Solid.

The power stanchions increase in size and burden, perching at splay-footed angles on cliffs and gullies. A huge erector-set power-storage plant looms up on the left. The road rounds a corner, and there it is—Hoover Dam.

You'd expect it to hum, or buzz, or somehow give voice to its birth and task. But it just sits there, a graceful, white, concrete wedge fitted snugly into the jagged cliffs. A wedge that built the town of Boulder City to house dam workers in the '30s. That holds enough concrete to lay a 20-foot wide strip of roadway from California to Florida. That holds back the mighty Colorado River, the Virgin, and the Muddy. That gave Depression-era workers five years of employment using their skills and daring on the most magnificent engineering and construction project of its day.

At its rim, the tranquil waters of Mead lap gently. Seven hundred and twenty-six feet below, the Colorado bubbles and churns as it resumes its course between sheer, vertical canyon walls to swell again into Lake Mohave, the product of Davis Dam, 67 miles downstream.

Two 30-foot-high, bronzed, winged statues welcome visitors where U.S. 93 begins its route across the top of the dam. Four circular water intake towers rise up from the tranquil waters. Of the two closest to the dam, each holds a clock in its face. The western tower's clock shows Nevada or Pacific time, the eastern one shows Arizona or Mountain time. The dam is split down the middle by the Nevada-Arizona border.

Cottonwood Cove

A four-foot-high forest of cacti blooming with yellow flowers welcomes visitors to Cottonwood Cove. The cove is about midway on the length of Lake Mohave, and its remoteness assures the spring-time camper an uncrowded visit to a mini-paradise. There are two campgrounds, one on the right as you enter, which gives a view of the cove and marina area, and one on the left near the water. Both are well landscaped with oleanders, cottonwoods, and palms.

The marina area has a store and a restaurant-bar that sits near the water and features a bank of windows that look out over the marina and bay. The atmosphere is friendly and casual at Cottonwood, where the campers swap fishing stories and secret fishing holes, and the marina employees are glad for a little friendly conversation.

Katherine and Davis Dam

The next stop is Katherine, which sits at the extreme southern end of Mohave near Davis Dam and the casino town of Laughlin, both good stops along the way.

The dam, a marvel of design, is crossed by Nevada Route 163, which

leads to Katherine. Halfway across, the dam juts out, creating what looks like a huge swimming pool. At the face of this trough are the flood gates, which from below the dam look like the doors of a pharaoh's temple.

There's an asphalt parking and RV camping area off to the right and below as you approach the dam, great for leg stretching and midday picnics and as a parking place from which to take the dam's self-guided tour.

Four miles south of the dam, along the western banks of the Colorado, is the town of Laughlin, which boasts eight casinos, some of them highrises, a couple under construction, in what seems to be an impossible location. But the town teems with gamblers, especially on weekends.

Katherine and the Lake Mohave Resort have two campgrounds that can handle up to 500 campers and offer, among the usual amenities, horseshoe pits. The entire area is a model of landscaping and design, and over the years it has matured into a parklike paradise. A rambling motel with a lush carpeting of lawn is on the left as you enter the large marina parking lot. The restaurant and bar, decorated with a nautical flavor, is to the right on the cove. A covered porch fronts the restaurant area, and from its lip, a concrete bank leads down at a gentle angle into the water 15 feet below. Although the feeling of the area seems a bit ritzy, Katherine somehow is both formal and casual.

Willow Beach and Temple Bar

Willow Beach on Mohave doesn't have a campground, but it's a great place to launch a boat or rent one and fish your way upstream toward Hoover Dam.

Temple Bar, which is located on the Arizona side of Mead near where the Colorado flows out of the Grand Canyon, is the most remote of all marina campground areas, and popular as a get-away-from-it-all destination. Besides the campground, motel, restaurant, bar, and RV park, Temple Bar has four cabins that rent for \$15 a night. The cabins come with the bare essentials, a sink and stove, but you have to supply the bedding. Some campers reserve a cabin as a break from camp trailer fever.

The vistas here are bold. The Temple, from which Temple Bar gets its name, is a majestic peak that rises from the South Virgin Mountains across the lake. Rent a small fishing boat, drop a line, and troll your way slowly east up the picturesque canyons that lead to the Grand Canyon itself. There are pristine coves and sheer-faced canyons, ragged cliffs and pastel colored rock formations—not to mention record-sized bass and catfish. □

Jim Crandall, associate editor of Nevada, plans to rough it again on Mead this summer, by houseboat.

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Nevada Notes

A driving dog and a dug-up dump.

By Jim Crandall

Good-bye, Good Buddy

Buddy, the driving dog who captured the hearts of Nevada Day parade goers, the country, and the world, is dead at age 15. His son, Beaver, has inherited the driver's seat of the 1926 Model T, says owner Bill Williamson of Carson City.

But the old team of Williamson and Buddy will be hard to beat. There was something about the way Buddy seemed to lean back and smile, as if he were out for a Sunday drive with the family. His charisma landed him and Williamson on TV shows like "Hee Haw," "Real People," and the network news; in magazines like *National Geographic*, *Nevada*, and the *National Enquirer*; and in newspapers all over the globe.

Williamson says Buddy didn't care much about the driving; it was the people he liked. "During the last parade, well, he was pretty old and would start to doze off every few minutes. But then somebody would yell, 'Hey Buddy!' and he'd sit right up. He stayed awake through the entire two-hour parade like that."

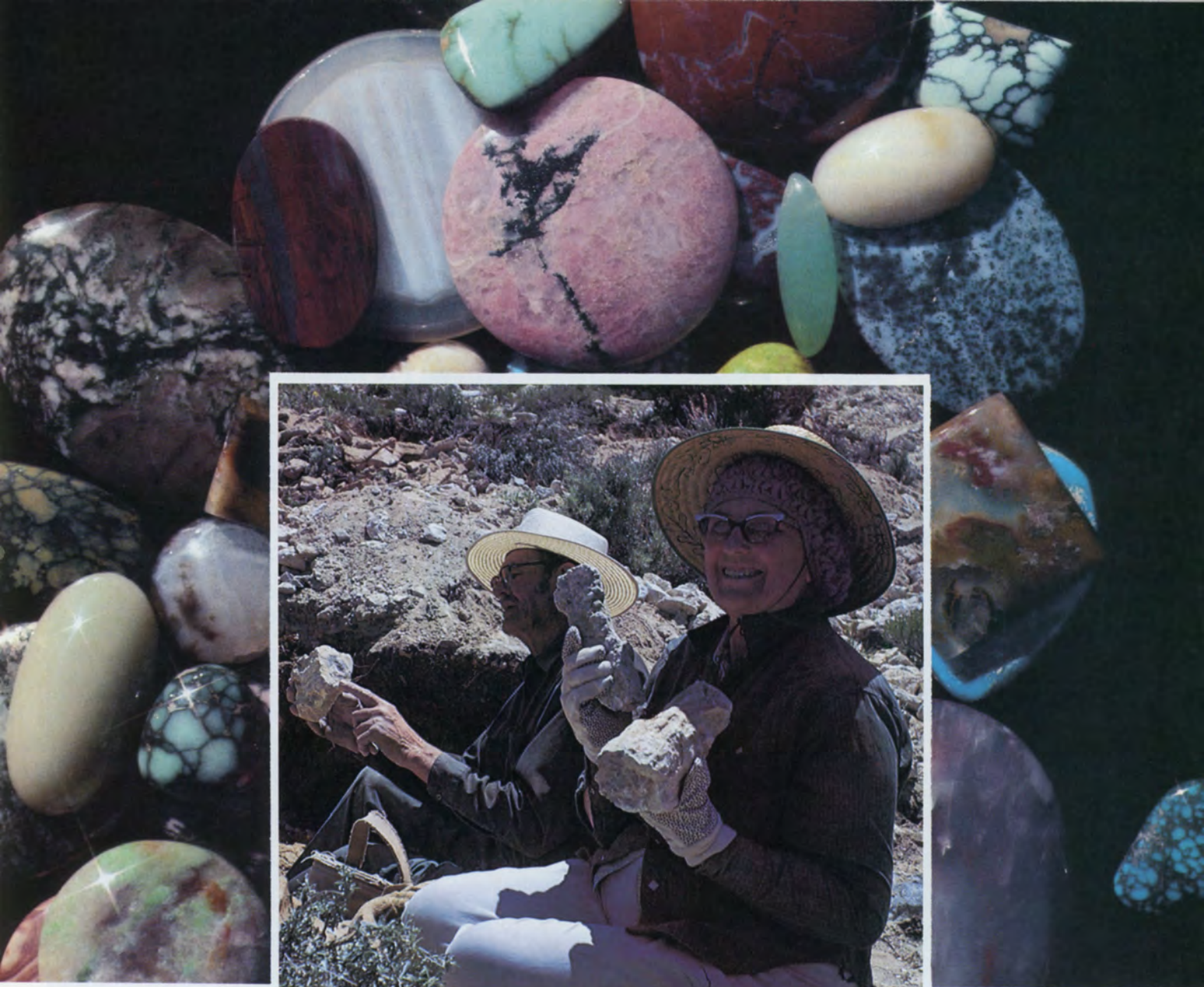
Another Man's Treasure

When bulldozers began breaking ground in Las Vegas for a new Burger King restaurant near Sahara and Eastern avenues, the blades struck history. Old bottles, newspapers, and pre-1950s household items popped to the surface. The prime real estate had been a city dump on the edge of town in 1949 and 1950.

Skip Swerdlow, who with father George owns six Burger King franchises in Las Vegas, held his nose against the dump's foul odors as he picked through the rubble. "I found at least one of each pop bottle produced back then, including some I've never heard of like Date Cola, Whistle, and L-C Cola," says Swerdlow. "Also, just as many whiskey and beer bottles. Plus, old fashioned Purex and Clorox bottles, with the names embossed in the glass."

"But what really fascinated me were the old newspapers, the *Las Vegas Review-Journal*, Los Angeles papers, and some comic books." Swerdlow, a comic book collector, saved two for himself, *True Confidences* and *Hollywood Diary*—tales of love and heartbreak in Hollywood.

Swerdlow will display the relics in the new restaurant and at the company's office at 3380 South Arville Street. □



Slim and Ona Broughton of Las Vegas show their treasures at a jasper glory hole.

Hot Spots for Rockhounds

It's dirty work, but somebody has to find those beautiful rocks and gems.

By Sharon Schneider

It's not an uncommon sight in Nevada—two or three pickups parked beside a rough dirt road, and people scattered around a hill, digging with rock hammers or washing rocks in buckets of carefully squandered water while a gaggle of kids run up a wash. If you see a bumper sticker reading, "Rockhounds Do It With Polish," you're in the company of people who would do anything for a garnet.

But, it's not so much the rock that's hounded; the precious minerals within the rocks are the bounty. And Nevada is rich in agate, jasper, obsidian, petrified

wood, wonderstone, precious opals, garnets, cinnabar, amethystine, and carnelian—all prized for their beauty in jewelry and accessories.

Searching for precious minerals has attractions besides beauty and wealth. There's the thrill of finding a gem that has been hidden for thousands of years. Each gem is unique in design and color because nature cannot duplicate the combination of forces that produced it.

Rockhounding also tends to be a family affair, combining exploring and camping with gem hunting. While most

sports require expertise and coordination, anyone can dig in the dirt, including toddlers. Three generations often can be seen working side by side.

Other enthusiasts enjoy the exercise. You can choose the amount of hiking and digging involved since Nevada offers a range of sites that vary from easy to difficult.

And rockhounding is a sport that breeds camaraderie. Despite tales of jealous hoarding that sound like *Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, rockhounds are generally civilized and seldom hesitate to

trade tips, equipment, or stones. They also are notorious showoffs, as you'll see at any mineral show.

Group outings are common. Besides having safety in numbers, the fun of camping under the stars with friendly people, music and dancing, potluck dinners, storytelling, and laughter definitely heighten the pleasure of an outing.

But whether rockhounds are motivated by pleasure or profit, appreciation for the minerals' beauty is the most common denominator.

The minerals' uses are as diverse as the diggers' motives. Agate, jasper, opals, garnets, and carnelian are especially lovely as jewelry and make fashionable

rings, pendants, stickpins, and belt buckles. All can be used as decorative accessories. One acquaintance has a large opal permanently encased in a globe of water that he uses for an elegant paperweight. Some people use large mineral specimens to enhance their gardens and put smaller pieces in terrariums. Or gems can be collected and viewed like stamps or coins. Plus, stones can be sold or traded to other rockhounds eager to enlarge their collections.

Polishing beautifies rocks by brightening the colors and sharpening the designs. Rock-polishing can be done professionally, or you can buy your own equipment.

Local gem and mineral societies are willing to help you get started. Not only will members share knowledge, but most clubs also arrange weekend expeditions to good digging sites.

Since most of Nevada's rockhounding sites are in the desert, there are guidelines for ensuring safety and comfort.

Wear loose, light clothing—long pants, a long-sleeved shirt, and a hat. High-top boots ward against snakes and scorpions. Take a knife or snakebite kit, sunscreen, and insect repellent. Don't expect to find campgrounds with restrooms, drinkable water, or firewood. If you intend to camp, be self-sufficient.

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In Search of Henderson Jade

Gem hunters seem to live on every street in Las Vegas, and a good geode there gets more attention than Wayne Newton at the shopping mall. The area has treasures like agate, jasper, wonderstone, and even turquoise, and the mild climate is excellent for serious diggers—too hot in summer, but perfect in spring and fall.

Worthy sites are scattered around the area and are noted in rockhound guides. The following lesser-known sites are recommended by Betty McCreless, a member of the Las Vegas Gem Club. The three are located between Henderson and Lake Mead off Nevada Route 147.

Amethystine: From Henderson, travel northeast on Lake Mead Drive until you reach the water tank about four miles out of town. Take the dirt road that goes around the tank and down the hill. Turn left at the bottom, then right at next street. Go 0.3 miles, and collect to the left. In this area you'll find amethystine, a purple variety of crystallized quartz, in a white matrix. The matrix is snow-white and suitable for carving. The amethystine is deep purple and the color gets darker the deeper you dig. And it is deep, so digging is strenuous.

Henderson Jade: The second site is 1.3 miles further east on the main road near the Three Kids Mine. Standing at the mine ruins and looking east, you'll see a trail going up a hill. Follow the trail to the first saddle, and there you will find what is known as Henderson Jade. It's actually a jasper, but the rock is said to polish with the brilliance of jade. Chisels are needed for heavy digging.

Black Squigley: About a mile back on the same trail you can find black squigley, a surface rock that comes in large pieces. It's a black material that gets its name from the S-shaped lines in the rock. It's ideal for bookends. □

avoid the summer months. Fall and spring are the best. If possible, time your trip after a light rainstorm—rain washes dust off minerals, making sparkling gems easier to recognize.

Terrain is rough in most rockhounding sites; the roads leading into the areas are unpaved, and the clearance of a pickup or four-wheel drive vehicle is advised. If you go with a group, odds are someone has a pickup for carpooling. Ask the local sheriff's office about road conditions and trailer accessibility. Local rock shops are eager to provide detailed maps and tips.

A word of caution about greed: don't stuff your bags with specimens you can't possibly use. It ruins the hunt for others. However, take a little extra for trading. In this way, everyone's collection expands.

Unless you get permission, private claims, marked by stakes or signs, are off-limits.

For equipment, most is available in a hardware store or rock shop. If an area is described as "hard-rock," you'll need a sledgehammer, chisel, safety glasses, and prospector's hammer. For "soft-rock" areas, a prospector's hammer, chisel, rake, and tweezers are sufficient. Don't forget a knapsack and papers for wrapping and bagging fragile specimens, and a spray water bottle for washing dust off your finds.

Finding rich caches is a skill developed by experience and knowing the right people. Two experts are Californians Patricia and Christopher Miller, both avid rockhounds for 15 years, whose favorite hunting ground is the Nevada desert.

The Millers caught the bug during a trip in 1968 to Patricia's native Australia, where they found some nice opal. Afterwards they joined the Sacramento Mineral Society, and before long Chris was cutting and polishing his own stones.

They have traveled much of the United States, Mexico, Canada, and Australia in search of minerals. But, they insist, Nevada is tops for its quality and bounty of rocks and minerals.

Here the Millers share nine of their favorite Nevada rockhounding spots. You can take weeks, or as little as six days, to loop through them all. Most require driving on rough dirt roads.

Montgomery Pass, about 30 miles west of Coaldale: Obsidian is the glassy black treasure in abundance here. Also known as Apache Tears and once used in making arrowheads, obsidian is volcanic rock and true glass. Colors range from black and red to a beautiful gold-sheen variety, which is lying above-ground. Any digging required is soft-rock work.

Monte Cristo Mountains, turn off 65 miles east of Coaldale: Lovely agate, rhyolite, and opalized wood are the prizes. Agate, formed from volcanic activity, is cherished for its bold patterns and vivid colors. The patterns can be shaped like eyes, plumes, moss, trees

Rock Groups

There are a number of rock and mineral clubs around the state where rockhounds can gather to share tales and techniques. Some clubs have their own labs and clubhouses. Guests are welcome at monthly meetings and outings. Here are some of the state's most active rock groups:

Boulder Gem Club, Box 14, Boulder City, NV 89005. Meets on second Wednesday of each month at the Multi-Purpose Building.

Clark County Gem Collectors, Box 7432, Las Vegas, NV 89101. Meets on first Tuesday at Lorenzi Park.

Las Vegas Gem Club, Box 1177, Las Vegas, NV 89101. Meets on second Monday at Reed Whipple Cultural Center.

Reno Gem and Mineral Society, Box 2004, Reno, NV 89505. Meets first Wednesday at clubhouse, 430 South Rock Blvd.

Carson City Mineral Society, 147 Lake Glen Drive, Carson City, NV 89701. Meets fourth Thursday at members' homes.

Lahontan Gem and Mineral Club, Box 623, Fallon, NV 89406. Meets second Friday at clubhouse, 955 Airport Road. □

(called dendrites), and stripes. Opalized wood is petrified wood whose interior has been replaced with opaline silica. Rhyolite, another volcanic rock, is also called Nevada wonderstone when it is striped or mottled—the grain comes from flow patterns developed while still molten. Look for green, red, and blue rhyolite. All are available through soft-rock mining. As an added attraction you can visit the ghost town of Gilbert.

Garnet Hill, five miles northwest of Ely: As the name implies, garnet fanciers need look no further. The garnets cover a few square miles and can be found by breaking up the pink rhyolite or searching light soil for dark spots (garnets). Hard-rock here.

Gabbs, north of town on Nevada

Where to Go

For the price of a crummy geode you can acquire the Nevada Bureau of Mines special fold-out, Rockhounds' Map of Nevada. The 34"x34" map and list shows more than 200 sites for such items as petrified wood, opal, turquoise, agate, jasper, sandstone, placer gold, and a host of other minerals. The cost is \$3, and you can order by writing the Bureau at the University of Nevada, Reno, NV 89557

Route 361: The main attractions are petrified wood, obsidian, and fossils. The fossils are mostly fish, shells, and worm casts. Petrified wood is plentiful and varied because each tree species petrifies differently.

Fallon, turn off U.S. 50 ten miles east of town: Wonderstone Mountain is southeast of Fallon and provides loads of Nevada wonderstone (banded rhyolite) in different colors. Once you've gotten your fill of wonderstone, head about 20 miles east on U.S. 50 to Frenchman where slightly south you can find jasper (similar to agate, but opaque and earthier in color). Get out your rock hammer and spray bottle because the jasper has a chalky coating from weathering and is hard to recognize. The same area features opalized wood and the old ghost town of Rawhide. Both places are hard-rock digging.

Lovelock, take Nevada Route 399 and turn left toward Eagle Picher Mine: This is a favorite collecting spot for agate, petrified wood, and rhyolite. Although this area is under claim, you are allowed to collect just west of Lovelock. Be sure to heed all "no trespassing" signs.

McDermitt, west of town: Part of this huge rockhounding site is in Oregon, but Nevada gets the credit. Stop at the McDermitt Rock Shop for a detailed map of the rockhounding loop; it's easy to get lost among the many dirt roads. The rock shop holds claim on the green, purple, and multicolored agate in the area, but rockhounds are allowed to collect up to 20 pounds. If you're lucky, you might find jasper around the creekbeds. This site is soft-rock mining.

Virgin Valley, about 30 miles west of Denio Junction: This is *the* spot if your heart lusts after opals lit with fire. Two mines here are actively worked and charge a nominal day-fee to rockhounds. The Royal Peacock Mine is open year-round while the Rainbow Ridge Mine is open during summer; tours are available. Soft-rock digging is sufficient.

Pat Miller remembers when, as a child, she used the abundant opal as a pebble to play hopscotch in Australia. Now, when she desires an opal, she heads to Virgin Valley.

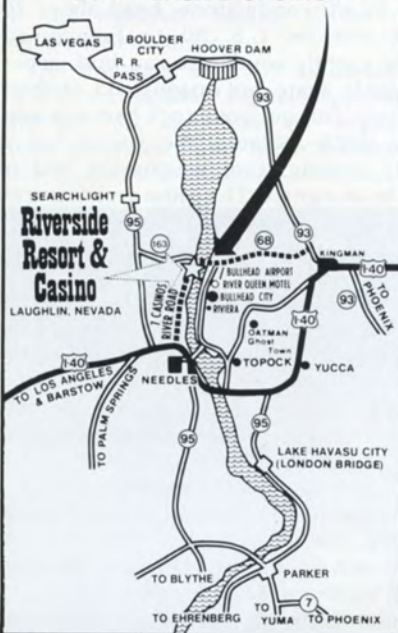
A former Civilian Conservation Corps camp in the valley has some camping facilities like potable water and dry toilets.

Black Rock Desert, 20 miles north of Gerlach by Dry Lake Road: The Millers love this area for its plentiful petrified wood. The diligent digger is rewarded also with Christmas jasper for his hard-rock work. It's a special kind of jasper with red, green, and yellow colorations that polish beautifully. Geodes, somewhat spherical, hollow shells filled with different minerals, abound here. □

Sharon Schneider of Carmichael, California, is a freelance writer and appreciates fine jewelry.



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The exquisitely-appointed Summit restaurant on the 18th floor of Harrah's Tahoe is renowned for gourmet dining and spectacular panoramas of the Tahoe Basin. Best time: sunset.

Posh Horizons

Restaurants with views so terrific that you won't mind the bill.

There is something about a restaurant with a fine view—perhaps the trees, or lights, or the cows lowing in the pasture—that makes dining out that much more fun. Around the state are many establishments where the vistas are so impressive that you'll hardly notice the bill. And that may be a good thing since many of the menus have prices to match their high reputations.

Following is a small sampling of Nevada restaurants with views. Be sure to phone ahead for reservations.

Reno-Tahoe

By Andrea Michelsen

The trouble with the **Bundox** in Reno is that the inside views compete with outside ones. Once you find the place, which shares a rather nondescript entrance with the River House Motor Hotel next door, you're in for a few surprises.

The restaurant is at the far end of the bar, a dark downtown watering hole where you might expect to see Humphrey Bogart leaning into his gin. A few steps later, it is a bit of a shock to emerge into an elegant gold and blue damask setting. Just as surprising, as you snake your way to a table, are glimpses of a couple of authentic Renoirs and priceless pieces of jade which line the walls. Continuing the

spectacle is the Truckee River, only a few feet away and in plain view through sliding glass doors.

As Reno days and evenings lose their chill, the people at the Bundox oblige customers by expanding the dining room to the terrace overlooking the river. Veteran river watchers advise, then, that the best time for lunch or dinner is when the Truckee rages during a storm or, better yet, when the river master in Tahoe City feeds this clear Sierra waterway with Lake Tahoe's overflow. Add a menu that is elegantly continental and service as professional as any in Nevada, and you will be guaranteed a feast for all your senses. The Bundox is located at 2 Lake Street; call 323-0324 for reservations. Open for lunch Monday through Friday from 11:30 to 1:30, with dinner Monday through Saturday 5:30 to 11.

The nice thing about the view at the **Donner Trail Dinner House** is that it starts long before you walk through the doors of this stage-stop-turned-restaurant. From Reno, take I-80 west, turn off at the East Verdi exit, and follow the road along the Truckee River. As you enter the town—that's a loose description for a small collection of saloons, restaurants, a post office, and a disreputable-looking dog or two—look for the large sign pointing to the Donner Trail Dinner

House. Soon you'll follow the road past a school, go over a one-lane bridge, and see the wood-frame restaurant.

Margaret Capitain (her husband, Raymond, does the honors back in the kitchen) will greet you at the door and do her best to give you a seat with a view. This request, made with a dinner reservation, is worth the time it takes to call ahead. The word "pastoral" was made for the bucolic meadow where horses graze contentedly outside the windows of the Donner Trail. Nothing could be a lovelier background for the classic French cuisine that is the specialty here. The restaurant is open for dinner Tuesday through Sunday from 5 to 11 p.m. and is located at 405 Bridge Street in Verdi. Phone 345-0664 for reservations.

Like the Bundox and Donner Trail, **Hugo's Rotisserie** at Hyatt Lake Tahoe is a bit out of the way but worth the search. First, find Incline Village on Tahoe's north shore and watch for the rather subtle sign announcing the hotel. Point yourself down toward the lake, pass the tall hotel-casino building, and follow the signs to Hugo's.

This restaurant sits in one of the prettiest coves at Lake Tahoe and lends the feeling of intimacy you might have if your sailboat were anchored in its safe harbor. Make it a point to come early to enjoy a spectacular sunset; the bar accommodates by opening at 4 p.m. The sun on the water, filtered through boughs of centuries-old pines, is almost guaranteed to make you forget any problems the day (for that matter, the whole rotten week) may have held. If the view doesn't do it, the food surely will. Hugo's remains the favorite of many of Nevada's finest chefs because of its consistent quality mixed with a good deal of innovation. The Five-Star Duckling, which uses five different sauces, is one of Hugo's best-known dishes. Listen carefully to the changing specials—these are not experiments but finely-tuned dishes. And, even though you may not *need* the calories, the do-it-yourself dessert buffet demands that you indulge in spite of your good sense. Hugo's, located at Country Club and Lakeshore drives in Incline, is open 6 to 11 p.m. daily. Call 831-1111, extension 5405, for reservations.

The **Summit**, at Harrah's posh Lake Tahoe hotel-casino, is probably the most widely-known restaurant-with-a-view in the area. If you are looking for a panoramic vista of the lake and don't want to rent a helicopter, the 18th-floor Summit offers Tahoe's best vantage point.

From the elegant bearing of the maitre d' to the single perfect rose that adorns the table, this dining room exudes class. The room has been designed so that almost every table enjoys a view of the sparkling lights of the south shore. Again, sunset dining is highly recommended, although the surrounding resorts them-

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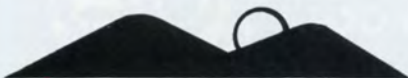
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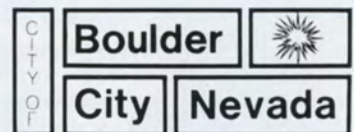
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selves offer a lovely after-dark spectacle.

The menu here is loosely continental, with good French influences. The service is impeccable, the food superb, and the vista conducive to dreaming as well as eating. The Summit is famous for such desserts as its Grand Marnier Souffle and the tableside spectacular, Bananas Foster; it would be a shame to pass on such treats just for the sake of weight-watching. The Stateline restaurant is open each night from six to midnight. Call 588-6611 for reservations.

Las Vegas

By Elliot S. Krane

The Union Plaza's **Centerstage** provides a spectacular view of downtown Las Vegas from its bayed restaurant at No. 1 Main Street. Installed in the area that was formerly the hotel's pool, the second-floor restaurant offers the imaginative menu that was served in the Backstage Restaurant before recent remodeling. The menu maintains the theatrical theme in honor of the hotel's Broadway productions with "Overture," "Between the Acts," "Stars," and "Encore" referring, respectively, to the hors d'oeuvres, salads, entrees, and special coffees.

There is piano music in the cocktail lounge, which has the same Fremont Street view as the restaurant. Breakfast



With inspiring views from the 27th floor, the Landmark has been a landmark since 1969.

and lunch are served from 7:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m., dinner from 6 p.m. to midnight. Call 386-2110 for reservations.

A few doors away at the Mint, the **Top of the Mint** is approached by an outdoor elevator. You can see both downtown and the Strip from the 24th-floor restaurant.

A favored entree is the prime rib, which is served with spinach salad and baked or steakhouse potato. Sunday night's special dessert is baked Alaska, at no charge. Music for dinner and dancing has been provided for the past 12 years by pianist Peter Urquidi, who alternates with the singer, Sidra. Hours are 5 p.m. to 2 or 3 a.m., Friday through Tuesday. Call for reservations at 385-7440, especially

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(Turn to page 30
and find out)

on Saturday night when the 200 seats fill up fast. Allow at least two hours for dinner, dancing, and watching.

For the sensation of dining on a posh ocean liner, try the **Portofino** at the Desert Inn. Located on the mezzanine above the casino, the restaurant has a Northern Italian menu and seating along the ship's rail that overlooks the waves of gamblers below. If the scene looks familiar, that's because it was the background for many episodes of the now-syndicated TV show, "Vegas."

But it is such specialties as Bistecca alla Diana and the Insalata alli Portofino—a salad with shrimp, lobster, tuna, and crab mixed with artichoke heart, anchovies tossed with romaine, and special dressing—that makes this one of the popular restaurants on the Strip. Hours are 6:30 to 11 p.m.; closed Monday. Call 733-4444 for reservations.

The **Sunset Room** of the Landmark Hotel has a 360-degree, unobstructed view of Las Vegas. To the west, the flashing and ever-changing lights of the Stardust first catch the eye, followed by the aqua Caesars Palace and the reflective glass walls of the Maxim. To the north, downtown and North Las Vegas shimmer, while, on a clear night, the Red Rock Canyon makes a dramatic background for the expanding city.

The 27th-floor restaurant, which appeared in the James Bond film, "Diamonds Are Forever," also offers bargain prices for dinners and brunches. For reservations call 733-1110.

The **Palace Court** in Caesars Palace doesn't look over the city, but it does afford views of the marble-lined pools

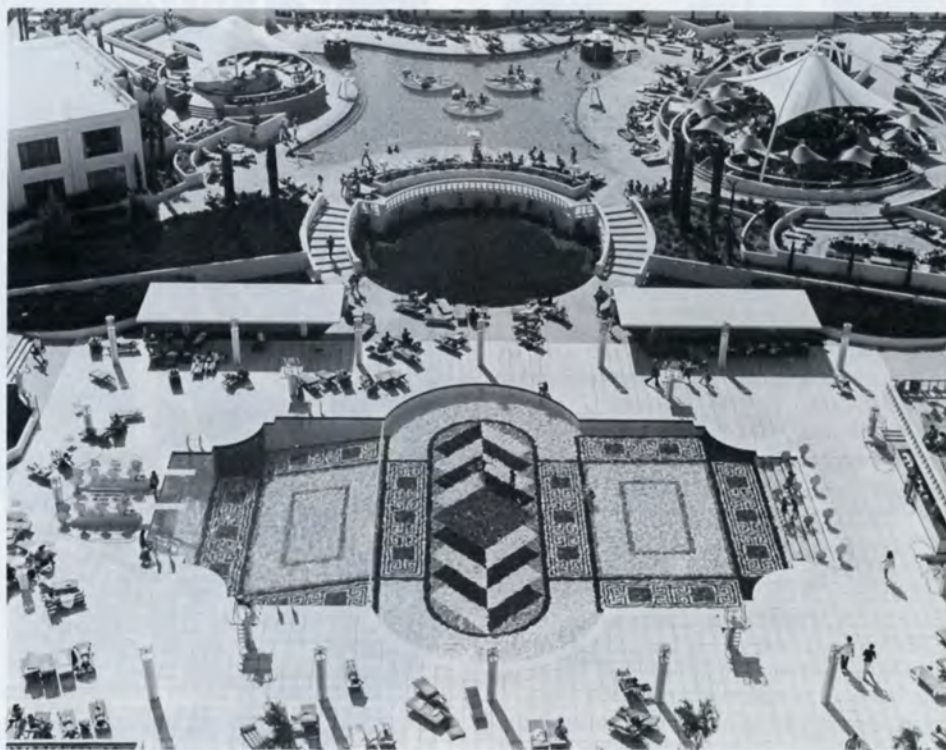
and landscaping around the hotel—the "Garden of the Gods," as hotel management calls it, which was designed to resemble the Pompeii Baths of Rome. Directly below the restaurant, a spa circulates 14,000 gallons of water every 21 minutes, and for those enjoying lunch at the restaurant, there is always an anti-pasto of bikini-clad guests decorating the lounges.

The restaurant's most popular dishes include the noisettes d'agneau Chanteclair, which is spring lamb sauteed with vegetables. Touches like roses for women guests and glazed strawberries for non-calorie watchers at dessert enhance the view. Luncheon is served 11:30 to 2:30, Thursday through Sunday. Dinner seating is nightly at 6:30, 9:30, and 11 p.m. Call 731-7547 for same-day reservations.

Completely remodeled at the end of 1983, the **Rhapsody** at the Tropicana features an art deco interior and a sweeping view of the hotel's pool and gardens. Many of the trees and shrubs were planted in the early 1960s and today give the impression of a carefully-tended English garden. The room is arranged so that all diners can enjoy the view.

One fixture of the room is Alfredo Lucchesini, the assistant maitre d' Lucchesini, who opened the hotel and the gourmet room, worked under the legendary Perino of Los Angeles. The Belgian chandeliers, beautiful linens, and fine china have been retained, although Perino, who was paid \$100,000 for the use of his name, has long since left.

Dinner hours are 6 to 11 p.m. daily, and the bar is open till two. For dinner reservations, call 739-2222. □



The Palace Court restaurant at Caesars in Las Vegas overlooks the Garden of the Gods, which was designed to resemble the opulent Pompeii Baths of ancient Rome.

Sagebrush Gourmet

A diner's guide to the Silver State.

Following is a selective guide to reader-approved Nevada restaurants whose advertisements appear in this section. Besides descriptions of menu and atmosphere, the listings include prices, hours and other details for your convenience. If you have any comments on the establishments listed, drop us a line at Nevada Magazine, Sagebrush Gourmet, Capitol Complex, Carson City, NV. 89710.

BAGEL DELI

1091 S. Virginia at Bagel Alley
Reno. 322-9458

"Home of the Stuffed Bagel" and Reno's only Bagel Factory and Kosher Style Delicatessen. As the winner of Nevada State Journal's award, "Best Oddball Food Treat," this restaurant features 16 different varieties of bagels (sesame, onion, onion-garlic, cinnamon apple, cheese, etc.) baked fresh daily. Bagel Deli offers 14 different varieties of homemade cream cheeses, including avocado, date-walnut, strawberry and jalapeno pepper.

Kosher style meats include hot pastrami, corned beef and turkey. The combinations for sandwiches are endless and all of the above may be combined to form an omelette of your dreams! Best home-made spicy chili in the West. Cafeteria style or counter service. Eat a little or eat a lot for a little. Don't miss this treat. Open Tues.-Fri., 8-4:00; Sat., 8:30-4:00. Delivery provided.

CATTLEMEN'S

Hwy. 395, Washoe Valley
Between Reno and Carson City. 849-1500
A ranch-style restaurant, the cozy Cattlemen's offers excellent meals at a moderate price. The special sirloin steak dinner is a popular and good buy. Currently \$6.45, this dinner includes a baked potato, salad, bread, ranch-style beans, sirloin steak and a glass of wine. Other entrees range from a simple hamburger steak to a filet mignon and lobster. The Alaska king crab is delicious! Open seven days a week for dinner from 5 p.m. No reservations. AE, MC, VISA.

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Reno. 323-7203

Louis' restaurant offers a warm, unhurried atmos-
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Bourguignon, and entrees including Coq au Vin
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(hunter's rabbit), and Ris de Veau (sweetbreads) as
well as many other delicious French and Spanish
Basque dishes all served family style with compli-
mentary wine. You can enjoy a famous picon
punch, cafe royal or perhaps an Izarra or choose
from Louis' extensive wine list. Basque culture is
reflected in the pottery, artifacts and pictures from
the Pyrenees which grace the walls of the two tradi-
tional dining rooms. Louis and Lorraine Erreguible
host many special dinners and parties in this
authentic Basque restaurant. Ample free parking.
Lunch: Mon.-Fri., 11:30-1:30; Dinner nightly at 6
p.m. All major credit cards accepted.



MINER'S CAFE AND SPECIALTY HOUSE

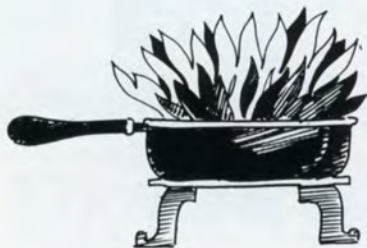
Comstock Hotel and Casino
Second and West Street
Reno. 329-1880

The decor of this 24-hour cafe is a colorful and
faithful reproduction of the Virginia City of the
1800s when silver was pouring out of her mines.
Photos of the Comstock diggings cover the sou-
venir type menu and the bill of fare is literally a
page from the past with tasty entrees honoring
bygone mining pioneers. Located on the mezza-
nine is the Specialty House Restaurant featuring
Chicken Cordon Bleu, Idaho Rainbow Trout and
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dinner with all the trimmings for \$5.99. The Miner's
Cafe and Specialty House is open 24 hours daily.
AE, MC, VISA.

SAM'S TOWN

5111 Boulder Highway
Las Vegas, 456-7777

Don't let the Sam's Town ambiance fool you. In **Diamond Lil's**, you may crave a skilletful of ribs (and the "secret sauce" will enslave you forever), but you can also order Beef en Brochette with all the trimmings, topped with Sauce Bordelaise and 'most anything in between. Luscious appetizers, side "delectables" plus a mouth-watering selection of desserts and beverages. Sun.-Thurs. 5-11 p.m., Fri.-Sat. 5-12 p.m. Sunday Champagne Brunch, 11 a.m.-3 p.m. **Willy and Jose's Cantina** offers traditional Margaritas to the highly-imaginative Chimichangas and Sam's Gone Bananas and a taste-tingling array of Mexican food specialties. Every night's a winner. Sun.-Thurs. 5-11 p.m., Fri.-Sat. 5-12 p.m. Sunday Brunch from 11 a.m.-5 p.m. The **Stagecoach Restaurant** is a 24-hour, full menu family eating spot, with a special menu for the youngsters. There are "graveyard specials" from 11 p.m. to 11 a.m. as well as special breakfast combinations to please everyone's palate and pocketbook. AE, Carte Blanche, Diners, MC, VISA.



STAR HOTEL

245 Silver (at Third)
Elko, 738-9925

Built in 1909 as a boardinghouse for Basque sheepherders and ranchers, today the Star Hotel still houses sheepherders. But now it also offers an extraordinary family-style restaurant specializing in hearty meals, European style. Joe and Anita Sarasua offer entrees including steak, seafood, chicken, oxtails, and roasted bits of lamb prepared with onion and red pimientos. Try a picon punch and the Friday chef's special of lobster, bacalao or rice and clams (in season). Dinner includes an ample supply of soup, salad, entree, vegetables, beans, spaghetti and french fries followed by ice cream or sherbet. Fine and plentiful fare. Dinners only: 5-9 p.m. Closed Sundays. No reservations. No credit cards.



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Second and Bridge Streets
Verdi, 345-0288

The famous old Verdi Inn, owned and operated by the Engel family for the past 22 years, is situated in Verdi, Nevada, eight miles west of Reno, and has an antique bar 120 years old. The Inn is a dinner house with a Gay '90s atmosphere and serves such delicacies as frog legs, Coquille St. Jacques, prime rib, lamb, and steaks, just to name a few. Open seven days a week; Sun.-Thurs. 5:30-10 p.m., Fri.-Sat. 5:30-11 p.m. AE, Diners, MC, VISA. Reservations accepted. □

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Stagecoach Restaurant

Stagecoach Restaurant — A mouth-watering array of entrees, sandwiches, desserts, baked goods, etc. Budget breakfasts, 'graveyard' specials and that 'kitchen-back-home' feeling.



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GOOD NEWS

And the good news is that Dusty Mac has "thrown in with us" to make McCarran International Airport bigger and better. He's advising people who use the airport where there might be some construction going on and

how to best use the facility (actually, we think Dusty is still diggin' around, but we don't want to call him out on that).

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The new airport, when completed, will be the talk of the aviation industry. It is being remodeled, at no cost to local taxpayers, to handle Las Vegas' tremendous growth needs through the year 2000 and beyond. So bear with us and give yourself a little extra time to catch your airplane. It's worth waiting for.

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bigger...and better!**

McCarran 2000

The Clark County Board of Commissioners

Showguide

By Ann Henderson & Melissa Cronin



Where the stars and shows are playing this winter.

Shows & Stars

Following is a muster of the stars, revues, and extravaganzas you can see in Nevada showrooms in March and April. Schedules can change, so it's wise to call ahead for times, dates, and reservations. For out-of-state callers, Nevada's area code is 702. For the hotels' toll-free phone numbers, call 1-800-555-1212.

Las Vegas

Aladdin, 736-0111 Entertainment TBA

Barbary Coast, 737-7111 Irish Showband, 9:30pm, midnight & 2am; Royal Dixie Jazz Band, noon-6pm; no cover, no minimum

Caesars Palace, 731-7333: Wayne Newton, thru 3/5; Sammy Davis Jr./Bill Cosby, 3/7-12; Joan Rivers, Smothers Brothers/Jim Stafford, 3/14-27

Circus Circus, 734-0410: Circus acts, 11am-midnight, free

Desert Inn, 733-4566: "Dream Street," indf.; 7pm & 11pm cocktail shows Tues.-Sun., dark Mon.

Dunes, 737-4110: Entertainment TBA

El Rancho, 796-2222: Lounge entertainment nightly, 1 drink minimum

Flamingo Hilton, 733-3333: City Lites, revue, indf.; 8pm dinner show from \$14.50, midnight cocktail show \$6.95, includes 2 drinks; *Casino Lounge*: Jerry Sun/Dae Han Sisters, thru 3/12; John Wills/Jerry Sun's Fantasy, 3/13-26; Gary & Sandy/John Wills, 3/27-4/9; Bach/Liz Damon, 4/10-23; Sonny Turner/Liz Damon, 4/24-5/7

Four Queens, 385-4011 Dondino, indf. (except Mon.); Sam Butera, thru 3/11 (except Mon.); Sunspots, thru 3/17 (except Sun.); Witnesses, 3/20-5/5 (except Sun.)

Frontier, 734-0240: Siegfried and Roy in Beyond Belief, indf.; 7pm & 11pm Tues.-Sun., dark Mon., family show on 3/2 & 4/6 at 6pm with 9:15pm & 12:15am cocktail shows

Fremont, 385-3232: Skin Tight, revue, indf.; 8pm & 10pm Sun.-Wed., 8pm, 10pm & midnight Fri.-Sat., dark Thurs., \$9.95, includes 2 drinks

Hacienda, 798-0571 Fire & Ice, ice spectacular, indf.; 8pm optional dinner show from \$13.95, 8pm and 11pm cocktail show \$9.95

Holiday, 369-5000: Wild World of Burlesque, indf., 10pm & 12:30am Mon.-Thurs., 8pm, 10pm & 12:30am Fri.-Sat., dark Sun., \$6.95, includes 2 drinks

Imperial Palace, 733-0234: Legends in Concert, indf., 8pm cocktail show \$9.95, 11pm cocktail show \$6.95; dark Sun., Mickey Finn Show, indf.; 2 & 4pm; dark Sun., \$8.95, includes 2 drinks

Landmark, 733-1110: Nightly entertainment

Las Vegas Hilton, 732-5755: Bal du Moulin Rouge starring Suzanne Somers, indf.; 8pm dinner show from \$16.50, midnight cocktail show \$12.50; *Casino Lounge*: Bach/John Wills, thru 3/12; Bach/Dae Han Sisters, 3/12-26; Jerry Sun's Fantasy/Dae Han Sisters, 3/27-4/9; Jerry Sun/Jonas, 4/10-23; Jonas/The Reycards, 4/24-5/7

Las Vegas Inn & Casino, 731-3222: Entertainment Tues.-Sun.

MGM Grand Hotel, 739-4567: *Ziegfeld Theatre*: Jubilee! indf.; 8:15pm & 11:45pm, \$23.50; *Celebrity Room*: Mac Davis, 3/1-14

Marina, 739-1500: Flashdance Fever, revue, indf., 8:30pm & 10:30pm Sun. and Tues.-Thurs., 8:30pm, 10:30pm & 12:30am Fri.-Sat.; dark Mon., \$6.95

Maxim, 731-4300: Old Tyme Burlesque, indf., 8pm, 10:15pm & midnight; dark Thurs., \$9.75, includes 2 drinks

Mint, 385-7440: Entertainment TBA

Riviera, 737-1755: Johnny Mathis/Jeanne Burnier, 3/5-11 8pm dinner show; Mickey Gilley/Janie Fricke, 4/2-7 & 4/10-15; 8pm dinner show, midnight cocktail show

Royal Casino, 733-4000: Nightly entertainment

Sahara, 737-2424: Nightly entertainment

Sam's Town, 456-7777: alternates indf. between: Gary LeMaster, David St. David, Perfecto & Motion

Sands, 733-5453: Entertainment TBA

Silver Slipper, 734-1212: Boy-Lesque, revue, indf.; 8pm, 10pm & midnight; dark Thurs., Branded, revue, indf.; 9pm & 11pm Mon.-Thurs., 7pm, 9pm & 11pm Fri.-Sat., dark Sun., \$5.95

Stardust, 732-6325: Lido de Paris, indf., 7pm & 11pm nightly; \$17.50, includes 2 drinks

Sundance, 382-6111 Nightly entertainment



Suzanne Somers gets a lift in Bal du Moulin Rouge at the Las Vegas Hilton.

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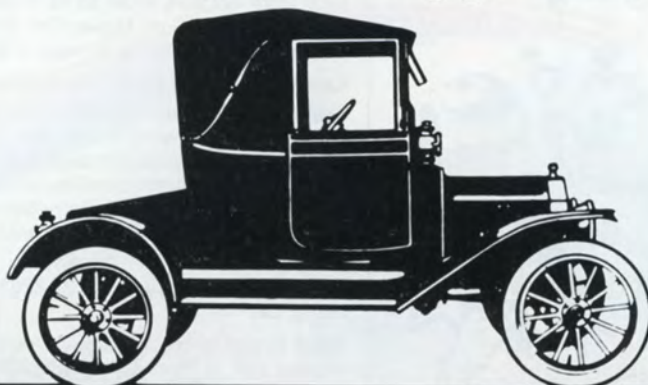
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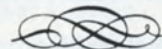
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Tropicana, 739-2411 Folies Bergere, indf., 8pm dinner show from \$16.95, 11:30pm cocktail show \$13.95

Union Plaza, 386-2444: Broadway entertainment nightly, 8pm dinner show from \$11.95, 11:45pm cocktail show from \$7.50

Lake Tahoe

Caesars Tahoe, 588-3515 (800-648-7469): Allen & Rossi, 3/8-10; Don Williams, 4/5-7

Crystal Bay Club, 831-0512: Nightly entertainment

Del Webb's High Sierra, 588-6211 Doug Ker-shaw/Cork Proctor, 3/5-18; Jimmy Rodgers, 3/19-4/9; Montana, 4/9-22

Harrah's Lake Tahoe, 588-6611 *South Shore Room*: Sammy Davis Jr., thru 3/1 Mel Tillis/Jim Stafford, 3/2-8; Wayne Newton, 3/9-15; The Oak Ridge Boys, 3/16-22; Rich Little, 3/23-29; Don Rickles, 3/30-4/5; Engelbert Humperdinck, 4/6-12; Roy Clark, 4/13-19; Loretta Lynn/Jerry Van Dyke, 4/20-26; George Benson, 4/27-29; Larry Gatlin & The Gatlin Brothers Band, 4/30-5/3; *Stateline Cabaret*: Tower of Power, thru 3/4; The Platters, 3/6-18 (except Mon.); The Turtles, 3/20-4/1 (except Mon.); Rain: A Tribute to The Beatles, 4/3-8; Society of Seven, 4/17-29 (except Mon.)

Harvey's, 588-2411 *Top of the Wheel*: Ron Rose Sound, indf.; Doris Cole & Co., 3/1-4; Livacious, 3/6-4/1 Vanda, 4/4-15; Fortune, 4/24-5/20; *Casino Theatre Lounge*: Saddle Tramps Revue, indf., Too Hot To Handle, indf.; Edell Anglin, indf., Linda Riley & the Texas Playgirls, 3/1-4; Jenevie, 3/1-4; Hot Lava, 3/5-25; Laura Lee, 3/5-19; Sun Spots, 3/20-4/15; De Marche Sisters, 3/26-4/15

Hyatt Lake Tahoe, 831-1111 Winchester Cathedral/Frank & Lehea, thru 3/11 Garfin Gathering/Arne Grobler, 3/13-25

Nevada Lodge, 831-0660: Nightly entertainment

Reno, Sparks & Carson City

Carson City Nugget, 882-1626: Cheryl Cotton Show, thru 3/18; Chris David Show, 3/20-4/1

Circus Circus, 329-0711 Circus acts, 11am-midnight, free

Fitzgerald's, 786-3663: Nightly entertainment

Harrah's Reno, 329-4422: *Headliner Room*: Tony Orlando, thru 3/7; Debbie Reynolds, 3/8-21 Bill Cosby, 3/22-4/4; The Smothers Brothers/Patti Page, 4/5-18; Neil Sedaka, 4/19-5/2; *Casino Cabaret*: The Platters, thru 3/4 (except Mon.); The Turtles, 3/6-18 (except Mon.); Rain: A Tribute to The Beatles, 3/20-4/1 (except Mon.); Jacklyn Frost, Best of Bette Midler, 4/3-15 (except Mon.)

MGM Grand Hotel, 789-2285 (800-648-3568): *Ziegfeld Theatre*: Hello Hollywood Hello, indf., 8pm dinner show from \$22; midnight cocktail show \$18.50; *Lion's Den*: Gary Raffanelli & Sandy Selby/Sizzle, thru 3/6; Danny Marona/Franco & Mary Jane, 3/7-4/3; *Leo's Lair*: Vince Cardell/One + One + Karen Cavanagh, thru 3/6

John Ascuaga's Nugget, Sparks, 358-2233 (800-648-1177): *Casino Cabaret*: "PSSST!" indf., Montana, thru 3/4; Liz Damon's Orient Express, 3/20-4/8; Mugglestons, 4/10-20; Wright Brothers, 4/22-6/10



George Trullinger is Buddy Holly in *Legends in Concert* at the Imperial Palace.

Ormsby House, Carson City, 882-1890: *Mark Twain Bar*: Glenna Allen & Fortune, thru 3/4; Roommates, 3/6-25; Four Tunes Plus One, 3/27-4/15; *Supper Club*: Twice As Nice, thru 3/11

Peppermill, 826-2121 Country Casanova, thru 3/4; Buckboard, thru 3/4

Peppermill's Western Village, Sparks, 331-1069, Nightly entertainment

Reno Hilton, 785-7100: *Opera House Theatre*: Razzle Dazzle, indf., 8pm & 11:30pm cocktail shows Tues.-Sat., 4:30pm family show & 8pm cocktail show Sun., dark Mon., *Rainbow Cabaret*: Reycards, thru 3/26; Sonny Turner, 3/27-4/23

Reno Ramada, 788-2000: Nightly entertainment

Riverside, 786-4400: Dancing to records of the '40s, '50s & '60s, Tues.-Sun., no minimum

Shy Clown, 358-6632: Nightly entertainment

Rural

Elko: Commercial Hotel, 738-3181 and Stockmen's Hotel, 738-5141 Red Lion, 738-2111

Ely: Hotel Nevada, 289-4414

Fallon: Fallon Nugget, 423-3111

Gardnerville: Sharkey's, 782-3133

Hawthorne: El Capitan, 945-3322

Jackpot: Cactus Pete's, 755-2321 and Horse-shu Casino, 755-2331

Laughlin: Riverside Resort, 298-2535; Del Webb's Nevada Club, 298-2512; Regency Casino, 298-2439; Edgewater Hotel & Casino, 298-2453; The Colorado Belle, 298-2425

Mesquite: Peppermill's Western Village, 346-5232

Tonopah: Mizpah Hotel, 482-6202; Station House, 482-9777

Topaz Lake: Li Brandi's, 266-3321 and Topaz Lodge, 266-3339

Wendover: Goldrush Casino, 664-2255; Nevada Crossing, 664-4400; State Line Casino, 664-2221 Red Garter Casino, 664-2111

Winnemucca: Star Hotel & Casino and Winners Hotel-Casino, 623-2511

Yerington: Casino West, 463-2481 and Lucky Club, 463-2868

KNOWING THE PLAYERS

Two name changes you should know about: the Sahara Tahoe is now Del Webb's High Sierra, and Sierra Sid's is now Peppermill's Western Village in Sparks, which is not to be confused with Peppermill's Western Village in Mesquite. Got that?

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BACKCOUNTRY FISHING

Reeling them in at Walker, Wild Horse, and other rural waters.

By Don Franks

In early spring, Nevada's rural lakes and streams offer serene vistas, uncrowded fishing holes, and hungry fish just waiting for a wriggling worm or dangling fly. At this time of year the roadways and campsites are beginning to lose their winter layer of mud and snow, but there's still ice fishing in the higher climes.

And, with the heavy snows of the past two winters, the water is up and the fish

are healthy. Three years ago, Walker Lake was so low the Lahontan cutthroat was in danger of extinction because of the lack of oxygen. Now the lake is up 15 feet, and the trout are fat and frisky. "The fishing has been getting better every year," said Walker fisherman Don Hertenstein, who lives in Hawthorne. He said the winning catches in the lake's annual fishing derby have gone from five pounds three years ago to more than eight pounds last year.

Early spring is when the cutthroat spawn and thus can be caught in shallower water.

If you go to Wild Horse Reservoir, 60 miles north of Elko, pack a drill or pickaxe with your pole since Wild Horse is usually frozen through March and is a favorite spot for ice fishing. But if you're not the cold-weather type, April and May offer good bank and boat fishing. The State Department of Wildlife (D.O.W.) stocks more than a million rainbow trout annually in addition to many German browns and largemouth bass.

Fifteen miles south of Ely is Cave Lake, a 32-acre reservoir (and state park) in one of the most scenic mountain areas in Nevada. It has rainbow and brown trout, which D.O.W. stocks periodically throughout the spring and summer. Last October, a new state-record German brown, weighing 17 pounds, 8 ounces, was taken from its pristine waters.

At Rye Patch Reservoir, walleye are the prize. A member of the perch family, the walleye is coveted as a delicious freshwater fish. It's also respected as a tenacious fighter, with sharp teeth that can slice through light-gauge fishing line. "Spring is the best time to fish for walleye in Rye Patch," says Reno fisherman Duane "Big Foot" Ramociotti, a Rye Patch regular. "But wait for a cloudy, overcast day. I think that makes the walleye feel safer." Crappie, white and black bass, channel catfish, and Sacramento perch are also abundant in Rye Patch but easier to hook in the warmer months.

Two well-known but out of the way fishing holes are Spring Valley and Echo Canyon, both state parks and 20 and 12 miles east of Pioche, respectively. At Echo the best time for trout is in May, right after D.O.W. stocks the reservoir. Most are pan-sized, but there are lunkers lurking in the depths. Nearby Pioche and Caliente offer supplies and a taste of vintage rural Nevada charm.

Spring Valley is a 65-acre reservoir with rainbows, cutthroats, and Alabama striped bass. The ice fishing is chillingly delightful until the ice thaws in early spring. The months of May and June may offer the best shore and boat fishing in years. Last winter D.O.W. installed an underwater pump to circulate bottom waters and help provide oxygen for the fish. Aquatic weeds, which rob the water of oxygen, have threatened the fish in the past.

You also can fish for browns in the stream below the reservoir at Spring Valley. If you come back with an empty creel, well, that's a good excuse to get supplies or dinner down the road in Pioche or Caliente. After all, a fishing trip is a great way to explore the history and scenery of the cow counties—and maybe catch some dinner along the way. □

Don Franks of Reno is a widely-traveled fisherman and hunter.

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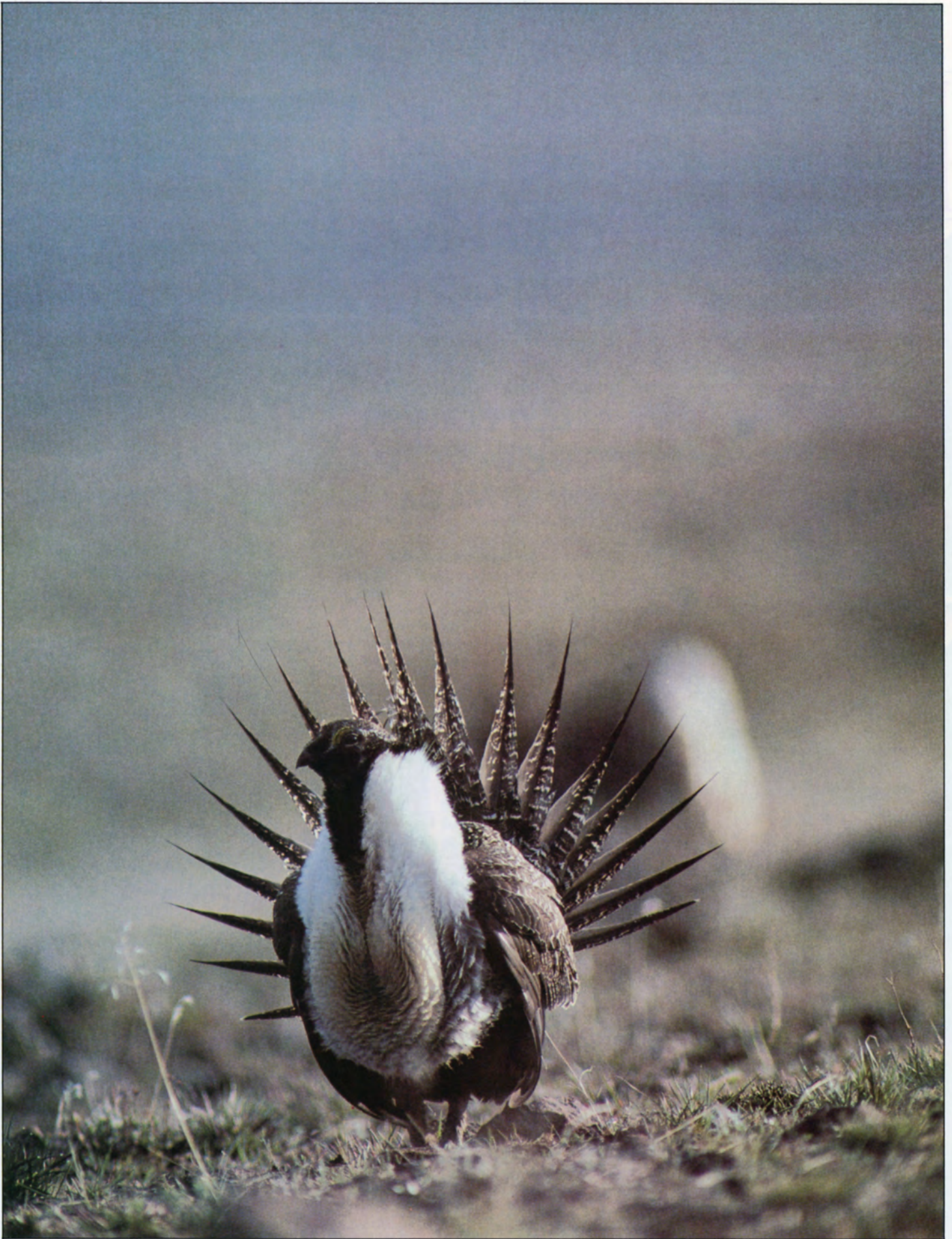


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WILD ENCOUNTERS

With keen hearing and eyesight, the bobcat is a renowned stalker, although it usually prefers rocky slopes to tree limbs. Adult bobcats can grow to three feet in length. They are most active at night and thus rarely seen by people.

Slightly more approachable is the sage grouse, or as it is more commonly called, the sage hen. At left, a sage hen is in the midst of a mating dance. In this springtime ritual the male bows, shivers his wings, and makes a loud, throaty call. Sage hens are found in all but the extreme southern part of the state, usually in high, grassy desert.

Bobcat: Dick Benoit, Reno
Sage hen: Tony Diebold, Gerlach

COMMEMORATIVE PRINTS

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Art Exhibit, 12-29, juried show by school children of Northern Nevada and Eastern California, grades 1-12, free, Sierra Nevada Museum of Art, 329-3333
All Night Ski-A-Thon, 13, Boreal Ski Resort, Soda Springs, 916-426-3666

"The Robber Bridegroom," 13-14, musical, Brewery Arts Center, Carson City, 883-1976

"The Mikado," 13-14, Gilbert and Sullivan's operetta, 8pm, Nevada Opera Assn., Pioneer Theater, 786-4046

Reno Home Improvement & Modern Living Expo, 13-15, Convention Center, 323-6055

Electronics Exposition '84, 13-15, Convention Center, 785-4800

Grover Hot Springs Campfire and Hike, 14, meet at 6pm at Grover Hot Springs State Park, 4 miles west of Markleeville, Hwy. 89, Sierra Area State Parks, 916-525-7232



Pro-Am Slammers

Three-time winner Nancy Lopez will be slamming balls and coaxing putts to defend her title at the Desert Inn's \$200,000 LPGA J&B Scotch Pro-Am on April 9-15. Amateurs and guest celebrities join the touring pros for the first three days of play at the DI and Las Vegas country clubs, with the pros playing the final round for the \$30,000 first prize on Sunday at the DI.

Sierra Mountain Race VI, 15, individual and relay divisions, 10-km. cross-country skiing followed by 10-km. run and 30-km. bicycling, Squaw Valley Nordic Center, 916-583-2264

PASCO Wave Camp, 15-22, 18th annual flying and wave camp, Pacific Area Soaring Council, Douglas County Airport, Minden, 782-7627

Easter Week Fun Celebration, 15-22, daily contests for children 12 and under, daily races, Easter egg hunt on 21st, Sierra Ski Ranch, 916-659-7453

Easter Holiday Adventures, 16-20, children in this program enjoy five days of movies, games, team sports, Easter party, crafts, and snow trip to Lake Tahoe, 8am-5pm Mon.-Fri., \$35, Reno Recreation Dept., Billingshurst Gym, register by calling 785-2262

"Sword and The Stone," 17, children's film, 3pm, \$1 children under 5 must be accompanied by parent, Reno Recreation Dept., Billingshurst Gym, 785-2262

Reno Padres v. Modesto Athletics, 17-19, class-A pro baseball, 7pm, Moana Stadium, 825-0678

Annual Para-Ski Meet, 19-22, skydiving and ski racing, Kirkwood, 209-258-6000

"The Robber Bridegroom," 20-21 musical, Brewery Arts Center, Carson City, 883-1976

University of Nevada College Rodeo, 20-21 State Fairgrounds, 785-4306

Reno Padres v. Rohnert Park, 20-22, class-A pro baseball, 7pm on Fri., 1:30pm on Sat.-Sun., Moana Stadium, 825-0678

National Amateur Bowlers Tournament, 21-22, handicap singles tournament, Starlite Bowl, 356-6355

High Power Rifle Silhouette, 22, 8am registration, shooting begins at 9am, club barbecue follows, Palomino Valley Gun Club, 22 miles north of Sparks on Pyramid Lake Hwy., 323-3950

Easter Egg Hunt, 22, Lampe Park, Gardnerville, 782-7456

Easter Sunday, 22, egg hunt for children, Easter bunny, Echo Summit Ski Resort, 916-659-7154

Hilton's \$1 Million Pot-O-Gold Playoff, 24, all winners of Pot-O-Gold jackpots between March 16, 1983, and March 16, 1984, will play off for a \$1 million grand prize, Reno Hilton, 322-1111

Shakespeare's Clown, 24, Dic Bagwell as "Merry Wil" Kemp, 7:30pm, \$4, Brewery Arts Center, Carson City, 883-1976

Black Angus Show, 24-5/1 Western States Angus Assn., State Fairgrounds, 503-257-8819

Barbershop Singers Competition, 28, quartet and chorus competition of barbershop singers from Northern Nevada and California, Carson City Community Center, 345-0555

Handgun Metallic Silhouette Shoot, 29, Washoe County Range, 22 miles north of Sparks on Pyramid Lake Hwy., 345-0225

Coming Attractions

May

World Series of Poker, Binion's Horseshoe, Las Vegas, 382-1600

Helldorado Rodeo, 5-13, Las Vegas, 385-1221

Jim Butler Days, 24-28, Tonopah, 482-3859

June

Winnemucca Basque Festival, 9-10, 623-2225

Reno Rodeo, 19-24, 329-3877

July

National Basque Festival, Elko, 738-7111

Ely Basque Festival, 289-4426

August

Las Vegas Jaycee's State Fair, 457-8832

Pony Express Days and White Pine County Fair, Ely, 289-8877

Reno Basque Festival, 825-9636

September

Winnemucca Rodeo and Tri County Fair, 623-2225

Elko County Fair, 785-5141

Nevada State Fair, Reno, 785-4306

Clark County Basque Festival, Las Vegas, 385-5147

Reno National Championship Air Races, 786-7500

Virginia City Camel Races, 847-0311 □

A Reminder: to confirm dates and times, use the phone numbers listed with each event. For out-of-state callers, the area code is 702 throughout Nevada.



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Statement of Ownership, Management and Circulation

- Date of filing: September 30, 1983
- Title of Publication: NEVADA Magazine, ISSN01991248
- Frequency of issue: Bimonthly
 - Number of annual issues: six
 - Annual subscription price: \$8.95
- Office of publication: 101 South Fall Street, Carson City, NV. 89710
- Mailing address: Same
- Name and address of publisher and editor: Caroline J. Hadley, 101 South Fall St., Carson City, NV. 89710; Managing editor: David E. Moore, 101 South Fall St., Carson City, NV. 89710
- Owner: State of Nevada, Capitol Complex, Carson City, NV. 89710
- Bondholders: Not applicable
- Nonprofit status: Not applicable
- Extent and nature of circulation

	12-Month Average	Actual Nearest Filing Date
A. Total number copies:	62,000	62,000
B. Paid circulation:		
1. Dealers, carriers, vendors	7,003	6,231
2. Mail subscription	47,871	47,841
C. Total paid circulation:	54,874	54,072
D. Free distribution:	505	414
E. Total distribution:	55,379	54,486
F. Copies not distributed:		
1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled	960	n/a
2. Return from news agents:	5,661	n/a
G. Total:	62,000	62,000

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.—Caroline J. Hadley, Publisher

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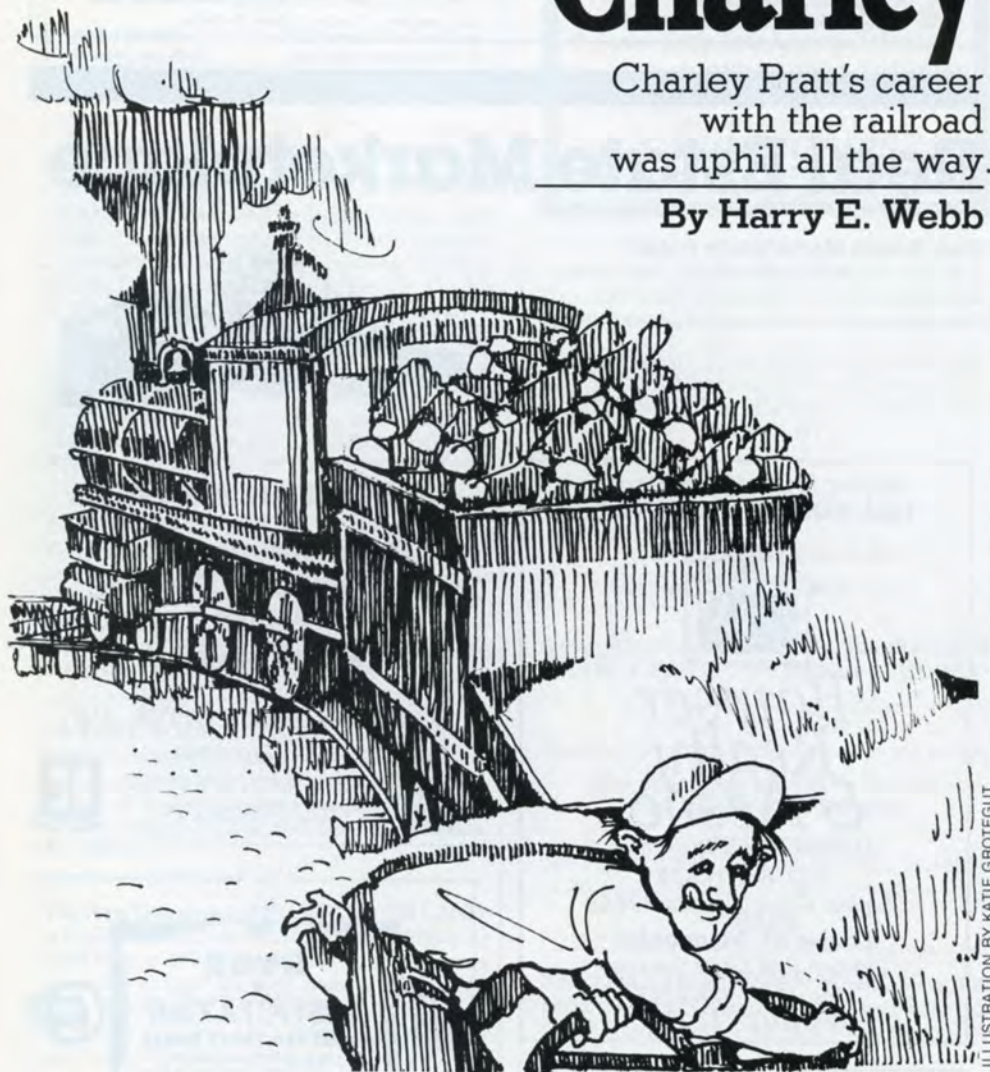
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Training Charley

Charley Pratt's career with the railroad was uphill all the way.

By Harry E. Webb



narrow gauge was bringing back thousands of tons of ore from Eureka's bustling mines.

With the road's carpenters busily building gondolas and freight cars, the general manager suddenly found himself short of crewmen. "Now kid," he told Charley, "this first day will be a tough one as you and the engineer will have to be the whole crew to get this train through. Sudden illness of some of the crew has me behind the eight ball, so I'm depending on you two."

At last Charley was in the cab, being instructed by the engineer how to feed the three-foot lengths to the firebox while watching the steam gauge. And, when they stopped at the foot of Garden Pass, how to pile all the wood possible on the tender as a long, steep grade lay ahead. Charley was making mental notes of his duties when his mother brought down his lunch bucket and stood watching as the two-crew train got under way.

Looking back and waving, Charley proudly grabbed the whistle cord and held it down until they were across the long, curved river bridge, when he was yanked from his happy reverie. "You damn lummo," the engineer yelled, "you've whistled me outta steam. Now get heaving that wood!"

Sixty years later, in relating that episode to a group of us bench warmers on Frank Martinelli's porch, Charley said, "You fellows have no idea how much cord wood that dinky locomotive could consume! When we pulled into the wood and water station at the foot of Garden Pass, the engineer told the wood handler and me to 'stack it extra high' because we had an awful heavy train this trip and might run short on the long grade below Eureka. He also stressed a fear the little locomotive might stall on the heavy grade ahead. 'I sure don't want that to happen,' he told us, 'and roll back down and crack up in the gulch.'"

"After a mighty effort that little engine put us over the pass, and the engineer wiped his brow with his red bandana as if it had been him done all the work. 'Charley,' he said once we were humming along, 'for a minute back there I thought we were going to stall, but thanks to you keeping a full head of steam for me, by God the old girl made it! But I was scared and no fooling!'"

"Him calling me *Charley* made me feel pretty sure I was due for a steady run. I felt good. 'Yes,' I told him, 'your talk with that wood fellow about maybe stalling and us cracking up had the pee-waddin' scared out of me, too. That's why I went back and tightened down all the brakes I had time for before we tackled that summit.'" □

Harry E. Webb, who once rode with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, has been a cowboy, trapper, actor, and author. He recently was named to the Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City.

From the time Charley Pratt was old enough to remember how Lola Montez had brought "civilization" to the fighting mining camp of Nevada City, California, by her golden voice, he had wanted to be a railroader. But after he and his mother moved to Nevada, Charley spent most of his life following knife-blade streaks of silver in his mine below Palisade. There was a single exception: his short stint—a very short one—as fireman on the wood-burning, narrow-gauge locomotive.

As the years passed, Grandma Pratt became known to every generation of Palisaders as well as the trainmen on the SP and WP as she sat on the lower step of her little house puffing smoke from her clay pipe, waiting for their shouts and waves.

But getting back to Charley's railroad job. His chance came after weeks of badgering the Eureka-Nevada's general manager for a job. In those days hundreds of tons of freight were trundled across the depot platform bound for Eureka, and the

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