



NEVADA

MAGAZINE

CDC 00056

No. 4, 1975 / \$1.00

TURQUOISE NEVADA'S NEW BONANZA!



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**COWBOY:
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NEVADA MAGAZINE

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A Look at the New Nevada Magazine

Exciting things are happening at **Nevada Magazine** and we think readers will find a clear reflection of this excitement in our pages. First, there are more pages (64) compared to the former 48. You will find a broadened scope with more emphasis on people and action throughout the whole state. We've added some new departments — Editorial, Nevada Calendar and an expanded Show Guide; and Sport will play an important part along with more recreational facility information.

History, which has always been an integral part of **Nevada Magazine**, will continue to play an important role. We will continue to talk about yesterday, but we will also talk about today and tomorrow. We hope you will like what you read in **Nevada Magazine** and will write to us about your reactions.

As you may note on our masthead, there are some staff additions. Most importantly, there is a change in administration from the previous Nevada Highway Department auspices to the Department of Economic Development under the leadership of R. E. (Bob) Goodman, Director. This change was by decree of the 1975 Nevada Legislature and DED joins us with compatible aims — betterment of the state and its image. It's a whole new promising future ahead.

Caroline J. Hadley of Carson City, formerly England, New York, Minnesota and Canada, has been called an adventuress among other things, but may it suffice here to say she is an exceptional writer-photographer-editor. Serving as our new Field Editor, she wrote and photographed the Marvel Ranch story (**All I Want To Do Is Cowboy**), Jai Alai, Las Vegas: Gateway to Grand Canyon and Lahontan. She also aided in numerous other phases of putting the magazine together, no new experience for the former managing editor of **Car and Driver Magazine** published in New York City.

Patty Atcheson, art assistant, found slow going when pasting up our lead story on turquoise because the content was so interesting. Other lovers of the mystical blue stone will find the story equally fascinating. The author, Tom Banville, is no newcomer to **Nevada Magazine**. He holds B.A. and M.A. degrees in education and counseling and a Ph.D. in counseling psychology. A versatile writer for a number of national publications, he is currently completing a book for Nelson-Hall Publishers titled **Are You a Schizophrenic Listener?**

If you've never gotten past the bright lights of Las Vegas it's time you learned there's more to it. Margo Bartlett Pesek tells what's available in recreation within an hour's drive (page 26). Author of a new book titled **Beyond Las Vegas**, she also writes a column for the **Las Vegas Review Journal**.

Horse Stealing in the 1860's is the first in a series of reprint ads run in the late 1940's and early 1950's by Harolds Club depicting interesting tales of early Nevada.

The Journals of Alfred Doten (page 20) represent thirteen years of editing before publication by University Press, University of Nevada, Reno. Walter Van Tilburg Clark started the massive task involving 79 handwritten journals but died before completion. The work was later finished by University Press staff members. Anthony Amaral offers glimpses of the contents.

We'll do some more looking back in the January issue as Nevada, embarking on its 112th year, salutes the USA on its 200th birthday. It's also a special year in 1976 for **Nevada Magazine** — our 40th. You won't want to miss this very special issue.

In 1955 a young Navy veteran of World War II joined the Nevada State Highway Department's public information department which had been publishing, since 1936, a small black and white magazine titled **Nevada Highways and Parks**. The young man, Don Bowers, saw a potential in the little leaflet far beyond the scope it then had.

In 1964, Nevada's Centennial year, Bowers convinced the Highway Department and then Governor Grant Sawyer that the state could offer a top quality, all-color magazine that would boast Nevada's merits far and wide. The resultant Centennial issue is still selling (now as a collector's item).

In August, 1975, Don Bowers, editor of the magazine for 14 years, retired. His knowledge of the history and geography of the state will be keenly missed.



Bob Goodman



Caroline Hadley



Tom Banville



Margo Pesek



Don Bowers



Judy Casey

JUDY CASEY
Acting Editor

Nevada Calendar

OCTOBER

1 (tentative)

3, 4

3, 4

3-5

3-5

4, 5

6-10

10, 11

11

11-13

16

17-19

23-26

31

Rock Show

Ice Hockey

Nevada Opera Guild Presents "La Boheme"
(8:15 p.m.)

Western Enterprises

Microvention (Model Railroads Convention)

Hospital Auxiliary Art Festival 10 to 5:00 p.m.

Community Arts Festival

Columbus Day Celebration

Columbus Day Celebration

Silver State Quarter Horse Show

B&B Dog Obedience Classes

Henderson Expo '75

Sekulich Productions Antique Show

Nevada Day Celebration

Reno Centennial Coliseum

Reno Centennial Coliseum

Reno Pioneer Auditorium

Reno Fairgrounds

Virginia City

Boulder City, Govt. Park

Reno Pioneer Auditorium

Reno Centennial Coliseum

Reno Pioneer Auditorium

Reno Fairgrounds

Reno Fairgrounds

Henderson

Reno Centennial Coliseum

Carson City

NOVEMBER

1

7, 8

8, 9

12, 14, 15

15

18

21

21-22

21-23

22

29 (tentative)

29

29, 30

Doll and Miniature Show

Ice Hockey

Comstock Riding Clinic

Ice Hockey

Dance to the Tune of the 40's

Community Concert "Manhattan Operatic Trio"

Campfire Girls "Grand Council Fire"

Ice Hockey

Washoe County Extension Service Xmas Program

Methodist Church Annual Xmas Bazaar

10 to 4 p.m.

Christmas Parade

M.S. Ballet "Hansel & Gretel"

Ice Hockey

Reno Centennial Coliseum

Reno Centennial Coliseum

Reno Fairgrounds

Reno Centennial Coliseum

Reno Centennial Coliseum

Reno Pioneer Auditorium

Reno Pioneer Auditorium

Reno Centennial Coliseum

Reno Centennial Coliseum

Winnemucca

Ely

Reno Pioneer Auditorium

Reno Centennial Coliseum

DECEMBER

1-8

4-7

6

12

12, 13

19, 20

Western States Angus Show & Sale

Holiday on Ice

North Las Vegas Xmas Parade

New Penny Singers (free show)

Ice Hockey

Ice Hockey

Reno Fairgrounds

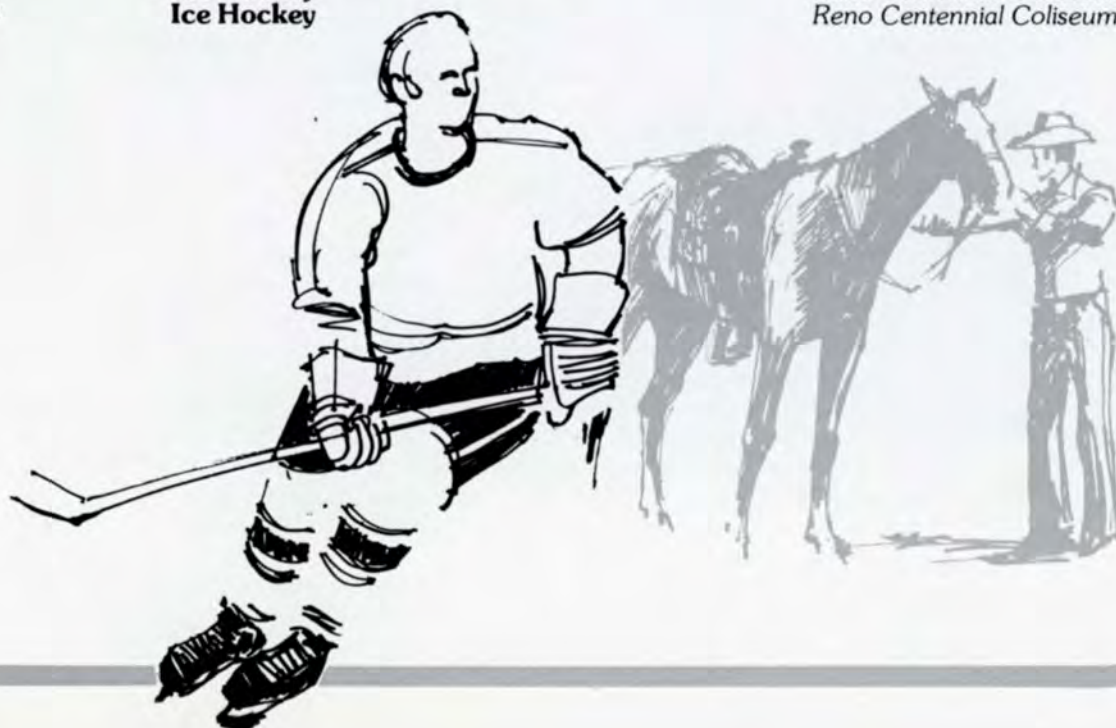
Reno Centennial Coliseum

North Las Vegas

Reno Pioneer Auditorium

Reno Centennial Coliseum

Reno Centennial Coliseum



Nevada's blue rock, jewel of the desert

What's in a name? Maybe a lot more than you can imagine. For example, how much would you be willing to pay for a chunk of aluminum phosphate? Who but a chemist could become excited about owning such a thing? Certainly its shorthand chemical name wouldn't be likely to spur the bidding; $\text{CuAl}_6(\text{PO}_4)_4(\text{OH})_8 \cdot 4\text{H}_2\text{O}$ indeed! Not even with a bit of ferric iron thrown in for good measure is there any appeal.

And yet, over the centuries this hydrous basic phosphate of aluminum cum copper salts has caused quite a stir in places as widely separated as Constantinople and Nevada. It has been given a wide variety of names: Turkish or Turkey stone, turkis, turquesa and tourques, among others, and it has been credited with possessing supernatural powers. Today we know this material by its name in modern French, "turquoise." The name derives from the fact that traders introduced the stones to Europe by way of Turkey. Its point of origin in Asia was the area now known as Iran.

Mineralogists today believe that turquoise was the first true mineral to gain popularity and wide use as a gem stone. Amber was in use long before turquoise, however amber is not a true mineral. It's fossilized, or organically dead, ambergris, which is produced by the sperm whale.

There are reports that the Egyptians were engaged in the mining of turquoise between 5500 B.C. and 1100 B.C. The pharaohs sent expeditions consisting of as many as three thousand workers from Egypt to the Sinai Peninsula, accompanied by several hundred military troops. But since the period around 1100 B.C. the Sinai has not produced significant quantities of turquoise.

The major producer of high quality turquoise is the area near Nishapur, in northwestern Persia, perhaps better known as the birthplace of Omar Khayyam. It's there that the richest deposits have been found. But Asia is only one source of the gem stones.

Archaeological expeditions have uncovered South American turquoise that dates back to 900 B.C., and pre-Columbian Mexican Indians, e.g. the Mayans of the Yucatan Peninsula and the Aztecs of Central Mexico also prized it highly.

Among the aboriginal North American Indians, too, there was great interest in and trading of turquoise. Some experts believe that turquoise from New Mexico was traded to the Mayans and the Aztecs by North American Indians. The Aztec trader or "puchecos" were inclined to deal with a heavy hand, making offers their clients would dare not refuse under penalty of military retaliation.

There are records of Spanish explorations in New Mexico dating back to the period around 1535 which indicate that among the Indians of the region turquoise jewelry was very popular. In 1697 another Spanish chronicler made mention of turquoise mining in the Los Cerillos Mountains, southeast of Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Following the Spanish conquest of the Aztecs, which began in 1519, it was the search for turquoise and other wealth which led Cortez' men north. They were looking for the fabled Seven Cities of Cibola, in New Mexico, which they believed to be immensely wealthy. When they arrived, they found only poor pueblos inhabited by Zuni Indians. Disappointed, nevertheless they eventually established colonies in the area now comprising Arizona and New Mexico. In their trading with the Pueblo and Zuni Indians of the region the Spaniards used much the same approach as had the Aztec puchecos.

Because of their belief that the stones held magical powers, the Indians used turquoise in connection with their religious ceremonies. For example, modern Pueblo Indians believe that the blue color of turquoise is sacred, as are the stones themselves. It is their practice to scatter them about in their shrines.

Earlier evidence of the religious significance of turquoise was found in the sacred assembly chamber, or "kiva" at Casa Rinconda. In niches in the walls of the great ceremonial site at Chaco Canyon, New Mexico, were quantities of turquoise necklaces which were placed there to consecrate it.

We could find no records to indicate that the possibility of finding what would later turn out to be great stores of turquoise there, led the Spaniards to Nevada. But there are evidences that the aboriginal Indians who

TURQUOISE

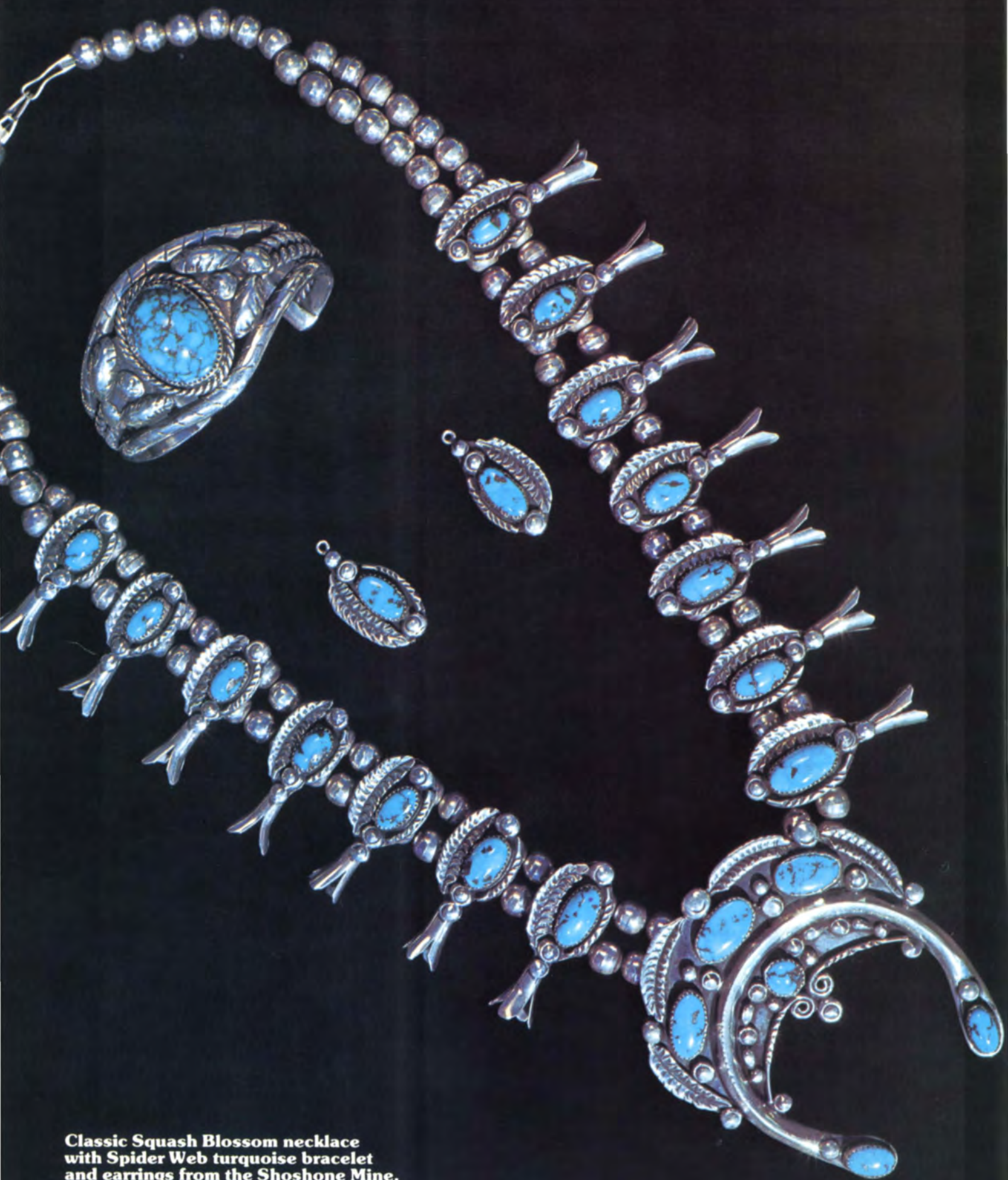
By Tom and Margaret Banville
Photos by Jim Reinheller



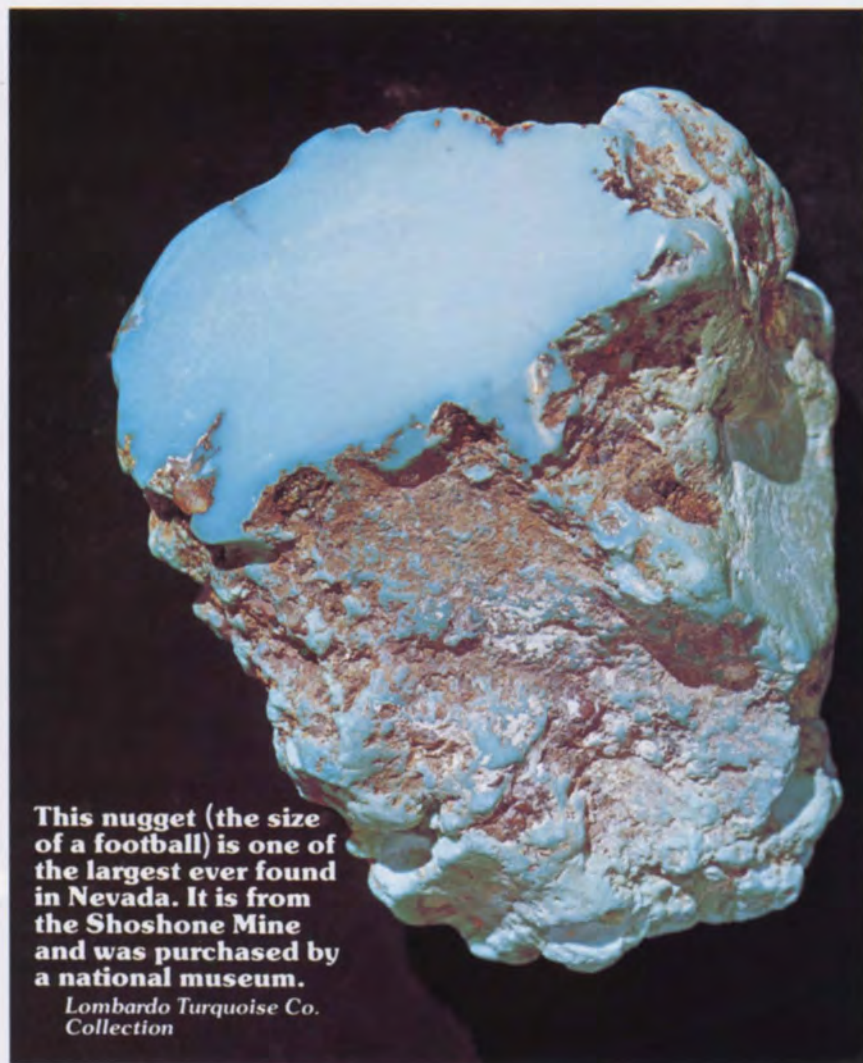
Gabbs natural turquoise.
Jerry Gray Collection



**A spectacular rock from
the Roystan district.**
Nevada State Museum



**Classic Squash Blossom necklace
with Spider Web turquoise bracelet
and earrings from the Shoshone Mine.**
Lombardo Turquoise Co. Collection





Squash Blossom necklace from the Blue Gem Mine in Mineral County.
Private Collection

inhabited the area engaged in extensive searches for the magical blue stone, and given the limitation of primitive stone tools, they mined a considerable amount of it. One such finding, placed at 200 years before Columbus reached America, was found near Searchlight, in Clark County.

Throughout history, peoples of widely differing cultures and geographical locations have had a common reverence for the color blue, and a shared belief in its mystical potency. M. G. Broman, in her book, **Blue Gold: The Turquoise Story**, points out that "the Egyptians painted their god Amun this color, and the Hindu god Vishnu is represented by blue. Blue symbolized heaven for the ancient Chinese as well as the Southwest Indians. To the Aztecs blue was a sign of supreme authority."

Psychologists have found that blue is a color which is associated with passivity and restfulness. Physiologically, blue causes blood pressure to lower and heartbeat and breathing rates to slow down. Sugar is packaged in blue because the physiological sensation associated with blue is sweetness.

Thus there may be some basis for ancient beliefs that turquoise has curative powers. For example there might be some connection in cases of epilepsy and some types of mental illness. It is somewhat more difficult, perhaps, to find a connection between the blue color of turquoise and the belief that it could cure snake bite. We wouldn't want to say it's not possible, however.

Whatever other powers turquoise may possess, there is little question about its ability to generate vast amounts of money. In the 1973 St. Patrick's day issue of the **National Observer**, it was stated that as an investment, turquoise is second only to diamonds. How does it compare with diamonds in other respects?

Minerals are rated for comparative hardness on a scale called the "Mohs Scale." Ratings run from 1 to 10, with talc at the bottom, and diamonds, the hardest of all minerals, rating a 10. Turquoise has a hardness of 6, with variations depending on the origin of the stone, though it isn't known exactly what accounts for the differences in hardness. By comparison with turquoise, the ruby and the sapphire are rated at 9.

Thus turquoise is not as durable as other gem stones. Neither is its color fast. Because of its comparative porosity it absorbs liquids, and so exposure to water or substances such as hand lotions will cause the color to deepen. Time will also cause fading.

In order to compensate for these characteristics, the Indians used to steep turquoise in hot animal fat or butter in order to harden it and also to stabilize the color. The habit of changing color is highly undesirable to some people, and modern versions of the Indian treatment have been developed. One of these is known as "plasticizing." The idea is to introduce an epoxy into the pores of the stone and then harden it with a catalyst.

Another process is "backing." With this technique, the strength of the stone is increased so that it can be handled with less danger of breaking or chipping. This is quite important, because the fragments of stone being worked with may be as thin as three sixteenths of an inch, and so thin at the edges that they are transparent.

The dome shaped cabochon or "cab," is the product of operations which include sawing, grinding, sanding



The Shoshone Mine near Austin. Days of hard and dusty drilling are sometimes rewarded with exceptional turquoise such as the huge nugget shown on page 9.

and polishing, so that there are a number of possibilities of damaging it. To prevent this, the back of the cabochon is given a very thin coating of "liquid steel." This also provides a means of leveling the stone for setting, according to one student of the art. He informed us that the Indian craftsmen once used a variation of this backing process to level stones. They melted old phonograph records and applied the melted wax to the backs.

We could find no documentation of that use of old phonograph records, but why not? It's reported to be a fact that around the turn of the century the resourceful Indians of the Southwest would remove silverware from restaurants and use it to make jewelry. They would prepare it by placing it on the railroad tracks so that the car wheels would flatten it. It's also reportedly true that the Indians caused much disturbance among United States Treasury officials because of their practice of melting silver coins for jewelry-making.

When a stop was put to this north of the border, the Indians began using Mexican silver coins. We are told that one still occasionally finds pieces of authentic Indian silverwork in which hammered circa 1890 coins can be clearly identified. Obviously the Indian silversmiths were very enthusiastic about and determined in their work.

Prior to about 1890, however, wood **not** metal was used in jewelry made by Indians of our own Southwest. Then in 1899, silver slugs were placed on the commercial market. In the 1920's the federal Arts and Crafts Board introduced sheet silver. This made fabricating much easier by eliminating much of the tedious hammering.

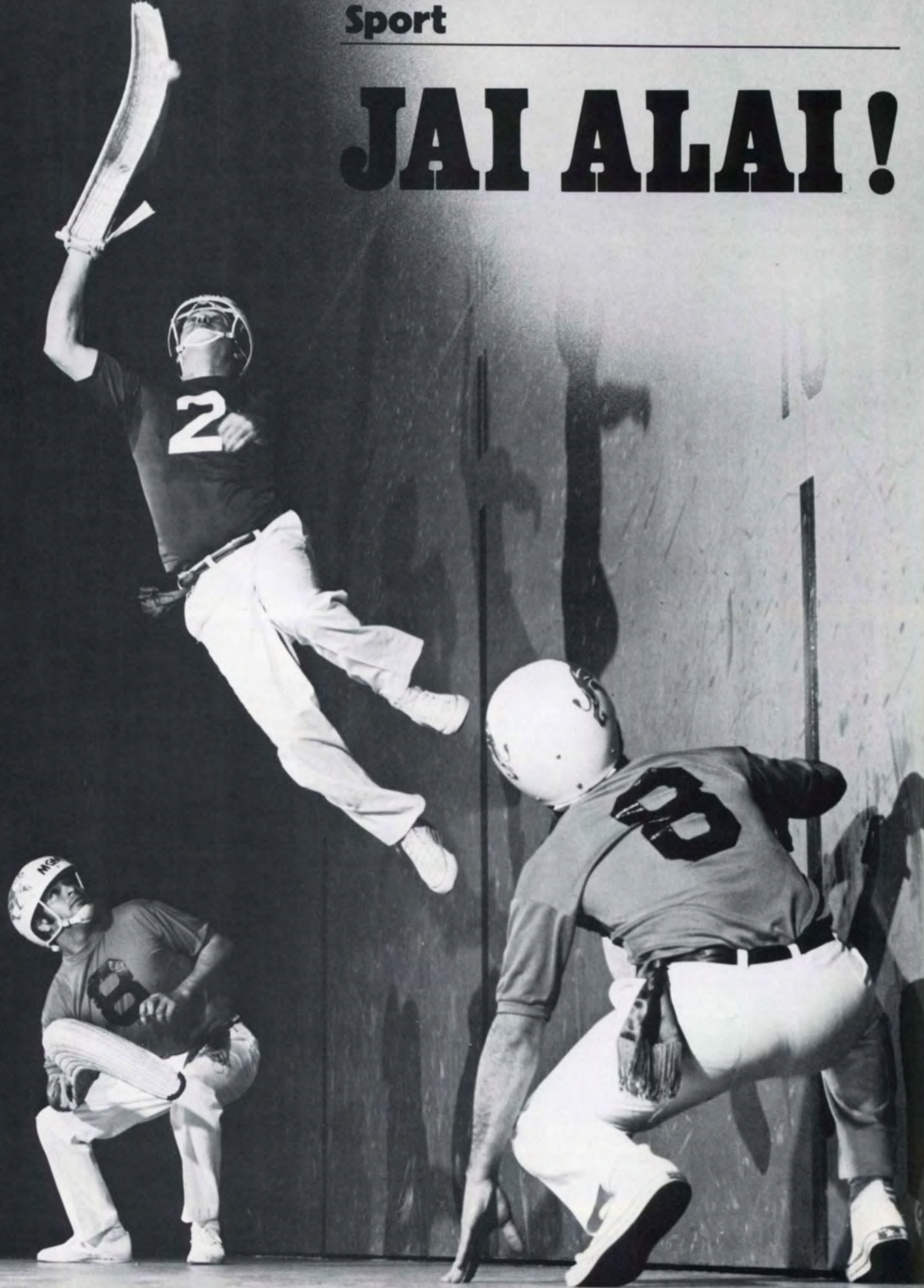
People who are involved in the turquoise business these days tend to be every bit as enthusiastic about their product as the ancient Egyptians, the Aztecs or the Spaniards, and easily as bullish about the turquoise market as the **National Observer**.

For example, there's Dowell Ward, Jr., who works the Crescent Valley Mine up near Carlin. Ward has a

continued on page 54

Sport

JAI ALAI!



From Spain to Las Vegas in 300 years.

A rock hard ball is caught and thrown with a whip-like motion from a narrow cup-shaped wicker basket at a granite wall that's 12 inches thick. It crashes and rebounds, spinning and curving, moving at 150 miles an hour. An opposing player must catch and throw the ball back to the granite wall, in a single motion.

The game is jai alai (pronounced hi-li) and it's the oldest ball game in the world — also perhaps the fastest, most skillful, dangerous and thrilling. Having been played by the Spanish Basques for more than 300 years, what was originally handball became jai alai in the middle 1800's. A basket was introduced to be used as an extension of the player's arm to catch and throw rather than to hit, and one wall was increased to three to make the game more interesting.

Jai alai is played in an arena called a **fronton**, on a three-wall court called a **cancha**. A protective screen, behind which the spectators sit, takes the place of a fourth wall.

Florida has nine frontons and over 350 players; Connecticut is opening a jai alai court soon; but Nevada's is the only fronton in the American West and is at the MGM Grand Hotel in Las Vegas. It seats 2200, is luxurious, and has 36 professional players under contract. The MGM hosts 12 games a night, six nights a week and its pari-mutuel wagering intensifies the excitement of the sport.

The players throw and catch the ball, or **pelota**, at phenomenal speeds. To control the pelota (which is harder than a golf ball and three-fourths the size of a baseball), the player uses a strange wicker basket, or **cesta**, which has a glove-like compartment at its base. The cesta is custom-made for each player, and is tied tightly around his wrist.

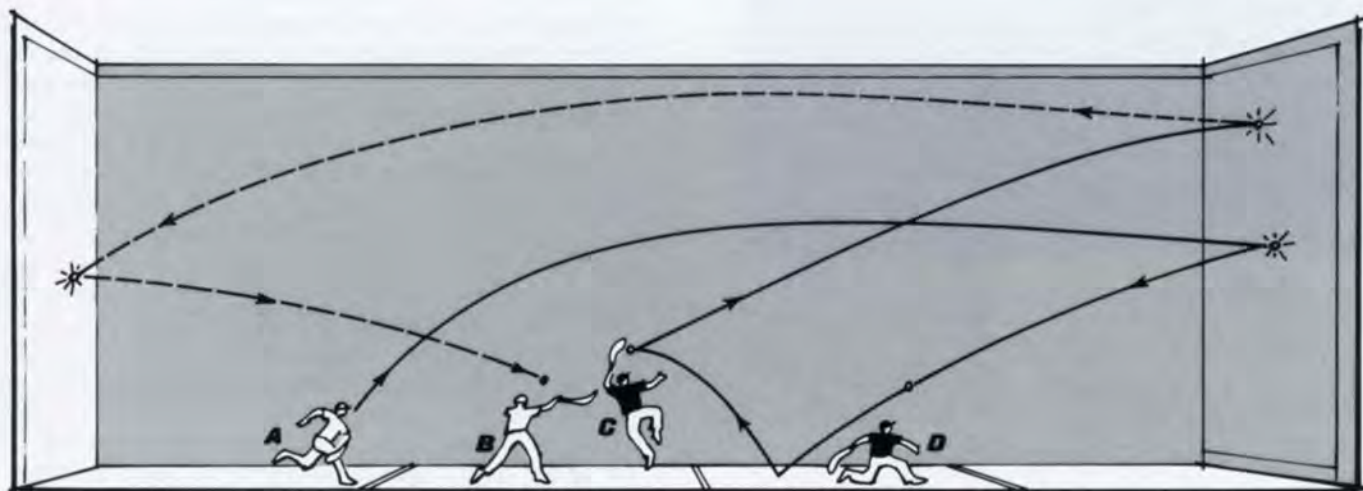
According to tradition, all players come out on court prior to each game to salute the audience. Single players or doubles teams compete, with as many as eight players or teams in a game. Each game is a series of individual matches and is played on the elimination system. The winner of each match continues playing until defeated; the loser retires to the end of the lineup to await the next opportunity to score. Victory goes to the first player or team to score the required number of points. At the MGM's fronton each game is overseen by three judges and is played to six points in singles, seven points in doubles.

A match begins when one player (the front court player in doubles) serves the pelota to a marked zone on the front wall. Once in play, the pelota is scooped on the fly or first bounce — either off the floor, the side wall or the back wall — and returned in a sweeping motion to the front wall. The ball remains in play until it strikes the floor a second time or is thrown out of court.

The action is fast, the players smooth and agile, at times thrilling spectators by running up the side wall to reach the ball. Players need good legs, a strong right arm (no one is allowed to play left-handed because it would be impossible to know how a ball would behave and spin), and the eyes of the players must be exceptional — not only to watch the speeding ball but also to avoid being hit by it. An accident with the ball could be fatal.

Hal Coddon, MGM's jai alai announcer who has 11 year's experience in pari-mutuel sports, says, "Even though you might know who the best players are — by watching them if not by their records — you can never tell who's going to win a game because it's the

continued on page 61



Server (A) throws to front wall from service line. Front court opponent (D) lets ball go to his teammate (C) who returns ball to front wall. The ball may travel hard enough to hit the back wall (as shown) which is legal. Player (B) returns ball to front wall. And so it goes until a player misses the ball or throws out of bounds. The ball may also hit the side wall before or after it hits the front or back wall.

In the 1850's Nevada's ranges were covered with a wide variety of palatable grasses, water was adequate, the land rich in minerals. It was the time of the California gold rush, the discovery of silver in Virginia City, and the birth of the livestock industry. It was the time when sheep were brought in from the midwest and cattle from Texas. The latter to feed the transcontinental traffic and the new inhabitants — which was easily done, at first, when Nevada's vast, empty land could be had for the taking and before a million head of foraging livestock damaged the natural vegetation.

**“All I want to do
is cowboy”**

By C. J. Hadley

As the rays from a rising sun filter through the sagebrush, Tom Marvel pulls on his rubber boots, picks up a shovel, and walks half a mile to one of his alfalfa fields. From April until July he can use runoff water from the mountains to irrigate his crops; after that he must turn on his pumps.

A hundred years before, grass was plentiful, and only 520 acres of hay were grown in the state of Nevada. Today most ranchers have to raise at least that as weather patterns have been changing, rainfall decreasing, and even though snow continues to fall, the spring and autumn rains which have the greatest effect on the high desert country have been lacking. Tom Marvel is a producer of beef; as the open range dwindles and grasses decline his ways of ranching must change.

Every day, late summer, Tom or one of his hands checks the irrigation ditches and pumps; opening valves, closing gates, changing the direction of the water. After many decades of overgrazing it has become necessary for a rancher to develop his own land and crops, to dig irrigation ditches, attain water rights, and pay the enormous costs for wells and electric water pumps.

The pumps were turned on early in 1974; it was a very bad year. There had been no real rain since April, and the desert range was in tough shape with little left for the cattle to eat. There had been dry spells before, and brush fires, but by the end of July Elko County had been named a disaster area. In Sonora, Mexico, the western drought was hailed as the worst on record. Ninety thousand head of Sonora cattle had died by August.

Raising cattle takes more than turning on pumps, growing hay and punching cows. A rancher must deal with the government for livestock rights to graze on the public domain; he must answer to the preservationists and ecologists who demand the land he's been using for years "for the public good"; and he must pay dearly and keep careful records for the Internal Revenue Service. He must learn to be his own veterinarian, accountant, manager, banker, and clairvoyant.

The red tape and pressures of the 1970's were unknown to Marvel's grandfather, W T Jenkins, who started herding sheep in the Battle Mountain area of Humboldt County 90 years before. A Welsh coal miner who arrived in Nevada when the western settlers were crying out for meat, when the rangelands were unfenced, in days when grass was thick and sheepherders could move their flocks as and where they wished, by 1891 W. T Jenkins had flocks numbering 25,000 head. He soon became one of the most extensive wool and sheep growers in the west, his outfit ultimately running 100,000 head. He owned land in Winnemucca, Battle Mountain, and in Oregon, used rangelands from southern Nevada to the Idaho line. His livestock grazed over two million acres.

But there were many giant cattle concerns and sheep outfits in those days, including huge tramp bands that came in from neighboring states, and the desert plants could not sustain themselves. Severe damage occurred. Many of the better grasses became extinct, while the sagebrush flourished. Stock was lost due to starvation, and the natural disasters caused by severe winters and



Tom Marvel's parents and grandparents were all Nevada ranchers and Tom always loved to ranch. Now he has to farm.





View of the Marvel ranch (left) from the summit of 9680-foot Mt. Lewis, highest peak of the Shoshone mountain range.

Built before the turn of the century, (right) the original "home ranch" was used for more than 60 years.

Pete Marvel tries out his bronc saddle (below), and gets some advice from his bronc-riding brother-in-law John Holman.

With the help of teamropers, (bottom) Marvel ranchhand brands a fattened calf.



Hadley photos



Fine Marvel pasture (bottom left), including flowers, in the Reese River Valley.

Louise Jenkins Marvel (top right), Tom's strong-willed mother, remains interested in ranching. She lives in Battle Mountain in the house where Tom was born.

Rosita, Tom's wife and support (center), always smiling, always encouraging.

Youngest of six in the Tom Marvel clan, pretty little Amy proudly rides her barrel racing horse.



extreme drought conditions were the only respite from overgrazing that Nevada's rangelands ever received.

In the terrible blizzards of 1861, 500 head of sheep survived of 3200 that grazed in the Truckee Meadows. In 1879, a third of the cattle population was lost, and just 10 years later, during the worst winter the state has seen, Nevada's livestock industry almost dropped from sight. That year, 129,000 sheep and 134,000 cattle perished; wild horses came off the range with their manes and tails eaten off by other horses. In Carson Valley, hay was selling at \$100 a ton.

There was little demand for beef in 1974. Tom Marvel sells about 1100 head each September. Last year he sold half that, with an average 700-lb. steer bringing \$210, or \$90 less than the year before (and he has \$70 invested

in each steer). A cow sold for \$130; \$110 less than in '73. During that same period, gasoline costs almost doubled, cost of feed tripled, the price of beef on the hoof fast declined. Tom Marvel sold \$300,000-worth of beef in 1973; the same amount of cattle would have earned \$191,000 the following year. That's still a lot of money, but to run a ranch the size of the Marvel spread costs almost as much as it makes.

Ranchers pay \$1 per month for every cow that runs on the government's Bureau of Land Management (BLM) ground and the number of cattle allowed on the public domain and the ranges a rancher can use depends on priority. The priorities were set back in 1929. The Jenkins outfit was big in 1929, probably at its peak, running 250,000 head of livestock, so its allocation of the public domain was good.

The BLM: Nevada's caretaker

Today, over 80% of the state's 70 million acres is owned by the federal government. In the early days it was greater yet and this created difficulties in range livestock operations. Additionally, the railroads were granted 4.5 million acres and this compounded the problem of range use. To keep the livestock industry extant, it was obvious the land had to be protected.

Back in 1874 the first cattle association was formed specifically to protect the ranchers. In central Nevada in 1908, when sheep had topped a million head and cattle numbered almost 400,000, the first national forest was established at the request of the people. This was the first step toward preventing the tramp sheep herds from invading Nevada's rangelands. It took 26 years more for the government to pass the Taylor Grazing Act which brought forth a service created specifically to "stop injury to the public grazing lands by preventing overgrazing and soil deterioration, to provide for orderly use, improvement and development of the public domain."

The Taylor Grazing Service later incorporated into the Bureau of Land Management (BLM), a government group functioning in the 11 western states that continues to protect the public domain. The BLM issues permits for livestock to graze on government land and in Nevada alone that means 47 million acres. The Bureau must make sure that there's enough forage for livestock, browse for wild game and horses, and it must allot territory for public recreation areas and parks. Its purpose is to strike a balance to sustain the desert plants, take care of the forest, minerals, watershed protection, wild game and horses, and to "stabilize the livestock industry depending upon public range."

But stabilization has to come from all sides, and recently the ranchers have been suffering. "The BLM is a good thing," says Tom Marvel, "and I know some of the government's restrictions are necessary, but they can tip the pendulum the wrong way and put us right out of business. The worst thing is taking over public lands, changing natural cattle feed areas into picnic grounds and things like that. Don't get me wrong, I'm for recreation, but every canyon that the BLM takes over hurts the rancher, the industry, and eventually the consumer. It's all very well if you can afford to develop your own land—and eventually we will have to do it—but to develop an acre of this raw ground costs about \$300, and right now one cow needs 20 acres. A concrete irrigation ditch costs \$3 a foot and we need miles of it. That's becoming another necessity because dirt ditches wash out practically every spring. Most of us don't have money like that to spend."

A BLM spokesman sums up: "It's doubtful that Nevada's rangelands will ever carry what it did 80 years ago, but with proper range control it can continue to support a livestock economy firmly based on the principals of soil, water, and plant management. Grass is a way of life. As the grass goes, so goes the livestock. The day of the open range still exists within the state—only the meaning has changed." □



Tom Marvel was born on the Jenkins spread in 1924. His grandparents were dead so the outfit was run by his tough little mother, Louise Jenkins Marvel, who, at age 19, refused to see the ranch she loved go out of the family's hands. With the help of her husband, Ernest, and with an excess of grit, she fought innumerable handicaps including a seven-year drought and the depression, to expand the ranch and eventually form a corporation. Louise Jenkins Marvel was the first woman to be named "Cattleman of the Year." After 45 years of work, Louise and Ernest Marvel sold the corporation, and its string of ranches, and the rights to graze on the public land went right along with each section.

The Battle Mountain rancher has inherited the fight and independence of his mother, the quiet hard working abilities of his father. "I left school when I was 15," says Tom, "even though my two brothers carried on and went through college. They were smarter than me and I was some kind of juvenile delinquent. I loved to fight — miners, cowboys, sheepherders, people in general."

He laughs at the memory of his youth, "My brother Dick put me in the hospital in 1940 and they had to operate on my nose. We were fighting over something foolish and I ended up with the worst of it... and I deserved it too." Tom worked as a cowboy on various ranches around Elko County, herded sheep for his folks even though they owned cattle too by that time. When he was 16 he stayed out on the range for two years, herding his own band of 2,000 sheep.

The non-smoking, non-drinking, fighting cowboy earned \$35 a month in the beginning, plus food and lodging, by working every day. He learned what ranching meant; what it was to be alone. "In 1936 the snow was three feet deep and we lost 12,000 head," he recalls. "At that time there wasn't the equipment to get to them like there is now. Today you have bulldozers to clear the snow, helicopters and planes to drop hay to isolated stock. All you could do then was take them to a bare ridge and hope they made it..."

Tom served in the army during World War II, and returned to Battle Mountain with a little more understanding of the world, a slightly more passive disposition, and Rosita, a beautiful Spanish-American wife. He took charge of the Jenkins cattle while his elder brother Dick ran the sheep, and John, the youngest boy, helped in the office.

For years Louise and Ernest Marvel had deeded shares of stock in the outfit to each of their sons as they worked. At the time the corporation was sold, in 1964, Tom immediately bought back three adjoining ranches with his share of the proceeds. The land he bought is east of Reese River Valley, west of the Shoshone Mountains, five miles south of Battle Mountain. The buildings weren't good but the land was fair and included a natural pasture that he believes was once a lake. The ranches were not the ones he wanted, but the ones he could afford. For \$250,000 he got a bunch of rickety buildings, 2,000 head of cattle, 30,000 acres of ground.

"At about the time we came here," he says, "the BLM quota was cut. We had a 12 month permit and could run cattle through these mountains in the winter so we didn't need to grow much feed. Now we have to gather cattle and keep them near the ranch so we must raise more hay."

In 1967, Tom Marvel bought a river ranch at Valmy, with 14,000 acres. "We graze yearling cattle there — steers and heifers — but we could use it for anything because it's good ground. We see that it's fenced and cross-fenced and check it constantly. We gather steers in August, ship in September, and put the bulls in with the heifers in early fall. We winter the heifers there, bring them back to the main ranch around March for calving so that they can be inside, and in the spring turn them out on the range at this end. We then send replacement heifers back to Valmy."

Even with the hundreds of miles the stock may still roam, a rancher knows where his cattle is and almost how many he has. Some are rustled, a few might die on the range. "We run more than 2,000 mother cows and that means we have 4500 head of cattle at some times during the year. We had a band of sheep when we came here but labor was tough and we didn't have the right kind of summer range. The kids don't particularly like sheep anyway." Tom and Rosita's family consists of four sons and three daughters.

"I guess I've been harder than hell on them. They've always worked hard and there was no playing around. Tommy never quits working. Sally was cutting steers and branding when she was eight, and Mike's a hell of a horseman. We gave all the kids five head of heifer calves when they were young to start their own herds. Tommy now has 100 head; Mike's got 75. They sell their steers, buy a bull for every 25 cows. Susy and Sally both married ranchers and Joe, Pete and Amy have cows too, but they don't have so many because they're younger. Joe has very few because he wanted to ride saddle broncs and sold his cattle to follow Mike into professional rodeo."

Mike, Joe and Pete are already famous in the rodeo world and even though Tom Marvel believes that it helps his children to get off the ranch and out in the world to get an education and learn to live, he won't finance them to rodeo.

"I'd help them out of a jam, they know that, and I'll send them to college, but none of them seems to care much for school. What I'm trying to do is create something for them. If they want it, it's here, and even though I won't give it to them — the government wouldn't let me anyway — I would sign notes for them and help them do it."

Practically all of the Jenkins family money was put into the operation of the outfit while Tom was growing up. Louise Jenkins Marvel says, "Tom had to work for everything he has, poor devil, just like I did." But Tom sincerely believes that's as it should be. He says, "Mother had personal money but pride kept me from asking for help. Rosita's a real good hand but we had a hell of a time when we started."

continued on page 60

The Journals of Alfred Doten

THE JOURNALS OF ALFRED DOTEN, edited by Walter Van Tilburg Clark, Published by the University of Nevada Press. 3 vols. Boxed. \$60.

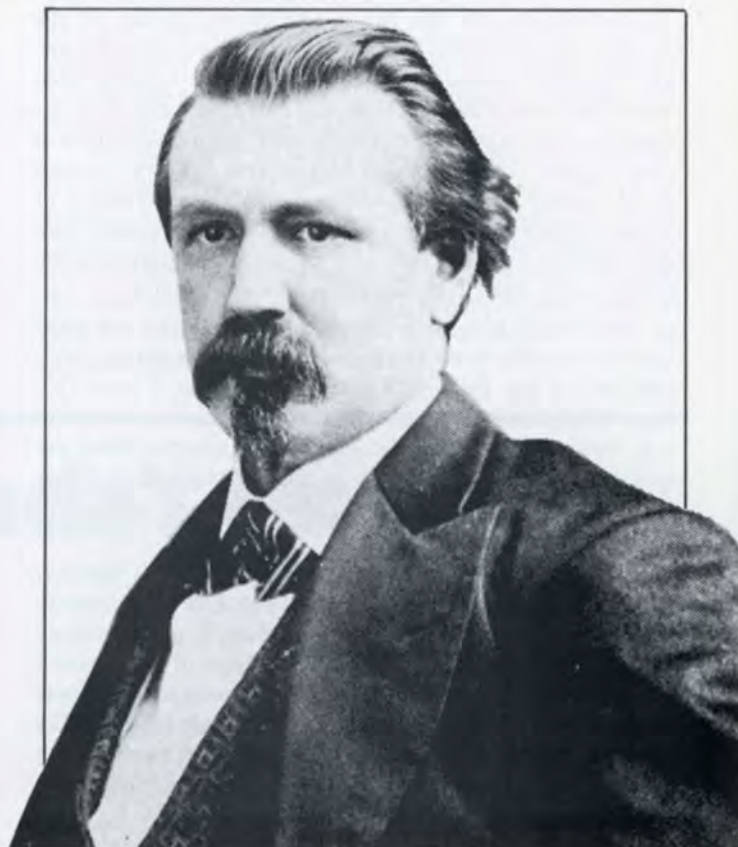
He was just twenty and celebrating that propitious year aboard the ship out of Plymouth, Massachusetts, which went around the Horn to the California gold fields and on later to Nevada's silver bonanza.

That was in 1849. Alfred Doten began a diary aboard the bark *Yeoman*. For fifty-four years he wrote an entry almost daily. When he died in 1903 Doten had filled 79 leatherbound journals; a copious account of people and living, large issues and tiny details, emotions and prejudices, social dogmas and actual conduct, ambitions and despairs.

When the mines finally lost their silvery sheen, Doten's record of events turn to a pithy recording of the disruption of values, life-styles and the disorientation of people unable to adjust to the era that followed. Doten becomes its foremost victim.

The diaries serve up in crisp relief an historical profile of Nevada's silver epoch. And while Virginia City today likes to boast to tourists, "this is the way it was," Doten's diaries truly show the way it was. His presentation is in terms of people; people and their manner as their society moves from primitive-to-polished-to-derelect times in a mining community.

No one can really "review" the nearly 2,500 pages, or the million-plus words, or the thousand and one observations that belong to Doten's point of view. At best, one can sweep through the eras, pick an item here and



there, mention how that journalist of the times was quite opinionated but also astute, and hope that these reflect the tone of the diaries.

Fortunately, Doten did not record expecting to be published. If he had he might have been more self-conscious and more discriminating with his entries. And, it follows, as with other diaries, too frequently slanted for posterity rather than personal satisfaction.

Doten was compelled to write something each day. It mattered little to him that he recorded the everyday sights in walking down C Street in Virginia City, or reflected on a casual meeting and a bit of conversation. Doten's eyes measured all he saw and his entries became a living, pulse-beating history.

It is safe to say that no one else has so thoroughly recorded the times of western Nevada, not only the high peaks of its history, but also in the often mundane, every day socializing, affairs of business, politics, justice and just plain living.

Typical of Doten's entries is this one recorded on April 29, 1863:

"After breakfast I started for Fred Luca's . . . couldn't ride Kit very hard on account of her being heavy with foal — stopped occasionally on the road to let her eat a bit of grass and cool off . . ."

Not much, perhaps. But add up a few hundred such items along with spicy events with the gals on C Street, drinking with the tycoons of Virginia City, running a

newspaper, friendship with fellow journalists Mark Twain and Dan DeQuille; follow the daily routines year in and year out as well as the major happenings, and the alert reader fathoms he is with an extraordinary guide, re-living that long ago era in Nevada.

Ironically, Al Doten almost switched his compass bearings to return to California after his first views of Nevada in the 1860's. Following a lengthy description of his coach ride over the Sierra Nevada, he arrives in Dayton in the summer of 1863:

"Soon came in sight of Dayton . . . situated on Carson River . . . no trees, flowers or anything of the sort . . . This place, like all other towns, is created and kept up by mining, which is all this Territory is good for . . . not worth living in . . ."

But Doten did remain. While his intentions were defined as a sojourn, it stretched into nearly fifty years. He saw the state grow, prosper and decline on the whims of mineral extraction. All the while he was an active participant, mostly as a newspaperman, first in the Como mining district in the hills above Dayton and later in Virginia City and Carson. A reader follows community development from rawness to gloss of gracious living as defined after the 1860's.

Manners and morals are glimpsed too, including Doten's amorous episodes which he coded to protect the names and reputations of the ladies involved. (Doten's code has been retained in the entries but a deciphering key is listed in the introduction to satisfy any reader's curiosity as to the ladies' identities.)

And because Doten was also an avid theater-goer — a lover, actually, of all sorts of public entertainment — the volumes register a solid summary of plays and actors, traveling troupes, circuses and animal acts that were, apparently, major delights to the people of Virginia City. Sometimes Doten is a bit humorous in his reporting:

Sunday, July 28 (1872): "Saw the beautiful and highly interesting play, 'The Drunkard,' after which I went and got tight at Jim Hockings with Dan (DeQuille) and others . . ."

On another occasion Doten joined with 2,000 citizens of Virginia City to watch Miss Ella LaRue walk a 160 foot tightrope at night about 40 feet above ground and attached between buildings on Union Street: "Bright moonlight, bonfire in the street, and red fire burnt at each end of the rope — beautiful sight. She was dressed in short frock, tights and trunks — walked very steady indeed, great 'shape' — more than I ever saw in any female . . . She appears tonight in 'Never Send Your Wife to Carson' . . ."

There are accounts of a \$70,000 bullion shortage in the U.S. Mint in Carson City; long discussions with Adolph Sutro and his scheme to dig a tunnel through a mountain range to Virginia City, a report on the Washoe Seeress, Mrs. Sandy Bowers, and a tongue-in-cheek report on the oratorical legislators assembling in Carson City. Doten describes some of the types this way:

"The Argumentative Man — who is eternally rising to points of order, discovering what nobody else cares to . . ."

"The Oratorical Man — Always ready to deliver an oration on any subject, regardless of time, patience or

president forbearance . . .

"The Decisive Man — Always overrates the solid effectiveness of his remarks . . ."

Doten also reported stories he had heard. Describing camels when they were first used to haul supplies to Virginia City, he said their "presence in the streets was a terror to all horse-kind . . . who took to the sagebrush in demoralized dismay when those awful looking beasts came stalking along with rode strides assuming a proscriptive right to the road through their unrivaled ugliness . . ."

Humor is strong throughout the Doten diaries; humor that was wry, or that persecuted pretentiousness and is another indication of the temper of the times for alert readers.

But life wasn't all chuckles. Much sadness is also recorded — men dying violently when law had not yet deferred from one's pistol; children died too, of ailments that a simple pill today would cure; prejudices against Indians and Chinese raked Doten's sensibilities.

Mostly, it is Doten's personal tragedy that we witness subtly throughout the recorded decades. Fortune and misfortune touch Doten. We witness evidence of his values, the sort that would have satisfied the epigrams of the puritan ethic as issued by Benjamin Franklin. They twist and darken and turn crusty with excesses which, in the end, defeat Doten himself. His marriage fails. His wife moves to Reno with their children. And Doten, like the mines, like Virginia City, like so many in those times, erodes and decays. He ends his last years living in a boarding house in Carson City, subsisting on an occasional article sale to Reno papers and on fifteen dollars sent each month by his wife.

We read of a penniless alcoholic who has lost his self-respect and the respect of others. His last notation, written only a few hours before he dies, is recorded on November 11, 1903:

"Cloudy, cold with fearful wind and dust storms all day — Blew down fences and all moveable things — Everybody staid (sic) at home and I had nobody visit me — Had to get along as best I could — not even the Dr. calling to see me — Bed 11:30 . . ."

For almost forty years after Doten's death, the leatherbound journals (the published volumes represent slightly over half of the original) passed from attic to attic. In the late 1950's they were obtained and offered for sale by a dealer. When examined by representatives of the University of Nevada Press, the recommendation was made that they be purchased.

Walter Van Tilburg Clark (**Ox Bow Incident, Track of the Cat, etc.**) was commissioned to edit the journals. Clark died as he was nearing completion of the task and the final compilations were completed by the University of Nevada Press staff.

A number of Doten's more important writings are included as an appendix. An index of 96 pages is a tribute to its compiler and the myriad of subjects covered by Doten.

Combined with attractive book design, quality paper and excellent photo reproduction, **The Journals of Alfred Doten** will emerge as the senior account of Nevada's silver epoch. Just as certainly, they will be prime source volumes of western Americana.



She speaks in poetry.

By Judy Casey

She is unaware that she speaks in poignant poetry. Mabel Fillmore tells of her Washo-Paiute heritage in a simple, rhythmic cadence.

Nevada Magazine found the 65-year-old Mrs. Fillmore recovering from an injury and modest about her life and accomplishments. "I didn't know it was poetry," she said when we told her we had obtained the unrhymed verse from a friend who had recognized the beauty of her speech.

Mabel Fillmore told us of her life spent first at Dresslerville and later at Woodfords; she told us, too, of her Washo grandfather raised by white people and schooled in Genoa. She laughed when she said that her grandfather entered school without a name and was given the name Benny James — a name that still survives.

She retains the rare skill of basket weaving as taught her by her grandmother and she knew Dat So La Lee well (Dat So La Lee is remembered for some of the finest basket weaving ever found in Nevada). Quizzing Mabel about the art we learned that she carefully selects just the right kind of willow branches which are then entwined with dyed roots to enhance the baskets with geometric designs. It was while gathering such willows some 30 years ago that one snapped in her eye. She later lost all vision in that eye. "We didn't know much about doctors then and I didn't know that I would go blind," she said without remorse.

Mabel Fillmore was raised by her Washo grandparents (her mother's parents) and now lives in a mobile home in Gardnerville. She laughed shyly when we asked whether she had an Indian name: "Oh, yes, but I can't pronounce it." She explained that the name was a word used like our "God Bless You," as uttered after a sneeze. "I always said it in a funny way when my sister sneezed so they gave me that name."

Beside basket weaving Mabel is an excellent seamstress and is adept at the intricate beadwork of her people. Grandmother to two little girls, she has taught basket weaving to her daughter, Melba Rakow of Carson City. As such ancient arts are preserved, we would hope, too, that the art in the poetry of her words might also live on.

Indian Winter

by Mabel Fillmore

The big snows
fill up the window,
lie heavy on the roof.

The door won't open
This storm lasts two, three weeks,
it snows
day and night —
night and day.

The horses have feed
from the haystack
but they can't get at water.
Their hooves
have tried to break the ice over the stream,
that they used to drink from,
they will have to lick snow.

We, too.

The Paiute-Washo War

Long ago,
the Paiute chiefs came south
from their country,
bringing their families.
One of the chiefs had a daughter
who was a beautiful girl.

They came half way
to speak peace with their enemies,
the Washos.

The Washo chiefs journeyed north
with their families,
including one chief's son
who was handsome
and spoiled
and arrogant.

They all met in Carson City.
While the elders talked over
their differences,
with the help of interpreters,
the handsome brave
kidnapped the beautiful girl
and fled to a secret place.

This caused much bad feelings,
so the tribes went home
but without war.

Ten moons later,
a baby (my father) was born.
But the brave was through with his bride,
so he sent her back to the Paiutes, alone,
and he took the baby
to the Washos.

So I am a Washo-Paiute,
and I wonder, sadly,
about my grandmother.



SKI-SPLASH!

By Julian Stone

Lake Tahoe laps at Zephyr Cove Beach, the day is hot, and Darryl Ferges, gymnast, acrobat and circus performer, is teaching students to fall, tumble, and do stunts on a trampoline. Bill O'Leary teaches T-drags, crossovers and outriggers on a sloping deck that revolves at five miles an hour on the only hill where if you fall you go uphill. John Clendenin, world champion freestyler, shows his students what to do as he flies off a ski jump in a daffy or spreadeagle and splashes 40 feet out in the lake.

Clendenin and O'Leary, co-owners of the World Freestyle Training Center at Zephyr Cove, have been running the school for three years. Ferges joined them in 1974. The WFTC was originally aimed at freestyle skiers but it has developed into an all-around ski training center teaching all the motor skills necessary for professional freestyle skiing — aerial, ballet, and mogul — as well as gymnastics and beginner ski techniques.

"The gymnastics we teach here have become recognized as prerequisites for freestylers," says Ferges. "Before you go out and jump and do somersaults with

skis on, we feel you ought to be able to do it on the ground without skis." He gives some history: "The people who got into hotdogging first were from the Woodstock generation who read Jonathan Livingston Seagull and thought it a great idea. A few people who had circus or acrobatic background did some of the earliest flips on skis, Stein Erickson being one of the first. He was a Scandinavian gymnast who did forward somersaults for many years and he knew what he was doing but some of the people who followed him really didn't and they tried a lot of crazy stunts. These skiers were the pioneers. Since that time there has been a realization that you have got to go through some kind of preparatory training or you could really get hurt."

The Zephyr Cove center uses trampolines, tumbling mats, crash pads as well as the jump into the lake and the moving ski deck which faces a mirror for instant replay. The deck allows instructors to encourage or point out faults instantly and has an obvious advantage over teaching on the mountain slopes.



WHAT DO HOT-DOG SKIERS DO WHEN THERE'S NO SNOW?



Tony Malerba photos



There is a spotting belt over the deck with a harness so if you want to try some sort of radical stunt you don't have to hit the deck if you fail to make it.

"The mat is consistent, very homogenized, and it would be just like optimum snow conditions. It simply lets you work out and see what you are doing." Presently the leaders at WFTC are attempting to put together a synthetic mogul run by using inner tubes. Perhaps by next summer the mogul runners will have somewhere to keep in shape without having the need to travel to the very high country or to the southern hemisphere.

The WFTC organizers feel that an hourly course would be inadequate for what they are trying to teach so their shortest course is 10 hours. It costs \$87.50. A 30-hour course is \$185 (\$30 less for PFA competitors), and a season pass costs \$265. The center closes when the snow flies and if you miss it for this year, remember it for next. For a few dollars more you'll be a far better skier.

Ferges formerly performed at ski shows, doing incredible jumps and twists on a trampoline with snow

skis on. That's how Clendenin and O'Leary found him (while they were doing similar things on snow). "The most important thing is knowing how to move your body and there are several basic motor skills that you've got to learn before you do any stunts. Freestyle skiing is an athletic achievement — balance, coordination, strength — and everyone is capable of progressing from where they are." The three believe that in some cases progressing might mean unlearning, or overcoming some physical disabilities.

Professional skiers used to go to special summer camps to lift weights and stay in shape before the introduction of the carpeted revolving ski deck. Today, with training centers like the one at Zephyr Cove, beginners can learn to ski before they ever see a snowy slope and professional freestylers can build all the endurance they could ever want.

"You can't do a somersault with any style unless you have a body that's a little bit together," says Darryl Ferges. The snow skiers practicing on the warm sands at Zephyr Cove include many of the greats in freestyle skiing. They are more than a little bit together. □



Don't leave the children home.

By Margo Bartlett Pesek

Across shimmering desert wastes rugged mountain ranges rise abruptly, their outlines etched against flawless skies. The landscape is awesome in its austerity, daunting in its desolation. Little wonder that people reach the bright lights of Las Vegas with a feeling of relief, for there is that about the desert that puts people off upon first acquaintance.

For those who broach the initial inhospitability, however, the face of the desert is forever changing. Those who get to know the desert and its many changes of mood and temperament intimately are fascinated and captivated. Its austerity is recognized as simplicity, beautiful in its own right. Its desolation is seen as grandeur. Awe changes to appreciation and those who were at first daunted are instead intrigued.

What is discovered is a whole lot of open space in which to get better acquainted with yourself. Recreation potential is almost unlimited in its scope and, better yet, may be enjoyed year round. The desert conceals many a scenic spot of unparalleled beauty as well as places steeped in history.

Unfortunately, many people are unable to make the overtures necessary to make friends with the desert. These are the ones who remain appalled by the desert and keep themselves as close to the complexity of the city as possible, as embroiled in the bustle and turmoil there as they can be. These are the ones, residents as well as tourists, who ask round-eyed, "Whatever do you find to do out there?" gesturing vaguely at the unknown.

What you can find to do out there can provide you with endless hours of pleasure and unlimited memories of lovely places. What I have found to do out there has been the subject of weekly newspaper feature articles that have been running for more than eleven years.

To make that first overture of friendship to the desert, just get in your car and drive beyond Las Vegas on any highway in any direction. No matter which way you choose, you will find some interesting spot not far away. In fact there is easily a score of places within an hour's drive that will surprise you with their diversity.

Drive north on U.S. 95, for instance, to reach such places as the Spring Mountains, Tule Springs Park, Corn Creek Station, and Cold Creek-Willow Creek Recreation Area. The Spring Mountains, topped by nearly 12,000-foot Charleston Peak, are popular with campers, hikers, picnickers, skiers, and those driving for scenic pleasure. The lofty mountains are covered with pine forests including a fine stand of Bristlecone pines. There are a number of campgrounds open during the summer season and a network of good hiking trails geared to casual hikers as well as those who enjoy the challenge of a stiff climb. The mountains provide respite from the heat of the desert in the summer and escape to Christmas card scenes in winter with the added bonus of being able to get out of the snow if you want to. They are gorgeous in autumn with glowing colors in aspen and scrub oak. In spring they often sport massed blossoms and the air is delicately perfumed. There is a fine scenic drive that starts at U.S. 395 and State Route 39, which takes in both major canyons, Kyle and Lee, connected by the Deer Creek Highway, and ends at U.S. 95 via State Route 52.

Tule Springs Park is a city-owned regional park which offers visitors huge shade trees, expanses of lawns, a lake, a small zoo, picnic facilities, playground equipment, and horseback riding. It has been variously a ranch, stage stop, railroad watering spot, and site of discoveries of early man.

Corn Creek Station on the Desert Game Range is home to the Desert Bighorn Sheep and a multitude of other, smaller creatures because of its small ponds, orchards, and marshes.

Cold-Creek-Willow Creek Recreation Area offers camping and picnicking in a mountainous setting with meadows, shade trees, and streamside vegetation. It is a children's fishing area where young anglers may try for the trout planted there.

Choosing a northerly direction again, drive out on Interstate 15 to reach Valley of Fire State Park, the Warm Springs Resort Area, the farming communities of Logandale and Overton, the Lost City Museum, and the

There's camping, touring and family recreation minutes from Las Vegas.

Overton arm of Lake Mead. Valley of Fire is Nevada's largest state park and one of the most frequently visited. It is open year round but is best visited in the cooler months. It has several nice camping areas located among the vividly colored sandstone formations which give it its name and there is a fine visitor center with displays and exhibits. Often in springtime flowers in the Valley of Fire are superb and the scenery is striking at any time.

The Warm Springs Resorts are swimming spas taking advantage of a natural flow of warm water springs. Visitors may picnic in the shade of fine old cottonwoods and massed stands of palm trees, swim in azure-colored water, and bask in the sunshine in a setting with a tropical flavor.

Logandale and Overton, originally pioneer Mormon towns established along the Muddy River, are in startling contrast to the barren desert surrounding them. Lush fields support fine livestock and bear several crops of alfalfa a year as well as many grain and vegetable crops.

Lost City Museum at the outskirts of Overton is part of the Nevada museum system. It houses fine collections of artifacts of Indian peoples in the area dating back many centuries to the time when the Muddy River Valley was peopled by pueblo-dwelling farmer-Indians.

The Overton arm of Lake Mead is a broad expanse of blue water with many coves and beaches. Camping facilities have been established at Echo Bay as well as a broad range of facilities for boaters and fishermen at Echo Bay and Overton Landing. Within sight of the Park Service developments at Echo Bay is Roger's Spring, a warm water wading area with picnic facilities.

Roughly east of Las Vegas lies all of Lake Mead's water-oriented recreation. Take U.S. 95 south and State Route 41, the Lakeshore Road, from Henderson to shoreline drives north and south of the lake. Northward lie Callville Bay, Bowl of Fire, and Echo Bay while along the South Shore are Las Vegas Bay, a fish hatchery, Boulder Beach, the Lake Mead Marina, and the Boulder Beach visitor center. Beyond the visitor center lies Hoover Dam, the Devil's Paint Pots, and Willow Beach. Enroute to any of these destinations in springtime, tourists are sure to see good roadside wildflowers. Spring and autumn hikes are scheduled by the Park Service into seldom-seen areas of Lake Mead National Recreation Area. Some of southern Nevada's finest campgrounds are strategically spaced around Lake Mead.

Hoover Dam, an engineering marvel that has greatly changed the desert and helped tame the Colorado River, should not be missed. Regular guided tours throughout the day are absorbing and informative.

Four miles from the dam on the Arizona side lies a small side road into that colorful region known as the Devil's Paint Pots at the foot of Fortification Mountain. This is one of the few places near the lake where campers can drive right down to the water's edge to make their camp and launch their boats.

Willow Beach on the Colorado River below the dam is a fine cool weather campsite and boating area with superb fishing. There are full facilities for visitors and a fish hatchery that is interesting to visit.

Driving south on U.S. 95 through Henderson and Railroad Pass, travelers cross a wide desert valley before reaching the old mining town of Searchlight. The hills and canyons all around are pocked by mining efforts of days gone by. Canyons to the east of Searchlight give access to Lake Mohave's upper reaches. Boaters and fishermen can reach the water through old



Nelson and Historic Eldorado Canyon or from Searchlight to Cottonwood Cove. Wildflowers appear first in the spring along the canyon roads and later along the major highway. Cactus blossoms are usually good just south of Railroad Pass.

Interstate 15 south gives access to more of southern Nevada's colorful mining past. Old Goodsprings lies just a few miles from the freeway against the hills. Tombstones in its well-kept old cemetery bear many a name that figured prominently in the early years of southern Nevada. An interesting side road making a loop from Goodsprings and back again through low mountain passes promises good scenery during any season and a

fair wildflower show in the spring most years. Nearby is a striking sandstone area called Yellowplug.

Westward of Las Vegas lies beautiful Red Rock Canyon with its scenic drives, rugged canyons, hidden springs, and potential for camping and picnicking. Red Rock is open all year and is different with each change of season. Seeing it in winter with the red sandstone cliffs lined with snow is an entirely different experience from visiting in early summer when the roadsides give a good show of wildflowers and the undulating desert flats rolling to the foot of the cliffs have a definite touch of fresh green. Not far distant along the base of the cliffs are the Spring Mountain Ranch, Bonnie

Illustration by John Bardwell



The Spring Mountains, Toiyabe National Forest and Mt. Charleston area offer hiking, camping, spectacular scenes and, in winter, skiing and snow play.



Springs "Old Nevada," little Blue Diamond, and the road over Mountain Springs Summit into Pahrump Valley, one of the gateways to Death Valley.

The Spring Mountain Ranch, now owned by the Nevada State Park System, was an erstwhile hideaway for millionaires like Chet Loucks, Howard Hughes, and Vera Krupp. It is open for guided tours every weekend.

A replica of a town of the "Old West" has been built on Bonnie Springs Ranch. Stores and shops line a main street. Visitors may ride a train, straddle a horse, and witness a realistic "shootout" among other adventures.

The Springs at Blue Diamond, a tiny desert community, made it a good stopping place for early wayfarers in the desert. It was located along one leg of the Old Spanish Trail and is mentioned in John C. Fremont's journal of his travels through this part of the desert.

The Pahrump Road drops down into Pahrump Valley and there are many interesting side roads up

into the hills such as the road over the cliffs down into Red Rock, the tracks up into lovely Carpenter Canyon and Trout Canyon, and the road from the town of Pahrump itself over the Spring Mountains to emerge at Cold Creek and Willow Creek, passing the remains of old charcoal ovens used in smelting ore from Johnnie Mine nearby.

This road also gives access to the winter recreation paradise encompassed by Death Valley National Monument. It may also be reached by way of U.S. 95 north. When you tire of winter in Las Vegas Valley, Death Valley beckons from over the mountains. It is shirt-sleeve weather there almost all winter, making it possible to swim in comfort in January. Spring, with its fields of wildflowers, arrives earlier in Death Valley than around Las Vegas.

There is no better time than the present to make those first overtures. Who knows, you may be starting a lifetime friendship. □



Massive rock formations delight photographers at Red Rock. Campers and trailers are welcome at dozens of areas. And great boating, fishing, water sports, of course, on Lake Mead and Colorado River.



POPULAR CAMPGROUNDS & RECREATION AREAS IN SOUTHERN NEVADA

CAMPGROUNDS	CAMPSITES	MIN. FEE	ENTRANCE FEE	PETS*	RESERVATIONS	TIME LIMIT (DAYS)	FISHING	BOATING	SWIMMING**	SWIM POOL	PLAYGROUND	STORE	ELEC. HOOK-UP	WATER HOOK-UP	SEWER HOOK-UP	TABLES	GRILLS	FIREWOOD	TOILETS	SHOWERS	LAUNDRY	SNACK BAR RESTAURANT	ICE	LP GAS
KATHERINE	1	173	\$2	0	X		30	X	X			PC	PC	PC			X			X		PC	PC	PC
COTTONWOOD COVE	1	149	\$2	0	X		30	X				PC	PC	PC			X			X		PC	PC	PC
TEMPLE BAR	1	153	\$2	0	X		30	X	X			PC	PC	PC			X			X		PC	PC	PC
RED ROCK (SP)	1	20	0	0	X												X							
OVERTON BEACH	1		\$2	0	X		30	X	X			PC	PC	PC			X			X		PC	PC	PC
ECHO BAY	1	166	\$2	0	X		30	X				PC	PC	PC			X			X		PC	PC	PC
CALLVILLE BAY	1	80	\$2	0	X		30	X				PC	PC	PC			X			X		PC	PC	PC
VEGAS WASH	1	89	\$2	0	X		30	X	X			PC	PC	PC			X			X		PC	PC	PC
WILLOW BEACH	1	186	\$2	0	X		30	X	X			PC	PC	PC			X			X		PC	PC	PC
BOULDER BEACH	2	334	\$2	0	X		30	X	X		X	PC	PC	PC	PC		X			X		PC	PC	PC
COLD CREEK & WILLOW	1	20	0	0	X		14	X									X							
SPRING MTN.	9	200	0	0	X												X	X	X					
TULE SPRINGS											X						X	X		X		X		
WARM SPRINGS	1	25	\$5	X		X			X	X	X	X	PC	PC	PC		X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
VALLEY OF FIRE (SP)	2	100	\$2	0	X		14							X			X	X	X	X				

*Pets must be controlled.

PC — Private Concession

**Swimming is allowed in most beach areas, but controlled in a few.

(SP) — State Park

X — Yes

Listed sites are open year-round.

Information current through August, 1975.
Services and prices subject to change.



FRONTIER

WALTER KANE PRESENTS
**BOB
NEWHART**

With **DOC
SEVERINSEN**
and his NOW GENERATION BRASS
featuring TO AYS CHIL REN



STARDUST

Lido

SILVER SLIPPER 25
VIVA BURLESQUE
BREAKFAST CLUB
LUNCH 12:30
DINNER 6:30
ENTERTAINMENT OF THE WEEK



Art, science and history: Nevada State Museum

Every year Nevada attracts some 25 million tourists — almost 50 times the state's permanent population.

Most of these non-residents come because of a unique kind of glamour: Nevada has become the legalized casino gambling and entertainment capital of the world. This is due largely to the state's own promotion, which has been so successful that tourism has long since surpassed Nevada's other industries — including even mining and ranching — as the foundation of the state's economy.

But some visitors to Nevada come for reasons that have nothing to do with the glamour of gambling and show business. One such group is well-known, too — the people who seek a clear and unspoiled atmosphere, who come to enjoy the state's outstanding hunting and fishing, its magnificent scenery, its vast reaches of high desert country which are ideal for camping.

Even less well known is a third group. It is attracted by the part Nevada plays in the so-called "cultural explosion" taking place throughout the western states. That part is not limited to Nevada's excellent home-grown symphony orchestras, opera and ballet troupes, or to the broad range and great variety of artists' groups, although all of these are substantial features. More intriguing to many visitors and students are two other cultural ingredients: (1) Nevada's historical place in the opening of the American West; and (2) the place of leadership it occupies in the fast-maturing development of archaeology and anthropology of the Great Basin.

Both of these elements are brought into clearest focus at the Nevada State Museum in Carson City. On the one hand, the museum has gained a national popular reputation for the high quality of its historical exhibits. On the other, it has gained an outstanding professional reputation because of its staff of experts in the natural sciences, such as biology, anthropology and archaeology.

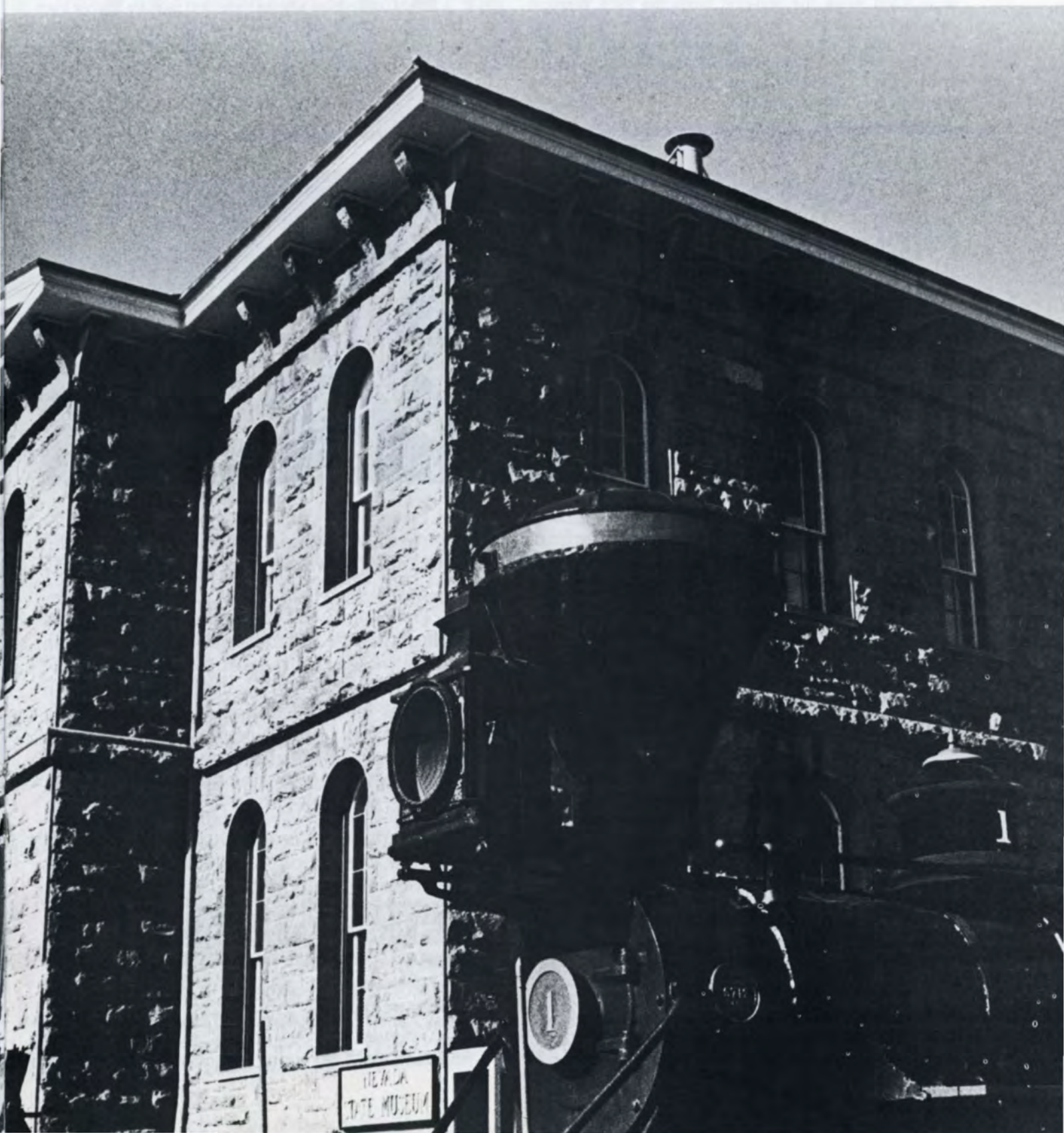
As a major repository and showcase for the general public of Nevada history, the museum's popularity is borne out by the fact that it now attracts about half a million visitors a year. Its most famous exhibit is the authentic replica of a mine constructed in the basement of the main building. That building is, in itself, of major historical importance — it was the Carson City Branch of the United States Mint, where the now almost priceless Carson City silver dollars were made 100 years ago. And this year, the old coin press that made those dollars is functioning once again. In that same building, it is manufacturing the official Nevada Bicentennial Medallion, the only official medallion in the U.S.

Yet all of this is simply the tip of the iceberg, so to speak. The Nevada State Museum is more — much more — than a reflection of the state's history for the casual



has it all.

By Guy Shipler



tourist. Because of its high professional standing as an instrument of research into the natural sciences, its staff is in constant demand by government agencies and private industry; such groups rely on the expertise for information and guidance in fields ranging from biology to archaeology. Incidentally, the museum is required by law to oversee the excavation and preservation of archaeological sites in Nevada.

All of this background and stature — developed in the brief span of its 31 years of existence — culminates in October when the museum hosts the 1975 Western Regional Conference. Some of the nation's top experts in the fields of fine arts, science and history are scheduled to meet with some 400 delegates from nine states and parts of Canada for an intensive four-day forum on museum problems and goals.

Mrs. Mimi Rodden of Carson City, a member of the museum's Docent Council and the coordinator of the conference, says this event "is quite a plum for our state and for the museum. The fact that we are chosen over all the other potential areas in the nine western states is a significant indicator of the stature this museum enjoys among its peers." She pointed out that this stature is officially recognized through the museum's accreditation by the prestigious American Association of Museums, of which the conference is an affiliate.

But Mrs. Rodden emphasizes that in spite of this high intellectual background, the conference is "anything but a stuffy, cobwebbed deal." On the contrary, it is an active, interesting and entertaining operation "of interest to expert and layman alike." □

Nevada's Bicentennial Medallion



For the second time Nevada is the first and only state to issue a national commemorative medallion and, this time, for the Bicentennial, is doing it with their own press — a 12,000 pound machine which first came to Carson City in 1869 to mint U.S. dollars.

It is housed at Nevada State Museum, original site of the mint and can be viewed in operation. A centennial medallion was issued by Nevada in 1876, thus the new issue qualifies as the second in a series. One side of the new coin duplicates the earlier medallion and the other side is the 1976 logo designed by Las Vegas artist Stephen W. Lesnick.

The coin press has had an interesting life since its original installation, but always returns home to Carson City. It has been used in Philadelphia, San Francisco and Denver. At one point, and on the brink of the scrap pile, it was purchased for \$225 (the recent overhaul cost over \$40,000) and settled in at the museum in 1958. Denver "borrowed"

it between 1964 and 1967 to alleviate a national coin shortage; then it was returned to Carson City.

The reactivated press will stamp out medallions through June 30, 1977, at which time it will revert to uses designated by the State Museum. Eight thousand dollars worth of metal is being donated by the Nevada Mining Association for a portion of the coins which are cast in a choice of bronze, copper, silver and gold (\$2.00, \$5.00, \$25.00 and \$320.00, respectively).

Nevada Bicentennial Director Vikki Nash initiated the action which led to restoring the press and culminating in August with an informal ceremony in which Nevada's first lady, Mrs. Mike (Carolyn) O'Callaghan was presented the first medallion.

Orders may be sent to First National Bank of Nevada, P. O. Box 1976, Carson City, Nevada 89701, and should include an additional \$1.00 handling charge per order.

Las Vegas: Gateway to the Grand Canyon

LAS VEGAS

GRAND CANYON
NATIONAL PARK

In the heat of late summer I walked down the Grand Canyon. I started out from south rim, and ended up at the edge of the thick brown Colorado River with muscles aching, at twilight, without drinking water, food, or a blanket. I could no longer see the precarious route that led eight meandering miles through magnificent rock toward the stars and the rim. I was stuck at the bottom. Through a strangely silent, chilly night, the only movement was from the river and the bats that constantly swooped about my head. I awaited the dawn, anxious to start my ascent back up the trail to my truck, and then to Las Vegas.

During the following year I took a powered inflatable boat from Lake Mead, 60 miles up that same, eerie canyon. The gently sloping sides of the gorgeous blue lake soon changed into ominous granite walls. With each change in weather and time of the day, the shapes and subtle colors of the canyon were also transformed. I rode the whitewater up and down the river and in the evening camped on a small sandy beach at its edge. Though wet and tired, I watched the striped tailed iguanas at play in the dust, saw the stream of color pass across the peaks to the south as the sun went down, and felt the powerful presence of the now deep green river.

John Wesley Powell was the first man to successfully run the Colorado River by boat back in 1869. He wrote in his diary: "We have cut through sandstone and limestone and through one great pit of marble a thousand feet in thickness. In this, great numbers of caves are

hollowed out and carvings are seen which suggest architectural forms but on a scale so grand that architectural forms belittle it." A later entry stated: "The gorge is black and narrow below, red and grey and flaring above, with crags and angular projections on the walls. Down in these grand gloomy depths we glide, ever listening, ever watching."

A lot has been said about the Grand Canyon. Nothing has sufficed. To experience its magnificence is worth any price. If you are not athletic, do not enjoy sleeping with the gila monsters and are sickened by the gnashing of whitewater, then there is a splendid alternative — by plane — whereby you get most of the benefits of walking or boating but none of the dangers or disadvantages.

John and Liz Seibold, owners of Scenic Airlines of Las Vegas which specializes in tours to Grand Canyon, realize that there is no other phenomenon in the entire world that holds as much fascination as does this splendid canyon. They have been instrumental in bringing people from South Africa, Australia, Japan and all of Europe just to gaze into the canyon's breathtaking depths. Visitors are rarely disappointed.

What started as a one plane operation in 1967, Scenic Airlines has become one of the largest companies of its kind in the southwest. Today the Seibolds have 19 planes and 28 pilots to serve Grand Canyon. They started with one plane with John Seibold flying. Today they run 12 flights a day, weather permitting and planes



used are nine passenger Cessna 400's. Everybody gets a window seat. Tapes are used during flights to explain what the passengers are seeing and these are available in English, Japanese, German or French.

The Seibolds believe that Las Vegas is the natural gateway to Grand Canyon. "When you come out of the traditional gateway, southern Arizona," John Seibold says, "the first time you see the canyon is when you land at the airport. From Las Vegas we fly over Hoover Dam across Lake Mead and then fly east, and later west

along the length of the canyon, staying as low as legal limits allow." Lunch (or dinner) is served at the Canyon Squire Hotel, after which you get flown back through the ever-changing canyon and eventually (after 7½ hours and 418 miles) returned to your hotel. Scenic runs an optional overnight tour, or an economy tour which does not include a stop.

Scenic Airlines is not alone in serving the canyon. Silver State Airlines, owned by boxing promoter Bill Miller, was started four years ago with two twin



Beeches. Now he has seven planes. For parties of five or less Miller uses a Beech Bonanza, "the Cadillac of single engine planes," which is a high-winged plane with superb visibility. Miller's scenic tour is similar to that of the Seibolds. Eventually Bill Miller would like to run a service between Las Vegas, Tahoe and Garson City in addition to his Grand Canyon service.

If you prefer a flight attendant to a tape, the people at Nevada Airlines might have what you want. They use two big DC3's and the only disadvantage is that



A fabulous view of the Grand Canyon (left) is just a short flight from Las Vegas. An added point of interest on the way to the Grand Canyon is this bird's eye view of Hoover Dam (above).

everyone can't have a window seat. The price is the same. Another company, Air Vegas Inc., has also served the Grand Canyon for several years. They use two twin Beeches and three single engine planes for the scenic trip but also specialize in charter service out of Las Vegas to California ballgames, horse races, or trips to Lake Havasu. They also run a fishing trip out of San Diego. For \$175 you get air, boat, and ground transportation, food, lodging and gear to fish in the Pacific Ocean for yellowtail and albacore tuna. This is a two-day, one-night trip.

For people who still prefer to walk, but can only handle one way, Grand Canyon Airlines runs a service that takes about twenty minutes between north and south rim. (By car it's a six-hour drive.) There are two scheduled flights daily and it is probably the only airline in the world where you fly one way and walk back (about 22 miles of walking from rim to rim).

John Seibold says, "We've seen Grand Canyon hundreds of times but it's never appeared the same twice. The sunsets, the sunrises, the colors vary with the time of day and the season. The Grand Canyon is probably the major attraction in natural wonders in the United States and is something you can't experience anywhere else in the world."

For \$87, flying Grand Canyon is something you'll never forget.

C. J. H.

Thorns, spikes, blossoms—tough but delicate

CACTUS

By Ernest D. Gurley
and Sarah A. Brackett



Stately Joshua Trees (above) are a common sight in Southern Nevada. This cactus may grow to 30 feet and live for centuries.

A cold-weather Prickly Pear in bloom (left).

A Cholla from the Amargosa Cactus Fields.





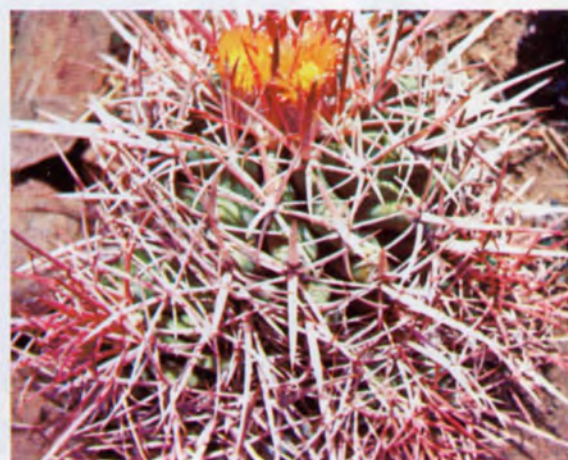
When the 49'ers pushed westward through Nevada bound for the California gold fields, they must have stared in wonder when they passed trees with clusters of spikes for leaves or viewed giant oblong plants covered with thorns. Some of Nevada's desert plants were over 200 years old when the white man, with his picks, shovels and dreams, first dared cross the Nevada desert.

Continued



A group of Barrel Cactus in the Amargosa (above). The cottony substance is residue from seed pods.

Hedgehog (right) is often called Strawberry Cactus because of its bright red blossoms.



The Nevada Barrel Cactus in bloom (above).

The Yucca (below) abounds in Nevada. This cactus is currently enjoying great popularity for its extracts, used in skin creams, soaps and hair shampoos.





CACTUS continued

The cacti were there when Nevada's recorded history began, and today, they still stand on the lonely barren desert, waiting for spring or summer to burst into blossoms and color the land.

From the southern regions to the high reaches of the mountain ranges, some variety of cacti can be found in almost every part of the state anchored to hillsides, poking up through rocks or growing on a flat.

In the Amargosa Desert, four varieties of cacti abound: Hedgehog, Barrel, Beavertail Prickly Pear and Cholla (Coy-a). Yucca fields are scattered throughout the central and southern areas of the state with their clusters of white flowers in the spring, and Nevada is one of the few states that can boast of its Joshua tree forests. The five largest forests are located in Esmeralda, Clark and Lincoln Counties.

A cold-weather species of Prickly Pear inhabits the northern part of the state, enduring severe cold and surviving at altitudes of over 7,000 feet.

The Fish Book Barrel cactus is another cold-weather dweller and is found primarily in central Nevada.

Cacti are extremely hardy plants. However, their rate of growth and flowering depends on the amount of moisture and warmth they receive. Under ideal growing conditions a Joshua tree or Yucca may attain one foot per year, but when very dry conditions occur there may be no growth at all.

Barrel Cactus and Hedgehog may grow about an inch per year under good conditions, but this is unusual in the early stages because most of the plant's energy is spent producing new appendages from the base of the mother plant. In fact, many years may pass with no perceptible growth at all, the plant using what small amount of moisture it has stored just to stay alive.

One of the most fascinating aspects of cacti is their ability to store water for use during long dry spells. In addition to the tap root, cacti have long shallow roots spreading out, up to six feet in length to absorb surface water during the infrequent desert storms.

Most of Nevada's cacti bloom in April or May. The Joshua Tree, Yucca, Barrel Cactus and Cholla bloom about every three years, while the Hedgehog, Beavertail and other species of Prickly Pear can usually be relied upon to blossom annually.

It may be a surprise to some, but hot-weather cacti can be successfully grown in northern Nevada and if cared for properly, will produce blossoms of unsurpassed beauty.

Cultivating cacti can be a heartbreaking, but frequently rewarding experience. We began a cactus garden about five years ago and it has been a trial and error proposition from the outset. The first winter we lost 50 per cent of our plants. After we began sheltering them from the wind our losses dropped to 10 per cent. We also discovered that soaking the plants during hot weather made them thrive. New appendages began to sprout and the blossoms were larger and more profuse.

You should plant your cactus in rocky, sandy soil with good drainage and water them well every two or three days thereafter.

Cacti should be handled by the roots, using gloves. This is especially important with Beavertail and Cholla as the spines separate from the plant and lodge in the flesh.

Plants should be protected in the winter by covering with clear sheets of plastic on extremely cold days. Watering should be done sparingly.

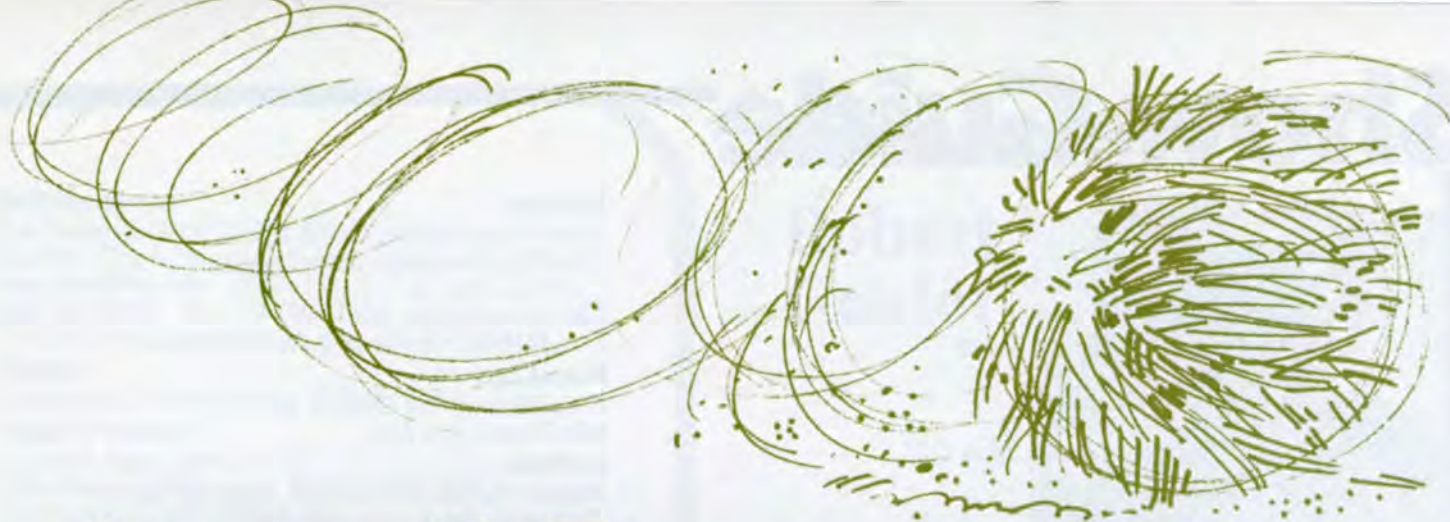
When handling Joshua Trees or Yucca, constant care should be taken to keep the eyes at a safe distance. The leaves are about eight inches long and very sharp.

When planting cacti with long, shallow roots the gardener digs a trench about two inches deep, the length of the root and covers it, packing the soil firmly.

One should not water cacti on hot days, but rather wait until the morning or evening when it is cool.

A cactus garden can be a very pleasurable experience, especially when flowering occurs. It's like having part of the desert in your back yard.

However, no garden can surpass the beauty of Nevada's cacti when they open their blossoms and color the parched, barren deserts. The spiny, ageless plants are part of our state's heritage. □



tumbleweed

By Anthony Amaral

In the time of autumn colors I become a tumbleweed watcher.

Out on the Nevada desert where winds have as much room to blow over the land as above it, I can see herds of tumbleweed tumbling before the winds. Sometimes they leap acrobatically before a zephyr, the sort that usually marks November in the high desert country. Othertimes, under a tamer blow, the bush hops casually along.

No matter what the tempo, however, tumbleweed's allegiance is to the winds. Once they begin in earnest, nothing stops their gypsy migrations.

You can see for yourself, if you're driving any of Nevada's highways where miles-long government or ranch fences serrate the desert landscape. Tumbleweed will stack until the fence height is reached and others ricochet over. If you happen to be at Pyramid Lake or some other desert water area, the pumpkin-shaped bushes float across with the prevailing winds. Or, when pushed by strong wind, it careens like a rock that is skipped from an underhand throw.

Just about anywhere in the West is tumbleweed country, not just Nevada. But this desert arena, where tumbleweed competes against little else, is where you truly feel the romantic pulse which inspires versemakers.

It's been a squatter only slightly over eighty years, literally having sneaked into the United States from Eurasia in a flaxseed shipment to the Dakotas in the 1880s. A few varieties of these round bushes are known, but none as prolific as Russian Thistle, *Salsola kali*. Another designation, more apt, is *Salsola pestifer*.

Westerners, of course, call it tumbleweed; also wind witch, Russian Cactus, or galloping cossacks.

Once Russian Thistle settled in the Dakotas, it got the itch to move. With that certain swiftness of a flash flood, tumbleweed was suddenly everywhere west of the Mississippi. Ever since, it has been a pest to farmers and ranchers, range managers and highway maintenance crews. Not even range cattle are spared and may run off a lot of meat when spooked by hundreds of flitting tumbleweed.

Tumbleweed prefers arid lands, but isn't particular. Any land that is abandoned or overgrazed, unchecked

along ditch and road banks, is suitable nesting for any of the twenty thousand seeds each bush deposits in its tumbling course. Thus, thousands of them will cover vast areas without effort, as they did on the Great Plains when it was laid bare by the drought of the 1930s.

As a young plant, Russian Thistle holds tenaciously to the earth and is difficult to eradicate. It is tender and succulent, but livestock will only nibble at it when little else is available.

Each thistle produces about 12,000 narrow, thread-thin leaves, about an inch long with a shoot in each axil. Small, papery flowers grow in the axils. After flowering, the leaves wither and are replaced by sharp, awl-shaped spines. Tiny seeds, roundish and wrinkled, supplant the flowers.

By first frost, nourishment from the tap root ceases. The bush dies, changing to mud-color and turning into a brittle skeleton. Now, almost light as a puff, it waits for the winds.

In my favorite tumbleweed watching place, where canyons face northwesterly, thousands of dead thistle cover the canyon sides and follow the land contour out onto the desert flat. When the winds funnel through the canyon, the tumbleweeds snap from their mooring, by twos and threes, and fives and tens, and begin their ghostly, seed-spreading mission.

In the small Nevada towns that are just dots on the desert tumbleweed will be a nuisance for weeks. They careen down main streets like drunken traffic (watch the people avoid their sharp pricks with alacrity!) bunching in doorways, catching on fences and clotheslines, clogging irrigation ditches and infesting next year's back gardens.

At night, with winter winds, you can hear the spiny tumbleweed scratching against the building or scraping across the windows as it eddys toward the other end of town and out onto the desert.

All the way on its journey, tumbleweed is throwing off seed. By spring, young thistle will be sprouting everywhere. And with another winter season, when other desert plants go dormant, tumbleweed's escapades become a main attraction for anyone driving highways or byways throughout Nevada. □

Show Guide

LAS VEGAS

Aladdin

Vive Paris Vive!

Caesars Palace

Sammy Davis, Jr., Sept. 18-Oct. 8

Johnny Carson, Oct. 9-15

Andy Williams, Oct. 16-29

Frank Sinatra, Oct. 30-Nov. 5

Alan King, Anthony Newley, Nov. 6-26

Castaway's

Piano Bar, Tom O'Keefe,

Rusty Isabell

Circus Circus

Continuous Circus Acts

Desert Inn

Bobbie Gentry, Sept. 16-Oct. 13; Dec. 26-Jan. 19

Juliet Prowse, Oct. 14-Nov. 10

Debbie Reynolds, Nov. 11-Dec. 8

Dunes

Casino de Paris '75

Flamingo Hilton

Lovelace Watkins, Charlie Callas, Sept. 18-Oct. 15

Connie Stevens, Oct. 16-Nov. 12

Bobby Vinton, Ronnie Schell, Nov. 13-26

Gladys Knight & The Pips, Nov. 27-Dec. 11

Four Queens

Continuous Lounge Entertainment

Frontier

Roy Clark, Sept. 26-Oct. 15

Robert Goulet, Oct. 23-Nov. 12

Wayne Newton, Nov. 13-Dec. 9

Debbie Reynolds, Dec. 10-Jan. 7

Hacienda

Spice on Ice

Holiday Casino

Wide World of Burlesque

Landmark

Country Music, USA

Las Vegas Hilton

Liberace, Sept. 23-Oct. 13

Glen Campbell, Oct. 14-Nov. 3

The Ann-Margret Show, Nov. 4-24

Marina Hotel

Kenny Davis Road Show,

Sept. 12-Oct. 9; Nov. 28-Dec. 25

Apple Jacks, Sept. 18-Oct. 15

The Originals, Nov. 7-Dec. 4

Treniers, Dec. 4-31

MGM Grand

Shecky Greene,

Oct. 1-14; Nov. 19-Dec. 2; Dec. 10-20

Dean Martin, Oct. 15-21; Dec. 3-9

Jackson Five, Oct. 22-Nov. 4

Helen Reddy, Nov. 5-18

Mint Hotel

Current & Hott Rodd, Oct.

Jack Bedient, Chessmen,

Love's Way, thru Nov.

Ron May & Christmas, thru Dec.

Riviera

Olivia Newton-John, Oct. 2-15

The Fifth Dimension, John Davidson,
Oct. 16-Nov. 5

Liza Minnelli, Nov. 6-20

Don Rickles, Frankie Valli, Nov. 21-Dec. 4

Royal Inn

Russ Martino, Oct. 30-Nov. 26

Billy Martin, thru Dec.

Sahara

Buddy Hackett, Dick Jensen, Sept. 23-Oct. 1

Tennessee Ernie Ford, Oct. 2-8

Eddy Arnold, George Gobel, Oct. 23-Nov. 5

Totie Fields, Bert Convy, Nov. 6-19

Sam Boyd's California Hotel

Frankie Carr's Nov-Elites, thru Dec.

Sands

Rich Little, Mel Torme, Oct. 1-28

Bobbie Gentry, John Byner, Oct. 29-Nov. 25

Robert Goulet, Nipsy Russell, Nov. 26-Dec. 9

Wayne Newton, Dec. 10-17 (returning Dec. 26)

Showboat

Eddie Diamond, thru Nov. 7

Rainbow Express, Nov. 4-16

Silver Slipper

Viva Burlesque

Stardust

Le Lido de Paris

Thunderbird

Dick Clark's Good Ol' Rock 'N Roll

Tropicana

Folies Bergere

Union Plaza

Broadway Entertainment

RENO-SPARKS-CARSON CITY

John Ascuaga's Nugget

Debbie Reynolds, Sept. 29-Oct. 15

Liberace, Oct. 16-Nov. 1

Tennessee Ernie Ford, Nov. 2-8

Eldorado

Spinning Wheel, Sept. 23-Oct. 5

The Diamonds, Oct. 6-Oct. 26

Johnny Ray Govez, Oct. 28-Nov. 16

Freddie Powers, Nov. 18-Nov. 30

Faith, Dec. 16-Jan. 4

Harolds Club

Billy Kay, Sept. 16-Oct. 12

Pete Barbutti, Oct. 14-Nov. 9

Herb Jeffries, Nov. 11-Dec. 7

Harrah's

Dionne Warwick, Oct. 2-15

Merle Haggard, Oct. 16-22

Wayne Newton, Oct. 23-Nov. 12

Bill Cosby, Nov. 13-30

Joel Grey, Jan Murray, Dec. 24-Jan. 4

DATES AND PERFORMERS SUBJECT TO CHANGE

Holiday Hotel

The Nelson's, Sept. 29-Oct. 5
Esquires, Oct. 6-Nov. 9
Brass Doubles, Nov. 10-23
Summer Winds, Nov. 24-Dec. 7
Chip & Dave, Dec. 8-Jan. 3

Mapes

Continuous Entertainment, Al Bello, Host

Ormsby House

Houck & Scott, Sept. 29-Oct. 12
Tony Austin & Company, Sept. 30-Oct. 12
Sherman & Leigh, Oct. 13-26
Tony Castro & Friends, Oct. 13-Nov. 1
The Nelsons, Oct. 27-Nov. 9
The Good Life, Nov. 2-16
The Bill Page Show, Nov. 16-Dec. 31
The Esquires, Nov. 17-Dec. 21

Jessie Beck's Riverside

Johnny Vanelli, Sept. 21-Oct. 12
Sloopy & The Red Barons, Sept. 28-Oct. 11
Tahitians, Oct. 12-25
Bobby Albright Show, Oct. 13-25
The Jets, Oct. 26-Nov. 15
Kenny Vernon Show, Nov. 10-29
Miss Texas, Nov. 16-30
Ray Malus, Dec. 1-31

Ponderosa

Nightly Entertainment

LAKE TAHOE

Harrah's

Mitzi Gaynor, Sept. 20-Oct. 10
Bill Cosby, Oct. 13-16
Frank Sinatra, Oct. 17-23
Olivia Newton-John, Oct. 24-Nov. 6
Sammy Davis, Jr., Nov. 7-20
Jim Nabors, Nov. 21-30
Burt Bacharach, Dec. 19-26

Harvey's

Steve Romano, Oct. 14-27
Bill Page, Nov. 1-14

Hyatt Lake Tahoe

Lounge Entertainment Nightly

North Shore Club

Ink Spots, Oct. 6-19

Sahara Tahoe

Freddie Prinze, Captain & Tennille, Oct. 3-5
Bobby Vinton, Oct. 10-12
Blood, Sweat & Tears, Oct. 24-26
Carpenters, Dec. 26-Jan. 4

ELKO

Commercial Hotel

Ernie Menehune, Oct. 6-12
Matys Brothers, Oct. 13-26
Lancers, Oct. 27-Nov. 2
William & Ree, Nov. 6-12
Freddie Powers, Nov. 13-26
Leo Brydell, Nov. 27-Dec. 2
Jerry Sun and Links, Dec. 1-7

Entertainer

Robert Goulet



What can you give a state that has everything? A park would be nice, and that's what singer-actor Robert Goulet recently presented to Nevada.

Although it is only six acres, small by park standards, there is a breathtaking view of Lake Tahoe from every part of the richly timbered land valued in excess of a quarter million dollars.

When Goulet bought the property years ago he intended it to be the future site of three homes on two acres each, one for him and his wife Carol Lawrence, the others for their two sons. But not long ago the land was rezoned "virgin forest," which meant Bob would be allowed to build on only one per cent of it. Much as he wanted to live there, and though he could have fought the zoning decision, he decided instead to present the acreage to the Nevada State Park System so that visitors from all over the world could enjoy its beauty and serenity.

Coping with the demands of a successful career, Goulet especially treasures beauty and serenity, and finds both in the charming Las Vegas home built to his specifications. A rambling, comfortable place with a pleasant atmosphere, it reflects the personalities and varied interests of the family. It is a home for people, not for showing off, and if the handsome inlaid floors sometimes get a few muddy paw prints on them that's to be expected in a household that includes three large dogs and a small white cat named "Jaws."

The house is filled with the things that have meaning for the Goulets. There is an antique chess set, paintings collected from all over the world, including two found during their vacation in Capri last summer, striking Bishop chairs bought at an auction.

"And Nevada is a glorious state," he says. "I love it."

Bob and Carol are starring in a new stage production of "Camelot" at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion in Los Angeles. It is the same Lerner-Lowe musical comedy in which Goulet, then an unknown, made his first major career breakthrough playing "Sir Lancelot" in the original Broadway production in which Richard Burton was "King Arthur." At the Pavilion Bob is "King Arthur" and the lovely Carol plays his stage queen "Guinevere."

Of his wife Goulet says fondly, "She is my best friend."

Mary DuBose Rettig

Heritage

Horse stealing



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

in the '60s

LOU HANCHETT and his neighbor Stewart were tactful, courageous, and God-fearing ranchers living near Austin in 1868. When horse thieves drove off 15 of their horses one dark June evening, they promptly saddled up and took after them with their fastest mounts and pack string. Riding virtually day and night, camping without fires, and scouting each valley from crests, they discovered horse tracks near the edge of the Great Salt Desert. Without hesitation they rode relentlessly out on the flat and presently overtook the robbers with nine of the stolen animals. Six of the horses had been "sold," claimed the rustlers, and it was only with great self control the two ranchers resisted the temptation to shoot them down in their tracks.

There was not enough food on hand to arrest them and return them the long distance to the law, so the ranchers took their nine horses and abandoned the robbers in the desert with some stern warnings. The trip home was relatively easy and uneventful. But the two men were shocked on arrival, to learn that in their absence, other thieves had stolen eight more horses! By now the two ranchers were in a desperate and hanging mood.

It was common in the sixties, for bands of organized thieves to steal horses in northern Nevada and drive them rapidly across the deserts to southern California, where a large and rapidly expanding market welcomed them. Given a day's start, in the vast distances of Nevada, the thieves were usual-

ly safe if they kept moving rapidly. Hanchett and Stewart played a hunch, took fresh horses, and rode out on the trail south of Austin.

Stopping for water at Lone, they discovered one of their missing horses with a cast off shoe, but no other clues. At least they were on the right trail. Now they swung off on the way toward Aurora, where provisions were available and there was ample water. The next 100 miles they covered at a very fast clip, moving as rapidly as they dared press their tired horses. About 25 miles out of Aurora they came to a farm with a large band of horses. While one rancher closely questioned the old man who kept the place, the other investigated, and found the missing animals! He also discovered several other horses and a mule belonging to their Austin neighbors.

The old man was so indignant and so bent on stopping them, they concluded his story of "the ownership of the horses by men in Aurora" was sincere, and that he was innocent of being a party to the theft. They did not harm him, and on the next morning vigorously started the long drive home with the recovered horses. Their arrival several days later was noted by the Austin newspaper, the **Reese River Reveille**, which editorialized on the growing volume of horse rustling. The **Reveille** urged that rustling be rewarded by hanging, suggesting "hemp should prove a serviceable crop to the ranchmen of the neighboring valleys."

Las Vegas Hilton Hotel





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Caesars Palace.
Las Vegas

Foxy and the Big Bird



The sly fox has become the unsung hero at Nevada's Nellis Air Force Base in Clark County. A unique force of foxes — yes, real live foxes — patrols the runway and literally gobbles up the enemy.

The enemy is the jackrabbit or bird, who — prior to the fox patrol unit — could be drawn into the intake of a jet. Nellis is the home of the fighter pilot and the F-111's, the F-4's, T-38's and F-105's all use the runways. Too many times the pilots have been foiled by pesky rabbits and foolish birds.

The fox patrol consists of about a dozen (they won't stand up and be counted) desert or kit foxes who live in burrows between the runways. The foxes are small but they are fast and are doing a four star job of tracking down their prey and clearing the runway.

The rodents and birds who select the runway for their habitat are doomed. If the jet engine doesn't get them, the fox will. The Air Force is betting on the fox.

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CALIFORNIA-NEVADA GOLDEN TOURS

Big Game Hunting Slot Machine Man.

**"I have been on cliffs where
my fingers and feet literally
meant my life..."**

When Cecil Fredi of Las Vegas wants to get away from the commotion of casino life he turns to another kind of gaming — big game.

Three hundred slot machines at the Frontier Hotel where he is a mechanic compose his work territory. By avocation he is a big game trophy hunter with a territory encompassing the humid jungles of Africa, the frozen terrain of Alaska and the steep hillsides of Canada. And of course Nevada's mountains continue to offer a challenge to Fredi.

Trophies line the walls of two rooms in



Jim Reinher photo

his home where visitors can view a grand slam of sheep, polar bear, grizzly, Alaska brown and black bear — to say nothing of six different types of spiral horned antelope, white tail deer, mule deer, moose and rocky mountain goat.

Fredi does not feel that hunting is detrimental to conservation ideals — rather it is an important factor in balancing nature since overpopulation of many species so often results in starvation among the animals. He also points out that portions of the hunting fees he pays are directed toward preserving national parks and endangered species.

Undaunted by Africa's 120 degree temperatures, 90 per cent humidity, or by 50 below in Alaska, Fredi claims that the most important criterion for success is an inexhaustible drive. "I have been on cliffs where my fingers and my feet literally meant my life," he said, adding, "If a hunter has the drive he will find the stamina to walk 15 or 20 miles a day to find an elusive elephant."

Also important is an expertise in stalking — a technique polished by Fredi in 20 years of hunting. And, of course, the proper gun. Fredi, a former gunsmith, makes his own gun stocks from Oregon myrtlewood. □



Turquoise

Continued from page 11.

right to be bullish. According to **National Geographic** [June, 1974], his mine was, at the time, "America's most productive turquoise mine." Ward bought the Crescent Valley holdings in 1957 for a reported \$20,000. He has since been offered as much as three million and refuses to sell. Other reports claim that Austin, in Lander County, is now the leading producer of gem quality turquoise in the western part of the United States.

Dale Dorothy and wife (whose first name also is Dorothy) are two more enthusiastic boosters of Nevada turquoise. Dale is president of the Royal Blue Mining Co., whose Royal Blue Mine, located near Tonopah, is one of Nevada's richest. The Dorothys live in Las Vegas, where they operate a shop named "The Turquoise Trader."

We accepted an invitation to visit the Dorothys and talk with Dale to get some additional background for this article.

We had heard that plasticizing turquoise is a way of deceiving unwary customers into buying lower grade stones at high grade prices. We learned that wasn't true, considering the benefits—hardness and color stability—that are derived. But the dealer should certainly tell the customer that he's getting treated stone, so that he has a choice in the matter.

Another question we had concerned the value of turquoise. There seems to be an abundant supply, so why the high price?

To begin with, there are some 1600 minerals which man has identified. Of these, only about a hundred have been used as gems, and only twenty-five are used frequently enough so that their names are familiar (at least to jewelers).

In Nevada there are deposits of black opal near Virgin Valley, but the stones are soft, and suitable for use only as specimens. There is also some axinite to be found near Luning, but the crystals of this gem stone are too small to be of use in jewelry-making. Near Orleana there are deposits of bright blue dumortierite quartz, but this is too common a mineral to qualify as a gem stone. That leaves turquoise as the only stone of gem quality which is found in large quantities in Nevada.

To qualify as a gem stone, then, a mineral must have three qualities: first, it must have beauty, which is often based on its color; second, it must be durable (opal has unmatched, flashing color, but it's soft); finally, it must be rare.

How does turquoise match up against these criteria? Without doubt it is exquisitely beautiful. It also possesses a sufficient degree of stability as indicated by its ranking on the Mohs Scale. But there are vast deposits, so one would reasonably question its rarity. Why, then, does it command such a premium price on the market? One reason is that there is nowhere near enough top quality turquoise to supply the world-wide demand. A second obvious consideration, if one has in mind finished stones, is the amount of work involved and the high degree of skill required. But there's still another reason.

The value of a particular stone lies in the fact that there are some that can't possibly be replaced. Maybe they come from old mines that have been closed down for twenty or thirty years, for example.

Each mine produces stones which can be identified on the basis of two characteristics, and an expert can usually tell a stone's origin, that is, the mine that produced it. One characteristic is color. The other is what geologists call its "matrix," a term which refers to the particular mother rock in which a vein or a nugget of turquoise is found.

Because of the various materials in which the aluminum phosphate is deposited by the action of water, there are markings in the stones. The matrix may be heavy black or brown lines, very fine web-like tracings, and even contain specks of the copper whose salts caused the blue coloration.

It's the differences in matrix that give added beauty to the stones—their "personality." In spite of the popularity of stones with particular matrix marking, however, it is the pure blue stones which command a premium price. Much of the early Persian and Sinai turquoise was pure, but what is possibly the largest single nugget of pure blue was found in Lander County. As Frank R. Morrissey (**Turquoise Deposits of Nevada**) described the piece, it weighed 1700 carats. It is now on display at the Smithsonian Institution.

One matrix-marked stone which is quite valuable has very fine tracery which resembles a spider-web. In the United States such stones are rare. They have come from Number 8, or Spider Web Mine near Battle Mountain. Small quantities of this kind of matrix are also found near Tonopah, in Esmeralda County.

Nevada's deposits are, for the most part, located in the northern part of the state. A small amount has been mined near Las Vegas, in Clark County, but these mines are either "worked out," or are not open to prospecting because they are within the boundaries of the Las Vegas Bombing and Gunnery Range. Other sites are found along a line beginning just north of Tonopah and stretching diagonally north-northeast across the state to the area around Tenabo, toward the northeastern corner.

According to one turquoise miner, the sites lie along a fault line known as Roberts' fault. The earth's crust has not been active along the fault since the Paleozoic Era, over 200 million years ago.

According to authorities not only is the quality of Nevada turquoise equal to or better than that found anywhere in the world, but there is more of it in the state than in all the rest of the world put together. As of 1968, Nevada had produced more than \$30 million worth of raw turquoise. The finished value, of course, would be many times that.

But the deposits have been removed quietly, by only a few men working together at any one time, and from comparatively inconspicuous openings. Thus turquoise has not produced booming mining towns, such as Virginia City, which swelled to thousands of inhabitants at their peak. By contrast, Nevada's modern day bonanza is a quiet one. □



Lahontan

By C. J. Hadley

The Fallon area was never then as it is now, surrounded by fertile farms, hay ranches, and fat healthy cows. It was saved from being a desolate and grassless desert by the Reclamation Act of June 17, 1902, and the Lahontan Dam and Reservoir.

Eighteen miles west of Fallon, forty-five miles northeast of Carson City, the reservoir was built by the U.S. government to divert and store water from the Carson and Truckee River basins by way of dams and canals. Its dam controls the water and produces hydroelectric power. When full, the reservoir has a storage capacity of 274,000 acre-feet, a surface area of 10,000 acres.

Today, water from Lahontan supports more than 60,000 acres of cultivated land in Churchill County and the Fernley area of Lyon County. It assures good pasture for livestock. In a non-irrigated desert area, one mature cow could need over 20 acres of raw ground to fulfill its needs. On irrigated land, better pastures carry five head per acre for as long as six months.

The sheer size of the dam and its impounded waters are an important attraction to sightseers and aside from the agricultural uses it offers a variety of recreational activities — including fishing, swimming,





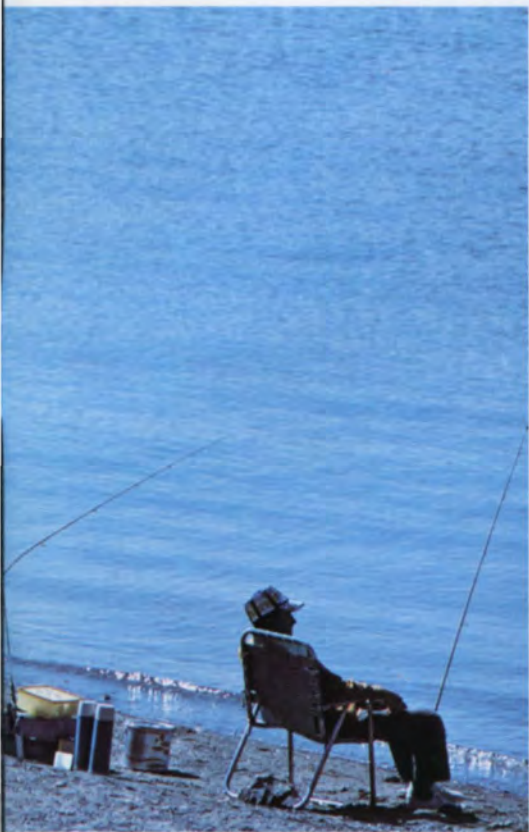
Lahontan

boating, waterskiing, picnicking and camping. Future plans include an Interpretive Center which would display information about Lahontan and the Newlands Project and would illustrate benefits of reclamation in the western United States.

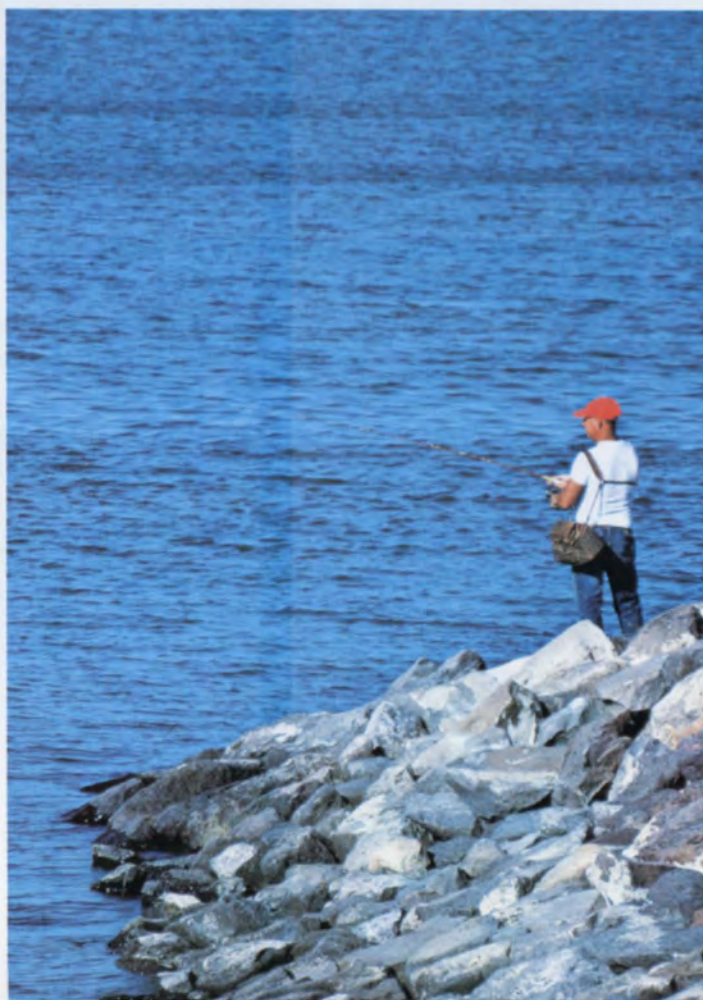
Because of Lahontan's large and relatively calm water surface, outstanding sandy beaches, many huge and shady cottonwood trees and almost perfect weather, the lake could become one of America's premier resorts. Presently it needs a little help. A lack of facilities tends to limit recreational opportunities but proposed future development could erase these inhibiting factors. Sanitation facilities would be built, roads improved, more shade trees planted, wells dug for fresh water, but use of the lands will be closely controlled by the Nevada State Park System. Development which would destroy or diminish the aesthetic values of Lahontan Reservoir, especially when viewed from the water surface or beach areas, will be prohibited.

Lake Lahontan's future as a recreational area will depend on water supply. If the area suffers several dry years, and water in the reservoir is too low, recreational use will be restricted. Nevada is the driest state in the Union; water its most precious resource. □





Hadley photos



Dining

Beef Wellington is a Las Vegas favorite.



Las Vegas has always been a great place to eat, the hotels and casinos serving hearty (if not exceptional) entrees and buffets at token prices. But after years of offering various gastronomical bargains, it became evident to most innkeepers that the new visitor to Las Vegas was demanding quality above quantity. Today it can be said without reservation that finer meals cannot be found in America than in Las Vegas hotels.

A growing favorite among visitors seeking more sophisticated fare than plain steak and potatoes is Beef Wellington. Chef Jacques Chailley's recipe might not be equalled in the home kitchen, but a fair cook can become a neighborhood celebrity by serving a reasonable facsimile. If you want to check Jacques' own dish, try the Regency Room at the Sands Hotel.

Our recipe is on page 62.

Large Beef Wellington (top center) is the star of this sumptuous scene created by Chef Jacques Chailley (below) of the Sands Hotel.





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Cowboy

Continued from page 19.

Mother of seven, wife of a master of understatement, Rosita Marvel gets up at five, gets to bed at eleven, and remains a beautiful rock on the Battle Mountain range. When a dusty load of cowhands return to her enormous kitchen, hungry and tired from a day of cutting steers, chasing and branding calves in the blazing sun, haying, or fixing fence, Rosita serves giant green salads, fresh lemonade, and thick red steaks. And she's equally competent out on the range or handling the horses in the barn. Without her, says Tom, it wouldn't have been the same.

"Most people think we're rich because we have all this," Tom waves his hand to include the enormous barn, arena, his champion cutting horses, the corrals, buildings, cattle and his mass of land. "We turn over a half million dollars in sales each year but by the time we pay income tax and the expenses of running a large operation like this, there isn't much left in terms of cash. You have to love this life because even though there looks like a lot of wealth, everything you make goes right back into the operation. I guess there's a lot of wealth in happiness and a lot of wealth in land so I guess we are rich in that way, but we probably don't even make as much money as the average miner in town. I guess there will always be resentment towards farmers and people like that who live the kind of life they really want to."

Ranching is a job that takes more than most people are willing to give. At times the job's a gamble, at times lonesome, frustrating, or boring, and it's continual hard work. In that it remains consistent. Tom Marvel likes beige work shirts, blue levis, old hats. He loves horses, cattle, his family and a lot of high desert grass.

Nevada is the kind of alienated land that demands independence. Tom Marvel would not leave Nevada's space, or its feeling of freedom. He has what he wants, does as he likes, and if beef prices don't fall much lower he'll continue to do it. "We don't have any money but we're happy. I'm a cowboy and I don't intend to be anything else. This is all I know. This is all I want to do. Just cowboy." □

CHRISTMAS AT LAKE TAHOE IS A LOT MORE THAN SKIING



Enjoy all the Winter Sports this Christmas in Douglas County, Nevada - on the South Shore of Lake Tahoe. Enjoy the Casino Shows with America's biggest Stars. Dine to your heart's content at Tahoe's fabulous restaurants. Dance high atop Stateline's super Supper Clubs. Join in the special Apres-Ski fun at Nevada's luxurious hotels. For the un-initiated - Cross Country Ski Classes, and there's Ice Skating, too. Even a Ski Hill for the "tiniest" Snow Bunnies! And SKI? Within minutes of Douglas County you'll find over two-dozen of the West's finest Ski Resorts. Make this Christmas a Merry Lake Tahoe Christmas!

Write: Tahoe Douglas Chamber of Commerce for Christmas Fun Information at Fantastic Lake Tahoe: P.O. Box 401, Zephyr Cove, Nevada 89448

Jai Alai

Continued from page 13.

bounce of the ball that's going to make it or break it." He adds, "Some players are brawny players who catch the ball and throw it as hard as they can; that's their entire strategy. Others who might have more experience, or talent, play with the most style and it becomes a more heady and strategic game."

All frontons vary slightly. Nevada's is 177 feet long, 55 feet wide, 55 feet high. The side wall is marked with the numbers one through fourteen, front to back, in equal segments know as quadras. A player serves from line eleven; has to hit the front wall and bounce the ball between lines four and seven. All other numbers are simply for orientation; the game is usually so fast a player doesn't have time to look and see where he is but he might be able to tell from the quadra numbers.

Players' manager and matchmaker at the MGM is Jesus Belaustegui, who was a professional jai alai player for 23 years. He has played in Spain, France, Italy, the Philippines, Mexico and Florida and is responsible for signing MGM's players. "The best players right now are the Basques from Spain but we also have good players here from Mexico and Florida. There are some good American players in Florida but not yet in Nevada."

"Women are not allowed to play jai alai as the game is too dangerous," he adds, but the MGM does allow healthy men (after they sign a release) to rent the fronton during the day for a small fee. It is the only

fronton available for this purpose outside of Florida or Tijuana and an appointment is required.

Cestas and pelotas are kept in humidified rooms when not in use. If the wicker is not kept damp, when it's used in play the first ball will shatter the basket. Cestas are owned by the players and cost \$50. They might last one week, two weeks, or a month. If the reed is split, the baskets are repaired by Rafael Gurechea. The pelotas are made of virgin Brazilian rubber, wound tightly with nylon thread (to deaden the ball), and covered with two separate layers of goat skin. When the ball is finished it is put in a press to smooth out the seams. It costs about \$70 and must weigh exactly 128 grams.

"If you leave a rough seam, someone will get killed for sure," says Juan Carlos Lupi, ex jai alai player, assistant coach, front court judge and repairer of pelotas. "This is because the ball would not be true and would not do what was expected of it. When you are on the court you sometimes have to do before you think because if you stop to think it would be too late. A ball that is not perfect would be impossible to control."

Lupi, Gurechea, and Fernando Ortuondo (back court judge and ball maker) are all ex jai alai players. They love the sport so much they intend to stay with it as long as possible. "The MGM's is the fastest court I've ever seen," says their leader, Belaustegui. "For this game you have to be young, have good eyes, good legs and coordination. If this game is played well, it's prettier than any other sport." □



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Beef Wellington

Continued from page 58.

Individual tastes vary, so exact measurements cannot be given. As a guide, Chef Jacques uses about 4 ounces of foie gras and 2 ounces of duxelles for each 8 ounce filet. For those who relish foie gras, this amount will be just right, but it could seem overpowering to those who prefer the taste of a rare filet mignon. The large six-pound cut is very impressive and easiest to prepare (see photo); however, individual portions (six to eight ounces) are more often served at the Sands for obvious reasons. Keep in mind that this entree should never be reheated.

Flaky puff pastry
Filets of beef, well trimmed
(filet mignon)
Butter
Freshly ground pepper
Cognac
Duxelles (one small onion, or shallots, finely chopped; ½ cup butter; one pound finely chopped mushrooms; salt)
Foie gras (goose liver pate)
1 egg white
1 egg yolk, lightly beaten with ¼ cup cream for glaze

1. Prepare flaky puff pastry (check any good recipe book or use the ready-mixed type from your supermarket). Refrigerate until needed.
2. Make pate or buy an imported brand which includes truffles

(one tin should be enough for two or three servings).

3. Bake 1" thick filets at 450° until barely browned (very rare). Remove and flame with cognac. Let cool, salt to taste.
4. Saute duxelles, simmer for one hour, stirring often. Add sherry to taste. Cool completely.
5. Roll out pastry large enough to envelop filet. Spread meat with foie gras and duxelles. Seal dough over filet with egg white. Brush pastry with egg yolk and cream mixture.
6. Bake at 425° for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to 375°, bake another 20 minutes until crust is browned and flaky. Allow Wellington to cool for about 10 minutes, then serve on warm plates. Garnish with parsley.

Beef Wellington can be served with a brown sauce or Bordelaise sauce and fresh vegetables. Include a good burgundy wine. □

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BY

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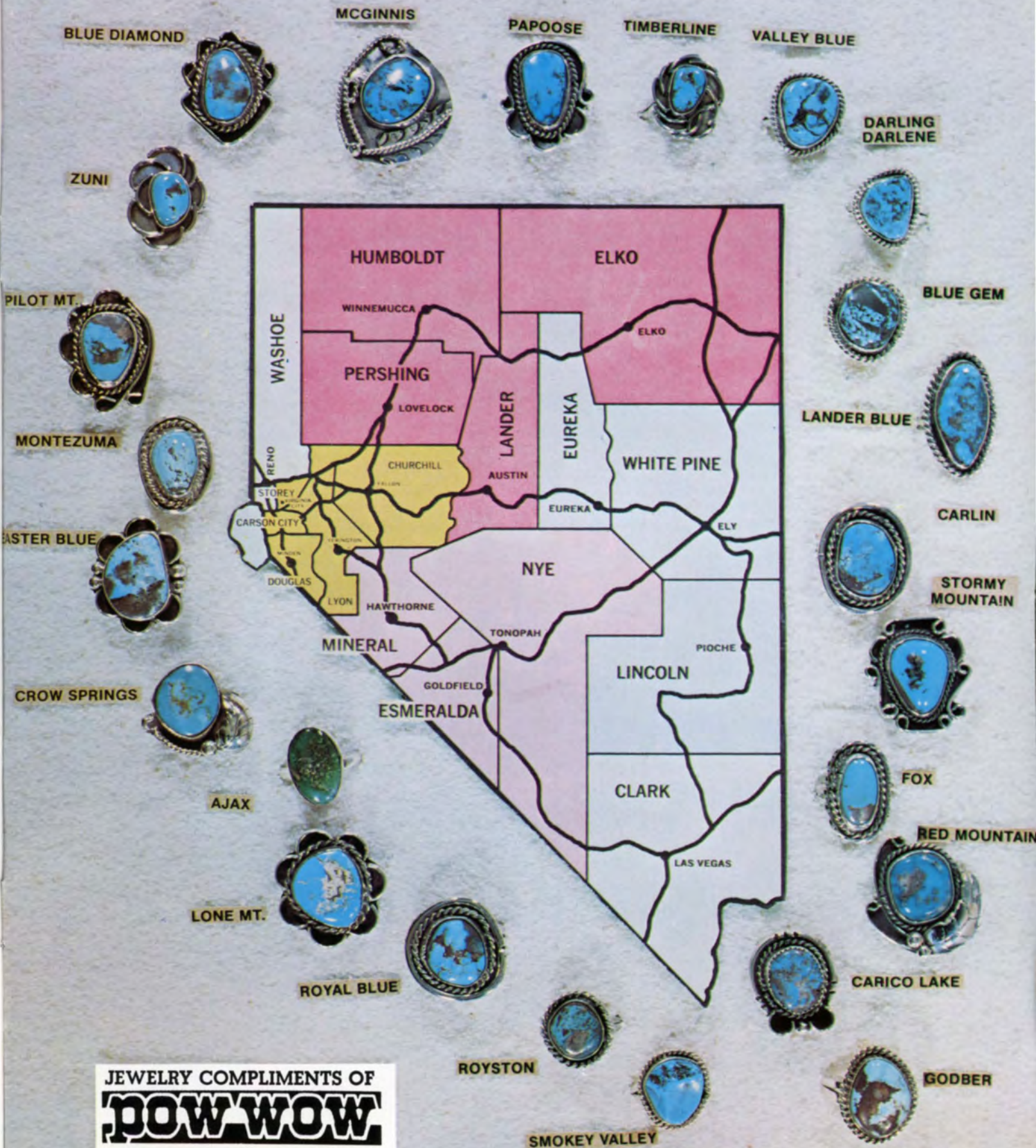
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