NEVADA

HIGHWAYS AND PARKS

ICD 08590 FALL 1972 | 75c



A Sure Fling!



In Reno
June 15 Thru 28
The Bobbie Gentry Show



Harrah's Hotel in Reno



Harrah's Fine Restaurants



At Tahoe
June 22 Thru July 7
The Sammy Davis, Jr. Show



In Reno
June 29 Thru July 17
Jerry Lewis
Bobby Vinton Thru July 19



Harrah's Exciting Cabarets



Harrah's Convention Center



At Tahoe
July 8 Thru 12
Trini Lopez



Harrah's
Reno and Lake Tahoe

Reservations Information:
Reno 702 329-4422 Tahoe 702 588-6606



Look over the West's greatest recreational land opportunity –

SPRING CREEK at Elko, Nevada

You should *see* Spring Creek! Learn firsthand about the advantages of McCulloch's new and *different* "All Seasons Recreational Community" — just 10 paved highway miles from Elko.

Imagine a 22,500-acre scenic domain extending right on up to the foothills of the beautiful Ruby Mountains. A perfect location for hunting, fishing, hiking, snowmobiling and other year 'round outdoor sports.

This spacious recreation paradise is master-planned by McCulloch, the London Bridge people, to provide escape from the pressures and problems of Big-City living.

McCulloch's $8 million program of development and recreational improvements includes an Equestrian Center to be completed in 1973, Old West Village and a challenging golf course. The first nine holes are already finished, and the second nine will be completed in 1972.

Many people are finding Spring Creek an ideal spot for a second home a vacation retreat a weekend hideaway a year 'round outdoor sports "headquarters" and wholesome family leisure living.

Don McNelley, Licensed Nevada Real Estate Broker
NAD 720054 (A)

Spring Creek Corporation, developer, and its agent Holly Development Co., are wholly-owned subsidiaries of McCulloch Oil Corporation.

Mail the coupon or dial toll-free (800) 528-0350 for this free literature

1. 16-page full-color brochure with over 50 pictures and maps.
2. Government map of the area showing Spring Creek.
3. Official 28-page Fishing Guide of area.

Your visit to Spring Creek will include an interesting land sales presentation on the unusual opportunities it offers you.

Spring Creek 570-0872
7178 E. Main St.
Scottsdale, Arizona 85251

Please send us free color brochure, map and fishing guide without obligation.

Name

Address

City NAD 720054 (A) State Zip

NEVADA

Fall 1972 Volume 32, Number III

Features

THE RETURN OF THE TOMAHAWK — By William Childress 8
MUSTANGING WEST OF SEVEN TROUGHS — By Agnes Scott Train 12
THE MOUNTAINS OF NEVADA Part VI — By John Schilling and Philip Hyde 16
FOLLOW THE CROWDS TO THOSE CHICKENS — By Dick Calhoun 26
HYDROPLANES! — By Randy Parker 30
SPRING CREEK — By Judy Isaman 32
LAKE MEAD'S BIRDS — 40

Departments

SHOWSVILLE, USA — 4
COMMENT — 28

FRONT COVER — The Rubys above Spring Creek. Photo by Roger Mitchell.



See page 8



See page 16

Board of Directors
Chairman
GOVERNOR MIKE O'CALLAGHAN
WILSON McGOWAN
State Controller
ROBERT LIST
Attorney General
GRANT BASTIAN
State Highway Engineer

Editorial Advisory Board
JAMES DEITCH, Chairman
WALLIE WARREN, Vice Chairman
Members: PAT BRADY, GEORGE CARNES, JOE DELANEY, RALPH DENTON, RUTHE DESKIN, PAUL LEONARD, JOHN MILLER, J. C. "BUD" TRIPLETT

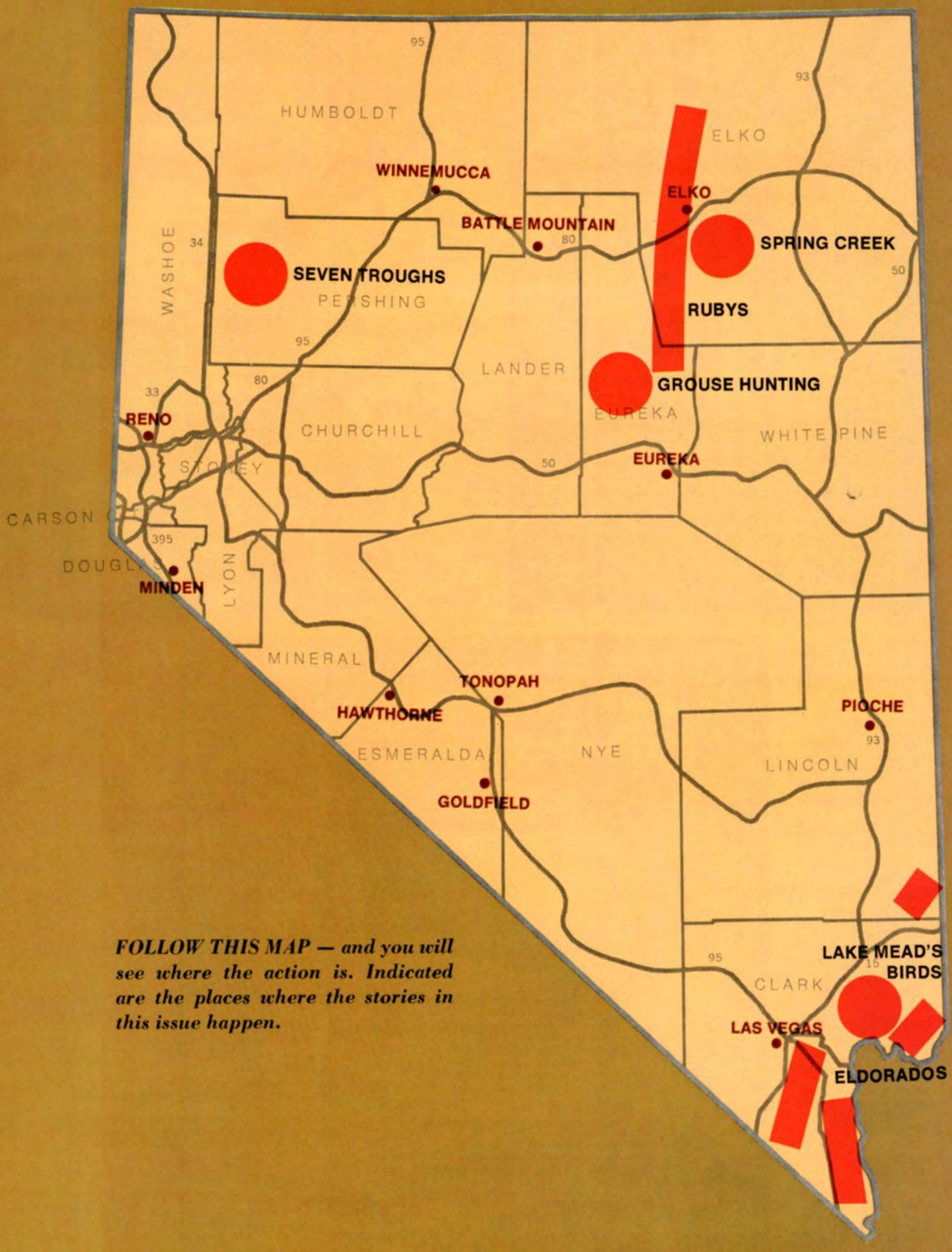
Staff
DONALD L. BOWERS, Editor
JUDY ISAMAN, Managing Editor
JIM REINHELLER
Advertising and Promotion
DESIGN DIRECTIONS, RENO
Editorial Design

Advertising and Promotion
is handled directly from the editorial offices in Carson City. Phone (702) 882-7677.

Change of Address
or correspondence, write: Nevada Magazine, Carson City, Nevada 89701. For change of address please report old as well as new address. Phone (702) 882-7677.

Nevada Highways and Parks
is published quarterly by the State of Nevada, Department of Highways, Carson City, Nevada © Copyright 1971 by the State of Nevada. Second class postage permit, Carson City, Nevada with additional entry in Denver, Colo.

Subscription Rates
$2.75 per year, U.S. and Canada, $3.50 foreign.



FOLLOW THIS MAP — and you will see where the action is. Indicated are the places where the stories in this issue happen.

SHOWSVILLE

LAKE TAHOE

HARRAH'S
Glen Campbell, June 7-21
Sammy Davis Jr., June 22 - July 17
Trini Lopez, July 8-12
Tony Bennett, July 13-26
Danny Thomas, July 27 - Aug. 9
Lawrence Welk, Aug. 31 - Sept. 20

HARVEY'S
John St. John Trio, June 17-30
Ron Rose & Friend, June 17 - Oct. 31
Clyde McCoy Orchestra, July 1-21
Orrin Tucker Orchestra, Aug. 19 - Sept. 15

SAHARA TAHOE
Rowan and Martin,
Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, June 7-21
Engelbert Humperdinck. Morty Gunty,
The Celebration, June 22 - July 5
Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme,
July 25 - Aug. 7
Tom Jones, Pat Henry, Rock Flowers,
Aug. 8-21
The Carpenters, Aug. 22-28
Jonathan Winters, Aug. 29 - Sept. 4
Ann-Margret, Sept. 5-17

RENO - SPARKS - CARSON CITY

HAROLDS CLUB
Rita Tanner, Ron Case, May 30 - July 10
Sonny King, Marlin Lewis, July 11-24
Jack Bedient, M and Hari, July 25 - Aug. 21
Dick Roman, Aug. 22 - Sept. 16
Sonny King, Sept. 17 - Oct. 16
Bob Williams, Lynda Standell,
Sept. 19 - Oct. 16

HARRAH'S
Mitzi Gaynor, thru June 14
John Davidson, June 15-28
Jerry Lewis, June 29 - July 17
Bobby Vinton, June 29 - July 19
Don Rickles, July 20 - Aug. 20
Debbie Reynolds, Aug. 3-23
Connie Stevens, Stiller and Meara,
Aug. 24 - Sept. 6
Diana Ross, Sept. 7-20

MAPES
Al Bello, Ind

JOHN ASCUAGA'S NUGGET
Ray Conniff, June 8-27
Carol Channing, July 27 - Aug. 9
Sandler and Young, Aug. 31 - Sept. 21

JESSIE BECK'S RIVERSIDE
Frankie Fanelli, opens June 19
Bob Braman, opens July 31
The Jets, opens Aug. 1

LAS VEGAS

ALLADIN
Minsky's Burlesque 72, Ind.

CAESARS PALACE
Diana Ross, Ice Follies, June 15-28
Harry Belafonte, June 29 - July 19
Paul Anka, Joey Heatherton, June 20 Aug. 9
Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme,
Jan Murray, Aug. 10-23
Tom Jones, Pat Henry, Aug. 24 - Sept. 6
Sandy Williams, Sept. 7-27

CIRCUS CIRCUS
Continuous Circus Acts

DESERT INN
Trini Lopez, Jack E. Leonard, June 6 - July 3
Debbie Reynolds, July 4-31
Joan Rivers, Abbe Lane, Aug. 1-28

DUNES
Casino de Paris, Ind.

FLAMINGO
The Lettermen, Myron Cohen, June 8 - July 5
Mills Brothers, June 22 - July 19
Connie Stevens, July 6 - Aug. 2
Fats Domino, July 20 - Aug. 16
Sandler and Young, Pat Cooper, Aug. 3-30

FRONTIER
Robert Goulet, June 8-21
Bob Newhart, Jerry Vale, June 22 - July 19
Wayne Newton, July 20 - Aug. 23
The Supremes, Aug. 24 - Sept. 20

HACIENDA
Topless Folies, Ind.

LAS VEGAS HILTON
Bill Cosby, June 5-21
Diahann Carroll, June 5-21
Liberace, June 22 - July 5
Charley Pride, July 6-17
Perry Como, July 18 - Aug. 3
Elvis Presley, Aug. 4 - Sept. 4

LANDMARK
Roy Clark and Sound Generation,
June 14 - July 4
Patti Page, July 5 - Aug. 1
Bobbie Gentry, Aug. 2-29
Frankie Laine, Aug. 30 - Sept. 26

THE MINT
Eddie Cash and Expression, June 5 - July 2
Jades and J'Adorables, Maori Quin-tikis,
June 3 - July 30



Sultry Bobbie Gentry marquees Las Vegas' Landmark August 2 through 29 where a whole summer-full of top entertainment is billed.

It'll be candelabra and the uncontested talents of Liberace June 22 through July 5 at the Las Vegas Hilton.

RIVIERA
Engelbert Humperdinck, May 24 - June 20
Carroll O'Connor, June 21 - July 4
Don Rickles, July 5-18
Dionne Warwicke, July 19 - Aug. 1
Totie Fields, John Davidson, Aug. 2-15
Shecky Greene, Aug 16-29
Fifth Dimension, Aug. 30 - Sept. 19

SAHARA
Rowan and Martin, June 25 - July 17
Doc Severinsen, July 18-29
Buddy Hackett, July 30 - Aug. 18
Johnny Carson, Aug. 19 - Sept. 1
Frank Gorshin, Sept. 2-18

SANDS
Joey Bishop, Billie Eckstine, Sonny King,
May 24 - June 27
Danny Thomas, June 28 - July 18
Sammy Davis Jr., July 19 - Sept. 5
Don Adams, Sept. 6 - Oct. 3

SILVER SLIPPER
Wonderful World of Burlesque, Ind.

STARDUST
Le Lido de Paris, Ind.
The Irish Showband, Bare Touch of Vegas,
May 26 - Aug. 17
Kimberlys, Big Tiny Little, May 26 - July 13
Tommy Deering and The Inner Circle,
Gary Grande, The New Press Revolution,
July 14 - Aug. 17

THUNDERBIRD
Latin Fire 72, Ind

TROPICANA
Folies Bergere, Ind.

NOW! DIAL DIRECT 24 HRS. FOR WHAT'S HAPPENING IN...

MUSIC
SPORTS
NIGHT CLUBS
DINING
SHOWS
FUN

FUN-DIAL

RENO
LAKE TAHOE
LAS VEGAS

DIAL TOLL FREE

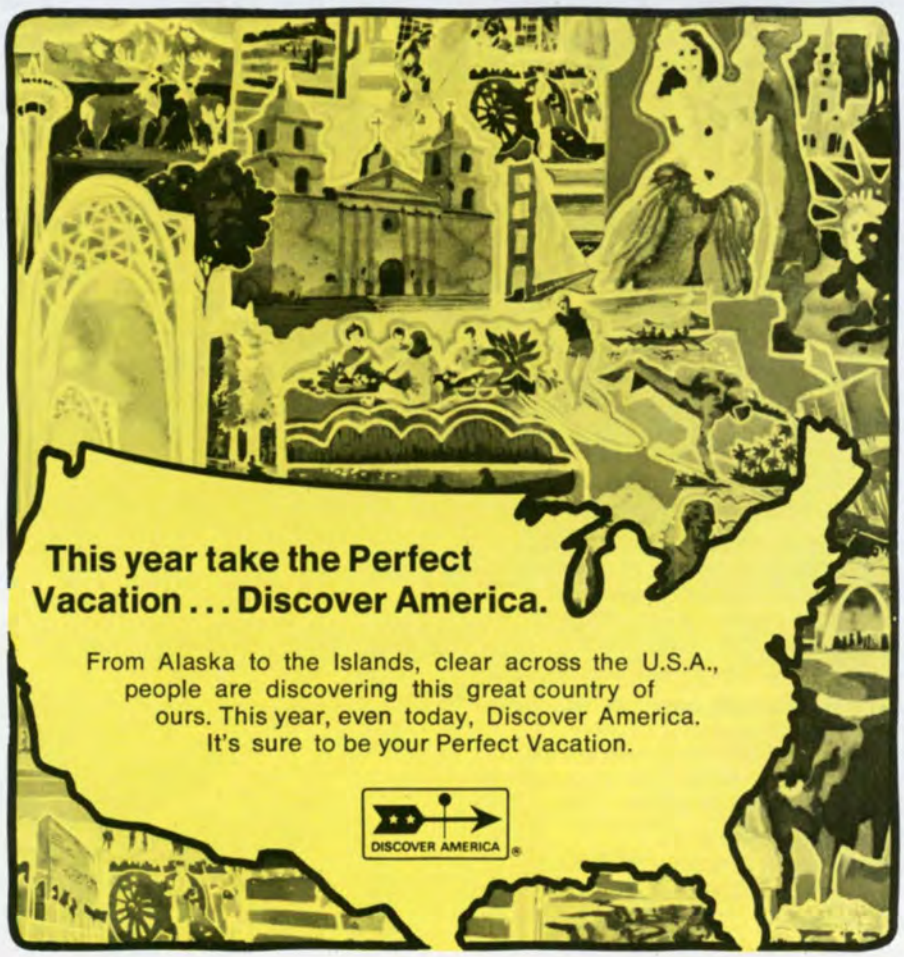
RENO 800-648-5430

LAS VEGAS 800-648-5435

FROM CALIFORNIA, OREGON, WASHINGTON, WYOMING, IDAHO, UTAH, ARIZONA & NEVADA

WHEN IN RENO DIAL 747-1111

IN LAS VEGAS 800-992-5716



Is Nevada great for camping and water sports?







Bet on it.

You don't have to stand in line to camp in Nevada. And you don't have to wait your turn to get in the water

Nevada has plenty of room for camping and plenty of crystal-clear lakes to enjoy water skiing, boating, skin diving and swimming, plus some fabulous fishing.

State and private property in Nevada only take up 13 percent of the land. The rest is yours to roam — 60 million acres with few or no restrictions.

Right outside Las Vegas, Lake Mead has 550 miles of shoreline dotted with campgrounds, beaches and boating facilities.

Lake Tahoe in Western Nevada is the second largest lake at 6200 feet or above in the world. Long stretches of beach, well maintained campgrounds, as well as numerous boat launching facilities are available to the outdoor family.

There are 63 campgrounds scattered throughout Nevada, mostly in the almost untouched central part of the state. You can choose your degree of solitude and your type of recreation. You can pick your country — deep forest, mysterious desert lakes, rugged mountains with hidden lakes.

If you're a camper who likes to be near the water, you'll be surprised how much clear water you can find in Nevada.

Bet on it.

Write: Nevada for Recreation
State Capitol
Carson City, Nevada 89701

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

Pick your winning combination of Nevada recreations on the wheel (Circle your choice). We'll send you complete information and a FREE copy of Nevada Highways & Parks Magazine. Bet on it.



© 1970 State of Nevada

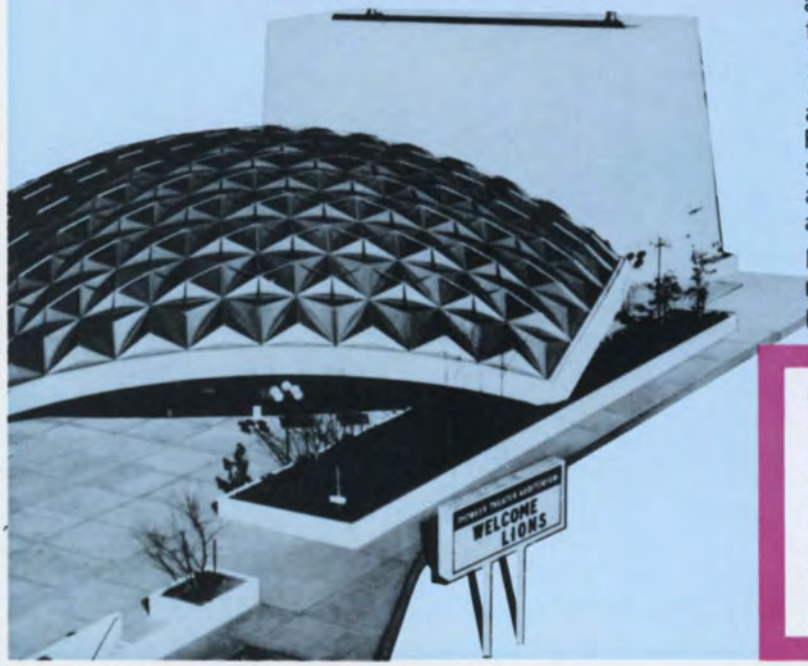
P

Hertz

The Best Way to go in and Around Reno.

RENO: 1st & Center Streets, 329-4157; Airport, 329-1341; Trucks, 385 Kietzke Lane, 329-1328; **LAKE TAHOE:** Tahoe Airport (916) 541-0533; **STATELINE:** Harrah's Recreation Center, 588-4911; **INCLINE VILLAGE:** Phillips 66, 831-0292; **CARSON CITY:** City Center Motel, 882-1065.

THINKRENO



and then begin planning the most successful convention you've ever had! With over 10,000 hotel and motel rooms, plus the 1,500-seat Pioneer Theater Auditorium and 8,000-seat Centennial Coliseum, Reno provides all the ingredients to assure success. The fun your group will have at a convention in Reno is the extra that we add for nothing!

Like to know more about Reno's success record? Just fill in the coupon. Or telephone (702) 786-3030.

Mr. Will Jurgens, Reno Convention Bureau, P. O. Box 2109
Reno, Nev. 89505

I'd like to THINKRENO

NAME_____

ASSN'/FIRM_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

PHONE_____ AVERAGE ATTENDANCE_____



The Return of

By WILLIAM CHILDRESS

The Nevada sun drenched the mountain glade with gold. Birds cut from bush to bush, squirrels chattered through trees, and a lone bluejay let out a raucous cheer as my photographer began setting up his tripod.

My own eyes were fixed on another kind of tripod —three two-by-fours bolted together, twenty-five feet away. A log round rested on twin nails driven into the uprights. A full can of sun-warmed beer rested on the nails—a target often used by loggers during axe-throwing contests.

But in my hand was something far more versatile than an axe. I held a hand-forged replica of what was once the frontier's most feared weapon. I held a tomahawk. My sport is throwing them.

Curiously, Nevada Indians apparently lacked iron or steel tomahawks, although these weapons fairly inundated eastern and plains tribes.

But many fine "lithic" (stone) axes have been found, and according to John Townley, director of the Nevada State Historical Society, most Nevada tribes had such weapons.



the tomahawk

"They were usually of the grooved-head type," he said from his Reno headquarters. "They had somewhat flexible pinyon-wood handles, lashed on with reeds or rawhide thongs." Townley believes the best collection of such tomahawks lies in the Lost City Museum's collection in southern Nevada.

Could they have been hurled as missiles at an enemy?

"They could," he said, "and they often were. Of course, such lithic implements had a variety of uses. The Washoes, Paiutes, and Shoshones used them for chipping and crushing—and in the case of pestles, for grinding."

Since tomahawk heads have been found wedged high in cracks in cliffs, or in the forks of trees, this is taken as evidence that the weapons were often hurled at game or foes. Today, an estimated 40,000 hawkers tramp meadow and mountain, chunking at everything from dead stumps to small game.

But throwing at live trees is forbidden, and the Forest Service levies stiff fines on anyone stupid enough to do so.





That Indians were deadly accurate is a matter of record. Many colonists wrote of the terrors of the savages' "spinning axes." One, Henry Timberlake, wrote in the 17th Century: "They have mastered the art of regulating the motion, so that even though their **tamahaks** spin round as they fly, they always strike the place aimed at edge first."

The "place aimed at" was often a human skull, as cloven craniums in the U.S. Army Medical Museum testify. Indians also threw from horseback, especially on the Great Plains, and were accurate at considerable distances.

My photographer has finished setting up. I glance his way and call, "Ready, Nick?" He crouches at a safe distance behind a huge telephoto lens. It will make distances seem shorter than they are, but I'll be tossing from twenty-five feet.

"Ready," says Pavloff. He has been trekking with me along Tahoe's north shore, high in the pines, and both of us have done a lot of panting in the rarified air. But our spirits are high: The sky is a clean, clear, robin's-egg blue—and below, the lake is a panorama of turquoise beauty, shimmering in the sun.



You can learn to stick a tomahawk in an hour. It's just a matter of pacing off distances (15-25-40 feet), watching how many times the blade spins (it should turn once in flight), and adjusting the toss. Throw **easy** at first. Says 72-year-old Orlph Hulvey, of Normal, Illinois: "Too many people think they have to bust a gut. The fact is, hard throwing just messes up your accuracy." Orlph should know. He has taught thousands to throw—and is a magician with the tiny axes himself. He can perform tricks that turn others green with envy, and this despite being forced to retire from his machinist's job 15 years ago because of a heart attack.

"The great thing about hawk-throwing as a hobby," he says, "is **you're never too old.** At the Friendship, Indiana muzzle-loader meets each summer, I teach tomahawk throwing. I get 'em from four to eighty-four—and guarantee 'em they'll stick by the third throw!"

Accuracy, of course, takes more time. I was two months learning to open a can of beer the hard way. From twenty-five feet, a beer can looks about the size of one of those miniature salt-boxes you buy in markets.

Now, holding the blade at arm's length, I sight down the left side of the blade. It would be the right side if you're left handed. The throw is almost school-girlish; tossing a tomahawk baseball-fashion could wreck a perfectly good shoulder. They weigh just over a pound apiece, and are more "lofted" than thrown.

Since each weapon leaves the forge edged and sharp, treat them politely! Because hawkers learn the **right** way to have fun with tomahawks, no serious injuries have yet been reported.

"It's a whale of a lot of fun," says Hulvey. "You can actually get so good, you can split soda straws at fifteen feet!"

One of man's most basic urges is throwing; perhaps one reason tomahawking is enjoying a renais-

sance. It has its roots in pretty primordial soil.

Historically, hand axes could be man's first projectile weapon, although weapons expert and author Edwin Tunis suggests a vine sling might have been. The tomahawk, called **tamahaken** by Algonquian Indians who named it, is basically English in design. The French (an odd fleur-de-lis shape) and Spanish (a miniaturized halberd) were also imported, but never caught on.

European manufacturers, quick to note the value of "white man's stone" (iron) soon had shiploads of trade tomahawks en route to America. Between 1700 and 1840 an estimated two million reached our shores. Only a handful have ever been found, with the finest collection—some seven hundred—in the Museum of the American Indian, New York City.

"Okay, Nick," I call. "This time's the charm."

The boast is to reassure myself as much as anything. My accuracy hasn't been bad, but so far I've failed to hit the beer can head-on, which I must do if it's to explode in a picturesque geyser of foam.

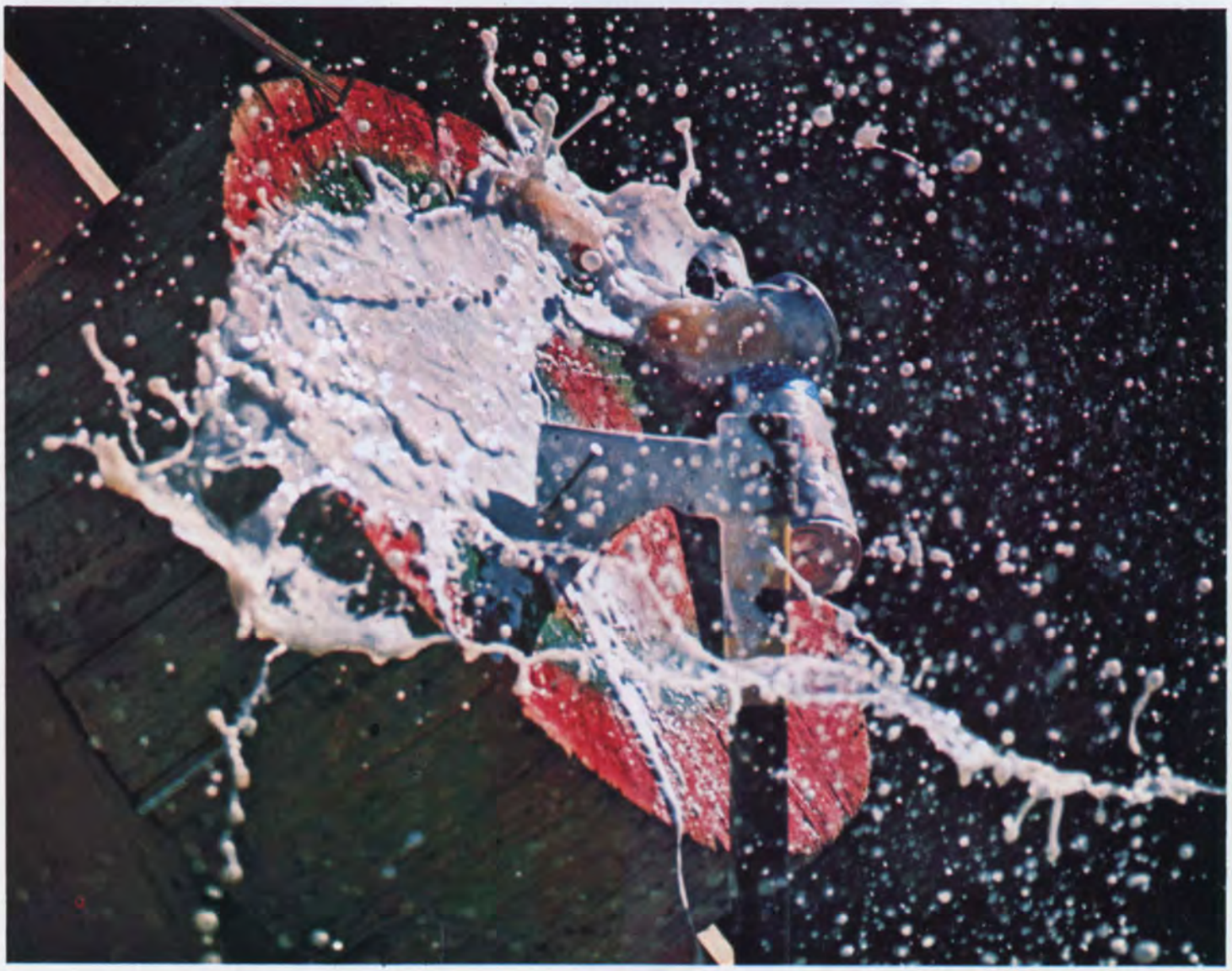
Cocking my arm, I launch the dark blade—and instantly know that this time, I'm right on target. The tomahawk executes a slow, perfect turn, homes in, then strikes the can dead center. Suddenly, the blue day is filled with feathery white shrapnel.

"Great!" shouts Pavloff from behind his camera. "I got 'er that time for sure."

As I stride forward in the sunlit glade to retrieve my tomahawk, I think of another pioneer who also enjoys the sport. He is Frank Edson, 91, of Lake Tahoe, who still puts in a full day six days a week in his daughter Norma's laundromat.

Frank can still recall watching Indians throw tomahawks for fun, when he was a small boy in Michigan in 1885. One day I went by and showed him my tomahawks—and my form.

"Yup," he said, nodding his white-thatched head. "That's the way they did it—straight arm, like a gal's throw. Say—when you gonna get **me** a tomahawk, anyhow?" □



Mustanging



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

In the following sketch, Agnes Scott Train describes a trip she made into remote western Pershing County in an equally remote era –1929. Mrs. Train at the time was married to Percy Scott, a mining engineer and geologist who roamed over the wildest outposts of Nevada collecting geological specimens for colleges and museums. The author was a young librarian in Chicago when she met and married him–three years prior to this journey to Seven Troughs country.

She deeply loved her adopted state but viewed with continuing astonishment their junkets into roadless nowheres and their encounters with the kind of desert people described in this excerpt from her journals.

– Editor

West of Seven Troughs

By AGNES SCOTT TRAIN

That trip to Pershing County's Seven Troughs Mining District thirty miles northwest of Lovelock, in the heat of summer in 1929 will always be fixed deeply in my memory. Never can I forget how we survived seven flat tires in seven hours of wandering high-centered desert roads casually marked "To Rabbit Hole" or "To Placeritos" before we finally wound up at the ghost town of Vernon, not far from the large Seven Troughs gold mine.

It took several days for me to recover from that long, hot trip. We concentrated on soaking up water and being grateful for permission to camp in one of the empty houses at Vernon.

Seven Troughs, named for seven large watering troughs depended upon by bands of sheep seeking early spring grazing west of Lovelock, had been a spectacularly rich gold strike in 1908. Situated among low vari-colored dry desert hills, the mine was in a period of suspended operation this June of 1929 after a two and a half million production of gold and silver between 1908 and 1918. Not much seemed doing. Only a maintenance crew supervised by caretaker Becklund was in camp to keep the deep tunnels and extensive mining equipment in repair.

While Percy talked mining, I explored Vernon's old empty buildings. In my possession is a beautifully engraved blank mining stock certificate for 1,000 shares in the Vernon Gold Prize Mining Company incorporated in 1907. It is affixed with the imposing official gold seal of the Seven Troughs Mining Stock Exchange! I could have papered two ten room houses with similar certificates found discarded in Nevada mining camps long since abandoned to sagebrush and tumbleweeds. Such alluring wording, so bravely engraved! They all represented high hopes. It cut the heart to find a ledger abandoned to wind, weather and chewing pack rats in some bleak cobwebby shack. Somehow I learned just to leave them where they were—relics of hard work and faded dreams.

Percy's destination was Wildcat Spring, some 20 miles distant, to check out a tungsten deposit. He found out at Vernon that he would need a horse to get there and, according to the men at the mine, the only saddle horses in that end of Pershing County were at Knights' Ranch, twelve miles away on the west side of these hills. The long way around. Next day, armed with a good pencil sketch of what passed for a road, we arrived safely at the Cow Creek Canyon home of the Knight family.

OUR DESERT ADVENTURE

Here, on the lonely western slope of the Seven Troughs Range facing the formidable reaches of the Black Rock Desert, we experienced an incredible week with the Knights, which ended with our joining them in a wild horse round-up.

Prior to this adventure, aside from a ride on an aged mare at Unionville, my opportunity to sit astride a horse had been limited to posing for snapshots in the saddle of the mail-carrying Alger horse in American Canyon. I always looked thrilled; the horse looked asleep.

We discovered the Knights busy branding colts in the corral. Knowing better than to interrupt, we climbed atop a pole fence and watched the activity. R. H. Knight, his wife, son and daughter all looked alike in well-worn boots, Levis and sweat-stained shirts. Admiringly we watched the fluid ease with which they worked so easily together—roping, holding and handling the irons. Horse and rider wheeled and turned in the confines of the dusty corral as effortlessly as a bird. The stench of three brands rose on the hot summer air:



Knight Ranch brand (Cross L); young Bob's own (Bob); and not to be outdone, daughter Dixie (Dix).

The third child, little Gloria, age about five, remained home. She was more interested in kittens than colts!

Visitors were rather a novelty at this isolated mountain ranch. They were glad to see us. Mr. Knight invited my husband to accompany him the next day when he rode to the lava beds to hunt for two stray mares and agreed to point out landmarks and the trail to Wildcat Spring, Percy's destination. They insisted we not camp in the lower fenced pasture, but unload our camp gear in one of the empty rooms of the bunk house.

After Percy left the next morning with Knight, I had the chance to visit with Mrs. Knight and the children as they went about their ranch chores.

She was a remarkable person—tough, wiry, well-suited to her life in these desert hills; a happy personality taking each day as it came, educating her children with school books borrowed or begged if no teacher was available.

They welcomed my shy but eagerly curious presence as a real diversion, I'm sure, and were vastly amused at my amazement at discovering eggs could be stored in five gallon cans of "water glass" and kept in the cool rocky cellar. Then there was my gasping airborne flight over the top of the woodpile ending with my landing face down in Cow Creek after I heard the warning whirr of a rattler behind the water trough. My mishap probably provided tales of hilarity for the Knights all winter long. I really didn't mind their laughing; I don't think they really believed that Chicago traffic policemen rode beautiful horses while directing traffic in the downtown Loop rush hours, or that trains sped overhead on elevated tracks, either. It was simply a culture-communication gap!

It was not easy to take Mrs. Knight's drastic cure for my aversion to snakes. "You've just got t'get control of your feelin's if you expect t'be a Nevada wife, Mrs. T You'll plumb sure fall down a mine shaft some day! Y'scrambled over that pile of firewood like y'had wings—or a bronc runnin' wild blind! Bob, help her out of that creek, skin this rattler varmint, and fit it on her belt." Piercing me with wise and steady eyes as I stood ankle deep dripping tears as well as water, she soothed, "Come now, Missy—you wear this belt no matter how your

stummick churns. You'll get over snake fright and used to Nevada fast!"

Somehow I found the fortitude to wear that rattlesnake skin belt cinched around my pants until snow fell, but I honestly can't claim it dispelled or cured my fears. I sent the belt to my brother back east in his Christmas box. He never thanked me.

NECESSITIES OF LIFE

Mrs. Knight also seemed prepared to doctor man or beast for any manner of ills – from rope burns, "bobbed-wire" gashes, or misadventures with coyote traps to bilious prospectors who turned up at her door pale green from eating soured beans or off-color jack rabbit stew. Her medicine shelf invited my instant and awed respect. Sloan's liniment, peroxide, iodine and castor oil (all quart size) reassuringly hobnobbed with turpentine, Doctor Baxter's Golden Medical Discovery, horse salve, saddle soap, plug tobacco (to worm the dogs) flax seed and cough root.



Better off on a horse

The Knights enjoyed an eagle's eye view of half the silent empty expanse of western Pershing County's calico mountains floating upside down in mirages formed in heat haze over glaringly white dry alkali lake beds. In other respects they were limited. Their trips to town were few each year, and their choice of supply points very limited. They could make it north to Sulphur—a collection of sun-bleached houses, one railroad water tank, general store and two-by-four post office clinging to the Western Pacific tracks—or circle through Rocky Canyon to Seven Troughs Mine and east across the desert valley to Lovelock.

Families all over Nevada similarly situated those years never really "shopped" for fun. Life was too desperately a rawhide thin toss-up between making it if the mountain snowpacks translated into ample grazing and water for sheep and cattle, or belt tightening getting by if the weather turned thumbs down.

Cash money was usually a once a year affair. Each fall cattle buyers made the rounds from ranch to ranch to bid on steers rounded up for sale. Much the same held true for the sheep man, who sold his crop of lambs and the wool clip each spring. For both, it was a time of heady expectation, the culmination of all they had worked, sweat, yearned and planned for.

The Knight family was no exception. It was only June, but the Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward mail order catalogs were already thumb-smudged and dog-eared. A much-erased list of items they hoped to order after fall roundup was already pinned inside each cover. Every Nevada child in isolated ranch or mining camp kitchens joined parents in dreaming through these catalogs long evenings by the light of coal oil lamps or Coleman gas lanterns. These hardy folks could do without Reno, the Governor, or newspapers as long as the US parcel post service through Sears or Wards clothed their backs, supplied their every household and working need, and cheered their hearts!

Percy did not return until after dark from that long trek to Wildcat Spring. I was upset after watching the hapless rattler being expertly turned inside out of his skin like an old wornout work glove and deftly slid onto my belt to dry out of the sun. The rancher knew my husband was not a stranger or a greenhorn to the desert or a horse, but it was great when he rode in. He didn't say much beyond warning Knight the spring was little more than damp mud at the upper end. He and the horse had spent three hot hours in the blazing sun waiting for seepage to fill day-old cow tracks so they could get enough water to last them for the hot ride back. I hoped the rock samples were worthless! I never wanted to hear of Wildcat Spring again!



The snake and the fast take-off.

WILD HORSES!

Two days later three buckaroos rode over the mountain reporting they had cut fresh trail across the foothills and through field glasses had watched a stallion and fourteen mares and colts watering at Cold Spring. "It's that smart-aleck black son-of-a-gun with th' three white stockin's, Knight. Th' one we almost caught last fall. Th' colts look pretty promisin' "

Instantly all routine ranch business ceased. The whole family's way of life was geared to horses—they were top priority. A meager income from the Knights' small herd of cattle was augmented by a ready market consisting of sheep and cattlemen and prospectors for properly broken saddle or pack horses to carry supplies. In 1929 many a traveler was better off on Nevada's dirt roads if he used a horse. Our battered Westcott car was a constant reminder of that!

Bronc busting was their way of "blowing off steam," relieving the monotony

of ranching chores. They all genuinely understood and liked horses, the children growing up to be as expert at wrangling as their father.

I'm not quite sure Dixie realized she was a pretty girl, and probably would have considered it a slur had I voiced such an opinion. Sweet little Gloria doubtless rode on her mother's saddle before she could walk.

With well-oiled efficiency of long habit, all swung into high gear preparation. Knight, Bob and the three buckaroos mounted to bring up the gentle ranch horses from the fenced pasture far down Cow Creek. Dixie forked hay from the barn loft near the brush-fenced holding corral and filled the water troughs. Mrs. Knight put huge loaves of bread into the wood range oven and roasted the largest chunk of beef I had ever seen.

I still have her yeast bread recipe, scribbled hurriedly as I watched the fascinating rising and punching down of the dough in that fragrant kitchen. In between the ups and downs I was flying about begging my husband to let me go along with them all. Here was my real chance to be a true westerner!

Only one year away from the Chicago Public Library, full to the brim with atmosphere furnished by Zane Grey, I wasn't about to stay behind at the ranch to look after the chickens, cats, and dogs! Percy was extremely dubious—his recent fifteen-mile ride in the saddle reminding him every time he sat down. Chasing after mustangs and runaway mares could be a grueling twelve-hour day not exactly fitted for skinny librarians, nor did he want to risk my getting injured.

I don't recall any qualms, only sheer headstrong exuberance at my sudden good fortune. After all, I reasoned, if five-year-old Gloria was going—seated bareback behind her mother's saddle with nothing to hold her on a heaving horse but her own grip on her mother's pants belt—then surely I should be able to stick securely in my saddle! Percy, loving husband that he was, grabbed me tightly and groaned, "I shouldn't Honey, but I can't resist when you start sweet-talkin'."

OFF AND AWAY

At dawn, and I do mean dawn, the ten of us, including the three buckaroos, were all at the corral full of coffee, beans, beef, and hotcakes. Buttoned up in a leather jacket against the morning cold, on my head was one of Mrs. Knight's old battered Stetsons—anchored securely under my chin by a leather strap.

The buckaroos led out horses for Percy and me. We all carried two plump roast beef sandwiches tied in cloth salt sacks behind our saddles. Percy boosted me up. Sharkey turned his head, regarded me briefly with one eye and began morosely chewing his bit. I had the impression the horse did not feel it was going to be a good day.

Bob opened the corral gate. Knight led off south across the range. Sixteen tame saddle horses filed out after him. Riders took spaced positions on each side. Percy and I closed in the rear.

As Knight had explained the night before, these gentle horses were being taken along (many of them veterans of similar mustanging adventures) as a sort of painless bait to reassure the wild mares and colts. They provided a margin of "insurance," mingling with the wild ones as the riders later attempted to move the entire band back up the mountain to the corral.

Dreaming through the catalogue



I have never forgotten that thirty-mile ride. The impact was both physical and emotional. Never in my Nevada years did I repeat it. By all the simple laws of gravity I should have pitched over Sharkey's head dozens of times as he cat-hopped ravines or took short-cuts down dry gully embankments sliding on his fat haunches. I had been warned to remain in the rear out of the way, for my own protection. Nobody thought to tell the horse, dejected to learn at once he had a rank novice aboard.

After a few sedate-paced miles along the level mountainside trail, Percy beaming amused encouragement as I sat tall and prideful in my saddle, Knight up front suddenly headed down a long sage-covered ridge. Percy, high-lifed with the thrill of the accelerated tempo turned into the Lone Ranger, forgot me completely and blurred off.

The placid bunch changed to a zestful head-down tails-up thundering herd as we all boiled down off that mountain, streamed out in dust-clogged confusion onto low open hills and dove out of sight into the head of a shallow gravelly gulch.

Here the riders circled the running horses into a tight bunch—the fun over—and brought them to a halt. Parallel cloudburst gravel washes led west out onto the white dry lake bed of the desert. The next draw south was the location of Cold Spring—only permanent water for twenty miles. Knight quickly disappeared to ride to the draw entrance one gulch south of the waterhole. Bob and two of the buckaroos, Slim and Sandy, crossed north to drop into another dry wash from which they hoped to spot the wild band grazing. Our job was to hold the horses to give the men time to reach their positions and await a prearranged signal.

I slumped in my saddle like a sack of meal, every muscle protesting. I was wringing wet with sweat, gradually getting my heart and pulse back to normal. Percy didn't look at all like the Lone Ranger any more.

Finally Mrs. Knight caught Slim's hat in signal a mile below. Dixie and her mare

continued on page 36



THE MOUNTAINS OF NEVADA

THE RUBYS AND THE

ELDORADOS

Sixth in a Series of Articles

Text by John Schilling and Philip Hyde
Photographs by Philip Hyde



Lake Mojave from the slopes of the ancient Eldorado Mountains. Lake Mojave lies just below Hoover Dam and is, like Lake Mead, a reservoir.

Precambrian Metamorphic Ranges

In Nevada, as elsewhere, change is a basic natural law. Change comes to mountains as well as to men, and profound change has come to the Precambrian Metamorphic Ranges. These ranges are made up of rocks of sedimentary and igneous origin that have been altered by heat and pressure. The Precambrian era ended 600 million years ago, and encompasses all geologic time prior to that, so Precambrian rocks are the oldest found on the planet.

Although they are rare in Nevada, Precambrian rocks are found in a belt along the Colorado River in southernmost Nevada, are present in the northern part of the Snake and Schell Creek Ranges, and make up a large part of the Ruby Mountains.

Most Precambrian metamorphics in Nevada began as sediments deposited in the sea. Covered, layer after layer, by younger sediments, the great weight and thickness thus built up pushed the Precambrian rocks deeper and deeper, where they were subjected to the increasingly hotter temperatures of the earth's interior. Some rocks were pushed so deep that they melted, then worked their way back toward the surface along cracks and faults. Some cooled before reaching the surface, forming bodies of granite and other intrusive rocks. Some spewed out onto the surface as lava and ash. Most of the rocks were not buried deeply enough to become molten, yet were softened enough to stretch out and recrystallize into quite different looking rocks. Finally, as the mountains were uplifted and eroded, these ancient rocks have been exposed.

When granite is metamorphosed by heat and pressure, it becomes a foliated rock called gneiss. The black minerals of the granite are squeezed out into parallel streaks, giving a crudely banded appearance. This layering is called foliation, and is a common feature of metamorphic rocks. If granite is subjected to

This small Nevada map shows the precambrian metamorphic ranges.



still higher temperatures and pressures, it may become schist, a crystalline metamorphic rock differing from gneiss in that it lacks feldspar and has finer divisions in the foliation. Not only are the minerals streaked out into much finer layers, but the minerals have been recrystallized into smaller crystals, and may even be changed into other minerals. Other types of rock, metamorphosed, are changed into a great variety of metamorphic rocks, some foliated; others, massive, without layering. Sandstone and shale may be changed into schist and gneiss. Changed still more, shale may become slate, more finely layered than schist. When sedimentary rocks are changed into schist and shale, the clay that may be present in the original rock is converted into mica. Sandstone containing only quartz recrystallizes into a harder, more dense rock, called quartzite, while limestone is metamorphosed into marble.

The metamorphic rocks do not erode into particularly distinctive patterns. The resulting landscape resembles that of the granite ranges from afar, while a closer look may reveal a faint layering reminiscent of the sedimentary ranges.

THE RUBY MOUNTAINS

The Ruby Mountains of northeastern Nevada, near Elko, are considered by many to be the most beautiful and majestic range in Nevada. Extending over a hundred miles in a north-northeasterly direction, they are seldom more than five miles wide. Their high point, Ruby Dome, rises to an elevation of 11,387 feet from basins on either flank lying at elevations of about 6,000 feet, giving a relief of 5400 feet. In cross section the Ruby Mountains are asymmetrical. The range's eastern slope is a steep, abrupt scarp that contrasts with the more gentle western slope into which longer and deeper canyons have been cut. Such an asymmetrical profile is characteristic of many Great Basin ranges, and is the result of uneven uplift, the edge with the steeper front having been uplifted higher, causing the mountain block to tilt.

The Rubys are particularly impressive because of their setting. Flanked by unusually broad basins which are in turn flanked by low ranges, they seem to look majestically down on the other ranges of the Great Basin, even though, in fact, they are no taller than many of them. They are especially beautiful viewed from the east across the wide, flat Ruby Valley, with its reflecting ponds of the Ruby Marshes and Franklin Lake.

Except for the absence of the Bristlecone, the Rubys are wooded with the same tree species as found in the limestone ranges of east-central Nevada, and they have much the same plant and animal life. Here, too, the high peaks remain covered with snow throughout much of the year, and many of the streams flow year 'round. The high country has been carved by glaciers into a craggy, sharp-ridged jumble of bowl-like cirques, nestled lakes, U-shaped valleys, and moraines. Superficially,



A paradise for ducks and other birds! The shallow waters and grasses of the Ruby Marshes provide abundant food for all that fly in. Opposite—A larger view of the lovely Ruby Marshes.



they look much like the limestone ranges—Snake, Schell Creek and Egan further south, and the Sierra Nevada in the westernmost part of the state and, like those ranges, the Rubys have the classic long, slender basin-and-range shape.

However, under this superficial likeness, the Rubys are quite different from nearly all other ranges in the state. The southern part of the range is mostly limestone, with some sandstone and shale. Its faintly banded appearance is reminiscent of the Snake Range. At Harrison Pass, these sediments are interrupted by a body of granite, but north of the pass, the rocks are almost entirely Precambrian metamorphics: gneiss, slate, marble, quartzite.

The Ruby Mountains are not named from their ruby-red color at sunset as one might suppose, but instead owe their name to their metamorphic rocks. In the mid-1850's a party of government explorers led by Lt. Colonel E. J. Steptoe visited the range. While panning for gold, one of the party found "rubies"—actually garnets, a mineral commonly found in metamorphic rocks.

The most beautiful, spectacular, and interesting part of the Ruby Mountains is centered on Lamoille Canyon which cuts the western slope in the north end of the range. Lamoille Canyon is a fine place to see and enjoy plant and animal life, the metamorphic rocks, and the effects of glaciation. A good road climbs close to the summit of the range, serving several campgrounds on the way. A trail leads from the road-end to snow-fed lakes, swift-flowing streams and a cluster of peaks. An interesting feature of the canyon is that it actually heads in a cirque east of the crest of range, cuts down through the crest in a great sweeping curve, finally descending the western slope in a deep and broadening U-shaped glacial canyon. This is an area that deserves to be preserved in its natural state.

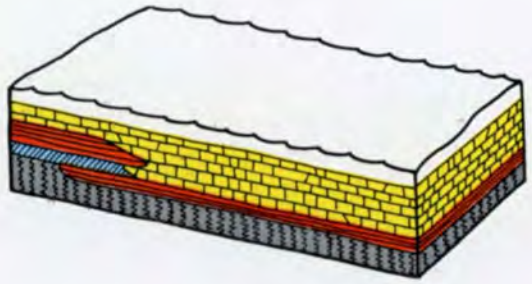


Right—The ancient—some say sinister—Eldorado Mountains south of Las Vegas. Opposite—Look carefully! The snow in the foreground is a reflection from the slopes behind. These are the Rubys' Dollar Lakes. Center pages following—A tangled beaver dam on the west side of Harrison Pass, high in the Rubys.

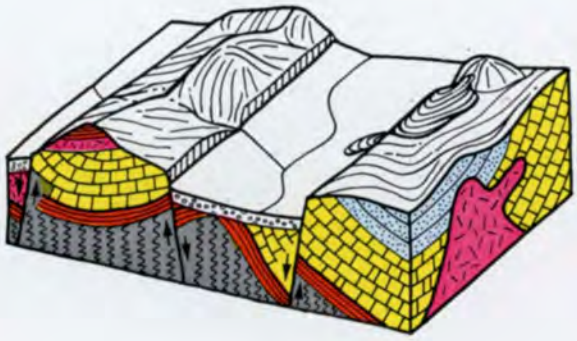


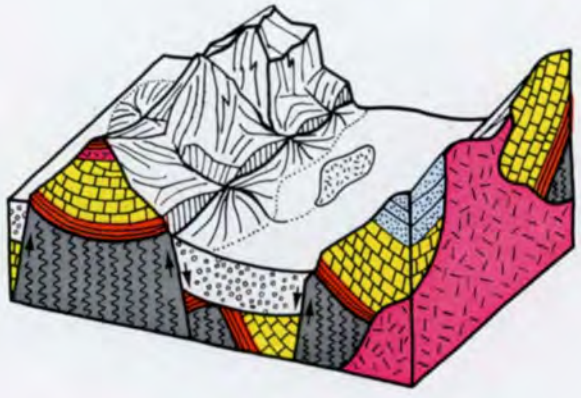












THE ELDORADO MOUNTAINS

Far to the south, in Nevada's extremity below Las Vegas, is another range made up mostly of Precambrian metamorphic rocks. There are also Precambrian rocks in the Eldorado southern continuation, the Newberry Mountains, and in the McCullough Range to the west, as well as the Virgin Mountains to the northeast. Volcanic rocks and granite also are common in the Eldorados.

The low profile of the range, viewed from the west, is not particularly impressive. Its highest point, at an elevation of slightly more than 5,000 feet, rises only a thousand feet above its western base. In contrast, the east-

continued on page 44

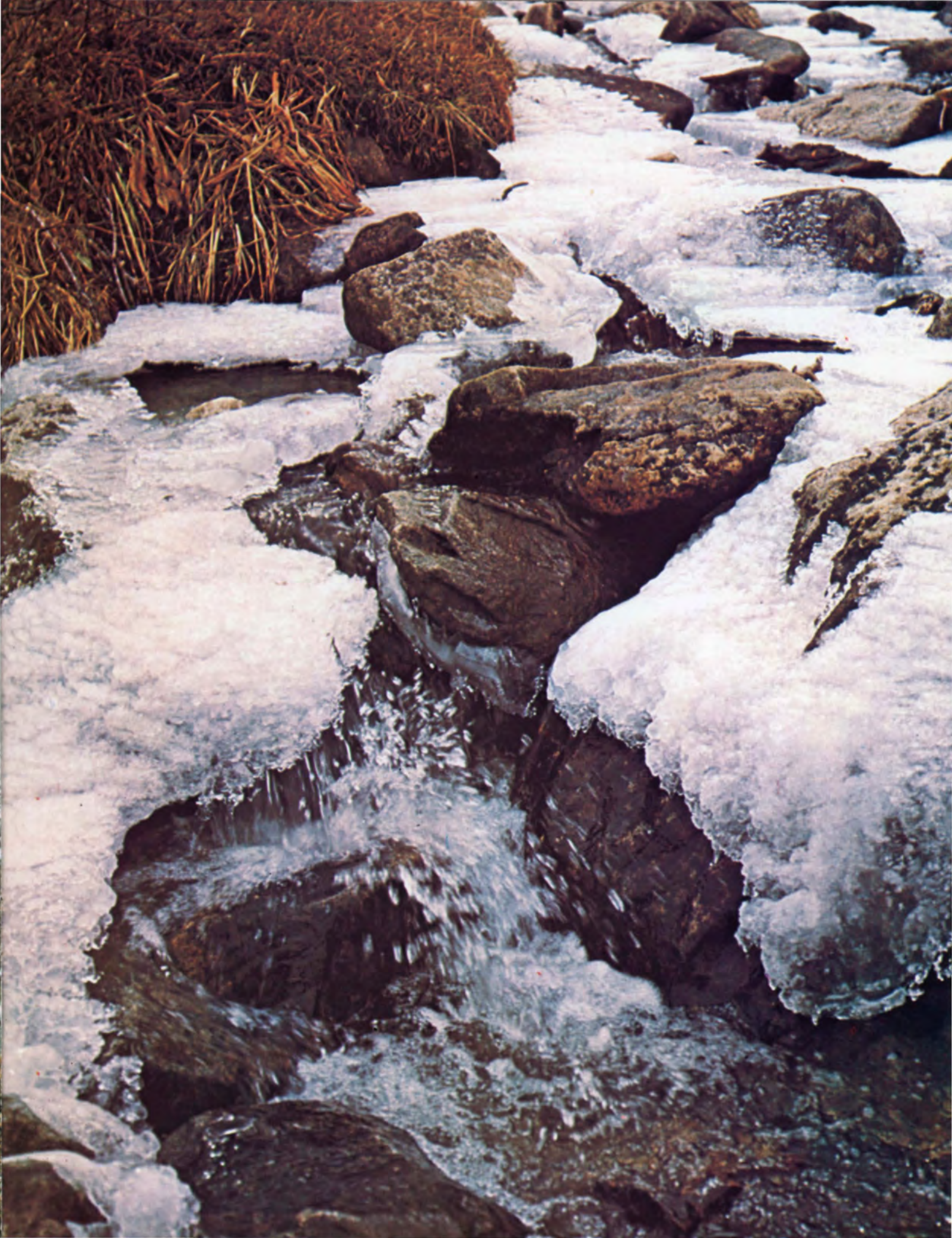
1 *For hundreds of millions of years, seas covered much of Nevada, and layer after layer of rocks were deposited on the ocean floor.*

2. *During the Mesozoic Era (230-65 million years ago) the rocks formed in the sea were uplifted to form land. The rocks were folded and cracked. Molten rock pushed upward, solidifying below the surface as granite, or spewed out on the surface as lava or ash. As uplift continued, the land was eroded, forming mountains and valleys. The rock eroded from high areas was deposited in the valleys as sand and gravel.*

3. *Some 30 million years ago, uplift began again. Long, narrow blocks of the land were faulted slowly upward to form mountains, while the intervening basins were dropped slowly downward. Rock eroded from the rising mountains was carried into the valleys, filling them with layer after layer of sand and gravel.*

4. *This process—uplift and erosion of the mountains, and down-dropping and filling of the valleys continues today. The fault lines along each edge of the mountains are visible as a scarp. The mountains are taller, but are being relentlessly eroded away. The granite and other rocks once buried deep in the earth are now exposed at the surface. The eroded rock is carried down the canyons and spread out on the valley floors as fan-shaped layers. Most of the lakes that filled the valleys have dried up into white, salt-covered flats as the rising mountains cut off more and more of the rain and snow fall.*

Sparkling Lamoille Creek, one of the most precious treasures the Ruby Mountains have to offer.



Follow the Crowds



by Dick Calhoun

We know legions of Nevada hunters who pound over rutted back country trails in a four-wheel drive to reach that "secret" spot where the sage grouse are bumping into each other And when another rig grinds over the ridge into *their* terrain, these hunters can be heard for miles.

We're just the opposite. When the sage hen season opens in late September, we follow the crowds—and we always bag our limit of sage hen.

Admittedly, we shun the physical beating many hunters feel necessary. We have been described as lazy, but we believe "wily" is a more appropriate label.

How do we get around the hard work and still have one helluva chicken shoot? Well, we let our fellow nimrods share in the action—especially the foot action.

Sage grouse are where you find them. Where hundreds roamed last hunting season, there may not be a bird. And herein lies our premise. You can bust through sagebrush all day long and not find a chicken feather.

We want to *see* those sage hens before we start walking and the crowds help us do just this. You have an edge when you know where the chickens are. Walking in their midst your reflexes are razor sharp, so that when a grouse bursts from the brush you raise your shotgun and belt him, rather than leap with fright as some surprised grown men have been known to do.

Share our opening morning. From the old mining town of Eureka in

to Those Chickens



central Nevada, we have driven west on U.S. 50 for approximately thirty miles. We turn north. Now we are blitzing along a good dirt road in a comfortable station wagon. Near the Three Bar Ranch, which is posted, we veer off and climb a ridge that overlooks sprawling sagebrush flatlands, gently rolling terrain cut by washes.

Then we hit the hunters. Pickup campers, vans, four-wheelers parked along the ridge. We see a large group heading out over the flatland. This is our cue.

We park and haul out one item of our essential equipment. Binoculars, extra wide angle, 7x35 mm.

Six hunters are walking twenty-five yards apart. A hundred yards in front of them a German short-haired pointer is bounding about, while a black labrador retriever works closer in. We patiently sip steaming coffee and watch the show.

Instantly there are specks all along the horizon. Two shotguns boom. The men have kicked up a huge flock, fifty to sixty sage grouse. The birds split, some flying toward the Three Bar and the remainder toward hills rising a mile away. We follow the

continued on page 38



Four miles east of Fallon, Nevada, still remain the weed filled streets and weathered walls of Nevada City, a Socialist colony that was to be a new utopia. Dr. Wilbur Shepperson in his book *Retreat to Nevada*, published in 1966, describes the dilapidated ruins:

"Now, brambles and burrs, brush and sand, a barbed wire fence, and a wide irrigation ditch bar the approach to the village. The adobe houses have dissolved into clay plateaus two or three feet high, giving the scene the appearance of an ancient fortification. Yet it has been only forty-five years since the site was filled with human activity—since the broken pieces of crockery and glass, the battered washtubs and rusty bed springs, the old shoes and corset stays performed a useful function in the pattern of life. For over four decades the dust has blown along Euclid Avenue, and the rain has melted down the friable walls. In the spring tumbleweeds and nettles grow among the houses and over them. Greasebrush, four or five feet high, now obscures the plan of the town."

In a round-about fashion the Nevada Colony was born in violence—the violence of a devastating blast and wild, roaring flames when the *Los Angeles Times* was dynamited on October 1, 1910, during bitter hostilities between labor and management. Twenty of the newspaper's employees were killed and many others injured.

Directly involved in the Los Angeles dynamitings were John J. McNamara, Secretary of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers; his brother, James B. McNamara, who left a dynamite filled suitcase with a live time bomb set to go off at one o'clock A.M., in an alley behind the Times building; and Ortie McManigal, chief national saboteur for the Iron Workers. McManigal bombed the Llewellyn Iron Works in Los Angeles the following Christmas Eve, an explosion that caused extensive damage but no loss of life.

Los Angeles was not the only city to receive attention from the terrorists, the same methods were used nation-wide to compel acceptance of the closed shop. Six months later when McManigal and James B. McNamara, on a routine dynamiting trip to Detroit, were apprehended by operatives of the William J. Burns Detective Agency, McManigal made a full confession implicating the McNamara brothers. John J. was arrested in Indianapolis and, without benefit of extradition proceedings, the three suspects were secretly rushed to Los Angeles and lodged in the county jail. Labor unions hastened to aid the saboteurs. A fund of $300,000 was raised and Clarence Darrow, with Job Harriman (a candidate for mayor of Los Angeles on a joint Labor-Socialist ticket) as his chief counselor, was retained to defend the prisoners. When stories circulated that escaping gas caused the explosion and the three prisoners were being railroaded, twenty thousand shouting men marched past the jail carrying banners protesting the arrests.

The trial began on October 11, 1911, with McManigal the prosecution's star witness. Feelings ran high, after seven weeks of recriminations, selection of the jury was not yet complete and an atmosphere of hate and excitement filled the courtroom. Then suddenly, surprisingly, the defense yielded – the McNamaras pleaded guilty. The confessions shook the foundations of organized labor and the Socialist party and dealt Clarence Darrow a stunning rebuff. At the polls five days later Job Harriman went down to defeat.

The McNamara brothers were sentenced to San Quentin prison; James B. receiving a life sentence for the *Times* dynamiting and John J. fifteen years for conspiring to blow up the Llewellyn Iron Works. And McManigal? According to Robert Glass Cleland's *California in Our Time*, he left the country for a while then returned to Los Angeles to become a watchman in the County Hall of Records in 1932. Using the name W E. Mack he retired twelve years later and was presented with a testimonial from the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors, acknowledging "the long, faithful, and efficient services rendered to the people of this County."

After a second defeat in 1913 for the office of mayor of Los Angeles, Job Harriman determined to put socialism into practical action by creating a rural cooperative colony. After examining several sites, he and eight associates decided on a 19,000 acre tract of desert land in California's Antelope Valley, twenty miles east of Palmdale and owned by the Mescal Land & Water Company. The acreage, water rights in Big Rock Canyon and stock of the Mescal Company were purchased for $80,000, with a very low down payment.

Launched on May Day, 1914, Harriman's colony, known as Llano del Rio and capitalized at two million dollars, was soon in trouble with California's "blue sky" corporate securities act. Unwilling to meet the state's requirements, Harriman sent C. V. Eggleston, Llano's



fiscal agent, to Nevada to organize a Nevada Colony Corporation, making it possible for the Llano Company to incorporate under Nevada law.

Relieved of his duties at Llano, Eggleston secured several scattered farmland tracts and the Harmon Ranch near Fallon in Churchill County, when he returned to Nevada in 1915. Socialist colonies were not viewed with disfavor in Nevada. Mormon settlements, under the direction of the church, had long been examples of communal living. Because of a population drop and the failure of numerous expansion programs to reach completion, Nevadans were willing to support any reasonable cooperative or government action that would stimulate population growth.

Socialist indoctrination appealed to many people for different reasons. Some were lonely and believed that working together would bring lasting satisfaction while others were attracted to communal living for purely economic reasons. Dreams of the free west and its healthful climate beckoned to many, while the anti-militaristic stand of the Socialists drew some who hoped to avoid military duty.

The first colonists arrived in late May 1916 to find that all rules had not been left behind. In order to join the Nevada Colony Corporation each prospective member must be a Caucasian at least eighteen years old, and most important, own not less than one thousand shares of capital stock in the colony, sold at one dollar per share. Stockholders working for the corporation would receive four dollars for each day of eight hours labor, one dollar of which must be used for the purchase of additional stock. The generous sum of sixty cents in cash would be paid to the employee, with the remaining two dollars and forty cents accruing to his personal credit.

Although some colonists moved onto colony farms in Churchill County, the Harmon ranch house, four miles east of Fallon and known as the Nevada City Hotel, was colony headquarters and the community was named Nevada City. A number of frame houses and tents provided temporary housing during the construction of "Adobe Town" on Euclid Avenue south of the hotel. Telephones, running water and electricity were never installed.

Local hostility to the colonists' anti-war stand flamed to a new high when Mark Wildes, Sheriff of Churchill County was murdered by a youthful Nevada City draft evader. When internal dissension, poor housing and primitive living conditions, cases of severe illness and financial problems also beset the colony, the exodus of residents began and the colony went into the hands of receivers on May 1, 1919.

Why, despite retirement from its anti-war position and heroic efforts to keep the colony in operation, did Nevada City fail? In his scholarly book Dr. Shepperson has an explanation:

"Instead of converting the state to socialism, the Nevada colony was converted to capitalism; instead of remaining an island untouched by war and violence, the colony stood condemned for the murder of Sheriff Mark Wildes; instead of growing prosperous on the land, the economic plight of the colony steadily deteriorated; instead of expanding the area of cooperative enterprise, the colony leaders became less socialistic when compelled by the war to consider how socialistic they were. Conceived in socialist failures, caught in the maelstrom of war, lacking efficient management and led by men of little dedication, the Nevada experiment had no chance for success." What of Llano del Rio, the mother colony?

The colony got off to an encouraging start with a goodly number of applicants for membership. This was no organization for a poor man—members (Caucasian only) must purchase 2,000 shares of stock at one dollar a share with five hundred dollars paid in cash, the balance being deducted at the rate of one dollar a day from a four dollar daily wage; the remaining three dollars to cover living expenses of the member and his family.

After the colonists were temporarily sheltered in tents, adobe and frame buildings, numerous rock structures including a twenty-four room dormitory, hotel, bakery, laundry, a cannery, bath house, printing plant, a dairy barn and houses, a silo, rabbitry and poultry houses, an office with stone vaults, a tin shop, saw mill and lime kilns were erected.

Agricultural plans for the colony were of the same magnitude. Large orchards were planted but proved disappointing; one hundred and forty acres of pear trees and eighty acres of apple trees languished, perhaps because of a water shortage. Around two hundred and forty acres of alfalfa undoubtedly helped feed the hundred dairy cows and range stock belonging to the colony. Vegetable gardens and melons throve. Members hired out to neighboring ranchers at harvest time,

continued on page 37



Hydroplanes!

By Randy Parker

The annual Governor's Cup Outboard Hydroplane Regatta sponsored by the Pyramid Sertoma Club is entering its ninth successful year. The races are held on Labor Day weekend at Paradise Park Lake, situated in the heart of a large population concentration directly between Reno and Sparks. Some 8,000 spectators are expected to be there for the fun this year.

Pyramid Sertoma directs proceeds from the marine action spectacular into charitable channels which have included speech and therapy clinics, assistance to mentally retarded children and similar worthy causes.

The strength of the program—rare these days—is that admission to the regatta is free. All revenues that are raised come from programs, raffles, concessions and donations from more than four hundred local business leaders.

Past successes have not dimmed Pyramid Sertoma's long-range vision. A three-year program is in motion to establish Reno-Sparks as the permanent site for the world championship outboard hydroplane regatta. The club plans to invite boats and contestants from Japan, Germany, Italy, France, Canada and Mexico. This world championship regatta would rank as one of the state's leading sports attractions by 1974, and would include large cash prizes, network television coverage, and national publicity.

For some ten years Illinois has hosted the national outboard regatta finals yearly, attracting more than 30,000 spectators and 2,000 participants. Pyramid Sertoma believes Reno-Sparks is ready and able to move into big-time outboard racing—a prospect which should appeal to all the sports-minded people in the area. □





The hydros, left, leaving a roostertail spray behind, skim the surface of the water as they flash across the start-finish line turning 40,000 rpm at speeds over 90 mph. The event is sponsored by the Pyramid Sertoma Club of Sparks.

Tender loving care is afforded all hydroplanes and racing runabouts from the moment the contestants arrive with their enclosed mobile shops. The average racer owns 20 different interchangeable propellers with varying degrees of pitch, and determines which to use according to altitude and relative calm of the water. Drivers mix their own fuel using methanol as the base, adding nitro and special lubricating oil, the combinations depending on air temperature and relative humidity affecting performance.

Readying the boats. Their hulls are usually constructed of mahogany sheets reinforced inside with rib-like braces and aircraft linen fabric topside. The little boats weigh between 200 and 460 pounds including the driver.

SPRING CREEK

a new community is carved out of the desert

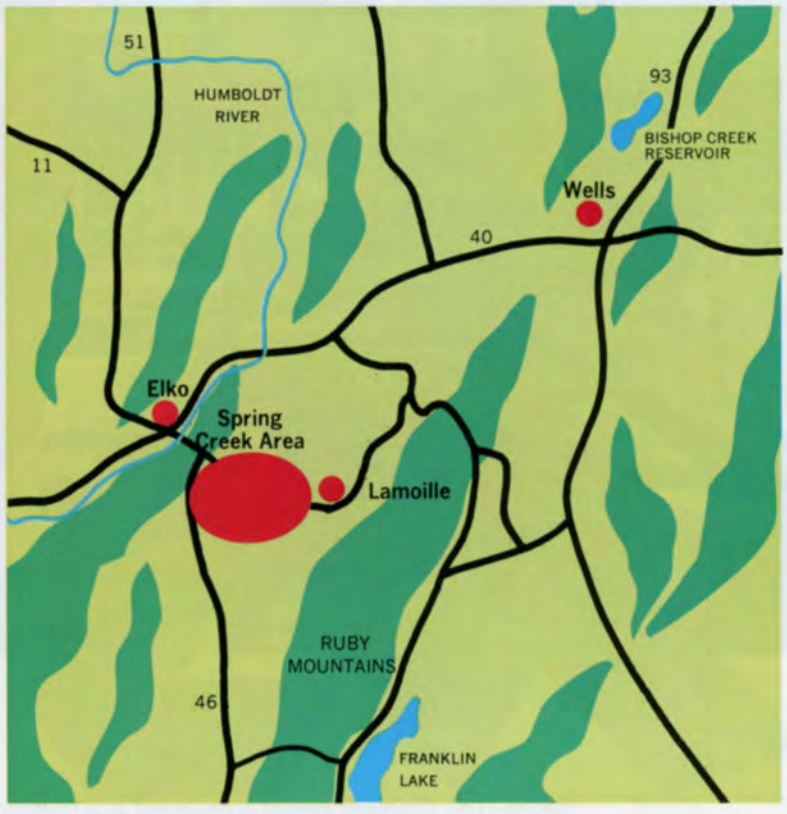


By JUDY ISAMAN

Take some 22,000 acres of open desert country and sprinkle it with running streams, leave the greenery intact and blend all this with the aid of expert development planners and you have a recipe for fresh-air living in the West.

This ambitious project, now being developed by the McCulloch Corporation, based in Arizona, is designed along the same principles as the firm's famous Lake Havasu City in Arizona.

That principle is simple: People from all parts of the nation are looking for homes in the West. In offer-



Opposite—Two riders enjoy the breathtaking country which surrounds the Spring Creek development near Elko. Below—A map of the area and a photo of a small lake within the Spring Creek area. The mighty Rubys dominate the scene.





ing them homes in planned communities, not only do people find the homes they dream about; but also the land is being used to its highest potential.

The soundness of this theory is evidenced by the fact, for one thing, that the business community of Elko is giving strong and enthusiastic support to the Spring Creek project.

Located only a few miles from Elko at the foothills of the magnificent Ruby Mountains, the development was planned to preserve the natural environment where greenbelts and open, undeveloped lands add meaning to the surrounding country.

Fishing ponds, an equestrian center, winter sports area, eighteen-hole golf course, a trap and skeet range and a rifle range are among long-range plans. A village square and civic center promise to be lively centers for social and recreational activity.

Nevada's newest city promises to become one of the most attractive in the state. □

Above—The shopping center is designed as a frontier village straight out of the Old-West. Below—Construction is proceeding at a fast pace. The girl with the bucket is feeding a llama, one of many different animals housed at the private game farm.





AUTHENTIC HAND-FORGED

TOMAHAWK



Exact replica of early American tomahawks, hand-crafted by Ohio Amish blacksmiths. Tapered eye of cold rolled steel with plow share steel wedged into eye stock in the old manner. Straight grain hickory handle. Specially created for match throwing. Ideal for camping, hunting, scouting.

SHAWNEE $12.00 ea.

THE H & B THROWING KNIFE



Over two years to perfect. 14" long. Weighs over a pound. Performs well with all throwing styles. Rugged and practical. ¼" thick blade holds good cutting edge. A must for the serious thrower and outdoorsman. **$9.75 ea.**

Add $1.00 postage for each item ordered - Ohio residents add 4% sales tax.

Dealer Inquiries Invited

Send for FREE brochure showing our full line of pioneer reproductions.

Send Check or Money Order to: **H & B FORGE**

Dept. N, Rt. 2, Greenwich, Ohio 44837

See Our Antique Slot Machine Display



THE LIBERTY BELL
World's First Slot Machine
Best darn food in Nevada

LIBERTY BELLE RENO

4250 SOUTH VIRGINIA

Fey Bros. Props.

Hey Wanderer!



WHAT'S the BEST WAY to REALLY SEE the WEST ?

The best way to see the West is in comfort. Relax, slide back into LTR's reclining seats and take a good look around as the West rolls past. You can miss a lot of beautiful scenery driving, but riding with LTR allows you to see it all in a climate controlled environment.

And LTR can show you the West better with tours to Hoover Dam, Valley of Fire, the Grand Canyon and Death Valley. So next time you want to see the West, do it the comfortable way with LTR.

LTR

LAS VEGAS-TONOPAH-RENO STAGE LINE, Inc.
Member: American Sightseeing Association
922 STEWART STREET, P. O. BOX 1600,
LAS VEGAS, NEVADA 89101

SIGHTSEEING INC.

Send us lots of information on seeing Nevada the leisurely way...by leaving all the details to you.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

continued from page 15

moved slowly south up the ridge. The horses followed and all drifted quietly into the next draw. A half mile below spread a small meadow of green surrounding the spring. Every horse made for that welcome oasis.

Mrs. Knight and Percy rode up to help me dismount. Our own mounts must drink and graze. For a short while we could relax. My trembling rubbery legs would scarcely support me. My husband walked me stumbling up and down to restore circulation and ease the cramps as we hastily consumed our beef sandwiches.

Little Gloria, that wonder-child, fed and watered, promptly crawled under a sagebrush and went to sleep! As I dragged my screaming muscles back and forth I viewed that uncomplaining little tyke with awe, my moans stifled behind clenched teeth. Percy and I hunted a tall sage and stretched out flat.

An hour later Mrs. Knight again caught a lifted hat in her field glasses. Alerting Dixie, she snatched Gloria from under her bush to the back of my saddle. Percy had me up in a minute. Pressing close to my stirrup and speaking urgently, she said, "Not a sound now, Mrs. T No cough, no sneeze, no talk, no shifting in the saddle. Baby knows, but *you must* remember! These are all supposed to be horses *without* riders here at the spring. The wild ones, panicky, surging to escape, *must* believe all is safe here when they see our horses!"

Silently we formed a mounted loose circle around the outer rim of the horses, as our unconcerned "bait" busily cropped the sparse grass. All eyes were riveted on the canyon mouth below against which the white dry alkali lake bed shimmered hot and empty. Gloria had sagged, warm, soft and half asleep against my back but her little hands were clenched firmly in my belt. My hatband grew sweaty. I shivered with tension and excitement.

Suddenly, like footage in a western movie, a horse streaked southward on the alkali flat. Speeding out of hiding in the draw beyond us to intercept him came Knight riding Ramsey, veteran of a dozen such chases. The black stallion, cut off from his southward course, whirled, mares and colts following, straight up our canyon, Ramsey thundering at their heels. Slim, Sandy and Bob pounded into the gravel wash from the north, bottling retreat. In a daze I realized our grazing horses still indicated no interest in the drama unfolding a mile below.

On came the flying black until he saw the grazing horses. Alarm and suspicion jack-knifed him in mid-air. Rearing, trumpeting a challenge to the strange band ahead and a warning to the mares blindly following behind, with one fluid bend he changed course and was up the low north rocky ridge screeching defiance. He was going to escape with all his band!

Knight decided otherwise. There was a sharp crack of a Springfield rifle, a puff of smoke, and the stallion dropped in a cloud of dust. The following wild ones scarcely lost stride in their flight up the bottom of the canyon. All had happened so quickly, they had not had time to heed the wily stallion's warning.

For some minutes confusion reigned as the wild-eyed bunch milled about, flanks heaving, neighing anxiously as they investigated the strange horses. Gradually, fright subsided, the colts and mares drank and grazed.

Time stretched out like one long unbearable pain as I held my breath and viewed this pastoral scene. My head was swimming from the tension—my heart lay bleeding with the fallen stallion. Finally Knight began to ride slowly up the draw away from the spring. Dixie's mare followed Ramsey. Lifting their heads, our gentle "bait" fell into line. A few of the wild ones drifted along for company; colts frisked away from the grass. Riders silently spaced themselves along each side.

Slim, Percy and I drew up in the rear in case the mares became alarmed and tried to break for the desert flats. I ached to turn my head to try to glimpse the stallion, seemingly already forgotten by all—but ringing in my ears was the "no cough, no sneeze, no talk, no shifting in the saddle!" Even my old knucklehead Sharkey decided not to roll the bit in his big yellow teeth. Gloria half-snoozed. I rode mesmerized at the calmness of it all; the ease of the meeting of tame and wild—the confidence of the holding. My shocked eyes etched forever in memory the dropping of that vigorous stallion by one swift sure bullet.

So, quietly came the horses to the high fenced pole corral on Cow Creek. It was a short matter for the men to release the tame ones down to the lower meadow—their work well done. The shaded corral, with hay and water, would keep the wild ones safe.

It had been a fourteen-hour day. Talk ran high that night in the big ranch house kitchen as we mustangers reviewed the successful day. "That stallion, Ma'm," explained Knight, "was a tricky devil. I knew I had to expect he would break. He has pulled some fast ones on the boys. I admired him. If Ramsey hadn't a-been so close when he did spook—I wouldn't have had him in rifle range. They'd all have gone after him, including my fool mares, over that ridge like tumbleweeds."

I slept twelve hours and ate standing up two days. □

The flying black stallion



Think ahead to JANUARY 1, 1973

That's the day you will want to start using **NEVADA** Magazine's beautiful new 1973 engagement calendar.

Our 1972 calendar was a great success. We had many customers and many enthusiastic comments.

But wait until you see our 1973 edition – larger color illustrations than before, heavier stock – in every way it will be a winner.

Order blanks will be available soon. Keep us in mind.

COMMENT
continued from page 29

taking their pay in fruit and tomatoes that were canned in the colony cannery. From the print shop came the *Western Comrade*, a publicity brochure for Llano del Rio.

Despite these efforts the colony was not self-supporting, existing financially on cash payments made by new members. Colony figures gave the population as more than nine hundred in 1916, in contrast to the peak population of Nevada City, two hundred in 1918.

In 1917 the seemingly sufficient water supply from Big Rock Canyon failed and laboriously constructed rock-lined ditches ran dry. With no hope of increasing the water supply at Llano, Job Harriman started a search for a more favorable location. A 19,000-acre tract belonging to Gulf Lumber Company near Stables, Louisiana was chosen and re-christened Newllano. The lumber company had left standing hardwoods on the land and a number of warehouses that would provide temporary shelter for the colony. In the fall of 1917 Harriman again mortgaged the California property to secure funds for a five thousand dollar down-payment on the Louisiana tract.

The Llano property left under the management, or mis-management, of Gentry McCorkle, Secretary of the corporation, collapsed within a year. McCorkle took personal possession of the colony lands after securing the mortgages. Job Harriman attempted to regain the Llano property through legal means, but, ill with tuberculosis, he was replaced as President of Newllano by George Pickett in 1924, and died a year later in Los Angeles.

Newllano struggled for more than twenty years in the dank Louisiana forests becoming more or less a retirement home for elderly and feeble colonists, but in 1939 the colony lost control of the property. "But officially," wrote Dr Shepperson, "the Llano del Rio Company of Nevada did not die. It continued to file an annual list of officers and directors, pay the necessary fees, and maintain a resident agent in Nevada. The most recent meeting of the board of directors was called in Reno in October, 1962."

Driving along Route 138, twenty miles east of Palmdale, California, are seen scattered rock ruins rising on a desert slope backed by the tall San Gabriel Mountains—all that is left of Llano del Rio, Job Harriman's socialist colony. Patient hands burned lime for mortar to hold carefully collected rocks in place, constructing walls and floors, lining water ditches and small reservoirs. Homes and buildings were erected; families moved to the colony hoping to live and work together in harmony; seeking in their own way what all men want—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Retreat to Nevada, *written by Wilbur S. Shepperson, professor of history at the University of Nevada, may be purchased from the University of Nevada Press, Reno, Nevada 89507 for $5.25.*

Pauline De Witt

continued from page 27



latter group—winging low, flap, flap, flap, flap and sail . flap, flap, flap and glide. They go down into the sagebrush a half mile from us. We mark the spot, drive up the road a half mile, and embark.

We throw on our hunting vests and stuff the pockets with baby magnum shells hand loaded especially for these super-tough boomers—one and three-eighths ounces of number six shot.

Bud Manning of Las Vegas opens the wooden kennel and out leaps his black lab, Yogi, a delightful and important part of our "equipment." Off we go in the direction of our spot.

As we work through the low-lying sage to "ground zero," a tingling is working up my spine. Then a chicken explodes twenty-five yards in front of me, rising helicopter-like, its spiky tail feathers spread like the fingers on a man's hand. The instant the sage hen tops out and starts its horizontal escape, I have my side-by-side double up and the bead on the chicken. Wham. It's down and out.

Here's another essential item. A quick-pointing, open-bored, 12-gauge shotgun. My double has 26-inch barrels and is bored improved cylinder and modified. You need the large shot pattern these chokes offer.

I've not taken my gaze from the spot where my grouse went down, a technique that is absolutely necessary if you want to find your bird. The downed sage hen is often lost because of its coloring—grayish tan with contrasting black belly patch and spike-like tail feathers. The male can be identified by its black throat and size. It's half again the size of the hen.

But even the hens are huge. The bird I've downed is a hen and she's a good twenty-six inches long. I breech my shotgun as I approach. The empty shell casing rockets over my shoulder. I reach and lift the hen and quickly stuff her into the game pouch of my hunting vest.

I place another shotshell in the chamber and close my double. Off I go—you must not loiter when hunting sage hen because the chickens will get nervous and flush out of killing range.

I glance over at Bud and watch him shoulder his gun and bring a grouse plummeting down. Yogi goes into action, sniffs out the quarry, and retrieves a rooster for Bud. From where I am, Yogi appears to be smiling.

Now a cock cannons skyward to my right. It takes both barrels to bring him down. While my gun is breeched four more sage hens get up and I can't help it—I watch them go. Now I am at the spot where the rooster came down, or at least where I think he came down, but I can find nothing. I know the rest of the flock will be gone if I take too long. Frantically, I motion to Bud.

Bud and Yogi approach hurriedly. Yogi bounces all about the area and finds the rooster two yards to my right. Bud takes the chicken from Yogi, who smiles, and holds it out to me. It is huge. It must weigh five pounds.

Bud helps by placing the cock in my game pouch. Now I've *really* got some weight on my back. And here is an additional boon—a quality hunting vest with a large, sturdy game bag. Sage hens are heavy. Lugging a brace of them in one hand and your gun in the other is not only a cramping situation, but if another grouse gets up it'll be out of range before you drop your kill, shoulder your piece and try to aim.

We've not wasted enough time to spook the birds. A few yards farther on, Bud connects again. Believing we've worked the area amply, we head back to the station wagon. We can each bag one more sage hen.

Back on the ridge we take a breather and award Yogi a deserving drink of water Then we drive up the road until we see another group of hunters starting out. With our binoculars we watch them flush a flock of sage hen. And we repeat the process —watch the birds land, go to the spot, and pick up another grouse apiece. We have our limit.

And we have not been selfish. In each instance we have flushed chickens we could not get a shot at, and these birds have flown toward other hunters.

Heading back we run into Charlee Crunden, Nevada Fish and Game Information officer out of Las Vegas. With Crunden is Dale Elliott, fish and game agent from Austin. We show them our bag and Elliott clips a wing from each bird for research purposes. Crunden, armed with three cameras, is gathering material for his Las Vegas television show, Nevada Outdoors.

Charlee entertains a sort of love affair with the sage hen. For 10 years, while assigned to Elko, Charlee researched grouse habits, arriving in their habitat before dawn and watching them for hours. He even devised techniques to determine age and sex of the birds.

Charlee is a veritable fount of knowledge. He tells us that sage grouse range from British Columbia, southeast Alberta, southwest Sas-

katchewan and western North Dakota, south to California, Nevada, Utah, New Mexico and northwest Nebraska.

"Not all sagebrush ranges are suitable for sage grouse," Charlee explains. "There must be other favorable environmental aspects such as good water distribution, meadows, and an adequate understory of native weeds and grasses."

Erosion, overgrazing, fire and drought can create a decline in chicken populations and sometimes make them disappear altogether, Charlee says.

"During the spring months the birds gather on their ancestral strutting grounds where the males perform the courtship ritual. Indian arrowheads found there show the grouse used the same grounds in prehistoric times," Crunden elaborates.

After breeding, hens retire to the sagebrush and lay seven to nine eggs in a shallow depression in the soil, usually under overhanging sage or rabbitbrush. Eggs hatch in about twenty-four days and the young birds leave the nest almost immediately.

The grouse family then travels to summer ranges situated in the large meadows of lowland ranches or small meadows in the high country. Here natural causes claim about half of the young. Remaining together through the summer, the hen and young birds feed on insects, weeds and grasses, and loaf in the shade of willows and high sagebrush.

Banding together and apart from the families during this period are the cocks and hens which had no success in hatching a clutch or rearing a brood.

However, with the first rains of fall in mid-September the birds group again and move from the meadows to the sagebrush ridges, beginning their movement to the winter ranges. Here food preferences change and chickens dine wholly on sagebrush.

"The sage grouse is a hearty bird," Crunden enthuses. "Chickens have been hunted since white men came to Nevada and no apparent effects on grouse populations have resulted."

Bursting with information, we ease along the dirt road back to U.S. 50 and on to our motel in Eureka. After a few hours rest we venture forth in pursuit of resident chicken hunters who might acquaint us with some untried area.

But alas, Eureka chicken hunters tell you only so much. They got their limit and they hunted anywhere from ten to fifty miles from town.

We do, however, glean a local sage hen recipe from Maynard Bisoni, a Eurekan who has bagged and cooked as many sage hen as just about anybody.

"You slice the sage hen breast very thin, say an eighth of an inch thick, flour the slices, sprinkle with garlic salt and salt and pepper to taste. Then saute in butter two minutes on each side." That's a far cry from the three-hours-in-a-pressure-cooker method.

The country around town is rich in wildlife, as we see the next morning.

We have driven north of Eureka to the Hunter Ranch on Simpson Creek. The Hunter Ranch, ironically, is posted. Cattle are grazing about the meadow in the lower end of the property and midway to the farmhouses a stream cuts across. There are rocks . one of which moves. There must be a dozen sage hens having breakfast near the stream.

Since the land is posted we put a long lens on the camera and "shoot" the feeding sage hen, all the while hoping a group of hunters, working the sagebrush hills outside the fence, will spook the chickens our way.

Eventually, the hunters do rattle the birds and while they do not fly into our laps, they do stay close enough so that we may mark their location through our binoculars. They are one-half mile from the ranch fence.

A big rooster is the first to flush from this spot. He booms to my right and I swing my gun to him and past him, firing once, then again, but he goes on, seemingly untouched. I cannot believe he wasn't at least nicked so I watch him sail. Finally, a quarter mile off, he rockets straight skyward in a dying blast, then plummets to earth beside a tree on a ridge. Those chickens can carry a load of lead.

Continuing, we surprise five deer A coyote sprints by not ten yards from me. We get into some chukar partridge before the morning is out, and hunters continue to find sage hen for us. By noon, we are lunching beside a stream, our limit filled. Hunters are still tramping the hills on all sides of the ranch.

How do *you* find these spots? Start at a Nevada Fish and Game office. Ask where the grouse are most plentiful, then ask where hunting pressure is expected to be moderate to heavy.

Then pack your essentials—binoculars, an open-bored, quick-pointing shotgun, lethal sage hen loads, and a sturdy hunting vest with a BIG game pouch. If you include a dog you've completed the list. Now you're ready to follow the crowds to those sage hens. □

LAKE MEAD'S BIRDS

Photos by Ed Scovill

The last issue of this magazine included a few pages containing several of the remarkable close-up photos of southern Nevada animals taken by Ed Scovill.

Response to that series was instantaneous. So many readers requested to see more of Scovill's animals that we now happily comply, this time birds.

The birds were photographed with the same, meticulous care that characterizes all of Scovill's work. He stalks, he waits. His patience seems unlimited. And here are some of the results.

Tag anyone? This scoter may be alone in this pensive shot but he is known at times to indulge in a tag-like water game, competing against about ten friends gathered in a circle of ten to twelve feet diameter. In another social activity he frequently takes afternoon fun-flights with many other birds in a large flock.



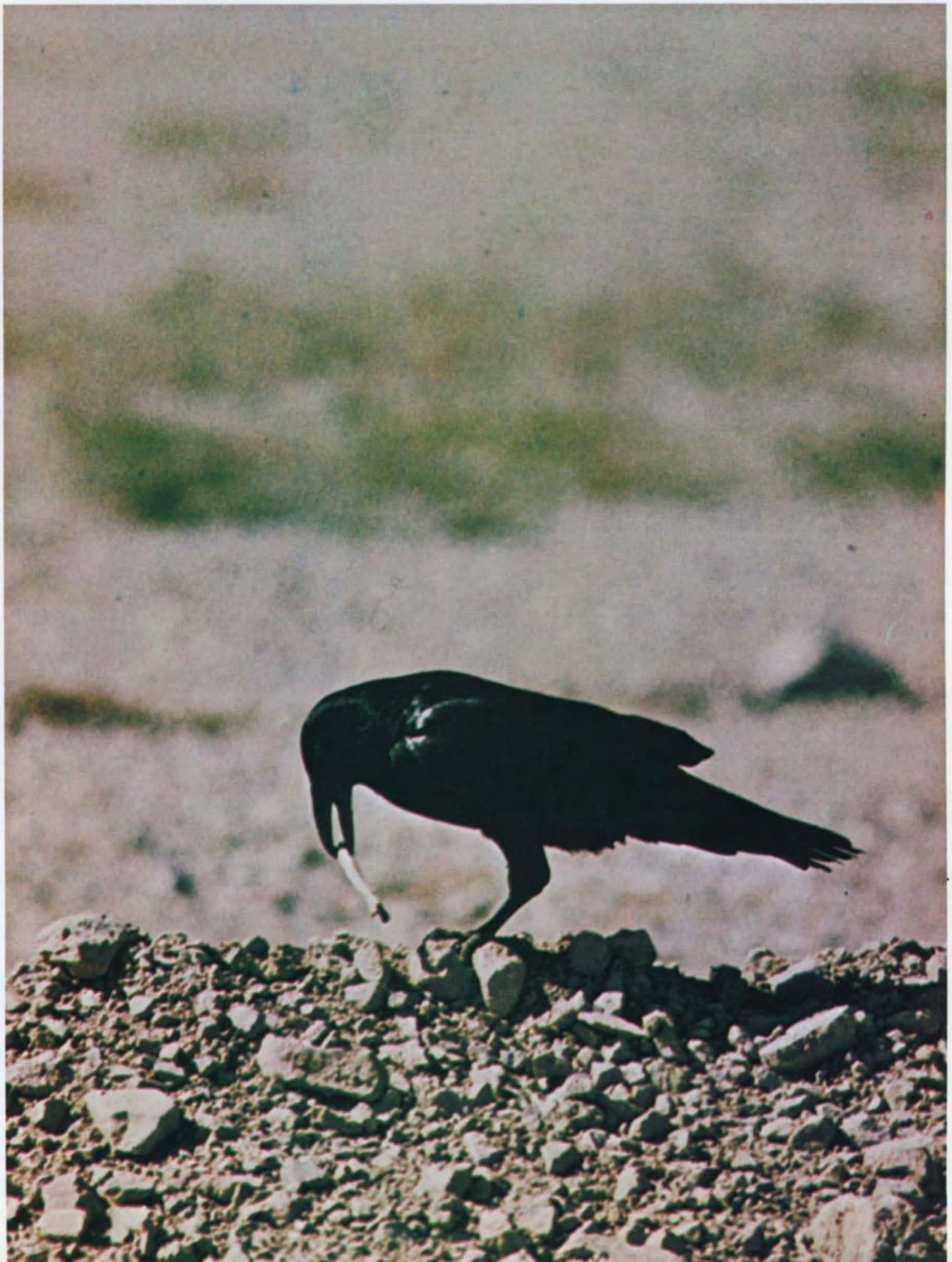


The dainty, docile quail is frequently seen in coveys such as this, oblivious and unafraid of man. At least three different species may be seen in Nevada areas including mountain, valley and gambel quail.

No friend to the fisherman is the beautiful merganser whose population is known to consume hundreds of millions of fishes annually. His name, derived from *mergus* (diver) and *serrator* (sawer), fits him properly and equips him for survival. Likely to winter in southern Nevada the merganser is monogamous in nature.



Call him a culprit, scavenger or what-have-you but never worry about calling the raven in time for dinner. He'll rustle very well for himself! Most intelligent of all birds, he's at home here in the Lake Mead area. The raven goes even a step further than the merganser with regard to mating—he accepts but one mate for life.



ern side of the range has much greater relief, over 4,000 feet, because the Colorado River has cut Black Canyon into the basin that once existed here. Because they are so low, the Eldorado Mountains can wring very little moisture from passing clouds and so are extremely dry and barren. The desert plant and animal life is similar to that found in the Muddy Mountains.

Much of the range is also barren of ore deposits, except at Eldorado Canyon where granite pokes up into the metamorphic rocks. Over five million dollars' worth of gold and silver has been mined from quartz veins there. The now abandoned mines are scattered along State Highway 60, which follows Eldorado Canyon, a deep gash cutting almost entirely through the range as it drops into Black Canyon. The highway gives spectacular views of the barren "badlands" landscape typical of so many ranges in the Mojave Desert to the west and southwest, as it drops down to a small recreational development on the shore of Lake Mojave that now partially fills Black Canyon. □

NEVADA IS A







SIGHT TO SEE

ENJOY IT ALL WITH GRAY LINE SCENIC TOURS

Enjoy all the beauty Nevada has to offer. But why drive when you can travel the easy, luxurious way with Gray Line Scenic Tours?

With Gray Line you can take your eyes off the road and get away to the beauty of Lake Tahoe, Virginia City and Reno. Be rested when you arrive after a smooth ride in Gray Line's modern, air conditioned coaches.

CHARTER TOURS AVAILABLE

THE ONLY LICENSED SIGHT-SEEING COMPANY OPERATING IN THE RENO-TAHOE AREA

Reno: 1675 Mill St., Reno, Nev. 89505
Phone (702) 329-1147
Lake Tahoe: P. O. Box C. Sahara Hotel
Stateline, Nev. 89449 (702) 588-6688

The GRAY LINE

CALIFORNIA-NEVADA GOLDEN TOURS



IN CARSON CITY

CONSOLIDATED COIN CO.

FRANK ROZA JR., OWNER

Specializing in silver dollars, gold coins, rare coins, foreign coins. Coin collections bought and sold. One of the largest numismatic displays in the West.

603 North Carson Street, Across from The State Museum • Carson City, Nevada • Phone 702/822-6277



BEAUTIFUL LAKE TAHOE
and Palm Springs
PROPERTIES
in
CALIFORNIA
and
NEVADA

INCLINE VILLAGE, NEVADA
956 Lakeshore Blvd., (702) 831-0752

PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA
263 Tahquitz McCallum Way
(714) 325-1124

David W.
MAYS
REALTOR-EXCHANGOR



Last Chance Joe sez:

Come visit us in Nevada's Fun Capital!

- three fine restaurants
- top-notch entertainment
- free children's lounge

Carson City NUGGET

your 24-hour fun spot

We're Ready When You Are

When we put our huge, $17 million power plant, Fort Churchill Unit No. 2 into service last September we were already in our third year of planning still another power plant for 1974, expected to cost $24.5 million. And we were studying your electrical power needs far into the 1980s.

We realize how important electricity is to a happier way of life for you. Providing you good electric service is our continuing goal and this always means "being ready when you are." You can help us, and help yourself, by using electricity wisely. This will save you money and minimize our future investments in power plants.

SIERRA PACIFIC POWER COMPANY





- 200 LUXURIOUS LAKE VIEW ROOMS
- DELIGHTFUL DINING
- MASTER CHEFS
- ACRES MORE VALET PARKING

ALL THE EXCITEMENT & BEAUTY OF LAKE TAHOE

We'll Pamper You Outrageously

Harvey's RESORT HOTEL
AND Harvey's INN

For Direct Reservations and Immediate Confirmation
PHONE TOLL FREE — (800) 648-3361
STATELINE — SOUTH LAKE TAHOE, NEVADA 89449