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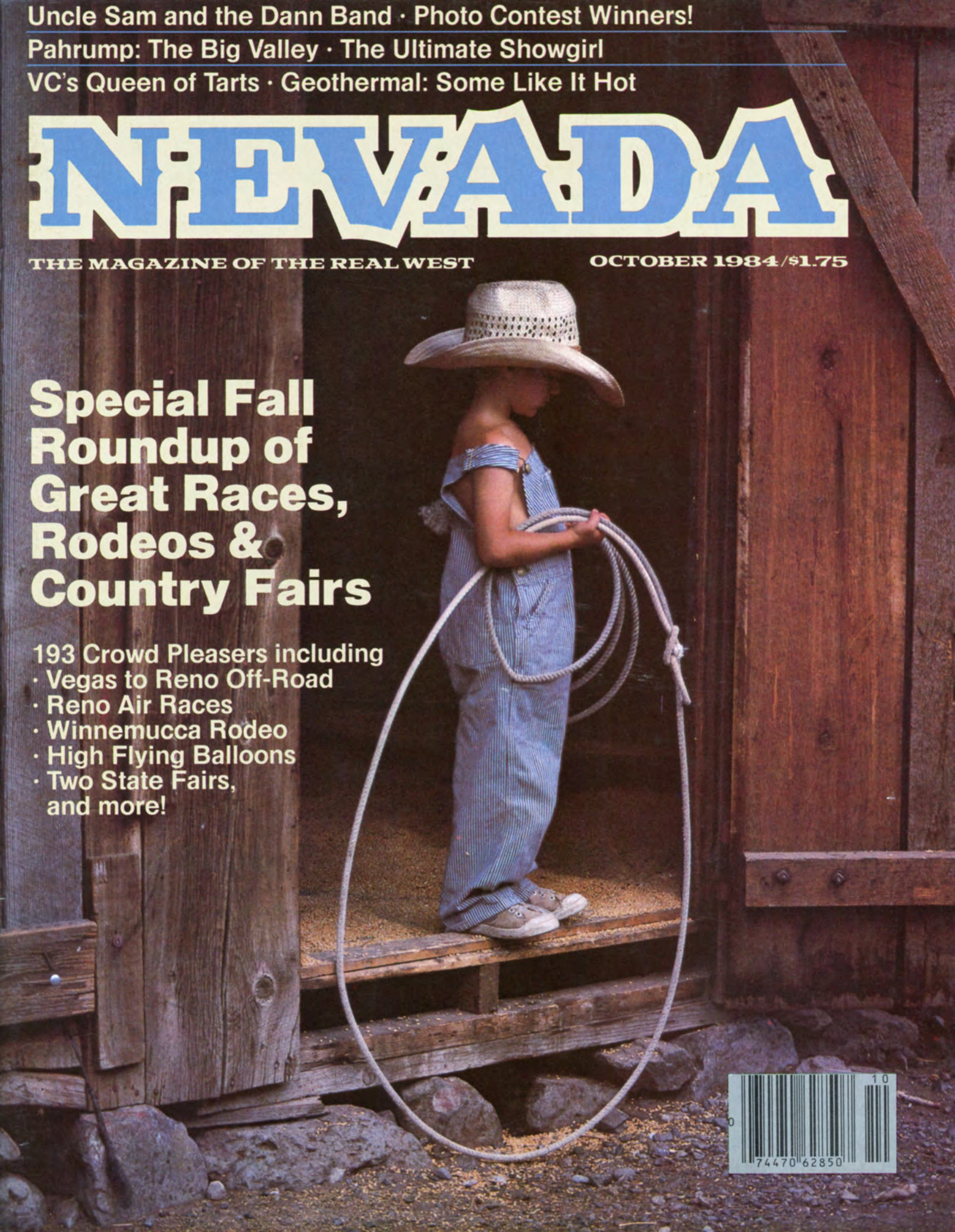
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Volume 44, Number 5 September/October 1984

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Up Front



Ranting and Riding with the Gunfighter

Long before the car was expected in the pits after the first lap of the Laughlin Desert Challenge, I was standing in the shade of Bill Stroppe's shiny black semi. For 30 minutes, I wondered what in heaven's name I was doing watching the wind-blown mesquite while holding a helmet and wearing a fireproof suit emblazoned with the name "Rodney."

My assignment was unusual: replace Jim Fricker in Rod Hall's Dodge Power Ram 150 on the second of four laps of a 250-mile race. Official Jack Parnell had told me the day before, "If you don't need a bathroom, if everything is wrapped real tight, and if your stomach is tough enough, then you may survive."

I didn't know much about off-road racing because my beat as managing editor of *Car & Driver* magazine 15 years ago had been road racing. I had covered Can-Am and Trans-Am races as a photographer, and the rules were very strict. But this situation here in the desert seemed absurd. How can a journalist *ride* in a race car, during a race?

Hall had told me the day before, "Don't worry. I drive real careful." He indicated that he actually would drive slowly (see page 39 for the rest of that fantasy). I thought it was a huge joke until Donna Hall, Rod's wife, brought me the driving suit and helmet, and I was in a state of accute agitation when I finally heard: "Get ready now! Rod and Fricker just passed the last checkpoint before the pits."

My guts were churning. I had eight pieces of gum stuffed in my mouth to keep me from grinding my teeth into dust. I was carrying a tape recorder. I thought, "Please God, don't let me cause him any problems."

Donna Hall was peering over the mesquite, across the heads of the checkpoint officials. She hollered when she sighted the truck. The crew was ready with new tires, shocks, brake pads, and anything else that might need to be replaced.

When the wheels stopped Fricker jumped out, I baled in, and in a flash the seat belts were tightened and secured around me. The door was slammed as the wheels turned again.

From the first spray of grit to the next pit stop I was a captive audience for a master driver. After the first few seconds and a mile of moguls, sand pits, and right-angle turns, I decided I was involved with no ordinary gunfighter. I was traveling at times over 100 mph with the ultimate desert dancer. This was Fred Astaire in the dirt!

I had seen shocks that had decided to self-destruct, vehicle sheet metal parts lining the course, pieces of rubber entertaining sidewinders; what I hadn't seen was a driver who knew how to keep his truck in shape no matter what the circumstance. Rod Hall kept his wheels stuck to the dirt so that every rotation of the rubber was forced to count.

With a constant and crazy grin on his face, Hall drove one-handed most of the time. With his right hand hovering above the transmission knob, he was ready to alter the Dodge's RPMs at a millisecond's notice. He caressed the course, improved it, wasting nothing. He read each rock and crease and pit and laid his big, fat BFGs into everything he deemed necessary.

A ride that I thought could have been brutal turned into a dream. My fears disappeared as soon as I realized the madman to my left, hurtling through dirt and traffic without hesitation, was actually *in control!*

Even though a mile of moguls before the final checkpoint made me close to sick, I did make it back to the semi without embarrassment, rolling out of the truck and under a table to keep out of the way while gas and new crew were added. I was disoriented but also in a state of euphoria.

The tape I had recorded in the cab was a 52-minute garble of shrieks, grunts, and moans mostly overpowered by engine noise. Occasionally a call for help could be heard as we crested a hill or the truck teetered on the edge of a rocky abyss.

Of course, Hall won. And I can promise you that the 60-mile loop I shared with the gunfighter at Laughlin was not the terrifying, blood curdling, agonizing, stupid experiment I expected, but a pure and envigorating treat. Count me in, Rodney, for the next Nevada super race, the Frontier 500.—*Caroline J. Hadley*

Letters

Basque Visitations

I proclaim July/August '84 to be one of the best *Nevada Magazines* of all time! Ever since my first Nevada vacation (in Reno) when I found a copy in my hotel room, I have subscribed faithfully for lady friend in Long Beach and myself. The time is getting short; within a few months I shall be a bona fide resident of Reno. Having recently retired from my job on the Space Shuttle program, I am in the process of winding up my business in Southern California. I love the stories about the local Basque innkeepers in the small towns in upper Nevada and look forward to visitations in the near future.

Henry G. Moser
Bell, CA.

I was so delighted and surprised to see and read Connie Emerson's story, "Rediscovering Eureka," I can hardly wait to visit.

Also, regarding Andrea Michelsen's "Basco's Dozen" article, I would love to dine at one of the wonderful Basque restaurants she described. Would you please tell me which one you would consider your personal favorite of the six mentioned in Gardnerville, Reno, and Carson City?

Norman Atkins
Miami Beach, FL.

Atkins, sorry. The vote is too close to call.—Ed.

Who Was That Bearded Man?

I couldn't believe it! When I received my May/June issue, the photo of "Roger" on the cover threw me for a loop. Roger's



resemblance to myself was so shocking that all the doctors and nurses (I was hospitalized at the time) would not believe it was not me lying in that bathtub.

Lynn E. Phipps
Torrance, CA.

Error in Story

I have just read the article "High Times on the River," by Bill Willard, in the *Nevada Magazine* July/August 1984 issue.

I was quite surprised that such an article would be published in a magazine partially supported by Nevada Room Tax Dollars. Evidently Mr. Willard has a great "hate" for the community of Laughlin and myself in particular. His statement was "the maverick Regency, owned by brothel boss Bud Soper of Montgomery Pass, who is asking just short of Fort Knox for the property." In the first place I have never been connected in any way to a brothel in Nevada or otherwise. I do not think that, if this showed in my history, I would now be licensed to operate three casinos in Nevada.

I do not know where this person received information about Fort Knox, as I do not have a price tag on the Regency at the present time. Of course there is always someone asking about buying; however, there has not been a mention of any particular price.

I do not wish to take any legal action which would be embarrassing to the state, but I do feel that there should be a public retraction in the next issue of the magazine.

Very truly yours,
I. S. Soper
Laughlin, NV

We deeply regret the error. Mr. Soper owns and operates the Montgomery Pass Casino, not the brothel in that area. His roadside resort is an excellent stop for motorists traveling between Tonopah and Bishop, with a fine restaurant, saloon, numerous slots, and a friendly staff. Its parking lot is often packed with family RVs and sedans, campers, diesel rigs, and the pickups of local ranchers and miners. The pass, at 7,167 feet and 12 miles from the California border, is in the far southern corner of Mineral County. —Ed.

People and Trains

The locomotive shown on page 23 of your July/August issue and titled "an old V&T engine" is numbered 58. The V&T had no engine numbered thus. The engine is probably their No. 22, the "Inyo," which

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Red Shirts and Leather Helmets:

Volunteer Fire Fighting on the Comstock Lode

by Steve Frady

Organized fire fighting was nonexistent when the first serious fire engulfed a Virginia City cabin in 1860. To stop the blaze, citizens pelted the burning structure with snowballs. After the incident, volunteer fire fighting became organized, and by 1865 Virginia City boasted one of the largest fire departments on the West Coast.

The rivalry between neighboring companies on the Comstock was fiercely competitive, with members often coming to blows to see who would have the honor of putting "first water" on a fire.

Volunteer firemen held a prestigious position in town society. They were a moving political force and the center of many social events. The men who wore red shirts and leather helmets were considered the heroes of their day.

This is the first major work on any fire department in Nevada. It tells the fascinating story of the harrowing and often humorous adventures of the brave men who protected Virginia City and Gold Hill from the ravages of fire.

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was sold in March 1937 to Paramount Pictures and used by them in the movie *Union Pacific* as well as *High, Wide & Handsome.* The number 58 was a renumbering to fit the movie script, I'd say.

Norman Williams
Canton, NC

Williams, that's right, except the engine was the V&T's No. 18.—Ed.

Nevada Magazine depicts this state as it should be, something natural, beautiful, and with a heritage unmatched. I believe this perception could not be conveyed without the same beliefs as you and your staff to which I say amen.

Andy Miller
Las Vegas, NV

What you don't know about the infamous William Jeanes is that he and his accomplice-in-crime, Bill Broderick, once rode in the Virginia City Camel Races dressed up as a couple of Arab sheiks (or is that Arab shreaks?). Jeanes' "Nevada's Olympics: The Games That Got Away" in the May/June issue was great; I love the magazine, especially Harry Webb's tales. Keep up the good work and count your lucky blessings—you could be in Detroit right now working for Leon Mandel at *Autoweek*!

Mark Yeager
Dallas, TX.

Great state. Great magazine. Visit your state every September and can't wait!

John M. Schmidt
Park Ridge, IL.

Harry E. Webb, 1887-1984

Harry E. Webb, well known to *Nevada* readers for his humorous and dramatic western tales, died on July 16 in Burbank, California. At age 97, he had had a long and varied career—ranch hand, government trapper, actor in the silent movies, bronc rider with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, novelist, and prize-winning short story writer. For three decades he also had a ranch near Palisade, Nevada, from where he drew many of his most fascinating stories and characters.

But he was first a cowboy, and that was a way of life he cherished. Last April, in Oklahoma City, he was honored by the National Cowboy Hall of Fame, where he received the Trustees Award for a Lifetime Contribution to the Western Heritage. Anticipating his trip to the Hall, last winter Harry would say on occasion, "I just want to last long enough to get to Oklahoma." We're sure glad he did.—*CJH*



1st "Tumbleweed, Near Winnemucca"
Pam Bloss, Elko, NV ($250)

The Great Nevada Picture Hunt Winners

This year's top finishers played hooky, bribed subjects, and worked overtime to get the fairest photos in the land.

By Jim Crandall

What did it take to be a winner in the Seventh Annual Great Nevada Picture Hunt? You had to catch the attention of judges Howard Hickson, director of Elko's Northeastern Nevada Museum, Boulder City artist Cliff Segerblom, and *Nevada* publisher C.J. Hadley. That's done by shooting high-quality film through a good camera and by having that film processed by professionals. That may sound obvious, but of the 843 photos submitted by 222 entrants this year, most were eliminated on technicalities—out of focus, badly exposed, poorly cropped. Worst of all, some potential winners had been shot on cheap film or processed by amateurs.

The 14 winners easily passed the mechanical muster. In picking the top finishers, it was a matter of style, subject, mood, feeling, and sometimes sheer luck.

For Pam Bloss of Spring Creek in Elko County, it was a matter of timing. Bloss, a geologist, had seen the same tumbleweed stuck in the same barbed wire fence day after day as she drove to and from her work near Winnemucca. "On my next day off," says Bloss, "the light was real nice, so I drove out there and took a few photos." She also took first place.

Craig Primas, a civil engineer from Las Vegas, passed up a meal to be a winner. He was wading through the tules south of Ely on a hunting trip when he spotted a sitting duck. "I could have either grabbed my camera or my gun," says Primas. "You can't do both." The duck lived. Primas won second place.

For Irene Brennan of Boulder City, it took a few bread crumbs and a kind heart. She had been feeding an injured raven for months as she nursed it back to health. "Nevie" (for Poe's "Nevermore") got to where he would fly up and land on her fence for handouts. "I finally borrowed my boss' camera and took a picture of Nevie landing," says Brennan. That landed her the third-place prize.

Las Vegas sheet metal contractor Chuck Ferris cut work to be a winner. He was enroute to a job at dawn when he passed the sand dunes near Beatty. "The sun was just coming up, and it was so spectacular," he says. Ferris drove down to the dunes, parked his car, and waited for an hour for the light to get just right. Then he shot what turned out to be the fourth-place winner. He didn't lose his job—he's the boss.

Reno veterinarian Jack Walther's fifth-place win was a matter of luck. He was in the back of a boat, focusing on a water-skier and hoping to get a good shot of the spray from the ski. "Just then the guy took a super clobber," says Walther.

He snapped the photo, entered the Great Nevada Picture Hunt, and, like a dozen other photographers, made a big splash.—*Jim Crandall*

2nd "Hot Creek Inhabitant, Sunnyside"
Craig A. Primas, Las Vegas, NV ($125)





THE MERIT AWARDS

Larry Angier, Carson City, NV
"Old Paint, Belmont"
and "Parting Out, Tuscarora"

Gary Archer, Reno, NV
"Jarbidge Wilderness Morning Fog"

Richard Hanna, Hamilton, MT.
"Capitol Fence, Carson City"

Lee G. Miller, Sandy, UT.
"Jarbidge Sentinels"

Janet Parker, Gardnerville, NV
"Yerington Cowboy"

Kathy Peltier, Reno, NV
"Pogonip Path, West Washoe"

3rd "Raven Coming In For A Landing, Clark County"
Irene J. Brennan, Boulder City, NV ($75)

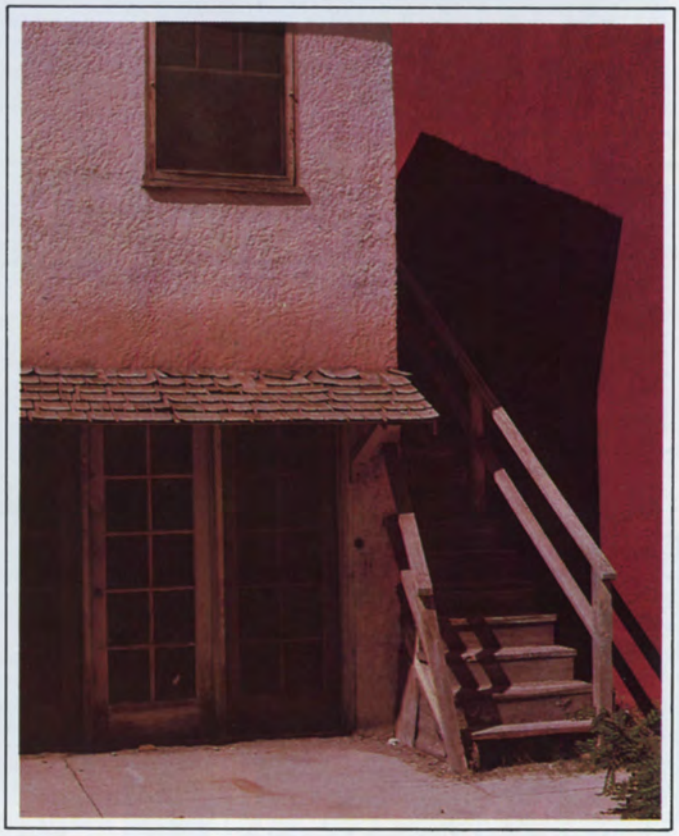


5th "Tahoe Splash"
Jack O. Walther, Reno, NV ($25)





4th "Desert Wind Sculpture, Beatty"
Chuck Ferris, Las Vegas, NV ($50)



6th "Downtown, Las Vegas"
David Peace, Boulder City, NV ($15)

More winners on next page

7th "Fireworks '82, Reno"
Leonard Mathes, Sparks, NV ($10)



Merit "Capitol Fence, Carson City"
Richard Hanna, Hamilton, MT. (visor)





Merit Award "Old Paint, Belmont"
Larry Angier, Carson City, NV (visor)



Merit Award "Jarbidge Sentinels"
Lee G. Miller, Sandy, UT. (visor)



Merit Award "Yerington Cowboy"
Janet Parker, Gardnerville, NV (visor)



WAYNE KODEY

The sign outside Tom Duke's store proclaims, "Tomken Tack and Togs—Since 1968." The opening date makes him a pioneer by Pahrump standards.

Pahrump: The Big Valley

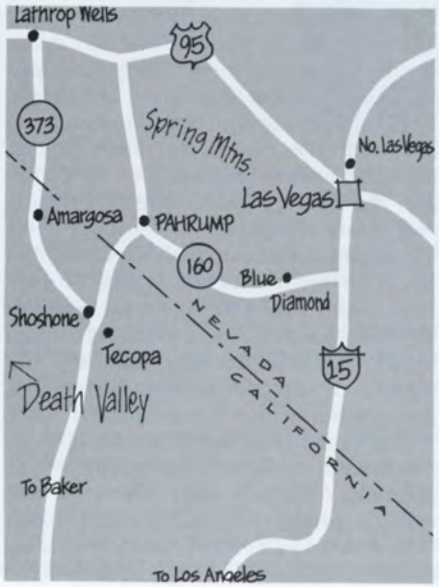
Here in the land of cotton, old times are not forgotten.

By A. D. Hopkins

Over in the corral, the buckaroos will battle Brahma bulls, and the calves will dodge whirling ropes as they have done in Nevada rodeos for decades. Elsewhere at the Pahrump Harvest Festival this fall, the competition will involve a delicate trick: picking up a raw egg with a backhoe, setting the egg in a frying pan, and then putting the pan on a table without scrambling the egg.

The newfangled contest is symptomatic of the peculiar condition in which Pahrump finds itself today—partly a traditional ranching valley and partly a Las Vegas bedroom community that is booming with new construction and real estate speculation.

Only 60 miles from Las Vegas by present roads, Pahrump nevertheless existed until 30 years ago in such isolation that residents had to read by kerosene lamp and the only quick way to contact the outside world was over Dale Dorothy's ham radio. Today, the building that housed Nevada's only cotton gin stands idle across the street from the Calvada Valley Country Club, which has a golf course that some people consider the best public links, for the green fees charged, in the state.



It was as recently as 1970 that the last old-West-style posse was assembled in Pahrump. A motorcycle club with a tough reputation stopped for a beer or 60 at a roadside bar and argued with the owner. The fight escalated until a varmint rifle was broken over somebody's head and a leading biker caught a rifle bullet just under the heart.

Rumors flew that the fight had been merely an opening skirmish in a full hog-stomper invasion. So every adult male who could get his hands on a shotgun was conscripted to man the barricades. But the invasion never came. The biker chief got



WAYNE KODEY

The championship Calvada layout is known for having the greenest greens in Southern Nevada.

well and reassessed his choice of life style.

In those days the resident Nye County deputy sheriff was a man named Ed Siri, who did not need a uniform to be recognized as the law, perhaps because everybody knew his idea of fun was roping mountain lions on nearby Mount Charleston. Today, cops in Pahrump wear the same sort of uniforms as a policeman would wear on the streets of Las Vegas, where some of them, in fact, grew up. They have been to a state-run academy for rural policemen, know how to make drug busts, and sometimes do. "But we've also been called out in the middle of the night to round up a stray bull that was occupying somebody's lawn," says Deputy Sheriff Phil Done.

The Pahrump Valley appears as a surprise to the visitor approaching from Las Vegas. Nevada Highway 160 winds its way between rock cuts across rugged Mount Potosi, then suddenly breaks free of the mountain, rolling out onto a wide slope that ends on a nearly flat valley floor. The valley encompasses 350 square miles. It is so big that you are not really conscious that it is a valley; it looks more like a plain. It also looks utterly empty; only as you approach the center do ranch houses appear, then other signs of life—the cotton gin, the country club, signs advertising real estate companies, the Saddle West Casino, and even a small shopping center. It isn't a town with sidewalks, though. Even in the central district, businesses are so widely scattered that anyone old enough to drive travels that way. Pahrump has completely skipped one stage of development; suburbs growing up without a city.

The name "Pahrump" is said to be an Anglicized version of the Paiute words meaning "much water." Some of the valley's springs were home to small pupfish, which evolved into distinct species over the thousands of years they have been separated from other fish. (One species, the Devil's Hole pupfish, now is found only in a single spring in the nearby Amargosa Valley, making it one of the rarest fish in the world.) In Pahrump, as in few other places in Nevada, the water flowing from those artesian springs made the surrounding lands particularly fertile. Steve Brown, a 72-year-old Paiute-Shoshone who has lived in Pahrump since boyhood, remembers, "Back then most of us lived around a couple of big swimming holes. Most of us lived in tents. There were even some brush houses still."

Most famous of the early Indian residents was Chief Tecopa, a colorful character who rode about in a wagon while dressed in a bandmaster's uniform and a top hat. Modern anthropologists doubt he really was a chief in the sense that most whites understand the word; they believe he was a headman who led by influence rather than vested authority.

It was Steve Brown who put the modest marker on Tecopa's grave in the Pahrump Cemetery. But Tecopa has another monument—the town of Tecopa, named for him and lying just across the line in California. It is a small but growing resort where motels and trailer courts full of snowbirds cluster around the hot springs there.

The first white settlers in the region were cattlemen. After the Comstock boom of the 1870s—and their market for beef—petered out, the ranchers drove their cattle south to graze them nearer Southern Nevada's mining areas. Although never a particularly lawless community, Pahrump was known well into the 20th century as a place where a man might live in hiding, far from passing Pinkerton detectives and U.S. marshals. Some people believe that Butch Cassidy was not killed in South America but lived for years at Johnnie, a small mining camp 17 miles north of Pahrump, and was killed there in a mining accident about 1940. Celesta Lowe, a historian who grew up in nearby Shoshone, says, "Jack Longstreet, who was not a famous outlaw but a pretty tough customer, did die at Pahrump."

In the 1930s some farmers from California's San Joaquin Valley moved to Pahrump, attracted by the artesian water that could be steered into irrigation ditches without the expense of pumping. One of the settlers was the father of Leon Hughes. "We were cotton farmers, and my father planted the first crop of cotton in 1937," says Hughes, who is now 64. "He didn't know this land won't grow cotton the first year you till it. He went broke trying to."

After World War II Leon Hughes returned to Pahrump, leased some land, and planted cotton again. "I guess I did it to prove my father was right. I also did it because I didn't know how to do anything

else, and Pahrump was where I wanted to live." In 1948 he brought in the first successful crop, and his father lived to see cotton become the main cash crop of the valley. It remained so until about three years ago, when development took so much land out of production that it was no longer profitable for the local cotton gin to operate; now a commercial lettuce-growing operation is the biggest agricultural endeavor.

Tim Hafen, a former assemblyman, came to the Pahrump Valley in 1951 at the age of 18 because he wanted to be a farmer yet could not find land in his native Mesquite. He found it in Pahrump at a price he could afford, but he paid a premium in inconvenience. Las Vegas, the closest town, was only about 45 miles as the crow flies, but in those days everybody but crows had to drive around the north side of the Spring Mountains. "It was 40 miles to the north on a gravel road

> "Pahrump was known as a place where a man might live quietly, far from Pinkertons and U.S. marshals. Some people believe Butch Cassidy wasn't killed in South America but lived for years at nearby Johnnie and was killed there in a mining accident in 1940."

before you even hit the blacktop, and then you drove 70 miles southeast to Las Vegas," says Hafen. "And 'gravel' does not adequately describe that first 40 miles. I drove a Ford pickup with eight-ply tires and averaged one blowout per trip." That 40 miles was so dusty that Pahrump people usually carried extra clothes and changed at a service station on the outskirts of Las Vegas.

Finally in 1954 a hard-surfaced road was completed over the mountains. Pahrump residents did not merely use the road; they celebrated it like the driving of the Golden Spike. They held a big party, which included the mock wedding of a man and woman representing Las Vegas and Pahrump. On the same day, the Cotton Pickin' Saloon opened for business and in time became the town's most venerable watering hole.

Electricity did not arrive until 1963. Telephones came two years later; a paved



A. D. HOPKINS PHOTOS

Local deputies like Ken Jasperson (left) and Phil Done are trained for big city crime, but in Pahrump the most action they're likely to see is a confrontation with an escaped cow.

Call Him Relaxed



He drives a pickup truck with bedsprings fastened to the top and carries his belongings in a sort of kit bag slung over his shoulder. With flowing gray beard and shaggy haircut, he has been mistaken by children for Santa Claus.

He looks like some kind of old man of the mountain, the sort who would live as a hermit in a shack at the mouth of some abandoned mine.

But surprisingly, Milton Draper's line is electronics. He was a TV repairman until he drifted into retirement; now his hobby is computers.

"I lived in Las Vegas for 25 years," says Draper, a Pahrump town character. "Then they got after me because I have this habit of never selling a car when I wear it out. I kind of park it. So out here, you can still have some contact with the city without regulations.

"I was always sort of this way," he declares. "When I lived in Las Vegas, people came up to me and asked me if I was a bit player. They saw me and assumed there was a movie being shot in town.

"I'm not a hippie. I'm an agnostic. What I really am is relaxed. The privilege of old age."

He scratches his chin and looks across the valley. "People are afraid of anything different. But I use my lunatic license, and I always had fun. I always had plenty of pretty girls around. A Playboy centerfold lived with me, and not so long ago, either."

Were they attracted by his flowing whiskers and bit-player looks?

"Nah," he says. "Anybody can get all the girls he wants. You just have to be willing to give them your time."—*ADH*



DOROTHY COLLECTION, UNLV SPECIAL COLLECTIONS

Before they had their own cotton gin, Pahrump growers would dump the cotton (above) into a hay baler, then bale it for the trip to the gin in Bakersfield. Lettuce is now the main local crop.

road to the Nye County seat in Tonopah was finished in 1966. "Once we got those things," Hafen says, "it became a nice enough place that people started coming here just to live and for no other reason."

That brought the biggest change of all—real estate development. Many companies participated after Preferred Equities started the ball rolling with a large land purchase in 1969 and development in 1972. The '70s brought a confused real estate boom and some complaints about sales practices. But Robert Weld, deputy administrator of the Nevada Real Estate Division in Southern Nevada, says those complaints are no longer heard. "I think that most of the people are satisfied with what has happened out there," he says. "Judging from the addresses on our real estate brokers' licenses, even the brokers themselves are out there now."

Many residents of the world's getaway place, Las Vegas, maintain a second residence in Pahrump, escaping on weekends to a more rural setting with room to raise a garden or a horse. As resorts go, Pahrump still is a little slow on nightlife; there is no movie theater, for instance. But it does have a casino, the Saddle West, and the Cotton Pickin' Saloon can be a lively place on a Friday night. Besides Nevada's ubiquitous slot machines, it boasts a blackjack table and a room reserved for poker. The Waterhole Bar and Cafe Family Restaurant has an antique cherrywood bar as long as its name. The town also has other restaurants, a bowling alley, and two motels.

Pahrump boosters look forward to the hard-surfacing of a local dirt road that will put Pahrump on the shortest road between Las Vegas and Death Valley. The present blacktop routes through Pahrump are a little longer, but they take you past several improbable points of interest. About 20 miles on the Las Vegas side of Pahrump, a road turns to the left leading straight toward Tecopa, the little town that has grown up around the hot springs. Eight miles ahead is a turnoff with a sign announcing, "Cathedral Canyon." There Roland Wiley, a former Clark County district attorney, has filled niches in canyon walls with religious statues and spanned the whole scene with a carpeted swinging bridge. Wiley also arranged an honorable burial for the bones of Queho, the renegade Indian who defied all attempts of lawmen and posses to catch him in the early years of this century. Queho died free. Admission is free; this canyon speaks of a personal dream having nothing to do with money.

Another route leads 28 miles southwest of Pahrump and brings the traveler into California at Shoshone. If you look closely here, you can see cave houses that old-time miners and drifters built by burrowing into the sides of bluffs. One dwelling was so elaborate it was called the "Castle in Clay." Twenty-seven miles north of Shoshone is Death Valley Junction, a former borax-mining town with a fluctuating population sometimes numbering in one figure. In the mid-1960s, ballerina Marta Becket fell in love with the town's social hall and reopened it as the Amargosa Opera House. She now gives one-woman shows combining dance and pantomine on Friday, Saturday, and Monday nights. It is best to call ahead (Death Valley Junction 8) for reservations.

Pahrump does have two motels these days, but if you are planning to attend the Harvest Festival, don't count on staying there unless you have reservations; the event could draw 10,000 people. However, the festival committee makes sure there is plenty of room for RV parking, and Las Vegas' hotel district is only about 80 minutes away.

Since this year marks the 20th anniversary of the celebration, it is expected to be a particularly lively weekend. The central event will be the rodeo, but there also will be great interest in the deep-pit barbecue that last year served up 3,600 pounds of beef, all of it with the special flavor that only a slow mesquite fire can give. Other events scheduled are the backhoe contest, tractor and four-wheel-drive pulls, and a midway where, as festival chairman Chuck Mohn says, "You can buy anything from a T-shirt to a rattlesnake. Actually, I'm not sure we sell rattlesnakes, but if somebody wants one, some kid in Pahrump will go catch him one."

When the hoorahing is over, Pahrump will go back to being a small town again. Whatever else has changed in Pahrump, that quality has survived. Roma Parsons, 69, who came to the valley in 1969 and started its first casino, still lives there.

"I've loved small towns all my life," she says. "It's like family. If somebody gets in trouble or has bad luck, people help him. A farmer who lived near me got sick, couldn't work, and everybody pitched in and brought in his crop for him. I don't see that changing. It's more like the new people get the same way." □

Pahrump Pointers

Pahrump is 60 miles from downtown Las Vegas via Nevada Highway 160. Estimates of the valley's population vary from 3,000 to 6,000, although 4,500 may be the best guess. The community has swelled from about 1,000 in 1970, and accurate figures are hard to come by.

Key industries: Agriculture and real estate development. Pahrump serves as a bedroom community for Nevada Test Site workers and some people employed in Las Vegas. The town is increasingly popular as a retirement community.

Entertainment: Casino, country club, two serious Nevada saloons, restaurants, bowling alley.

Amenities: Shopping center and public library.

Overnighters: Two motels.

Golf Course: Calvada Valley Country Club has a fine championship course whose grass is green all year. A new executive, par-3 course opened last spring.

Scheduled events: Harvest Festival on September 15-16, with rodeo, street dance, and barbecue. For information call 702-727-5800. A farmer's market is open at 8 a.m. every Saturday and Sunday from spring to late fall. Residents also hold a Fourth of July celebration annually, with barbecue, fireworks, and dancing.—*ADH*

A.D. Hopkins is editor of the Nevadan, *the Sunday magazine of the* Las Vegas Review-Journal, *and a columnist for* Western's World. *His first assignment as a freelancer 14 years ago was a series of stories on Pahrump.*



ELLIOTT BERNSHAW

At Steamboat Springs south of Reno, the earth gives vent to its hissing reserves of energy with a sulfureous emission that leaves passing motorists gazing in wonder and holding their noses.

Energy Springs Eternal

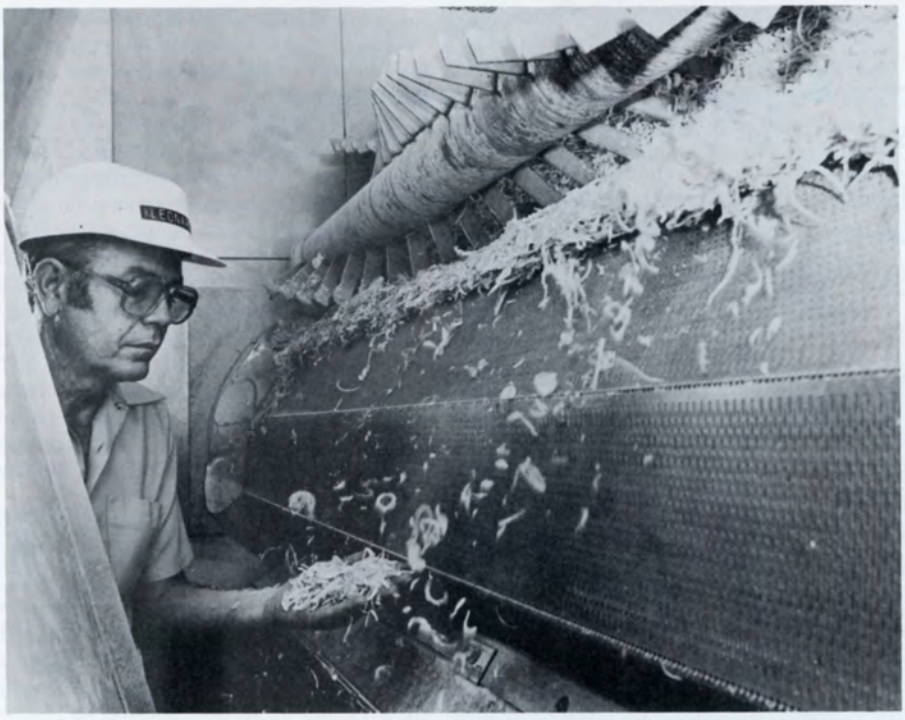
Geothermal energy could cut Nevada's energy bills by half and grow food besides, but we are only beginning to tap the resources under our feet.

By Connie Emerson

Hot springs have dotted the Nevada landscape since prehistoric times, and over the centuries people have recognized a variety of uses for the springs. Nomadic Washoe and Paiute Indians found the waters therapeutic and ideal for cooking game. When an epidemic threatened flocks in Elko County, ranchers poured chemicals in a spring and dipped their sheep in it. Then pioneer farmers discovered that if pigs were dumped in hot springs, they could be skinned more easily

Little did early-day Nevadans dream that those springs contained enough energy to someday heat entire cities, produce vegetables, raise exotic fish, and drive electric turbines. According to a study by the Division of Earth Sciences of the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, there





At left, Leonard Battershell inspects onions dried at Geothermal Food Processors at Brady Hot Springs near Fernley. Above, Dr. Robert Taylor (right) and research technician Maynard Hanks harvest freshwater prawns raised in the cooling ponds of the Fort Churchill Power Plant. At right, Taylor displays a typical catch. He has moved the operation to the warm waters of Wabuska, where he also raises catfish.

are more than 900 hot springs, geysers, and wells in Nevada—more sites than in any other state. Used properly, that geothermal energy can greatly reduce power bills and enhance the state's economy.

It is small wonder then, that the geothermal exploration and development business is heating up in Nevada. In places like Beowawe, Desert Peak, Steamboat Springs, and the Fish Lake Valley, you may find men in hard hats operating super-sized drill rigs, laying pipe, or turning dials on testing equipment—all in order to tap the limitless energy that comes from beneath the earth's crust.

"All western states have good poten-





ROBERT E. L TAYLOR PHOTOS

tial," says Tom Flynn, a geologist with UNLV's Earth Sciences Division, which is based in Reno. "Nevada has more sites because of its crustal thickness, which is less than in most of the U.S. Usually the crust will average about 35 miles, but in the Basin and Range it's about 20 miles thick." It is believed that the continental push-and-pull on the Basin and Range Province, which covers Nevada, has stretched the crust to that thinness and allowed a greater flow of heat to the surface.

All this hot water and steam can directly benefit Nevadans in three important areas: heating, food production, and power.

With a heating source so simple and abundant, it is surprising that Nevadans have used hot springs so little. Many who have used them think geothermal energy is a hot prospect. In Caliente, in Southeastern Nevada, a single geothermal well heats 50 mobile homes at the Agua Caliente Trailer Park. Hot water (*agua caliente* in Spanish) is pumped to a storage tank and then into each home, where a coil from the back of a freezer and a fan serve as the heating unit. The system has proven to be simple and very cheap.

Caliente's ample supply of hot water is used to heat the local hospital and some homes, while a laundry and a car wash at the trailer park use the water directly from the ground. Flynn says, "There's enough hot water in Caliente to heat the whole town." Enough for fun, too. This summer the trailer park's owners opened a six-person spa.

In Elko, Jim Meeks, Sr., of the Vogue Laundry praises the natural hot water system he uses. "Our towels come out whiter than they've ever been." Officials at the Henderson Bank Building have even greater cause to be happy. They expect their new geothermal heating system to reduce energy costs from $14,700 to $4,000 per year. Converting the old bank took less than $5,000, according to Shelly Gordon of Chilton Engineering, the Nevada firm that designed the network for the Elko Heat Company. The Elko utility also serves four other businesses, including the 150-room Stockmen's Motor Hotel and the town's sewage treatment plant.

> "Nevada has more geothermal sites because of its crust. Generally the crust will be about 35 miles, but in the Basin and Range it's about 20 miles thick."

Nevada's largest concentration of water-heated houses is in the Reno area. A 1975 study reported 35 geothermal systems in the Truckee Meadows. Today the area has about 150 geothermal wells, and the number is increasing by two or three wells per month. Most are heating houses near Moana Springs in southwest Reno. The state's first geothermal subdivision, Warren Estates, is being built in the same neighborhood. A hot-water well will heat all of the homes, domestic water, and swimming pools on the development's 60 lots.

Probably the most dramatic power-bill reductions have been realized by the Peppermill Inn in Reno. The casino-resort has saved from $12,000 to $15,000 monthly in winter and about $4,000 a month in summer, according to Mike Redinger, technical entertainment director. Two 700-foot wells provide the water to heat the inn's 240 guest rooms and more than 17,000 square feet of casino and convention space. The wells also supply all of the Peppermill's domestic hot water, which goes through a purifying system. Up the street, the Mark Twain Motel's 65 rooms and swimming pool are heated geothermally.

To install a geothermal home heating system a Nevada resident has to pay from $8,000 to $15,000, depending on the well's depth and the system's sophistication. There are two basic systems to choose from: a heat exchanger, which transfers the heat to a separate domestic water system, and an extractive system, which pumps geothermal water directly into a home's hot-water and heating pipes.

Naturally, any cheap source of heat can help lower overhead expenses for industries, and in Nevada food processors and hydroponic farmers have taken advantage of such opportunities. Places like Brady Hot Springs, where the hot water reaches the earth's surface, make ideal locations. At Brady, east of Fernley, Geothermal Food Processors,









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BRIAN A. KOENIG

Geologist Tom Flynn samples a hot pool in Smith Creek Valley in Central Nevada.

Inc. uses the water's heat to dry onions —as much as 250,000 pounds of them in a day. In operation from late May to mid-November, the plant employs 80 workers during peak periods. The dried onions are shipped to soup and spice companies, TV dinner makers, and the McDonald's fast-food chain. "We've also dehydrated carrots, celery, potatoes, green beans, garlic, and Jerusalem artichokes," says Marvin Dommer, the plant's manager.

At Wabuska, north of Yerington, is an experimental prawn-raising operation under the direction of Dr. Robert E. L. Taylor, chairman of the School of Veter-

Journey From the Center of the Earth

Geothermal energy is as old as the planet. The term "geothermal" is derived from the Greek words for earth *(geo)* and heat *(thermes)*. As the name implies, it is energy that originates as heat far underground.

On the surface, geothermal activity appears in four distinct forms. Two of them, dry steam and geopressure systems that mix hot water and methane gas underground, are not found in Nevada. Another, called hot-dry rock, is geothermal's most common form; it is found here but is difficult to work with.

The Silver State does have an abundance of the fourth geothermal variety, hot water convection systems—that is, hot springs, geysers, and wells. In this process, hot or molten rock heats underground water, creating hot water or wet steam. The water rises to the surface through deep cracks in the earth or through well casings when drillers aim in the right spot.

The Earth Sciences Division in Reno has available a full-color map pinpointing hot springs and wells around the state—more than 900 sites in all. The 45"x68" wall map, "Geothermal Resources of Nevada, 1983," can be obtained by writing the division at 255 Bell Street, Suite 200, Reno, NV 89503. The map costs $3 if picked up or mailed folded, and $5 if mailed unfolded.—*CE*

inary Medicine at the University of Nevada, Reno. "No one has done much fish raising with geothermal," Taylor says. "We're having to learn to do all this from scratch." Besides a few thousand prawns and some striped bass, Taylor is raising 85,000 catfish fingerlings in 13 ponds on his four-acre site.

"We had all kinds of technical problems in starting up," Taylor says. "We needed the right algae bloom. Geothermal is sterile water, and we couldn't find anything that would cause the ponds to bloom. We finally solved the problem by placing fish in the same ponds." Another problem Taylor found with prawns is that they will eat each other if confined in too small a space. "Just because you have geothermal doesn't mean that all your problems will be solved," he says.

Another catfish farm is thriving on the Duckwater Indian Reservation in Eastern Nevada. The farm employs reservation residents to process the fish, which are sold to Harrah's, John Ascuaga's Nugget, and Blue Bounty in Reno. "What we need is more capital to expand, to build more raceways," says Karen Koch, who with her father and a manager operates the business that her late husband, Dave, began in 1981.

Other such projects are starting. In Carson Valley, one prawn raiser hopes to produce many times the usual number by keeping his prawns in cages. At Brady, there was talk of raising tilapia, a popular food fish in the Orient, by using the onion plant's discharge water, but the plant only operates part of the year. Hot springs have heated greenhouses that grow tomatoes at Wabuska and elsewhere, and it is known that freshwater clams can be cleaned faster in a geothermal system.

While heating is an attractive way to use geothermal water, Nevada's greatest potential may be in generating electricity. Until recently, however, exploration in that area has lagged. "The development of geothermal in Nevada has been slow because Sierra Pacific had a surplus of power, and there wasn't a market locally for excess power," says Dennis Trexler, director of UNLV's Earth Sciences Division. Trexler says that geothermal exploration now is more attractive in the state because of markets in Southern California. "The shortages in Southern California became more acute when they stopped building nuclear plants," he says.

Last winter Sierra Pacific announced it had agreed to buy power from three geothermal development firms. The deals include a 10-year contract with Phillips Petroleum to buy nine megawatts generated by a plant to be built at Desert Peak, 25 miles north of Fallon, a 10-year contract for a maximum of five megawatts from a plant at Steamboat Springs south of Reno to be built by Geothermal Development Associates, and a 33-year contract to supply 10 megawatts from a National Energy Associates-Sequoia Thermal plant to be built in the Big Smoky Valley south of Austin. Scheduled to be completed in two to three years, the plants will use different technologies and provide information on the most efficient way to generate geothermal power.

The U.S. Navy has launched its own geothermal search in the desert. Hoping to convert hot water and steam under the Fallon Naval Air Station and two bombing ranges into electric power, the Navy signed a contract last year with General Intertech, Inc. C.R. Possell, president of the San Diego company, says his organization is prepared to spend $93 million to develop the Navy's geothermal resources.

Although wells at places like Beowawe have been capped because of a lack of demand for power, exploration interest remains high around the state.

Around the World With Geothermal

Other states and nations are taking advantage of their geothermal resources. Here are some examples:

- Iceland's capital, Reykjavik, is heated almost exclusively by geothermal power. Most of the country's fresh tomatoes, lettuce, and cucumbers are produced in geothermally-heated greenhouses, a practice that is also common in Hungary and the Soviet Union.
- One of the first industrial firms to use geothermal was the Tasman Pulp and Paper Company in Kawerau, New Zealand. Tasman began using natural heat to operate its plant and timber-drying kilns in the early 1950s.
- In New Zealand, they're also raising orchids geothermally and in the People's Republic of China, alligators.
- Klamath Falls, Oregon, and Boise, Idaho, rely heavily on geothermal heating for residences and public buildings. Boise's Capitol Mall is geothermally heated. The city's space-heating program started in 1894.
- The Geysers in Eastern California fuel the largest geothermal power plant in the world, with a capacity to produce 2,000 to 2,500 megawatts. More than 1,300 megawatts are currently produced.
- Incidentally, *geyser* is an Icelandic word that means *spring forth* and is related to the English word *gusher.*—*CE*

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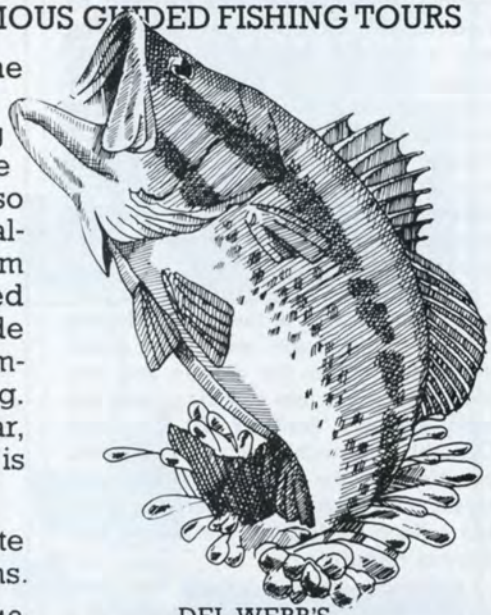
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About 800 geothermal leases are in effect in Nevada, according to the Bureau of Land Management. But a lot of kinks can be encountered between the water in the gound and the pipes conducting heat or the wires bringing electricity. Water temperature is an important factor. While it's possible to hatch fish in 68-degree water, experts say it is necessary to have water of at least 325 degrees to generate electricity. Well depth counts, too, since each additional foot makes a project more expensive.

Flow rates and distance also can make or break a project. Recently those factors were considered in a $55.4-million proposal to pipe geothermal water from Steamboat Springs 10 miles north along Reno's Virginia Street. The water would have provided space heating for 200 businesses, homes, schools, and hotel-casinos in Reno. It was determined that the cost simply was too high.

Another potential problem is that solids in the water can clog and corrode equipment and pipes. "Steamboat has the dirtiest water we have in the whole state," Tom Flynn says. "It has 6,000 to 8,000 parts per million of dissolved solids, as opposed to 1,100 ppm in Reno's Moana district and 450 to 500 at Caliente. The Caliente water is so pure you can drink it."

In addition, there may be high exploration and development costs, or uncertainty about the amount of water in a given well. The concerns of environmentalists—sinking ground levels, noxious odors, noise from power plants, and even the possibility that drilling can trigger earthquakes—also must be considered.

Geothermal energy lends itself to Rube Goldberg fantasies. After all, the promise of an inexhaustible source of energy is almost irresistible, even though geothermal energy is not a prize without a price. If properly handled, the experts say, it can mean a power-packed future for Nevada.

Fergus Wallis, manager of the Agua Caliente Trailer Park, can testify to the wisdom of getting really deep in hot water: "We've done it for about 15 years, but about 1978 we got a grant and drilled a bigger well. Started at about 160 degrees, but the more we pump, the hotter it seems to get. The pump hasn't been shut off for two years. It's an 80-foot well, but we pump from 60 feet. And the water's just as clear and clean as can be." □

Connie Emerson of Reno has written for publications ranging from Gambling Times *to* Church Herald. *Her second book,* How to Make Money Writing Fillers, *was published last year by Writer's Digest Books.*



WAYNE C. KODEY PHOTO

A Player and a Gentleman

Poker pioneer Bill Boyd keeps betting when others start sweating

By Rob Powers

It's Saturday night, Las Vegas' favorite time of the week, and the action in the downtown casino is enough to make rush hour at Grand Central Station resemble a picture of placidity. Hundreds of voices meld into one energized hum, punctuated by the methodical clanking of silver dollars into metal slot trays and the tick, tick, ticking of one-armed bandits. Craps dealers bark out their bets like carnival callers, and keno runners and cocktail waitresses scurry about like ants on an anthill.

A part of it all, yet apart from it, too, is a frail-looking 78-year-old man with an easy Southern drawl and a sparkle in his eyes that indicates he knows a lot more than he lets on. Bill Boyd, who retired as Golden Nugget poker room manager in 1982 after 36 years, is seated at a table in a corner of the casino's card room, intently presiding over an island of calm. Those with him are a curious mixture of young and old, male and female, old-timers and new-timers.

Nearby is poker room manager Eric Drache, 41, who was playing with building blocks when Boyd began playing cards in Las Vegas shortly after World War II. So it was with just a bit of awe that Drache assumed the job. He liked the challenge, but, he recalls, "It was like taking over for Mickey Mantle in center field."

A tinge of reverence in his voice, Drache says, "No one's ever said anything bad about the guy."

"An all-around gentleman," chimes in Betty Hillers, who started as a shill for Boyd eight years ago and now directs poker tournaments at the Nugget. It was Boyd's honorable ways, Hillers says, that helped him build the reputation he has among his contemporaries.

There was "never one hint of a rumor of a scam" at the Nugget during Boyd's days, the youthful-looking Drache says. "I don't know how the heck he did it. To match that record, I'll be here until the year 2013."

Most people still don't know what Boyd's secret was, although theories abound. The simplest explanation is that Boyd simply wouldn't tolerate any shady dealings in his card room, and everyone knew it. He has always possessed a sense of chivalry, a scarce commodity among some of those who love nothing better than to sit down at a table and separate people from their money. Boyd has won the World Series of Poker five times, and

he also is credited with introducing the single dealer to casino poker in Nevada, making him a gaming innovator of the highest rank.

One of seven children, Boyd was born in McNeil, Arkansas, a town of about 800 located in the southwestern part of the state. His father owned a general store and did not play poker. "Oh, no, he didn't gamble at all," Boyd says, aghast at the thought. "I was the black sheep, I guess."

Boyd, whose smooth face indicates he's spent more time indoors than outdoors over the years, remembers when he knew there was something special about his poker-playing ability. "It was in 1928, down in a little town in Missouri. It was kind of a boom town. They were building a dam there." What he did was park himself in a saloon and then proceed to empty the pockets of those at the table.

After mowing through the Missouri competition, Boyd set out for Montana, another dam construction job. "I went into a place where they had a little gambling. It had a bar, a poker game, and a 21 game. This place was owned by a fellow by the name of Ted Shore. There were four or five guys sitting at a table, playing poker.

"I didn't realize it at the time, but most of them were shills. They invited me down." Boyd chuckles. "So I got a little lucky. There was $1,300 in the game, and I won all of it. That was a lot of money then."

Boyd, not surprisingly, attracted the attention of Shore, who was curious to know who he was. Shore asked the stranger if he wanted to work for him. Boyd declined.

Their paths were to cross again, in Las Vegas in 1946. Boyd, who, by the way, is unrelated to two other Las Vegas gaming figures, Sam and Bill Boyd, was playing poker at a place downtown when Ted Shore walked in. He had become general manager of the Last Frontier and was working for the builder of the Golden Nugget. He immediately recognized the enigmatic character at the table. Again Shore made his pitch.

"He wanted me to run the poker room. I told him there was no way. I was doing pretty good playing poker," Boyd says, but Shore was persistent. "I finally consented to getting it organized," Boyd says with a laugh, "and 38 years later I'm still trying to get it organized."

Boyd liked living in Las Vegas. He married his sweetheart, Ruth, in 1947, and was comfortable with his new job and the 24-hour lifestyle the city offered. "There was a lot of action—I think there was a $25 limit at the time—and Howard Hughes was playing at the Nugget. Nick the Greek was around. I played a lot of poker with him." Boyd breaks into a wide grin. "Nick once told me that all non-gamblers called him a gambler, and all gamblers called him a sucker." He laughs heartily. "That was the truest statement he ever made. Where he got all that money, God only knows."

> "He always possessed a sense of chivalry, a scarce commodity among some of those who love nothing better than to sit down at a table and separate people from their money"

Boyd never knew Hughes personally, but he remembers him vividly. "A tall guy with a hat on. At the Flamingo Hotel—that's where he lived—he'd take a drink and stand over in a corner against a wall for hours at a time, sipping that drink. Just thinking things, I guess. Maybe he had an idea."

The days of Howard Hughes and Nick the Greek were heady ones for Boyd, whose reputation as one of the five-card stud players to beat prompted visits from challengers all across the country. He won most battles, lost some, and developed his own informal theory of winning poker in the process:

"I don't want to sound conceited, but you got to be aggressive. You got to have a certain amount of patience. One of the first things you do, after you've played for a while, is you pick out the players who will bluff and the people you can't bluff—the people who are callers. You have to know your players. I learned over and over, you could put a gun in the back of some people and you're not gonna make 'em bluff."

If the knowledgeable had long suspected that Boyd was the best five-card stud player around, then everyone else found out before long. In 1970, when he was 64, Boyd entered Binion's World Series of Poker and placed second. "It was just another poker game—I had played with most of those folks before." He won the championship the next five years.

The decision to retire as card room manager a couple of years ago came only after a long and painful deliberation, says Ruth Boyd. "Bill's not a big talker," she says, "but I know he missed it. Consequently, he spends a lot of time down there."

Ruth, who met her husband-to-be in the 1930s, says she never tried to steer her husband away from a life of gambling. "I didn't see anything wrong with it," she says. "It was the Depression, and jobs were hard to come by. He was doing it before he met me and I didn't expect him to give it up for me. Besides, everything he did was always honest. There was nothing wrong with that." And he always made a good living, she says, a claim many professional gamblers can't make.

It's not the typical retiree's life he leads now, though, Ruth says. Bill enjoys taking walks in the morning, seeing their son, Bradley, a Las Vegas accountant who disdains gambling, and traveling. Bill and Ruth visited Alaska last year and Europe several years ago. They stopped in Monaco, but the only time they gambled there was when Ruth played roulette.

Mostly, Boyd divides his time between his ranch-style home in the southwestern part of town and the Golden Nugget, where he has a room he uses when on a card binge. He still plays poker these days, and plenty of it, although his game, five-card stud, is about as hard to find in Las Vegas as a maitre d' who keeps both hands in his pockets. He can be found at the Nugget on any given night playing Omaha, a derivation of hold 'em, well into the wee hours of the morning. Boyd says he just doesn't seem to tire when he gets around cards. Last summer, during one winning streak, he played for 56 straight hours.

"He's a very quiet gambler," says James "Blacky" Blackburn, 52, a gambler who has known Boyd for 20 years. "He don't make no noise either way, win or lose. And when I'm tired and have to go to bed, he's still there gambling."

Blackburn insists Boyd kept poker together for 30 years in Las Vegas, primarily by giving the game an element of consistency. "He hasn't jumped counties. He took a position and stayed with it, so people knew where the poker parlor was going to be," Blackburn says. "People would call from all over the country and ask about the game." And Boyd, he remembers, would tell them when the action was hot and when it wasn't. His reputation for dealing straight with people soon spread, one reason his casino attracted many high-limit players.

Small wonder, then, why Drache calls his poker room "the house that Bill Boyd built" and why Steve Wynn, the Golden Nugget's chairman of the board, is happy to let Boyd come and go as he pleases nowadays, serving as unofficial host and goodwill ambassador.

During recent meetings held in conjunction with the hotel's expansion, Drache remembers, Wynn presented Boyd with a 35-year service honor with the words: "With all the Golden Nugget's ups and downs, we've always had the best poker room around." □

Rob Powers is Living Editor of the Las Vegas Review-Journal.

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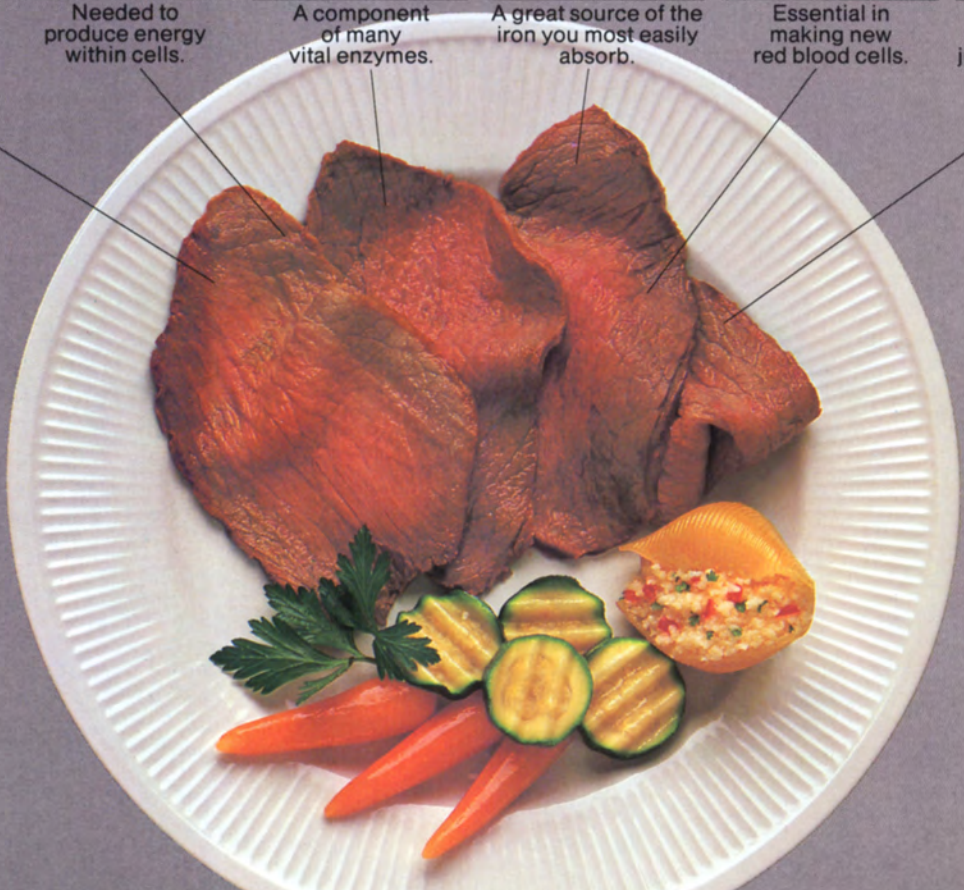
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Members of a 96 Ranch fall trail drive near Paradise Valley are, from left, Tex Northrup, Myron Smart, Theodore Brown, Mel Winslow, Les and Fred Stewart, and Henry and Clay Taylor.

All Day in the Saddle

A cowboy's education comes from fresh air and long, hard days on the range.

By Bud Hage

A visitor came to my ranch a few years ago. I took him out on the desert where the crew was involved in spring roundup. He looked across the vast white sage and shadscale flats of Ralston Valley, which were backdropped by the Kawich Mountains to the east. While watching the long strings of cattle moving across this desert vista on their way to summer range, with the cowboys trailing alongside and behind them, he said, "That sure looks like a great life to me. Living out here in this big open country, beautiful scenery, fresh air, and all a man has to do is sit in the saddle all day and enjoy it."

Buster Dufurrena, below, moves some Herefords to better feed on his ranch near the Pine Forest Range. At left, young buckaroo Brandon Nuffer dreams of the day he grows into his lariat.



LINDA DUFURRENA PHOTOS

Trail drives are much the same today as they were 100 years ago. At right, Herefords bask in the sunlight after a long day's drive. In the early morning, cowhands (center) round up horses before breaking camp. At bottom, 1,000 of John Ascuaga's cows begin their journey from the overnight stop at the Sweetwater Ranch and head toward Smith Valley.



LINDA DUFURRENA PHOTOS





CAROLINE J. HADLEY

Well, he was right about the beautiful scenery and fresh air. Those are things the state of Nevada still has an edge on, and those of us who live here sure enjoy them.

His remark, though, about sitting in the saddle all day showed me just how little some folks understand about what it takes to be a good cowboy. There's nothing easy about working cattle and horses. Even the seemingly simple job of gathering a few cattle and throwing them into the herd—something these fellows were doing many times each day—requires a great deal of knowledge and the ability to make decisions and act on them quickly.

For example, let's say a man rides up on a small bunch of cattle. In a matter of seconds he must make the following observations and take action accordingly. Who do they belong to? He reads the brands and earmarks to determine ownership. At the same time he is observing how many dry cows, bulls, steers, heifers, wet cows, cripples, and sick animals may be in the bunch. In looking over the wet cows (those with calves) he must be able to tell quickly whether each one's calf is with her. If not, the cowboy must be able to sense from the cow's actions whether the calf is nearby and worth a search or perhaps is hidden at a distance; in the second case the cow has to be dropped back. He should be able to tell at a glance, by observing the cow, approximately how old her calf is. If a sick or crippled animal is involved, the cowboy has to make a quick veterinary prognosis of its condition and then decide whether to move it, leave it, or rope it and doctor it on the spot. If the cows are wild, he might have to make all his observations at a dead run.

On top of all that he has to call upon years of experience to handle the horse he's riding, rope something when he has to, read the ground for tracks, and countless other tasks. There is an extensive education involved in being a good cowboy. You can't learn it in the classroom, or at the local horse show, or at the rodeo arena. It has to be learned out in the sagebrush. There you get fresh air and spectacular scenery along with those days in the saddle that run from daylight to dark.

Most cowboys start out young, watching from the corral or the barn door, listening at the dinner table, and doing the work, as they grow up in this outdoor life, until someday they become a hand.

It's a good thing there are still a few youngsters who have what it takes to learn the trade. They're the ones who will help keep Nevada's ranches running, and without them the West's most important tradition would just fade away. □

Bug Hage owns the Pine Creek Ranch near Tonopah.

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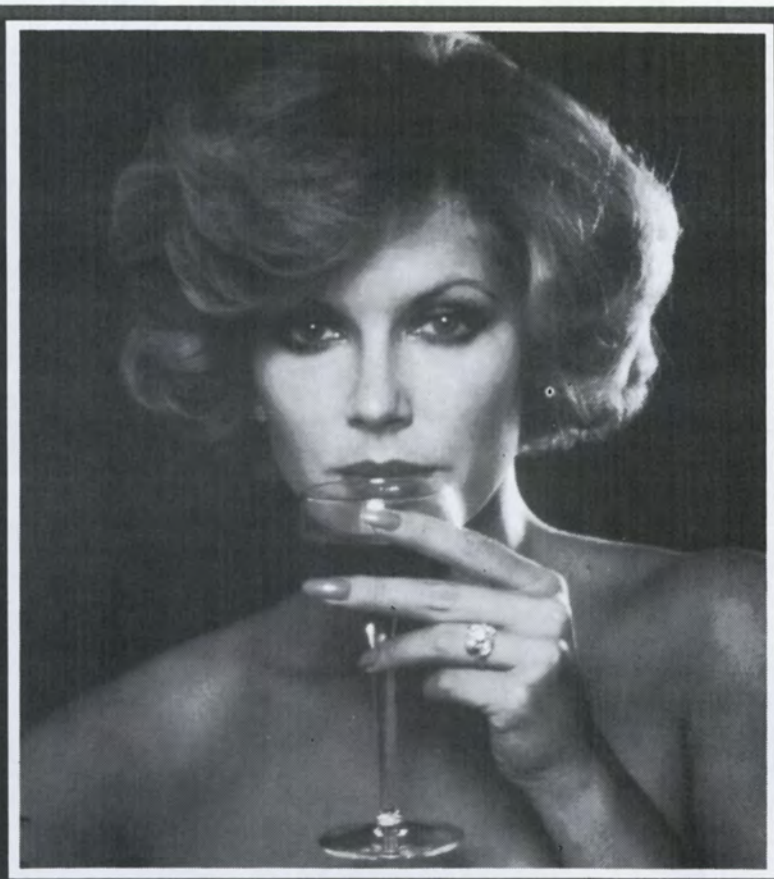
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KATIE GROTEGUT

Growing Up in the Country

In Ely we didn't have an opera or good radio reception, but who cared? We had the mountains and hunting season.

By Dave Mathis

Taking to the field in the fall for many Nevadans is part of the experience upon which their lives are structured. It's in their fibers. And when you think about it, you can understand why hunting to a Nevadan is as natural as a mountain stream running downhill.

Take Ely, where I grew up. Ely didn't have operas, museums, beaches, good radio reception, Burma Shave signs, or major league baseball. But it did have the mountains—the Schell Creek, the Snake, the Egan, and the White Pines. It had Hamilton and 30-Mile, Ellison Basin and White River, Chimney Rock and Milk Ranch, Bullwhack Summit, Horse and Cattle Camp, Moser Canyon. There was Mount Wheeler and Decathon Canyon, John's Wash, and on up Spring Valley,

Blue Mass and the Antelope Range.

The uplands substituted for the things Ely didn't have in the way of entertainment. And when fall came with its "mad moon" and then winter, the mountains became home grounds for the hunter. In late August the season began with sage hen and ended in February—after deer, antelope, elk, blue grouse, quail, and waterfowl—with cottontail. What Jim Oxborrow once said about Lund is true all over: "We have two seasons—summer and deer season."

A big hunt was a social occasion, an Indian summer festival. Take the annual Milk Ranch deer hunt, for example. In the earlier days, the camp at the Milk Ranch Creek corral would be set up for a week or maybe 10 days. As many as 20 or more horseback hunters and a few on foot operated out of the camp at any one time. There was good food and plenty of it, and lots of stirring up the dust from Sheep Pass on the south to the head of School House Canyon and Lone Pine on the north.

Most hunters in those days were much more than just sportsmen. They had first come to the country and settled it as pioneers, or were the sons of such men. To know them was something like a modern New Englander sitting down and talking to those who had landed at Plymouth Rock. By the time hunting season came, they had the wood hauled off the mountain and split, had the smoked sides and hams hanging, a couple of barrels of kraut and maybe one of wine, and potatoes and carrots in the cellar. They had provided. Maybe only one thing was left, and that was to get a nice fat buck for fresh venison steak, maybe some jerky, and something out of which to make mincemeat.

To such people, hunting was a major topic of conversation. There were always the big buck, *Field and Stream* kind of stories—those that featured gigantic, mythical animals that always, somehow, seemed to elude the rifles. Once in a while there was an accounting of one that didn't get away. There were other tales, too, tales that provided human insights. Here are three that I heard as a boy, each in the manner of the hunter who told it.

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"We'd walked all day in Ellison Basin, all of us, and by the time we got back to Bob's 1932 Chevy, we were completely bushed—plumb wore out and just anxious to sit down. It was one of those days we'd seen deer, but nobody had been lucky enough for a good shot, leastwise not one close enough to the car. Well, the six of us piled into the Chevy, three in the front and three in the back seat. We piled all the rifles in a corner of the rear seat. We hadn't gone a mile when everybody but poor

"Most of the hunters in those days were more than just sportsmen. They had settled the country as pioneers or were the sons of such men. To have known them was something like a modern New Englander sitting down and talking to those who had landed at Plymouth Rock."

Bob, who had to drive, was sleeping like babies. My next recollection was that I seemed to be fighting out of a fog, aware vaguely that the car was skidding and coming to a stop. And then I saw all around the car what seemed to be a hundred deer—all around and close.

"The action started then, fast and furious. One of the Chevy's back doors was broken, and Bob had wired it shut. Gene tried the other back door but pulled off the handle. The guys in the front were trying to get their rifles from the back. The guys in back were trying to climb over the front seat to get out. Somehow, everyone finally untangled and cleared the car. The shooting sounded like a showdown between the white hats and the black hats in a Gene Autry movie. 'I got that one,' somebody yelled. 'That one's down,' another shouted. 'That buck just rolled over,' a third called. When quiet was restored and the shooting over, the six of us went out to gather up the deer. Didn't find one. Not even a drop of blood. Doyle said, 'I figured it was a dream all the time anyway.'"

☆ ☆ ☆

"The three of us were just kids—you know, about 17 We were hunting the lower end of Cave Valley, out of Haggerty Ranch. All day long we'd hunted around Long Canyon working south toward Cottonwood Canyon. We hadn't had much luck. One thing that caught our eye, though, was that around the springs and creeks, along the deer trails and in the dry washes, we had seen pug marks—that is, mountain lion tracks—about as thick as deer tracks. But lions hunt at night, and they are wary as an animal comes. We, of course, saw none, but all day long you figured those amber cat eyes were watching you, and they probably were.

"Along about three in the afternoon, with the shadows already beginning to fill the canyons, Guy jumped a fine buck on the south side of Cottonwood. He shot the deer. It fell just about 20 yards over a high pass above the canyon. We dressed the deer and tied our horse up near it. We continued hunting, hoping to maybe get another before sundown.

"It was almost dark when we returned to the deer. Damn, the horse had broken a rein and taken off. (We'd all known for years you don't tie a horse by the reins, but we were in a hurry and thought the old horse plumb gentle.) Guy said, 'We got to get out of here tonight. He's been at Haggerty all summer, so that's probably where he'll go. You and Jerry go after him. I'll build a big fire here on the pass and wait for you to get back.' So just as the sun disappeared behind Long Water Peak, Jerry and I took off for Haggerty, about five miles away. We hadn't gone far when it turned pitch black. It was then that Jerry and I thought about the lion tracks. Things rustled and cracked in the dark. Shadows seemed to move. Fear bounded up and we crashed forward. But we made Haggerty.

"Although we saw horse tracks and a rein drag-mark by the ranch gate when we lit matches, we couldn't find the horse. We went into the ranch house, took the Coleman lantern and Guy's old Ford and went out for another look. No luck. As we neared the ranch on our return, we just about ran off the road when we saw a light in the ranch house. We'd left it dark. No one around for miles. If a car had been approaching we'd have seen the lights, and heard it. Just who in hell was in that ranch house?

"Hearts in our throats, we crept up to a window. We gathered courage and peeked in. There sat Guy, looking a little shaky, with his hands clasped in front of him. We went in, and he told his story:

"'I built a big fire there on the pass. Beyond the fire's light it was really black. Pretty soon I heard noises. Sounded like they were coming from where the deer was. I heard a low growl. I thought there was sniffing. It was scary. I felt sure something was around that deer. Then the fire began to die. I was afraid to leave it to gather more wood. I lifted my rifle. Couldn't see the sights. I figured whatever it was I'd have to fight it off with my knife. And I remembered the lion tracks. Pretty soon I could take it no more and charged off that mountain. I think something chased me all the way. I really picked them up and laid them down. When the moon came up I figured I was doomed.'

"Next morning, in the light, we found the horse. We went back to the deer and carefully scanned the ground around it. No sign of any animal. Nothing was eaten on the deer. Not a hair was out of place. We finally figured that the old mountain with the wind in the yellowed dry-leafed aspen and limber-pine boughs was talking to Guy. Trouble was he couldn't

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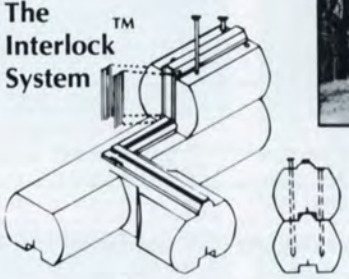
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understand what it was saying, a mistake any of us would have made at the time. It takes a year or two to get to know the mountain."

☆ ☆ ☆

"It was Bill's last hunt. I couldn't believe the difference a year made. You know, he was dying of cancer. The year before he appeared as healthy as my 17-year-old kid. We all thought a hunt would be too much for him, but he demanded to go. When we set up camp, Bill said one day was enough for him. We all volunteered to spend it with him. He said, no, one could stay and the rest of us need not waste the day. Since I had always been his partner, I stayed.

"I was surprised as we got ready for bed that night when Bill said he wanted to get up before dawn. And he watched as the light began to touch the highest crags, bathing them in a yellow warmth. In fact, he stood there for some time as if waiting for the sunlight to come down to him. Pretty soon he said, 'Let's walk up the trail.' We hadn't gone far when he paused. He had spotted deer tracks in the dusty path. He studied them and moved on. Where the trail dipped to the creek's edge he stopped and, with his toe, broke loose some ice that had formed along the banks.

"When we reached a patch of quakies, he said, 'Let's rest a minute.' He placed his hand on a quakie to brace himself and surveyed the patch thoroughly. The white bark of the aspen left a chalky powder on his hand as he lifted it away, and he looked at the substance. He stooped down and picked up dry, yellowish, rust-colored quakie leaves. He crumpled them in his hand. Then he said to me, 'You bring that cup with you. I'd like to get a drink from the creek. I like that touch of bitter that flavors it when the aspen leaves fall thick into it.'

"We just finished the drink when up on the side hill we heard a noise and, looking up, spotted a bunch of deer not more than 200 yards away. There were four bucks in the herd. One of them was pretty good. I said, 'Bill, shoot.' He said, 'Too far.' Well, you know, Bill was the finest shot any of us ever knew. He could have bedded down all four of those bucks with no trouble. But he made no attempt, just watched them with a pleased look on his face. It puzzled me, but as we walked back I came to the conclusion that Bill had come here to pack up a few things to take along with him when he went. Things he cherished. I guess the actual act of killing a deer wasn't one of them." □

Dave Mathis is News Editor for the College of Agriculture at the University of Nevada, Reno. He says he doesn't hunt as much as he used to, but he still loves to get out in the high country, especially when the aspens are turning.

In Las Vegas, Mariano's owner Mariano DeMasi, right, takes the meaning of family-run restaurants to heart. From left are his sister Adelaide, father Rio and mother Olga, brother and partner Oscar, brother Lino, and Lino's wife Antonietta.



DAVID BROWN

All in the Family

Here are eight restaurants where, even for the proprietors, it's often just like home.

Reno

By Andrea Michelsen

I am no stranger to "ma and pa" restaurants. When I was 16, proudly working Saturdays at the local boutique in Hermosa Beach, California, my mother would meet me for lunch at Frank and Ada's. This tiny cafe—no more than four or five tables and a long narrow counter—was memorable for its meat loaf sandwiches, apple pie, and Ada. The food was certainly passable, but we went there for her friendly chatter and the smile of recognition when we walked through the door. Frank, cooking in the back, would occasionally poke his head out of the kitchen for a minute's flirtation. For a shy teenager, that was pretty heady stuff.



ELIZABETH LEIGH

Kiah has been serving soul food to a faithful following in Reno for years.

Some 20 years later, I still look for places where I can eat and be welcomed as a friend in the bargain. They don't have to be just like *my* home, but they must be like *somebody's.* Maitre d's are not allowed, nor are "Please Wait to Be Seated" signs. The food can be anything from tuna fish to grits, because the important thing for a good "ma and pa" place is the sum of its parts: people, menu, mood.

For instance, only Kiah Lumpkin could overcome the gilt-and-formica atmosphere of a downtown Reno hotel, where he welcomes faithful local customers and out-of-towners to the new **Kiah's Cafe.** His old Squeeze Inn, a victim of the high-buck real estate scene on Virginia Street, closed late last year. After some searching, Lumpkin found a new home in the Golden Reef Hotel on Fourth Street.

Old fans mourn the passing of the Squeeze Inn, but Kiah responds cheerfully, "Nothing's changed but the name, darlin'." And the menu bears him out—homemade barbecue (in this kind of cooking it's a noun, not an adjective), fresh mustard greens and ham hocks, ribs, and frog legs. These are the same dishes Kiah has served up to Reno residents and entertainers since 1962. Although there is no "ma" around, this man's wide smile and easy hospitality make everyone who walks in feel like part of the family. Waitresses here may fuss at you a little if you don't clean your plate, but it's the well intentioned fussing of an aunt, and no surliness is intended. Unlike most family operations, this one stays open 24 hours a day. It's located in the lobby of the Golden Reef Hotel, 567 West Fourth Street.



ELIZABETH LEIGH

Wayne "Big Daddy" Kemmerle and wife Ann greet customers like long lost friends. The atmosphere of warm feelings, coupled with good food, spell success.

"Welcome the second generation" is posted on a sign above the kitchen at **Smokey and Dee's,** an operation that immediately reminds you of somebody's family room with restaurant booths added. Pre-fab paneling and shutters on the windows set the tone for this nine-year-old business of the Davis family—Smokey, Dee, Mike, Bill, Sandy, Debbie, and Tim. Daughter Sandy Clark of the second generation runs the place now, freeing her parents to pursue other interests.

Many regulars have been coming there so long that they occasionally get together to play practical jokes on Smokey. Sandy recalls the time the senior Davis walked into the packed restaurant on his birthday and was greeted by a belly dancer, courtesy of his satisfied customers.

Don't worry about surprises from the kitchen, however. Sandy makes sure that the food's quality remains constant. The menu, for breakfast and lunch only, features old favorites like ham and eggs, biscuits and gravy, liver and onions, pork chops, and homemade fried potatoes. Helping to qualify Smokey and Dee's as a home-style restaurant are misspellings like "hueves rancheros" and penciled-out items on the xeroxed menu. The young waitresses move like old pros—no California-chic aloofness here. Open from 6 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. Monday through Friday, 6:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. on Saturday, and 7 a.m. to 2 p.m. on Sunday, you can find the restaurant just south of Second Street at 301 Kietzke Lane in Reno.

There's no mystery about where **Big Daddy's** gets its name. Wayne Kemmerle stands significantly over six feet and has the build of a professional athlete. He also greets customers as if they were long lost relatives, or at least very close friends. Hustling around, seating someone here, pouring coffee refills there, this man is perpetual motion in a golf shirt. Even when the restaurant empties out, Kemmerle lounges at a table in the back with his eye constantly on the front door or the kitchen. Even when seated, he's moving.

This veteran of more than 20 years in the food wholesaling business views Big Daddy's as "kind of a throwback." He observes that it is a place where single people can come and be greeted with genuine friendliness and eat the kind of food they would never fix for themselves. Hence the specials like meat loaf or cabbage rolls with mashed potatoes. He even adds four breakfast specials a day, including such exotica as brains and eggs. Ann Kemmerle, the "ma" side of the team, also gives high marks to the newest menu addition, casseroles. Homemade soups are a favorite, too.

> The Country Inn has a fountain, rock garden, and pines on the side of the restaurant. 'We decided people wouldn't want to look at a '53 Ford while they were eating,' says Terry Conk.

Kemmerle has tailored his business to the needs of the surrounding community. The restaurant is located in the Moana West Shopping Center, surrounded by apartments and condominiums that are filled with singles and couples, young and old. Two and a half years ago he targeted this location and figured out what it needed, and so for a well-fed, growing group of customers, Big Daddy's is a kind of home-away-from-home.

Find it at 3466 Lakeside Drive (Lakeside and Moana Lane). It's open from 6 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through Friday, 7 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. Saturday, and 8 a.m. to 2 p.m. on Sunday.

Las Vegas
By Elliot S. Krane

In a city that has more than 700 places to eat, a few family-run restaurants stand out because of longevity, good food, and comfortable atmospheres that their fancier counterparts on the Strip can't match.

One such family-run place is **Chicago Joe's,** a notable Italian restaurant in a 40-year-old house halfway between downtown and the Strip. Tables with checkered linen are clustered in several rooms, and many decorations—maps and photos, a "Richard Daley for Mayor" button, street signs—are from the Windy City, like many regulars. So are the owners, Joe and Joan Pennacchio, Joe's sister Gigi Collura, and her son Joey and daughter Mary. After 25 years in the business in Chicago and many Southern Nevada vacations, the clan moved to Las Vegas in March 1975. Two months later the restaurant at 820 South Fourth Street was open.

"When you come here, you're coming to Mom's house," Joey says, and the speedy service and good food bear him out. Chicago hot shrimp is the menu's fastest moving item, followed by stuffed artichoke and chicken vesuvio. Meatball sandwiches are popular at lunch, and dinner specialties include lasagna, linguini with clams, and calamari. The kitchen is the women's domain. "Joe and I work out front," Joey says with a laugh. "We're smart, not like the French."

DAVID BROWN



When Gigi does the cooking at Chicago Joe's, the men stay out of the kitchen.

Across the city at **Chin's,** owner Tola Chin draws on traditional recipes of the Canton and Szechwan regions of China. "People come here because of good food, good service, and it's clean," says Peter Chin, Tola's brother and a partner in the new **Chin's II.**

Both places are in shopping centers. Chin's is sandwiched between a donut shop and a pool supply store at 2300 East Desert Inn Road. Chin's II also has a low-profile exterior at 1801 East Tropicana. Inside both places, however, the gleaming white tablecloths and attentive waiters indicate that food well served is their main business.

The great attraction of both Chin's are the intriguing variations of traditional Chinese dishes that Tola has devised. Dinner menus include an excellent shredded chicken salad, shrimp soup, puddings, and Chin's beef, in which marinated flank steak is cooked in a wok and served over rice noodles. Dinner time at both places is 5 to 10 p.m. nightly, while Chin's II also serves lunch from 11:30 a.m. to 2 p.m.

A few blocks from Chin's at 2425 East Desert Inn is the **Country Inn** with its own green arbor—fountain, stream, rock garden, and pines—on the side of the building. "We decided people wouldn't want to look at a '53 Ford while they were eating," says co-owner Terry Conk. Such homey touches are common at the Inn, which Terry and his brother Phil opened here in 1978. Other family members you might

DAVID BROWN



The "pa" at the Country Inn is Cliff Conk, who is also a baker. His delectable concoctions sweeten the homey atmosphere of the Inn's colonial decor.



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meet are their parents, Evelyn and Cliff Conk, and respective wives, Becky and Sue.

The family tradition dates back to the 1940s and their Grandma Prestwich's restaurant in Utah and, after 1959, a series of successful restaurants in Las Vegas. Today the Inn's colonial setting includes oak tables, wing-backed chairs, and a massive fireplace. Grandma Prestwich, now 80, is herself a Sunday regular.

Brothers Terry and Phil alternate between the dining room and kitchen. "All our recipes are homemade," Terry says, "so we have to be right on top of it." Breakfast is a feast of eggs, potatoes, pancakes, and sausage or bacon. The scones and baked ham are treats, and turkey is featured in many dishes. The Inn is open daily from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m. except Friday and Saturday nights, when it's open an hour later.

At **Mariano's Ristorante,** a mile west of the Frontier Hotel, the customers may be treated like royalty, but the proprietors *are* of royal lineage. Through Rio DeMasi, the father of proprietor Mariano DeMasi, the family descends from a baron of the court of King Francesco, first ruler of Napoli in the 19th century.

So as a family restaurant, this is a somewhat stylish one. Dress is casual, though. Service is warm and efficient and overseen by family members; among those you'll meet may be Mariano, his mother Olga, father Rio, who Mariano says was "the best maitre d' in all of Europe," and brother Oscar. The Northern Italian menu includes unusual dishes like linguini tutto mare and agnolotti alla crema, a pasta stuffed with spinach and served with cream sauce. Mariano's is open for lunch weekdays and for dinner nightly at Valley View and Spring Mountain Road.

Downtown, there is a culture shock in store for the diner who walks along Fremont Street, past the Las Vegas Club and the blaring Granny Goose Arcade, and opens the white door leading down to **Cosmo's Underground**. Located at First and Fremont, Cosmo's is said to be the only below-surface restaurant in Las Vegas. But it's not a dingy basement. Customers sit at white tables with umbrellas or at latticed booths among plants and green carpeting. The effect is that of a cool garden.

Tony Calabrese and his parents started the place six years ago, offering dishes like homemade ravioli, chicken Sicilian, and mother Betty's outstanding meat sauce. You can taste the Calabreses' Southern Italian cooking seven nights a week from 5 to 11 p.m. □

Andrea Michelsen of Reno is a nurse, health-plan coordinator, and restaurant watcher. Elliot S. Krane is an entertainment and dining columnist for the Las Vegas Sun.



The Desert Fox

Rod Hall, an off-road racer with gunfighter's eyes, is proof that nice guys do finish first.

By Jon F. Thompson

He's a man of the West. His rolling walk, his drawling talk, his manner of dress all tell you that. He's tanned, trim, and fit, and in spite of the shade from his wide-brimmed hat, you can see that his face is deeply lined. Especially around his eyes. In the end it's the eyes that captivate. They're calm, rock steady, and confident, with a solid glint of good humor.

But in Rodney Hall's life, just as in the lives of the gunfighters of the old West, there comes a time to drop the hammer, a time to concentrate on maximum effort, a time to put aside all concerns but winning. When that time comes for Hall, his eyes narrow. And when he drops the hammer, he does so better than most. Hall's exceptional skills are the reason he's survived in a difficult, competitive, dangerous game.

Rod Hall is an off-road racing driver. Some say that Hall is, in his business, like Wyatt Earp was in his, the best there ever was.



Off-road racers push their beefed-up dirt machines past the point of logic in their conquest of seemingly impassable terrain. Above, a racer slams into a Southern Nevada stream, hoping he has enough speed on impact to half-float, half-dig his way across.

Hall, his wife Donna, and sons Josh and Chad live in Reno. Given the kind of jet-set lives many racing people live, that could be considered an out-of-the-way place for a man with his commitments. But given the kind of territory Hall races over, Nevada and Reno make perfect sense.

There's nothing fancy about his chosen field. Off-road racing is just what its name suggests—running flat-out over unimproved surfaces. It's hard on men, hard on equipment, but that hasn't stopped Hall. Notched there in his trophy case, just like file marks on a Navy Colt, are the results of his victories.

Nevada's Mint 400, run over excruciatingly rough country near Las Vegas, is known as the roughest, toughest off-road race anywhere. To be successful there you don't win; you just survive its 400-mile length. Incredibly, Hall has won the race seven times.

Then there's the Frontier 500, a 500-mile-long epic run through the desert from Las Vegas to Reno. Hall has won his class both times that event has been run.

Nevada just seems to suit Hall, both as a place to race and as a place in which to raise his family. But it took him a while to find that out.

"We had been living in rural Southern California, in Hemet," he says, "but had been looking for a better place to live for about five years. We looked in Washington and in Oregon but didn't find much that suited us. Then Donna and I came to Reno on business. While I was taking care of business she looked around and researched the place pretty thoroughly. We decided Reno was the right place."

Hall has been making the right choices for a long time. He bought his first off-road vehicle, a 1955 Jeep, when he was 15 years old. "Where I grew up in Hemet, four-wheeling was the thing to do, but that

At races like the Laughlin 250 onlookers get close to the action, while Rod Hall (right) and Jim Fricker are usually in the middle of it.





CAROLINE J. HADLEY PHOTOS



JON A. YAMAMOTO



G.W.V. SPORT PHOTO

Reno racer Hall, who slows down a little only when his partner threatens to get out and walk, hasn't yet been required to show a pilot's license.

first Jeep was all wore out," he says. "It taught me how to be a Jeep mechanic. That's what I started with and it really got into my blood." He'd work in a gas station all day and go up and play all night in the snow and mud at Idlewild, a mountain hamlet on the flank of Mount San Jacinto.

"After high school I tried a year of college," he says ruefully. "Cal Poly. That was a poor choice. It was all guys. I felt really deprived." So Hall dropped out of college and bought a service station in Hemet with the man who later would become his father-in-law and embarked on a career in business.

Pretty soon he bought another gas station. Then a car wash. Then a Jeep dealership. "I bought a little property and I sold it," Hall says, remembering those days. "I made a lot of mistakes, but I did make money. I wouldn't call myself a sharp businessman."

Sharp businessman or not, Hall was equipped with the things he needed to become successful. How successful? More so than he ever imagined. "My position has changed so fast I don't know what to think," he says. "I never expected this status or success, not in my wildest dreams. A fellow asked me the other day how much money I make. That's kind of personal, but I make enough now that poverty scares me.

"I get a lot of satisfaction out of racing. I'm successful at it. I don't think I do it to prove a point; maybe I did at one time, but not anymore. I enjoy being a professional. I enjoy being a celebrity of some sort. I enjoy the benefits—travel, for instance. And my wife travels with me, handling my PR, my bookings, and our newsletter. She really adds class to what I do."

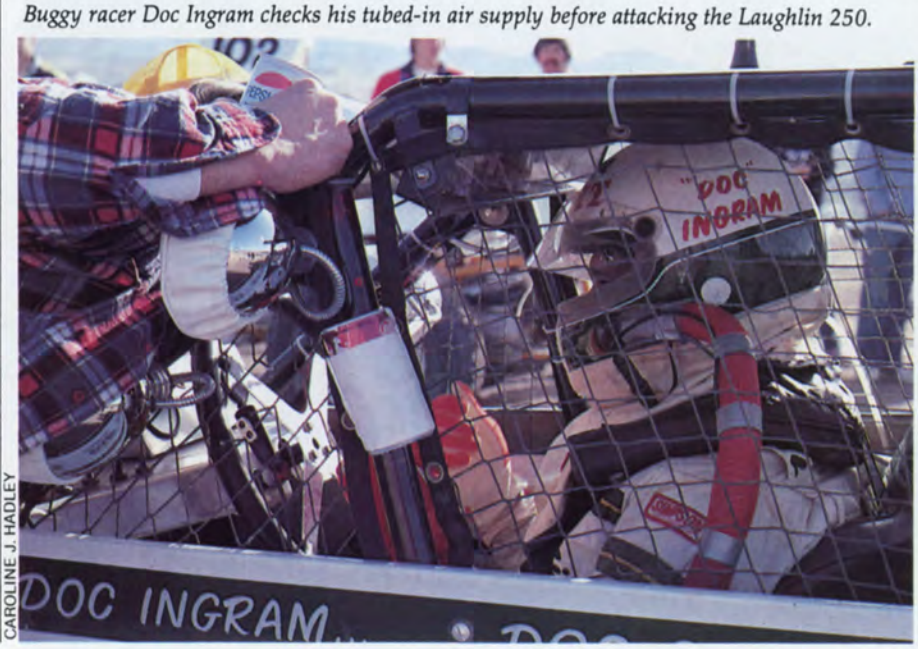
In racing, of course, Hall is in a class by himself. In addition to his successes in the Mint and Frontier races, he's won his class in the famed Baja 1000 six times, the Baja 500/Baja Internacionale (same course, different name) nine times, the Parker (Arizona) 400 seven times. He was first overall in a 12,000-mile race around Australia which took 13 days, mostly on dirt, against 284 other cars. Of 37 recent races, he placed first 35 times. Hall is, in short, an absolute terror.

He's also one of the most dedicated professionals in racing, but he started his racing career as a lark. He went to Pismo Dunes on the California coast for a Labor Day race and came home hooked. So hooked, in fact, that he decided to run the first Baja 1000.

"So I bought a brand-new Jeep," he says, "put double shocks on it and a roll bar that was bolted to the fender wells—good thing I didn't roll it—and was the fastest four-wheel drive vehicle in the race." That was 1966, and Hall took home a win for production four-wheel drives. It was the first of many.

He raced on his own for a couple of

Buggy racer Doc Ingram checks his tubed-in air supply before attacking the Laughlin 250.



CAROLINE J. HADLEY

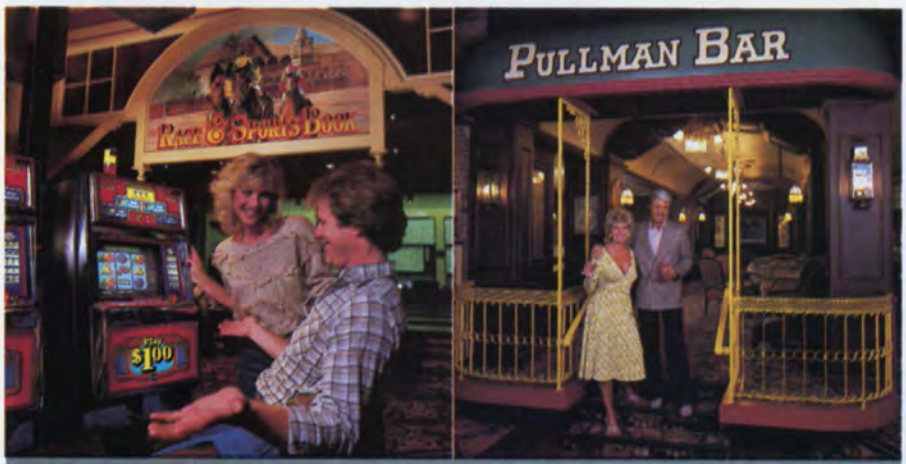
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years, and then race car preparation wizard Bill Stroppe offered him a ride. "He had been having a hard time beating my Jeep with his Bronco," Hall laughs.

It was the beginning of a long and profitable association. In 1969 the pair won the Baja 1000 overall, beating even the motorcycles to the finish in La Paz. "I slowly got more involved in racing," Hall says. "But still there was no money in it. I had to finance myself." So he continued with his business ventures, taking time off to go racing. He did this through 1974, when he was overall champion for Southern California Offroad Racing Enterprises (SCORE, a major off-road race promoting organization). It was a good year for Hall on the desert race courses but it also was pivotal for his career. He decided to bail out of racing. He moved his family to Reno, opened an off-road shop, and settled down.

Things ran smoothly for 18 months, until Chrysler contacted Hall. "They wanted to know if I would go racing for them, on a limited scale, in a Dodge 4x4 pickup," he says. "I said yes, if they'd get Stroppe to build the truck. I didn't know it but at the same time they'd contacted Stroppe and asked him to build a truck. He said he would if they'd get me to drive it for them."

In 1977, his first full year out with the Dodge, Hall won SCORE's overall championship, and racing started to become a profession for him.

He recalls, "Chrysler came in, recognized the sport as a showcase for products and a means for building an image, but the tide really turned for me with BFGoodrich. When that company came into racing I had to make the decision to sell my business or quit racing because I couldn't do them both well at the same time. Both Chrysler and Goodrich felt they'd stay in racing so I decided to give it a shot. That proved to be a wise decision."

Wise, it should be added, not only for Hall but also for Chrysler and for Goodrich, because Hall has been very nearly unbeatable in the production four-wheel-drive class. The only man capable of running with him has been Roger Mears, brother of two-time Indy 500 winner Rick. And these days Roger Mears concentrates mostly on his own Indy-car career, leaving the deserts to Hall.

Hall will take the desert, and the victories, any way he finds them. Bill Stroppe tells a story about Hall and Jim Fricker, Hall's long-time friend and riding mechanic-navigator, at the 1980 Barstow 250. "I was chasing Hall and Fricker in the chase truck," says Stroppe. "We had made all the check points and were pretty much home free. Rodney was leading. Then I heard Fricker say over the radio, 'Stroppe, we've burnt the transmission out.' I started off to find them, then I heard one of the

Desert Daredevils

Watching an off-road race like the Frontier 500 can be almost as exciting as driving in one — if you know what to look for.

By Bill Center

The foundations of off-road racing were laid in the deserts of Baja California more than two decades ago by a band of free-spirited individuals. No one remembers the first participants, but the first race grew out of a friendly argument. Someone said, "My buggy can beat yours to that next fork in the road," and a sport was born.

Today, off-road racing thrives in the motorsports suburbs. Very important and ever-expanding in the Pacific Southwest deserts, it is still out of the national spotlight, which is reserved for Formula One, Indy cars, and stock cars.

Thanks to drivers like Rod Hall, however, off-road racing is making a name for itself.

One of the biggest names is Rick Mears. Mears, whose brother Roger also races, ran the Baja long before he first sat on the pole at Indianapolis or won a 500. He credits much of his Indy-car success to the patience and attention to car care that he learned from off-road racing. Mears has spun only once in his Indy-car career, a tribute in part to off-roading's motto, "To finish first, first you must finish."

But Mears was neither the first nor the biggest star in desert racing. The heroes of the desert are as diverse as the classes in which they drive.

Partisans of the pickup truck look up to Hall of Reno and Walker Evans of Riverside, California. In addition to appearing in a number of Dodge commercials, both hold all-time class victory records for the Mint 400, and Evans is the only driver ever to win the Baja 1000—the granddaddy of all off-road races—in a pickup.

There are Ivan Stewart, whose solo dashes added the name "Iron Man" to the off-roader's vocabulary, and the fabled team of Malcolm Smith and Dr. Bud Feldkamp; Las Vegas' single-seat ace Jack Johnson and the father-sons team of Corky, Mark, and Scott McMillin from Bonita, California; veterans like Parnelli Jones and Bill Alsup, who came to off-roading from other forms of racing, and little known drivers like Marty Letner, Roger Mears, Manny Esquerra, and John Baker who on the right day can beat the desert.

Most of the time, however, the desert wins.

Just finishing is a victory in off-road racing, where the 30 percent finish ratio in last spring's Mint 400 was higher than average. One finisher out of every four starters is par for the course.

Alone, a good car or a good driver is not going to win an off-road race. In no form of motorsports is the success of the team so dependent on both primary parts —driver and car. During a 500-mile race, something is sure to break on the vehicle. When a shock absorber goes, it starts working on the spring; when the spring fails, it starts working on the axle—and so it goes with the engine and the electrical system, all at the same time. Meanwhile, the driver is getting thrashed from one jump to the next, going from sandy washes to river crossing to rock climbing. In such situations, drivers have been known to hallucinate and plunge off cliffs where their minds told them were roads.



This is the long and winding course that racers in the Frontier 500 will take from Las Vegas to Reno on October 13. The route follows back roads and washes and crosses the highway several times.

Off-road racing, as the supreme endurance test of men and machinery, attracts strong-willed individuals. That is why there are so many vehicle classes in off-road racing. Everyone has a different idea of the best way to go—from single-seat exotic buggies powered by Porsche engines, to big and little pickup trucks, to stock VW bugs, to eight divisions of motorcycles, as well as a class for riders 38 years of age and older plus three three-wheel categories.

Two organizations have been behind the growth of off-road racing—the Las Vegas-based High Desert Racing Association run by founder Walt Lott and the Baja-pioneering Southern California Off-Road Enthusiasts.

The desert rats who don't race watch, and spectating at an off-road race can be just as rugged an adventure as driving in one.

The secret is to find a section of the course that (a) offers the most expansive view of a long stretch and (b) is not accessible to crowds. On the day before the race, four-wheel into the area using roads other than the course's (which the drivers will be using for their all-important pre-run shakedowns) and plan to camp out for a day or two. Many off-road and four-wheeling clubs in Nevada and Southern California plan caravans to their secret viewing areas for certain races each year.

For the less adventurous, off-road viewing can be done where the course crosses a major highway. There are eight such crossings in the Frontier 500 run from Las Vegas to Reno this October 13 (see map). It should be noted, however, that checkpoints and pits are usually clustered around the crossings, so the racers will not be traveling at top speed there.

It won't take the novice long to pick out the best racers even if there aren't many head-to-head duels, which there typically aren't since vehicles start an off-road race at 30-second intervals and run more against time than one another. Watch how a driver attacks the course; the driver who is smooth across the bumps usually is also the fastest. □

Bill Center covers sports for the San Diego Union *and frequently writes about off-road racing.*

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> Hall has won the Mint 400 seven times and his class in the Frontier 500 both times it has been run. Of 37 recent races, he placed first 35 times. Hall is, in short, a terror on the desert.

race officials say that Rodney was going over the course backwards. The main race official came back over the radio and told him to tell Rodney that you can't do that! Then this official said that Rodney was going in the right direction, but that he was doing it in reverse!

"It turned out that reverse was the only gear they had left. So Fricker had climbed up into the bed, turned the driving lights on top of the cab around—it was very late at night—and they were racing backwards. They had a 20-minute lead on the next guy with 22 miles to go. I finally caught up with them and found that the only trouble they were having was that Rodney couldn't see through the dust on the rear window. So I knocked it out. And I'll always remember what Rodney said. He said, 'Boy, this is duck soup now!'"

When Hall and Mears were racing each other, the competition was something to see, embodying all the sound and fury of racing at its best. Hall says of those years, "Roger taught me how to go fast just to keep up with him. He made us update our cars to handle better, to ride better, and to last longer. He really brought our racing class alive."

Hall has heard the claims that he has no competition these days, but he insists that just isn't so and ticks off the names. But the fact remains that no one has beaten Hall. The only one capable of that, apparently, was Mears. Hall says, "I expect a healthy change in our class of racing because Jeep is about to enter a factory effort. They'll try and beat me, which I think is good. I don't want to lose races, but I don't want to dominate, either."

Hall is a very competitive man, however, and it's pretty easy to see that he doesn't take losing lightly. That doesn't mean he'll abuse his equipment or drive over his head just to win. Well, not often, anyway. He'll do both of those things, a little, when he has to. But he knows that doing so is a sure way into trouble.

"I don't gamble very often when I'm racing," he says. "Occasionally you have to, but if you roll the dice often enough, you're going to lose. I do gamble now only when I'm passing. I used to be more conservative, but to just lay back there in somebody else's dust burns up too much time. So now I try to take calculated chances. When you're out on a desert race course there really is no *good* time to pass, so I just pass at the first available opportunity."

That doesn't always work too well. "One time I hung back behind a Baja Bug and finally came around a curve and decided to go around him," Hall says. "This was in Mexico. I couldn't see because of all the dust. It turned out that we were turning onto a dike, and when I turned out to go around, we just flew down the side of the thing. It's a wonder we didn't rip out the transfer case or transmission on the rocks. By the time we got back up to the road surface that Baja Bug was long gone."

Hall was fortunate that time, but at one race in Baja he wasn't quite so lucky.

"It was in the San Filipe race about four years ago," Stroppe recalls. "Hall and Fricker had that race won over Roger Mears, but Rodney and Mears had been fightin' all day long, and when Rodney finally passed Mears they only had about 30 miles left to go.

"He came up on this dune buggy, and the guy didn't seem to want to let Rodney by. Rodney didn't want to ram him [the not-so-subtle hint a faster desert racer uses to tell a slower one to move over] because sometimes you can ram a guy and get him into trouble, and get yourself into trouble, too.

"So finally the buggy moved over to the right and Rodney thought the guy had finally gotten the word, so he poured it on around the left. He just barely got up alongside the buggy and all of a sudden the whole truck fell into a great big ditch. The buggy had moved over to miss the ditch. They were going about 70 miles an hour at the time, and they endoed six or eight times, end over end over end, and finally the truck rolled over on its side and came to a halt. Both men were shaken up real good; one of them had a real sore back and the other was dizzy. The truck had three flat tires. We had to totally rebuild it after that. But they fired it up and they probably could have finished the race, but we didn't have enough fresh tires to put on it."

Hall says there are three ways of knowing he's driving too fast—ways short of actually crashing. The first is when he's flying the truck through the air too much, or bottoming the truck's suspension frequently. "Then it's time to make an adjustment," he says. "Or when you miss turns at 60mph. When this happens you're overdriving your ability, or the race car's." The final way is when Jim Fricker tells him to slow down.

This doesn't happen often, but it did

The Frontier 500

On Saturday, October 13, the tiny hamlet of Sloan south of Las Vegas becomes a colorful, noisy city as spectators and camp followers join more than 400 drivers for the start of the Frontier 500. It's one of Nevada's biggest desert races, pitting drivers and machines against a grueling 500-mile course that ends in Reno.

The Sloan muster comes after two days of free and open-to-the-public tech inspections at the Frontier Hotel in Vegas. At 7 a.m. on race day, the four-wheelers parade down the Strip to queue up for the starter's flag at Sloan, 17 miles south. At 8 a.m., an hour after the motorcycle entries have left, the four-wheel drives begin leaving at 15-second intervals, roaring off toward Goodsprings.

Along the rugged dirt-road route, crowds gather on straightaways and in rural towns the racers drive through, such as Beatty, Goldfield, Gabbs, and Dayton. The race goes near Pahrump, Tonopah, and Virginia City, too. The finish line is at Rattlesnake Mountain in southeast Reno, which most of the leaders will reach by 6 p.m. They aren't racing just for glory, of course. There's about $250,000 in purse and manufacturers' contingency awards in this third annual race.

Off-Road Race Roster

Here are some of the desert derbies taking place in Nevada during the coming year, along with start-finish locations and sponsoring groups:

SNORE 250: September 7-9, start and finish at Jean, SNORE.

Frontier 500: October 11-13, Las Vegas to Reno, HDRA.

Silver Dust 400: November 17, Las Vegas, SDRA.

Carson City International Pro Rally 500: December 7-9, Carson City, SCCA.

Frontier 250: December 14-16, Las Vegas, HDRA.

Bottom Dollar 150: January, Las Vegas area, SNORE.

Laughlin Desert Challenge: February, Laughlin, HDRA.

Delamar 400: June 8, Caliente, SDRA.

Twilight 150: June 29-30, Goodsprings, SNORE.

Midnight Special 250: July 27-28, Las Vegas Speedrome, SNORE.

Nevada 300: August, Pioche, SDRA.

For information, contact: **SNORE**, Southern Nevada Off Road Enthusiasts, (702) 363-6456; **HDRA**, High Desert Racing Association, 361-5404; **SDRA**, Silver Dust Racing Association, 459-0317; **SCCA**, Sports Car Club of America, Reno region. Call Cam Warren Enterprises, 323-7446.

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happen in the 1983 Mint 400. "We were airborne passing cars," Hall says with a telltale twinkle in his eye. "I guess I had decided to get into the lead in the first 10 minutes, or something—and Fricker told me to slow down or he was getting out. I asked him how he was going to do that, and he said, 'Probably through the windshield.' So I kinda pulled it down."

The Hall-Fricker friendship has to be one of racing's longest-running partnerships. The pair has been together since the late '50s. Hall says, "He worked in a Buick dealership next to my gas station. I'd get a carburetor or something apart and I'd have to take it to him to get it put back together." He muses, "I've always been good at taking things apart, but putting them back together is not the same."

Fricker remains a mechanic at that same Buick dealership in Hemet, and though the two seem to enjoy a jolly fellowship when they're off racing together, bantering wisecracks and sarcasms back and forth, things just aren't the same for them. Hall says, "We used to be really close friends. We went four-wheeling together, we'd go to the local pool hall and play dominoes—but the move to Reno kind of brought that to a halt."

Still, the move has had its benefits. "I have more time for my family than when I was working 18 hours a day. I was gone so much I wasn't an ideal father or husband. We're probably closer now than we were 10 years ago. Now I appreciate things more than I used to," he says. "I have a nice home, I appreciate my wife. When you're young you don't appreciate nothin' Now I enjoy driving a nice car, being a leader, a trendsetter in off-road racing. Luxury is nice. If I'm smart and I work hard, there's no reason to go back to poverty."

What Hall is interested in is slowing down a little, getting back to the activity that launched his racing career—basic recreational off roading. He's been doing more of that lately in the Sierra, just outside Reno, in his Ramcharger.

"I'd like to stay in racing," he says, "but maybe as a spokesman for the company. I think off-road racing needs to improve its image. I wouldn't mind playing a small part in raising the awareness of the general public towards off-road racing. That's what I'm trying to achieve."

Rod Hall can be beaten. He says so himself. But the driver who can beat him hasn't come along yet. In the meantime Hall will continue living in Reno, smiling his easy smile, sizing up would-be competitors with his gunfighter's eyes, and then gunning them down on the race course. □

Ex-Renoite Jon F. Thompson is a Los Angeles-based freelance writer and photographer who really would rather be living in Washoe.

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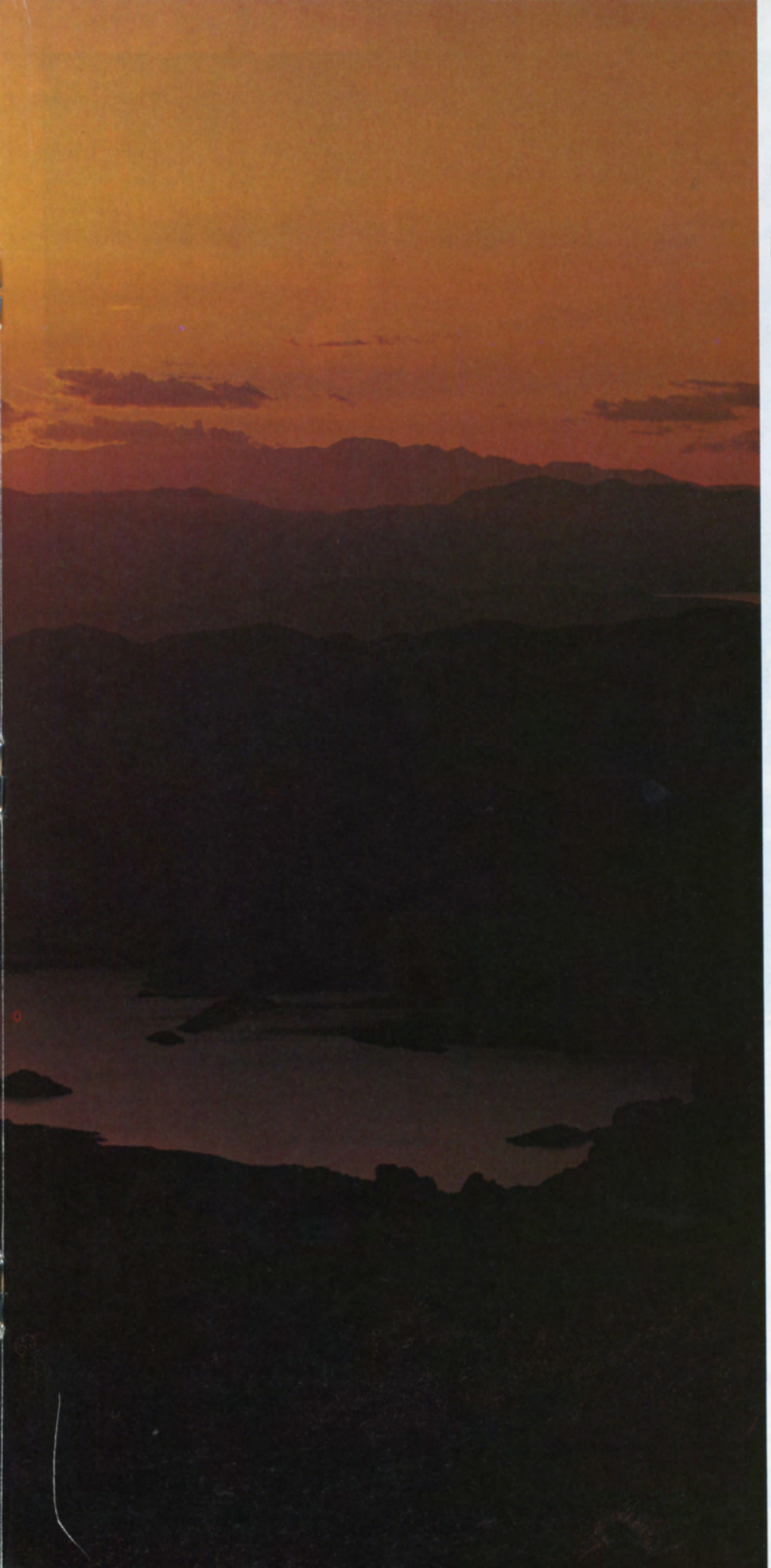
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Tower addition Opening December, 1984.





Muench's Gallery

Photographer David Muench visits Lake Mead Country.

An autumn sunset brightens the sky over Lake Mead and the canyons carved long ago by the Colorado River. In the foreground is a sturdy symbol of the Mojave Desert, the Joshua tree. This relative of the desert yucca was so named by early settlers because it reminded them of the praying Biblical figure of Joshua, the Israelite leader. The Joshua tree can be found in many spots in Mead country, sometimes, if you wish, right when the sun goes down.



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Julia Bulette was number one in the hearts of her admirers

NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY PHOTOS

Queen of Tarts

Julia Bulette, the darling of Comstock folklore, has survived a century of faded memories, historians' investigations, and her own murder.

By Susan James

Before climbing into bed on the evening of January 20, 1867, newspaperman Alf Doten, as always, recorded the day's events in his diary. He wrote that singing, a turkey dinner, and champagne had eased the bite of the Virginia City winter, but an evening excursion had left him cold. Doten and a friend had gone to view the body of a woman "foully murdered in her bed." He had little to say about the victim: "about 35 years old—prostitute."

In a few days, though, every resident of the Comstock and half the West knew that the woman's name was Julia Bulette and that she had been the victim of what the *Territorial Enterprise* called "the most cruel, outrageous, and revolting murder ever committed in this city." Prophetically, the *Virginia Daily Union* stated, "Let a tear of sorrow for her frailties take the place of scorn for her weaknesses, for she may yet bloom on the tree of immortality."

Such stories were to launch a legend. Her background and violent death proved to be rich material for storytellers, and Bulette in time found an impressive niche in Nevada's heritage. With the help of impassioned newspaper stories, dime-store novels, and popular imagination, she became a legend, the "Queen of the Red Lights," the darling of Comstock folklore. Thanks to so much attention, by the middle of the 20th century Julia Bulette the frontier prostitute had been transformed into a stunning and affluent courtesan.

In fact, if "Jule" Bulette's friends read a modern biography of her, they would probably not recognize her. She was neither wealthy nor beautiful. She was little more than typical.

Julia and other prostitutes came to the Comstock in the early 1860s, keenly aware of how much money they could make in a mining town where the men outnumbered the women by nearly 40 to one. Journalists dubbed these camp followers "the fair, but frail." Respectable society shunned them, but prostitutes offered pleasure as well as companionship to the men who labored in the hellish abyss of the mines, enduring extremes of heat and cold as they dug the silver-rich ore from Mount Davidson. The delights of D Street's bawdy district gave them a chance to leave the inferno behind, if only for a while.

During her four years on the Comstock, Julia Bulette enjoyed moderate success. In the early morning hours of January 20, 1867, however, someone decided that Julia had more to offer than companionship. After a desperate struggle, the villain strangled her and fled unnoticed into the night with a booty of furs and jewels. The coroner's report said that she had sustained several heavy blows to the head before she died.

A friend and fellow prostitute, Gertrude Holmes, discovered Bulette's contorted body several hours later. Soon, Virginia City buzzed with the news of the crime. Local newspapers took advantage of the clamor by publishing sordid details of the death scene.

However, little was known about Bulette's background. According to the local

In Search of Julia Bulette

Although it's been 117 years since Julia was murdered for her jewels, her spirit is evident in many of Virginia City's saloons and museums, in books, and now in a new form—the stage. History buffs and theater lovers can see "The Legend of Julia Bulette" on September 22-23 at Space Theatre near the Peppermill Inn in Reno. Created by Ken Mizak and performed by a troupe from Northern California, the musical is narrated by Mark Twain (well, he *could* have met her) and features song and dance to enliven the tale of the Comstock's favorite belle.

Serious Julia students also can have a field day in Virginia City. There you can visit the corner of D and Union streets, where Julia lived and died. Appropriately, just above the site is the Julia C. Bulette Saloon, which houses the eye-catching Red Light Museum and is Julia's principal shrine. Up and down the boardwalk, on museum walls and backbars from the Bucket of Blood to the Delta, you'll see one or both of the photos that are said to be hers (see above) and other memorabilia of the era. Also, a mile hike past the town dump will take you to what is said to be Julia's grave, but however valid that claim is, the view from the hill is terrific. □



This frequently-seen Bulette imposter may have originated with an early biography.

newspapers, the young Englishwoman came to the Comstock in 1863 via New Orleans and the gold fields of California. The papers noted that somewhere along the way, Julia had married. The mysterious husband never appeared in Virginia City, where Bulette lived alone in a small rented cottage near the corner of D and Union streets.

Shortly after her arrival, Julia was elected honorary member of Virginia City's Engine Company No. 1. The title was apparently granted "in return for numerous favors and munificent gifts bestowed by her upon the company." The *Enterprise* called attention to Bulette's unflagging support of the fire department and her appearance at many fires where she was seen working the brakes of the engines. The company returned the favor by leading her funeral procession through the streets of the city. The weather was bad, though, and the firemen dropped out before the long, muddy trek to the Flowery Hill Cemetery east of town.

About 16 carriages filled with friends and members of the sisterhood accompanied Julia on her last journey. According to legend, the respectable ladies of the city quickly drew the curtain shades as the procession went by, no doubt hoping that their husbands were not among the mourners.

The Victorian society of the 19th century had mixed feelings about women whose choice of work led them into lives of disrepute. When given the opportunity, journalists and storytellers—the two differed little on the Comstock—seemed eager to romanticize them as fallen angels who could be paragons of virtue. Each candidate had to meet certain qualifications, though, and society was a fickle judge.

Julia Bulette had the essential prerequisites. First, so little was known about her life that her attributes could be greatly enhanced without fear of contradiction. More importantly, the combination of sex and violence captured the popular imagination at the time of Bulette's death, and journalists seized the opportunity to exploit the sensational nature of the murder. Finally, a public spectacle had to follow the murder and stir up the community's passions, as did the trial and hanging of Bulette's slayer.

Other candidates for legendhood, who probably deserved it more, did not fare as well because they lacked one of the essential themes. For example, two years before Bulette's murder, Virginia City madam Jessie Lester lost an arm from a gunshot wound. Tortured by pain, the unfortunate woman languished for nearly a month before she died from an infection in January of 1865, according to Alf Doten's diary. Jessie left most of her estate to the local Daughters of Charity for the care of orphans. The Catholic Church rewarded her generosity by burying her in consecrated ground. But philanthropy and a violent death weren't enough. She took the secret of her assailant's identity to her grave, thus depriving Virginia City residents of the opportunity to enjoy a lurid trial and a hanging. Jessie was soon forgotten.

When Julia Bulette died, the press wanted its readers to believe that the murderer had deprived the city of one of its most generous citizens. Bulette's only known contributions were to the local fire department. The *Union* also stated that she "possessed a benevolent disposition, her purse ever being open to the demands of charity, no matter what the form of application." Not wishing to be outdone by its

competition, the *Territorial Enterprise* cited Bulette's "kind-hearted, liberal, benevolent and charitable disposition," adding that "few of her class had more true friends." The writer said that justice would only be served when authorities captured the despicable murderer and punished him for his deed.

Five months later, the press got its wish when officials took a destitute Frenchman, John Millian, into custody for the murder of Julia Bulette. After a well-attended trial, a judge and jury convicted and sentenced him to hang. Once again, the *Enterprise* exaggerated Bulette's largesse when it wrote that "hundreds in this city have had cause to bless her name for her many acts of kindness and charity," despite the fact that "she was a woman of easy virtue."

John Millian sat in jail for nearly a year, maintaining that two men had framed him for the murder, but authorities failed to locate them. On April 23, 1868, Millian ascended the gallows in front of about 4,000 spectators enjoying picnic lunches. Before the noose slid around his neck, the convicted murderer declared his innocence and thanked the ladies who had visited him in prison. (Despite the claims of the press, many of Virginia City's female residents were unwilling to acknowledge that Julia Bulette had made a significant contribution to the quality of life on the Comstock Lode.)

The hanging of John Millian brought an end to the sensation created by the murder of Julia Bulette, and interest in her story dwindled with the fortunes of the Comstock. The events of January 20, 1867, receded into the popular imagination until novelists resurrected them after Julia had lain in her grave for nearly 80 years.

The new biographers turned the 19th-century newspaper accounts to their advantage, adding grossly exaggerated details of the courtesan's life. The legend blossomed again as Julia received the attributes of royalty and a bank account to match. The woman the *Virginia Daily Union* described as "comely" was now depicted as "elegant" and "warmly beautiful," her furs and jewelry the envy of every woman on the Comstock.

Writers speculated about Julia's ancestry. The fact that she might have lived in Louisiana was all they needed to transform the fair-skinned Englishwoman into an enticing New Orleans Creole. Exotic beauty was not among Julia's assets, but it didn't hurt to stretch the truth a bit.

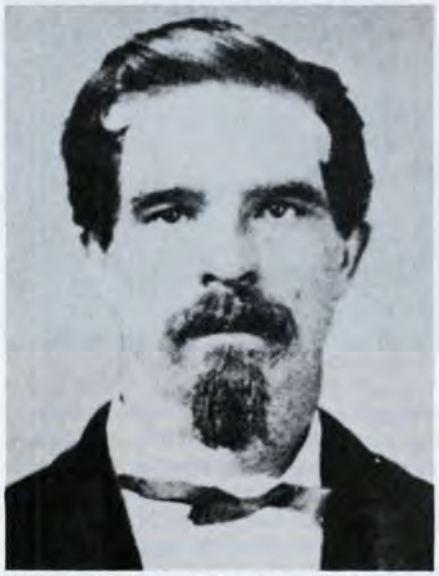
Western novelist George Lyman perhaps was the first to recognize the wonderful possibilities of Julia's story. In *The Saga of the Comstock Lode* (1934), Lyman wrote, "All social life went on within her well-lighted, well-regulated, fragrant walls." He couldn't resist calling her small rented crib "Julia's Palace," which he described as the cultural center of the Comstock. The author maintained that Julia refined the city's ruffians by teaching them about fine French wines, cooking, and clothing, adding that she "caressed Sun Mountain with a gentle touch of splendor." Also, Lyman would not allow his heroine to simply walk the streets of Virginia City. He promoted the story that the wealthy courtesan "rode in a lacquered brougham upon whose side-panels were emblazoned her crest—an escutcheon of four aces, crowned by a lion couchant."

> "The combination of sex and violence captured the popular imagination, and journalists seized the opportunity to exploit the sensational nature of her murder."

Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg, Virginia City residents and owners of the *Territorial Enterprise,* wrote about Julia in *Legends of the Comstock Lode* (1950). They liked the story about the carriage, adding that it "had been imported across the Isthmus of Panama."

When Zeke Daniels (a.k.a. Effie Mona Mack) wrote the book *The Life and Death of Julia C. Bulette* (1958), she was skeptical about the "lacquered brougham." Daniels, however, elevated Bulette to the position of madam, calling her "the queen" of Virginia City's sporting row.

With the inventive assistance of those modern biographers, Julia assumed nursing capabilities second only to Florence Nightingale. Daniels asserted that Bulette never refused to help a sick miner. Beebe and Clegg wrote that Bulette nursed hundreds of disabled miners through bouts of influenza, using medicine culled from "the primitive resources of the community." They wrote that the miners gladly rallied to her support when hostile Paiute Indians threatened to attack the city. This bit of creative fiction became an important part of Julia's legend, despite the fact that the story was based on an incident that occurred several years before on the Comstock.



The saga's chief villain—he said he was a victim—was Frenchman John Millian.

Julia's story received an additional boost in the 1950s when attention focused on her grave, or on a facsimile of it. Bulette's original burial site had disappeared over the years, but some enterprising Virginia City residents found a way to make something out of nothing. They created a gravesite complete with white picket fence and placed it east of town among the ruins of the old Flowery Hill Cemetery. Tourists loved the idea. Since then Virginia City merchants also have named restaurants, saloons, and museums in her honor.

The stories, however, betray the reality of her existence. Recently, authors such as Marion Goldman and Douglas McDonald have worked to dispel the myths developed by earlier writers. In *The Legend of Julia Bulette* (1980), McDonald points out that contrary to previous descriptions of her "pleasure palace," Julia resided in one of the hastily-constructed cribs which lined Virginia City's D Street. Both biographers note that the preparation of sumptuous French meals would have been difficult in a house that lacked a kitchen and indoor plumbing, not to mention a French maid. Julia paid her neighbor Gertrude Holmes a small sum in return for meals. Her only helper was a Chinese man who came by on winter mornings to make a fire and sweep the floors. Goldman, in *Gold Diggers and Silver Miners* (1981), states that the Comstock's most celebrated prostitute died in debt, leaving behind too many bills and not enough assets to cover them.

Undoubtedly, Julia would have been happy with a quarter of the wealth and honors that writers later attributed to her. Like other legends, her story gradually grew in details, each more exaggerated than the last, that added heroism and splendor to a hard life. The legend of Julia Bulette may be filled with inaccuracies, but it is a good story, whose embroideries make it one of the most captivating examples of Comstock folklore. It shows, at least at first, what residents were willing to believe about their disreputable neighbors when they had a chance. □

Susan James of Carson City is a freelance writer with a special interest in history.

THE NEVADA CALENDAR

September & October

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

Compiled by Melissa Cronin



PATRICIA MORTATI

CRAFTY CREATIONS

You'll find exquisite works of art next to shocking feather masks and belly dancers in the annual display of weird and beautiful creations at the KNPR Craftworks Market. Politicians and celebrities practice mud slinging of a different kind as they throw pottery for the crowd, while bluegrass, jazz, and classical bands battle for your ear. The open-air event is held at Reed Whipple Field in Las Vegas on October 27-28, and you may discover one-of-a-kind holiday gifts in handwoven blankets and blown glass items—maybe even the perfect Halloween costume. Or, you may just want to come and watch.

Las Vegas/South

September

Las Vegas Stars' Pacific Coast League Playoffs, TBA, triple-A pro baseball, Cashman Field, 386-7200

Pioche Labor Day Celebration, 31-9/3, parade, fireworks, mining contests, and many children's activities, Pioche, 962-5508

Autorama Tradefair, 31-9/3, Mr. Macho show, battle of the bands, breakdance contest, on Mon. 11am auto parade with classics, low riders, custom cars and trucks, Nucleus Shopping Plaza, 1000 West Owens, West Las Vegas, 648-6222

Art Exhibit, thru 13, works by Ken Kline, Charleston Heights Arts Center, 386-6383

Concert, 1, starring singer Al Jarreau, 9pm, outdoor arena at Caesars Palace, 731-7865

Park Program, 1, 3pm, Cathedral Gorge State Park, Panaca, 728-4467

Park Program, 1, movie, "The Real West," after sunset, Spring Valley State Park, Pioche, 962-5102

Clark County Basque Festival, 1-2, on Sat. fundraiser for Catholic Community Services of Nevada hosted by U.S. Senator Paul Laxalt, $100 per person. On Sun. Lagun Onak Las Vegas Basque Club's Family Picnic, $3 admission, children 10 and under free. Both celebrations include wood chopping, weight lifting, bota bag and irrintzi (Basque war cry) contests, Oinkari Basque dancers from Idaho, lamb barbecue, chorizos, and picon punch. Sat. event is at Silk Purse Ranch near Floyd Lamb State Park, call 385-2662; Sun. festival is at Saint Viater Community Center, call 361-6834

Quilts Exhibit, 1-30, by Rose Thorn, Henderson Library, 565-9247

Park Program, 2, slide show after sunset, Kershaw-Ryan State Park, Caliente, 726-3325

Jerry Lewis Muscular Dystrophy Telethon, 2-3, free, 6pm Sun. thru 4pm Mon., Caesars Palace Pavilion, 731-7865

(Continued on page 58)



CAROLINE J. HADLEY PHOTOS

A propane burner atop the basket sends a blast of hot air into the balloon's interior, coaxing the colorful nylon bubble skyward.

ALOFT TO SEE THE WIZARD

For this first-timer, the Great Reno Balloon Race was like a trip over the Emerald City.

By Jim Crandall

Dorothy made an unforgivable mistake. All she had to do was climb into that magnificent hot air balloon with the Wizard of Oz and sail away from the Emerald City in style. She missed the chance of a lifetime, all because of that stupid little dog, Toto.

My chance to ride a balloon came last September during the Great Reno Balloon Race, which celebrated the 200th anniversary of flight and now is an annual event. I arrived at the launch site at Rancho San Rafael a full hour before the dawn rendezvous. My dog, Buckshot, remained at home safely tethered to a stout chain.

When the sun cracked over the mountains and sent horizontal shafts of radiance over the Truckee Meadows, nearly a hundred huge spheres began sprouting on the grassy field. It was as if the earth were blowing great soap bubbles, each a different explosion of brilliant colors and patterns. They'd swell and roll and swell some more until finally they'd break free and stand upright, each bound to the earth by a single rope.

When the wizard of my airship, Tim Burgess, said, "Climb in," I didn't hesitate. Neither did the third member of our crew, Reno Hilton PR man Randy Gaess. The Hilton had sponsored our flight, and it was Gaess' first time, too. Across the park I saw the Eldorado Hotel's balloon, from which *Nevada* editor Caroline Hadley would be madly snapping photographs.

Our basket was made of stout wicker,



reinforced by a metal frame. Two propane bottles fed a burner overhead. A pull from a lever sent blasts of fire into the balloon. As we awaited the flight coordinator's signal, dozens of balloons around us broke free. Some ships rose slightly, then bobbled back to earth and bounced higher. Some turned while others held still or rose slowly in the air. Then we lifted off.

The initial sensation was not of flight. It was as if the ground were pulling away from us. We stood in the wicker basket, leaning on the rail, perusing the meadow and the few balloons still on the ground. We saw the parking lot and Reno suburbs, and then the city, the Truckee River, and the whole valley.

Burgess held the ship about 500 feet above the ground, and we left the main flotilla to hover over downtown rooftops, watching as toy cars scampered below. We drifted above South Virginia Street, crossed the glistening waters of the Truckee, and floated west.

Then the balloon began spinning slowly, affording a 360-degree panorama. I thought it most pleasant, but Burgess did not. "We're caught in a thermal," he said. "I hate thermals." He said thermals had the effect of miniature tornadoes (look out Dorothy) and that we needed to break free.

He attempted this by dropping low over a residential neighborhood. It was then that a great cry went up, and we gazed down to see a schoolyard full of—could they be munchkins?—all standing about three feet tall, with their heads thrown back and their smiling, sunlit faces staring up like a field of daisies.

I waved, and the whole crowd waved back, giggled, jumped up and down, and



CAROLINE J. HADLEY PHOTOS







After the ride over Reno, pilot Russ McLain (top center), flying for the Eldorado, poses with family and chase crew. Then the $20,000-plus balloon is carefully packed. Above, Frank Jones and Yvonne Treasure are wed in the Harrah's balloon, somewhere near cloud nine.

screamed, "Hello!" They beckoned us to land, but we broke free from the thermal and rose again into the clear blue sky.

The main fleet of balloons was now far off, dangling like Christmas ornaments from an unseen tree. There were many pilots and crews who just wanted to be up there, content to go with the wind, see what they could, and land when it was time. Our time came over Washoe County Golf Course in southwest Reno. We aimed for the 11th green and landed in the rough nearby to the astonishment of a couple of early morning duffers.

We loaded the balloon in an oversized canvas pillowslip, put that in the basket, and loaded the basket in the back of our spotter truck, which had followed us on our two-hour journey. We then drove back to the launch site, where Gaess and I were inducted into the brotherhood of balloonists. Kneeling on the grass with our hands behind our backs, we were each told to pick up a cup with our teeth and drink the bubbly elixir inside. As we attempted this, we were christened with champagne, which was poured over our heads by the wizard himself.

He then read to us the balloonist's prayer, translated from the French original:

The winds have welcomed you with softness,
The sun has blessed you with warm hands.
You have flown so high and so well
That God has joined you in your laughter.
And He has set you gently back again
Into the loving arms of Mother Earth.

Eat your heart out, Dorothy. □

Nevada feature editor Jim Crandall hopes to catch another ride September 7-9 at this year's Great Reno Balloon Race, where more than 100 balloons are expected.

(Continued from page 54)

Park Program, 3, slide show after sunset, Echo Canyon State Recreation Area, Pioche, 728-4467

SNORE 250 Off-Road Race, 7-9, on Fri. tech inspection and registration from 2pm-midnight at Holiday Inn Hotel & Holiday Casino in Las Vegas; on Sat. race begins at 9am, with drivers completing the approximately 60-mile trail four times, start and finish at Jean, 363-6456

Roping Events, 8, open to public, free to spectators, rodeo arena, Peppermill's Western Village, Mesquite, 346-5232

UNLV v. San Jose State, 8, football, 7pm, Silver Bowl, 739-3267

Park Program, 8, movie, "Mojave Desert," after sunset, Kershaw-Ryan State Park, Caliente, 726-3325

Las Vegas Boat & Ski Club 50 & 75 Mile Ski Races, 8-9, 8am both days, Boulder Beach, Lake Mead, 293-2592

"The Man Who Knew Too Much," 11, Alfred Hitchcock movie, $1, 7pm, Charleston Heights Arts Center, 386-6382

Pahrump Harvest Festival Fair and PRCA Rodeo, 14-16, on Fri. 7pm gymkhana; on Sat. 9am parade, 10am opening for fair & midway, 9pm outdoor dance; on Sun. 8am backhoe contest, 9am opening for fair & midway; on Sat. and Sun. noon barbecue and 2pm rodeo, Pahrump Community Center, 727-5314

Marina $25,000 Video Poker Tournament, 14-16, Marina Hotel, 739-1500

Merle Haggard/Ricky Skaggs Concert, 15, 9pm, Caesars Palace, outdoor arena, 635-6698

All About Rattlesnakes, 15, talk, 3pm, Cathedral Gorge State Park, Panaca, 728-4467

Sixth Annual World Seniors Softball Tournament, 15-22, Las Vegas Softball Center, 648-7559

"39 Steps," 16, Alfred Hitchcock movie, 7pm, $1, Charleston Heights Arts Center, 386-6382

Big Bore Handgun Metallic Silhouette Shoot, 15, Meadow Valley Silhouette Club, one mile south of Panaca, 728-4573 or 728-4682

Blackjack Tournament, 16-21, Landmark Hotel, 733-1110

Panasonic Las Vegas Invitational, 17-23, world's richest golf tournament with a $1,122,500 purse. Mon.-Tues. practice rounds and parties for participants, Wed.-Sat. amateurs and celebrities join with pros from the PGA tour in the competition. On Sun. pros shoot for the $162,000 first-place prize. Held at Desert Inn, Las Vegas, Showboat, and Tropicana country clubs. Gate tickets for spectators are $12 a day, $50 for a week-long clubhouse admission. For info call 382-6616

ESPN Boxing, 19, Showboat Hotel, 385-9196

UNLV v. Wichita State, 22, football, Silver Bowl, 739-3267

European Style Flea Market and Indian Pow Wow, 22-23, arts and crafts, dancing contest, and food booths, $1.50, Convention Center, 457-1114 or 642-6674

Opera Highlights Concert, 23, 2-5pm, Reed Whipple Cultural Center, 386-6211

Harrah's '84 Games, 23-26, blackjack and craps tournaments held simultaneously at Holiday Casino in Las Vegas, Harrah's Tahoe, Harrah's Reno, and Harrah's Marina in Atlantic City, with $4 million in cash and prizes; Harrah's and International Gaming Promotions, Inc. 800-426-3784

Blackjack Tournament, 24-26, Tropicana Hotel, 739-2105

Mint Fall Trapshooting Tournament, 25-30, free to spectators, Mint Gun Club, near Floyd Lamb State Park, 645-1897

ESPN Boxing, 26, Showboat Hotel, 385-9196

Nevada 84, 26-10/30, photo show, Las Vegas Art Museum, 647-4300

"Strange Bedfellows," 27-29, political comedy set in Victorian San Francisco by Boulder First Nighters, 7:30pm, Boulder City High School Auditorium, 565-8507

Second Annual Desert Classic Team Roping, 27-28 & 30, Peppermill's Western Village, Mesquite, 346-5232

All-Star Wrestling, 28, tickets $12, $8, and $5 (children), 7:30pm, Showboat Hotel, 385-9196

National Old Timers Rodeo Assn. Rodeo, 28-29, Peppermill's Western Village, Mesquite, 346-5232

"Beyond the Fringe," 28-30, comedy revue, 8pm on Fri.-Sat., 2pm Sun., Judy Bayley Theatre, UNLV, 739-3801

Quaking Aspen Fall Foliage Tour, 28-30, guided bus tour from Las Vegas to Lincoln

OLD CRANKS IN VEGAS

If you love the aroma of oiled leather, the patina of rubbed brass, and the deep grain of polished hardwood, then you'll find an old-time swirl of sensations at the Imperial Palace's third annual Antique Auto Run on October 26-28. The run's organizers invite car buffs to watch and anyone with pre-1936 autos to dress in period garb and join the celebration. There will be parties, awards, costumes, barbecues, and memorable drives through the countryside near Lake Mead. Last year there were 130 entrants, and Imperial Palace officials hope to triple that number this year.

WHISTLING'S BELIEVE IT OR NOT

These Belly Whistlers bring forth belly laughs at the World's International Whistle-Off in Carson City, especially when it's discovered that the strangely costumed chirpers actually have their arms and heads in their hats, with faces painted on their upper torsos. It's a hilarious sidelight to the seventh annual competition that draws some of the world's finest concert whistlers, who whistle up everything from Mozart and Beethoven to Willie Nelson. This year's blowout is September 29-30 at Mills Park in Carson City.



ED OPSITOS

SPEED SKI JUBILEE

The Las Vegas Boat & Ski Club's annual 50 and 75 Mile Ski Race on Lake Mead isn't just an exhibition of sleek racing boats towing some of the sport's fastest skiers. With classes for stock ski boats, youngsters and old-timers get their chances for glory, too. The regatta is September 8-9, and spectators will want to arrive before the 8 a.m. cast-off both Saturday (the 50) and Sunday (the 75). As always, the location is the Special Events Beach just south of Boulder Beach, where families, friends, and old sea dogs enjoy barbecues, beer, pop, and ship and ski talk.



BOB McKEEVER

A TOUR MADE IN HEAVEN

Some of Reno's most uplifting landmarks will be open for inspection on Sunday, October 21, when the Washoe Heritage Council hosts tours of five historic downtown churches. During the all-day event you can visit such marvels as St. Thomas Aquinas Cathedral, whose twin four-story towers rose into the sky in 1907, and the Gothic Revival architecture of the First United Methodist Church, built in 1925. Hosts will hand out maps that describe the sites' history, architecture, and interesting trivia, and each church will provide a guide to lead the way.

County, Pahranagat Lakes, Caliente, Kershaw-Ryan and Cathedral Gorge state parks, Pioche, Mount Wheeler, Snake Range, Ely, Cedar City, Zion National Park, Mesquite; Nevada Discovery Tours, 735-5450

Park Program, 29, slide show after sunset, Cathedral Gorge State Park, Panaca, 728-4467

George Benson, 29, outdoor concert, 9pm, Caesars Palace, 635-6698

Chili Cook-Off, 30, country-western and bluegrass bands, Miss Chili Pepper Contest, chili tasting, 10am-6pm, Flamingo Library, 733-7810

Pan Tournament, 30-10/3, Union Plaza Hotel, 386-2110

October

Craps Tournament, 1-3, Tropicana Hotel, 739-2222

Fiber Arts Guild Exhibition, 1-31, Henderson Library, 565-9247

Pistol Tournament, 4-6, Four Queens Hotel, 385-4011

Roping Events, 6, open to public, free to spectators, rodeo arena, Peppermill's Western Village, Mesquite, 346-5232

Art in the Park Festival, 6-7, annual outdoor arts and crafts show featuring many western artists, Government Park, Boulder City, 293-3787

Las Vegas Jaycees State Fair, 9-14, carnival midway, petting zoo, bands, garden show, gem show, food, on Tues.-Fri. 4pm-midnight, Sat. noon-midnight, Sun. noon-10pm; children 5 and under free, general admission for children 6-12 is $2, over 12 $4; grandstand is $10 and includes special entertainment, Cashman Field, 457-8832

ESPN Boxing, 11, 6pm, Showboat Hotel, 385-9196

Frontier 500, 11-13, major off-road race between Las Vegas and Reno. Tech inspection on Thurs. and Fri. is free and open to public at the Frontier Hotel. At 7am Sat., race day, the four-wheel entries parade down the Strip 17 miles to Sloan for the start. Race goes through Pahrump Valley, Beatty, Goldfield, Tonopah Airport, Gabbs, and Dayton on way to finish that evening at Rattlesnake Mountain in Reno; call 361-5404

"The Dining Room," 12-13, drama, 8pm, Black Box Theatre, UNLV, 739-3801

UNLV v. Idaho State, 13, football, 7pm, Silver Bowl, 739-3267

All-Star Wrestling, 17, 7:30pm, tickets $12, $8, and $5 (children), Showboat Hotel, 385-9196

"The Dining Room," 18-21, drama, Thurs.-Sat. at 8pm, Sun. 2pm, Black Box Theatre, UNLV, 739-3801

Henderson Expo '84, 19-21, home show with exhibits, carnival, art show, food, Fri. 6-10pm, Sat. 10am-10pm, Sun. noon-6pm, Convention Center, Henderson, 565-8951

Fine Arts and Quality Craft Fall Festival, 19-21, Frontier Hotel, 734-0110

J&B Gold Putter Awards, 20-21, 16 top LPGA golfers will putt against each other in 18-hole matches over three greens in a double-elimination format; first prize is $50,000, and admission is free for the public, 8am Sat., 10am Sun., Desert Inn Country Club, 733-4444

Las Vegas Civic Symphony Concert, 21, at 2pm, $2 adults, $1 senior citizens and children under 12, Reed Whipple Cultural Center, 386-6211

Blackjack Tournament, 21-26, Landmark Hotel, 733-1110

Blackjack Tournament, 22-24, Tropicana Hotel, 739-2105

"The Dining Room," 25-28, drama, Thurs.-Sat. 8pm, Sun. 2pm, Black Box Theatre, UNLV, 739-3801

Quarter-Scale Airplane Show, 26, 9am-5pm, free, Showboat Hotel, 385-9104

Ballet, 25-28, Nevada Dance Theatre, performances of Hansel and Gretel, and ballets from famous operas, Thurs.-Sat. 8pm, Sun. 2pm, Judy Bayley Theatre, UNLV, 739-3838

Mr. Universe Contest, 26-27, amateur bodybuilding championships in four weight divisions. Pre-judging on Fri. 10:30am-5pm, finals 7pm on Sat., Caesars Palace Pavilion, 731-7865

Imperial Palace Antique Auto Run, 27, race for cars built before 1936, beginning and ending at the Imperial Palace in Las Vegas. Drivers tour along Lake Mead and stop at Boulder Beach where a catered lunch is served; public is invited to the lunch and to view the cars at the hotel, 731-3311

North Las Vegas Fairshow and Nevada Championship Balloon Races, 26-28; 75 to 100 hot-air balloonists compete in races and give demonstrations. Carnival, exhibits, contests including Halloween costumes, Mr. Macho Nevada, Parent of the Year, western hats, and softball, plus a toga costume party and 40-mile bicycle relay race from Hoover Dam to Fairshow, Clark County Community College, North Las Vegas, 642-1944

Antique Arms Show, 26-28, Sahara Hotel, 737-2715

Marina $25,000 Blackjack Tournament, 26-28, Marina Hotel, 739-1500

Firefighting Equipment Exhibit, 27-10/11/85, museum display of equipment used in Goldfield, Las Vegas, and other towns from the 1900s to the 1940s, Nevada State Museum and Historical Society, 385-0115

KNPR Craftworks Market, 27-28, original works in pottery, glass, quilting, weaving, jewelry, and woodcarving, also live music, craft demonstrations, children's activities, food booths, $2, Reed Whipple Field, 456-6695

"Secret Agent," 30, Alfred Hitchcock movie, 7pm, $1, Charleston Heights Arts Center, 386-6382

Big Bore Handgun Metallic Silhouette Shoot, 30, Meadow Valley Silhouette Club, one mile south of Panaca, 728-4573 or 728-4682

Nevada Day Celebration, 31, chuck wagon, dancing, rides, and contests to commemorate Nevada's admission to the union in 1864, Landmark Hotel, 733-1404

Baccarat Tournament, 31-11/4, Desert Inn, 733-4444

MEET MR. MACHO

The days are getting shorter but the Southern Nevada weather is still beautiful in October, which will help fun-seekers deal with two of the month's special flings. On October 9-14, the Las Vegas Jaycees State Fair returns to its original 1954 home, Cashman Field. At the fair's giant carnival you can take a heart-stopping ride on the Zyclon roller coaster and then try the looping Skydiver to get everything ticking again. You'll have a week to recover before the action picks up in North Las Vegas. There you can ride in a hot air balloon, join a toga party, or meet Mr. Macho Nevada during the annual Fairshow and Nevada National Championship Balloon Races on October 26-28. The events take place at the Clark County Community College; to find it, just watch for the balloons.

OUR 120TH BIRTHDAY

To celebrate the 120th anniversary of the state's admission to the union, everyone is invited to the Nevada Day festivities in Carson City, which start on Saturday, October 27, with the 1864 Grand Ball at the Ormsby House. The following Wednesday, October 31, celebrating resumes with a bang as marching bands and colorful floats parade down Carson Street all morning. Meanwhile, strong men ready for the World Championship Rock Drilling Contest, and local Jaycee women defend their title in the Nevada State Championship Bed Races.

Central

September

Fossil House Tours, thru 3, see fossil remains of several ichthyosaurs (giant fish-lizards) daily at 10am, 2pm, and 4pm, Berlin-Ichthyosaur State Park, near Gabbs, 867-3001

Berlin, A Ghost Town Tour, thru 3, guided tours by park ranger of the historic mining



PATRICIA MORTATI

THE RICHEST FIVE ROUNDS IN THE WORLD

Things rolled the right way in Las Vegas last fall for golfer Fuzzy Zoeller (above), and he'll be back September 17-23 to defend his title in the Panasonic Las Vegas Invitational. In fact, all of the top PGA players will be swatting balls around the city as they aim for a piece of the $1,122,500 purse—the richest in golf. The field also is the game's largest. In all, 208 pros and 832 amateurs are scheduled to play at the Desert Inn, Showboat, Tropicana, and Las Vegas country clubs. The celebrity pro-am runs four days, while the pros play the last of their 90-hole test on Sunday. Tickets are available for clubhouse admission as well as gallery viewing, while non-attending fans can watch on ESPN cable television. This may be the last autumn gathering, by the way; next year the tournament switches to March 18-24 and live NBC coverage.

town, meet at Berlin-Ichthyosaur State Park office, near Gabbs, 867-3001

Tonopah Picnic Photo Display, thru 15, photo show of early Central Nevada citizens, and visitors are encouraged to write in names of those people they recognize, Central Nevada Museum, Tonopah, 482-9676

Ione Days and Ore House Jamboree, 1-2, on Sat. trapshoot and country dance; on Sun. kids' games, women's mud-wrestling, Texas stew, and country dance, Ione, 285-2669

Nevada 84, 5-19, photo show, Central Nevada Historical Society, Tonopah, 482-9676

Nevada State Four-Man Best Ball Golf Tournament, 22-23, White Pine County Golf Course, Ely, 289-4095

White Pine High School Rodeo, 22-23, 9am daily, County Fairgrounds, Ely, 289-8679

North

September

Winnemucca Rodeo and Tri-County Fair, 8/3-9/2, featuring a parade and exhibits, the annual PRCA rodeo at the fairgrounds; Western Art Roundup show and sale at Convention Center; and country market at the Humboldt County Museum, 623-2225

Elko County Fair and Livestock Show, 31-9/3, total purse for this 63rd year of horse racing is $110,000. Ten races each day begin at 1pm with parimutuel betting on all races. Feature races: Elko County Thoroughbred Futurity on Sat. and Intermountain Quarter Horse Futurity and Elko County Derby on Mon. Also stock horse events including team penning, branding contest, and team roping; 4-H and FFA exhibits daily, parade, fairgrounds, Elko, 738-7135

Leonardo da Vinci Exhibit, thru 9, models of da Vinci's inventions, Northeastern Nevada Museum, Elko, 738-3418

Art Exhibit, thru 16, paintings and photographs by Tad Cheyenne Schutt, Northeastern Nevada Museum, Elko, 738-3418

Car Races, 1, 6pm, stock cars and mini-sprints, Battle Mountain Raceway, 625-2235

Cactus Pete's Air Race, 7, from Stockton, CA. to Jackpot, 755-2259

Capriola Days, 7-9, roping exhibitions and contests, KOA Campground, Elko, 738-5816

Festival of Planes, 8, displays of current and past aircraft, radio-controlled model airplanes, ultralight airplane races, flour bombing, spot landings, egg drops, and aviation movies, J.C. Harris Field, Elko, 738-7135

Cactus Pete's $20,000 Pro-Am Golf Tournament, 10-14, Jackpot Golf Course, 755-2259

Winnemucca Motocross, 16, motorcycle races, grandstand seating, sign-up 7am, practice 8am, first race 9am, $15 riders, $3 spectators, Flying W's Park, Winnemucca, 623-6382

Ladies Professional Golf Tournament, 17, Jackpot Golf Course, 755-2259

Cactus Pete's Air Race, 22, from Great Falls, MT. to Jackpot, 755-2259

Man-Mule Race, 22, race between humans, horses, and mules from Elko to Lamoille, 20 miles, followed by a barbecue; $10 entry fee, open to all runners and riders, Elko, 738-8570

Art Exhibit, 28-10/24, ceramic and wood works by Walt McNamara, Northeastern Nevada Museum, Elko, 738-3418

FAST TIMES IN WASHOE VALLEY

For the ninth consecutive year, a grunting parade of runners will wind through Washoe Valley on September 2 to see who's the fastest—and who survives—in the Silver State Classic. There are actually two races going on: a marathon, the brutal and ancient runner's test of 26.2 miles, and a half marathon of 13.1 miles. The races start at 6:30 a.m. in the cool of the morning at Davis Creek Campground, 20 miles south of Reno, and end at Bowers Mansion. Last year's marathon winners were Dave Carlsen of Carson City, in 2:34:21, and Sue King of Bishop, California, who ran a 3:14:35 in the picturesque valley setting.

October

Cactus Pete's Air Race, 6, from Spearfish, S.D. to Jackpot, 755-2259

Big Sky Cutting Horse Show and Sale, 11-13, regional show of cutting horses at fairgrounds; sale at Red Lion Inn, Elko, 738-2111

Art Exhibit, 26-11/14, watercolors and tapestry by Pat Fox, Northeastern Nevada Museum, Elko, 738-3418

Reno/West

September

Photography Exhibit, thru 9, new work by Northern Nevada and Lake Tahoe photographers, Sierra Nevada Museum of Art, 329-3333

Fleischmann Planetarium Shows, thru 16, Isaac Asimov's short story, "The Last Question," adapted for the planetarium in a multimedia show, 11am, 3pm, and 7:30pm daily. Also, a krypton gas laser, choreographed to a musical program ranging from classical to rock, emits vivid colors on the planetarium dome, 1pm and 9pm daily, Fleischmann Planetarium, 784-4811

Photo Exhibit, thru 11/15, on the evolution of cameras and photography, Churchill County Museum, Fallon, 423-3677

Reno Padres v. Fresno Giants, 8/31-9/2, class-A pro baseball, 7:30pm, Moana Stadium, 825-0678

Evening Stargaze, 1, representative from Fleischmann Planetarium guides you through the major constellations and astrological myths, dusk, Sand Harbor, Lake Tahoe, 867-3001

Flea Market, 1, 10am-6pm, Village Green, Incline Village, 832-1225

Fort Churchill Guided Tour, 1-2, 10am Fort Churchill Historic State Monument, near Silver Springs, 867-3001

Nevada State Hunter Pistol Championship, 1-2, Palomino Valley Gun Club, 323-3950

Splendor of the Sierra, 1-2, fine arts show,

Northstar, N. Lake Tahoe, 916-562-1010
Lion's Club Rodeo and Parade, 1-3, rodeo all three days at fairgrounds, 10:30am parade on Mon. down Maine Street, Fallon, 423-2426
Field Meet of the Model-A Ford Club, 1-3, with 125 Model-A Fords on display, Legislative Mall, Carson City, 885-5943
Silver State Marathon and Half Marathon, 2, races of 26.2 and 13.1 miles, 6:30am, entry fee $12, starts at Davis Creek Park and ends at Bowers Mansion, Washoe Valley, 789-4658
Pacific Crest Canoeing and Portage Race, 2, nine-mile canoe race from Carnelian Bay to Hyatt Beach, then one-mile portage to the Pacific Crest complex in Incline Village, U.S. Canoe Assn. sanctioned, 831-4105
Topaz Lake VFD Barbecue-Dance, 2, Topaz Firehouse, 266-3469
Chamber Music Concert, 2, 2pm, Piper's Opera House, Virginia City, 847-0433
Holiday Steam-Up, 2-3, Virginia & Truckee Railroad Museum, Carson City, 885-4810
Art Exhibit, 2-11/14, paintings by Rita Abbey, Sierra Nevada Museum of Art, 329-3333
Sierra Hike, 3, guided backpacking trip from Desolation Wilderness to Yosemite's Tuolumne Meadows, 150 miles, takes 20 days, Wildwalk, Inc., S. Lake Tahoe, 916-577-5506
Art Exhibit, 3-28, paintings by Benini, Manville Gallery, UNR, 784-6001
International Arabian Horse Show, 5-9, Convention Center, on Friday art auction featuring 30 works of Arabian horse art at the MGM Grand, Reno, 785-4800

PULLING FOR HAWTHORNE

Even with unwavering enthusiasm for the political speeches, fine antiques, and an old-fashioned medicine show, the loudest cheers at Hawthorne's Victorian Fair last fall were probably in the kids' tug of war, in which half the contestants were dragged screaming through a mud hole. The two-day celebration repeats this September 22-23 at the Centennial Courthouse with streets blocked off and park lawns set up for games and snack fests featuring wine and cheese tasting and an ice cream social. Among other highlights are the Saturday night barn dance, a croquet tournament, and a pet show and parade (bring your own dog) on Sunday afternoon.



GOING, GOING, GONE

First it was Standard Oil, then AT&T. Now another institution of world renown, Harrah's Automobile Collection, is breaking up. In the first of a series of auctions to divest Harrah's of its 1,100-car collection, 335 vintage autos will go to the highest bidders on the weekend of September 29-30 at the collection's Showroom No. 2 in Sparks. Among the departing vehicles are a 1932 Stutz Super Bearcat, seven Duesenbergs, and 39 Fords dating from 1907 to 1975. The auction is expected to attract 5,000 to 7,000 bidders and onlookers. Each bidder will be required to submit a letter of guarantee from his bank and a $30 fee. The public is welcome; admission is $10 for available seating. For details and a free catalog, write Harrah's Vehicle Auction, Box 10, Reno, NV. 89504, or drop by the collection, which is recognized as the Louvre of the auto world and famous for its restoration shops. While dismantling the collection over the next couple of years, Harrah's has pledged 200 to 300 cars for a new Reno museum. The cars will be under the wing of the nonprofit William F. Harrah Automobile Foundation, named for the late casino czar who began the collection in 1948.

Nevada State Fair, 5-9, carnival, midway, livestock and agricultural exhibits, state championship destruction derby, Shari Lewis and her puppets, Rod Hannah, Amazing Alexander, Kirby St. Romaine, Timo the Clown, country-western singer Jamie; the admission charge to all exhibits and entertainment is $4 for adults, $2 for disabled persons and children 6 to 12, children 5 and under free, State Fairgrounds, 785-4280
Designer Showcase, 5-29, 14-room home of Dr. and Mrs. James Archer opened to the public. Each room has been completely redecorated by an interior designer, benefit for Saint Mary's Hospital Guild, 11am-3pm Tues.-Sun., $6, $5 for senior citizens and groups of 20 or more, 6 Bret Harte, Reno, 786-8825
Ladies Invitational Slot Marathon, 7-9, Reno Ramada Hotel, 788-2000
Karl's Grand Opening, 7-9, celebrating its $12 million expansion, Karl's Hotel, Sparks, 323-4500
The Great Reno Balloon Race, 7-9, competition with more than 100 hot-air balloonists flying over Reno, $10,000 prize money, lift-off at 7am daily from Rancho San Rafael Park, concessions, entertainment, 788-3025
World's Toughest Triathlon, 8, includes 2.4-mile swim in Lake Tahoe from Tahoe Keys; 120-mile bicycle ride from South Lake Tahoe to Gardnerville, Markleeville, and Harrah's at Stateline; and a 26.2-mile run from Harrah's to Spooner Summit and back; $50,000 purse, team and individual competitions, 7:30am, S. Lake Tahoe, 588-6611
Donner Trophy Regatta, 8, Hobie Fleet 203, Donner Lake, 322-4853
Spaghetti Dinner and Dance, 8, Fish Springs Firehouse, 782-3118
Virginia City Camel Races, 8-9, kick-off on Fri. with 1860s Costume Ball at old V & T depot 6pm; on Sat. races begin 9am; Sun. 9am races, grand champion crowned 4pm, Virginia City, 847-0311
Reno National Championship Air Races, 13-16; with more than $300,000 in prize money, the races feature four classes of pylon racing, skydiving, stunt flying, and demonstrations by the Snowbirds and Thunderbirds. Gates open at 7am, opening ceremonies start at 10:30am. All events take place at Stead Air Field, 10 miles north of Reno; 826-7500
"Barefoot in the Park," 13-16, Neil Simon comedy, 7:30pm on Thurs., 8pm Fri.-Sat., 2pm Sun., Reno Little Theater, 329-0661
UNR v. Texas A&I, 15, football, 1pm, Mackay Stadium, UNR, 784-4697
Ferrari Hill Climb, 15-16, racing from Silver City to Virginia City, 847-0311
100-Mile Horse Endurance Race, 15-16, Virginia City, 847-0311
Nevada State Pistol Championships, 15-16, Shooting Park, Carson City, 246-3187
California Reined Cow Horse Assn. World Championship Snaffle Bit Futurity, 15-23, more than $300,000 prize money, Convention Center, Reno, 785-4800
High Power Silhouette Rifle Shoot, 16, Palomino Valley Gun Club, 323-3950
Fort Churchill Celebration, 16, commem-

orating the fort's active years, 1860-1869. Nevada Civil War Volunteers stage mock battles, demonstrations, cannon firing, 10am-4pm, Fort Churchill Historic State Monument, near Silver Springs, 867-3001

St. Mary's in the Mountains Restoration Celebration, 16; after many years church fixtures have been returned from local museums. At 3pm parade starts from Fourth Ward School, goes through Virginia City and then to the church; at 4pm is a Virginia City Municipal Band concert; 5pm organ recitals, hymns, and songs; 6pm Mass sung in Latin; and 7pm champagne reception in basement; the 7:30-8pm banquet at Delta Saloon is by reservation, Virginia City, 847-0663

Concert, 16, violinist Aaron Rosand, 2pm, Piper's Opera House, Virginia City, 847-0433

Yes, 20, rock concert, $12.50 and $15 tickets, Lawlor Events Center, 784-4659

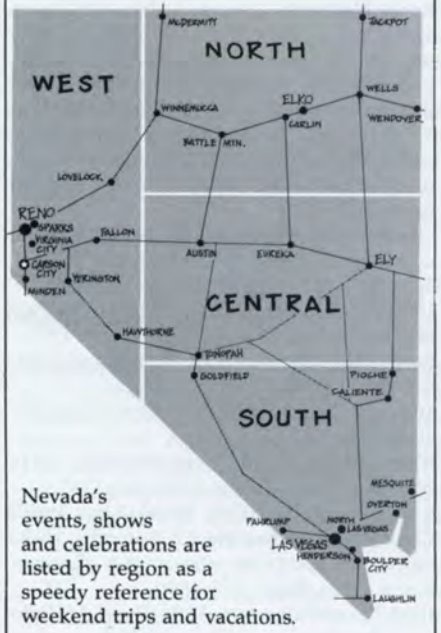
"Barefoot in the Park," 20-23, Neil Simon comedy, 8:30pm Thurs.-Sat., 2pm Sun., Reno Little Theater, 329-0661

Snaffle Bit Futurity Select Yearling and Brood Mare Sale, 21, 6pm, John Ascuaga's Nugget, Sparks, 356-3438

Art Show, 21-10/17, sculptures by Diane Katsiaficas and new works by Roger Graf and Marc Yamagata, Church Fine Arts Building, UNR, 784-6682

Statehood Exhibit, 21-8/31/85, features pioneers, territorial government, and the events leading to Nevada's statehood in 1864, State Museum, Carson City, 885-4810

Hawthorne's Victorian Fair, 22-23, medicine sideshow with snake lady, antique show and sale, melodrama and forensic competition, bands, hootenanny and barn dance, old-timer's sourdough breakfast, old-fashioned kid's games, Victorian costume croquet tournament, political candidates forum, pet show and parade, ice cream social, wine and cheese tasting, with all activities based around the Centennial Courthouse and Community Recreation Center, Hawthorne, 945-2472



Nevada's events, shows and celebrations are listed by region as a speedy reference for weekend trips and vacations.



FAIR DEAL FOR LAMB CHOP

Memories will be rekindled when Shari Lewis appears with the wise-cracking puppet, Lamb Chop (remember him?), and the aging kangaroo, Mister Person, at the Nevada State Fair September 5-9. The fairgrounds in Reno will be jumping with activity with the state championship destruction derby, carnival, midway, comedians, magicians, and musicians to entertain you. Admission to the fair is cheap—$4 for adults; $2 for the disabled and children ages 6 to 12; under 5 are free.

Great High Sierra Chili Cook-Off, 22-23, cash prizes, music by the Legendary Stardust Cowboys, on Sat. 8am-6pm, on Sun. 10am-4pm, winner goes to the world chili championship Oct. 21 in Rosamond, CA., Del Webb's High Sierra, Stateline, 882-1777

"The Legend of Julia Bulette," 22-23, musical, 8pm Sat., 3pm Sun., Kash Productions, Space Theatre, 120 Hubbard Way (near the Peppermill Inn), 827-5002

High Power Rifle Tournament, 23, Shooting Park, Carson City, 246-3187

Nevada Hot Rod Pickup Pull, 28-29, trucks pull against a weighted sled for distance, Lawlor Events Center, 784-4659

WORLD'S TOUGHEST FEAT

You dive into the chilling waters of Lake Tahoe and swim as fast as you can for 2.2 miles. Then you jump on a bicycle and pump your heart out in a 120-mile loop over three Sierra summits. After that, you run from Harrah's Tahoe to the top of Spooner Summit, through the wooded crests of the Sierra to Kingsbury Grade, and back to Stateline in a 26.2-mile loop. If you do that, you're probably superhuman and an entrant in the second annual World's Toughest Triathlon on September 8. The $50,000 purse is expected to draw hundreds of world-class athletes, major TV networks, and thousands of spectators.

UNR v. Northern Arizona, 29, football, 1pm, Mackay Stadium, 784-4697

World's 7th International Whistle-Off, 29-30, whistlers compete in classical, novelty, country, and other categories, 9am, Mills Park, Carson City, 882-1565

Genoa Candy Dance and Crafts Fair, 29-30, arts and crafts, with 500 pounds of candy and cookies on sale, barbecue; opens 10am at Mormon Station State Park; dance Sat. evening at Genoa Town Hall, 782-2518

October

Art Exhibit, 1-11/2, abstract paintings by Janet Crennin, Manville Gallery, UNR, 784-6001

"The Passion of Dracula," 5-6, thriller, 8pm, Nevada Repertory Company, Church Fine Arts Theatre, UNR, 784-6505

UNR v. Idaho, 6, football, 1pm, Mackay Stadium, 784-4697

Comstock Photographers Show, 6-7, Gold Hill Hotel, 847-0111

Nevada State Dirt Track Championship Races, 6, full-sized California sprint, jallopies, and superstocks, Lovelock Speedway, 273-7213

Pistol 1800 Tournament, 7, Shooting Park, Carson City, 246-3187

High Power Silhouette or Hunting Rifle Shoot, 7, Palomino Valley Gun Club, 323-3950

Fun Day, 7, horseshoes, trap shoot, cutting horse contest, gymkhana, barbecue, 7am until dusk, Wellington, 465-2213

"Othello," 11, 8pm, Nevada Opera Assn., Pioneer Theater, 786-4046

Sensational Scarecrow Contest, 12, life-size scarecrows designed by students, Jessie Beck Elementary School, 826-0207

"The Passion of Dracula," 12-14, thriller, Sat. 8pm, Sun. 2pm, Nevada Repertory Company, Church Fine Arts Theatre, UNR, 784-6505

Artists of the Comstock Exhibition, 12-19, work by local painters and sculptors, Elementary School, Virginia City, 847-0705

VFD Octoberfest, 13, Johnson Lane Firehouse, Carson Valley 782-2172

Art Show and Sale, 13-14, ceramics by Bobbie Beverstock, sculptures and paintings by Martha and Larry Austin, noon-5pm, free, Hazen Bar on U.S. 50-A in Hazen, 867-3066

Doll and Miniature Show and Sale, 13-14, Convention Center, 345-0577

Italian Festival, 14, celebration of Columbus Day (October 8) with week of Italian buffets; on 14th a grape stomp, pasta booths, wine tasting, music, outdoors at the Eldorado Hotel, 786-5700

International Arts Festival, 18-21, Park Lane Mall, 747-6392

Art Show, 19-11/7, works by Mick Sheldon and Jon Dewey, Sheppard Gallery, UNR, 784-6682

Ladies Invitational Seven Card Stud Tournament, 20-21, Hyatt Lake Tahoe, 831-1111 ext. 5409

Shooting Championships, 21, Palomino Valley Gun Club, 323-3950

Historical Church Tour, 21, tour visits First Church of Christ Scientist, First United

Methodist Church, Lutheran Church of the Good Shepherd, St. Thomas Aquinas Cathedral, and the Trinity Episcopal Church; guides will be at each building, all near the Truckee River in central Reno, 1-4pm, Washoe Heritage Council, 849-1438

Harvest Farm Sale and Auction, 21, auction of collectibles, farm antiques and produce, sale of homemade food and crafts, face painting, live music by Yerington's Jacks & Jennys, 10am, Smith Valley Community Hall, Wellington, 465-2304

Art Exhibit, 21-11/30, featuring William Keith and mixed media works by Deborah Cofer, Sierra Nevada Museum of Art, 329-3333

Concert, 23, Aaron Copland's "Appalachian Spring," 8:15pm, Reno Philharmonic Assn., Pioneer Theater, 329-1324

Antique Show, 25-28, State Fairgrounds, 785-4306

"True West," 26-28, comedy by Sam Shepard, 8:30pm Fri.-Sat., 2pm Sun., Reno Little Theater, 329-0661

Remember When '50s Dance, 27, live band plus records, dance contest, '50s dress contest, car parade, 7pm, Community Center, Carson City, 246-3273

Nevada Day 1864 Grand Ball, 27, Ormsby House, Carson City, 882-1890

Big Bore Metallic Silhouette Match, 28, Reno Silhouette Assn., 849-1188

Reno Philharmonic Concert, 30, 8:15pm, Pioneer Theater, 329-1324

Nevada Day Boxing Festival, 30, 7pm, Community Center, Carson City, 887-2291

Nevada Day Celebration, 31, 7am pancake breakfast, 9am Nevada State Championship Bed Races, Admission Day parade followed by firemen's waterfights, beard judging, essay awards, luncheon at Methodist Church, plus the World Championship Rock Drilling Contest at noon, Carson City, 882-2600

Nevada Day Exhibit, 31-11/16, area artists' work, Brewery Arts Center, Carson City, 882-9723

Coming Attractions

November

Caesars Palace Grand Prix, 8-11, Las Vegas, 731-7110

Jack Straus World Match Play Poker Championships, 27-12/14, Las Vegas, 734-0110

December

Carson City International Pro Rally 500, 8-9, 883-8388

Nevada Championship Chili Cook-Off, 8-9, Las Vegas, 734-0410

Frontier 250, 14-16, Las Vegas, 734-0110

Parade of Lights, 15, Las Vegas Boat Harbor, Lake Mead, 565-9111

A Reminder: to confirm dates and times, use the phone numbers listed with each event. For out-of-state callers, the area code is 702 throughout Nevada. For toll-free phone numbers, call 1-800-555-1212. □

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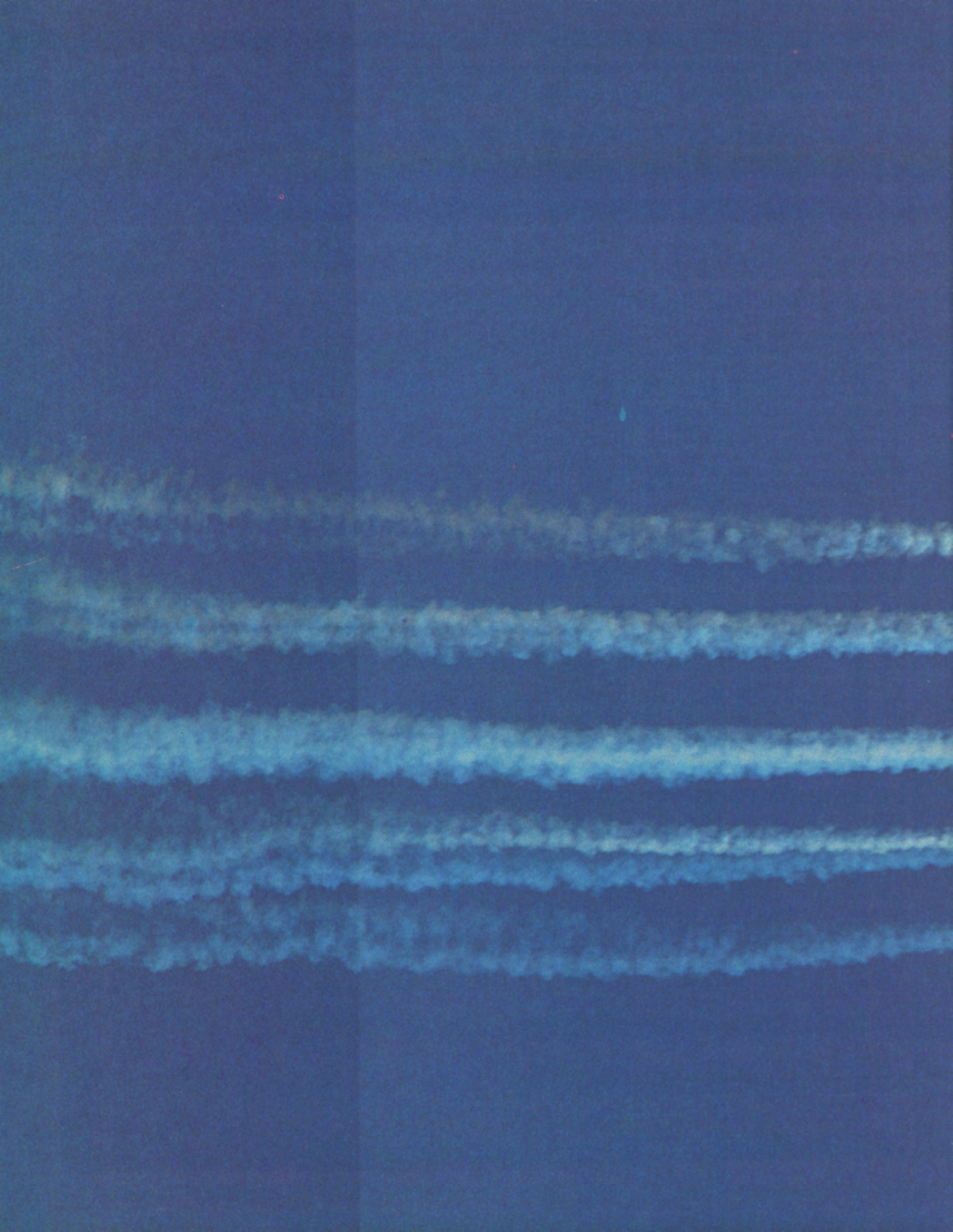
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CLOUD BUSTERS

It's hard to impress an audience in 1984. Once they've seen Indiana Jones raid the Temple of Doom or Star Trek's Dr. Spock come back from the dead, some people think there's not much excitement left in the real world.

But maybe that's why the Reno National Championship Air Races, to be held September 13-16 at Stead Air Field, always does so well: Hollywood and the tube just can't match the performance. It's one thing to watch John Wayne climb into his Flying Tiger and roar off into the black and white sunset. It's quite a different experience to stand next to a *real* Curtis P-40 and feel the ground vibrate and the air pulsate with the pungent odor of Av gas as the monstrous motor begins its rev-up. You're left with little doubt as to why they painted teeth on the front of these pre-World War II fighters.

For pilots and airplane buffs, the experience of the Reno Air Races is awe-inspiring. Even if you've never flown on anything less wild than a 727 commuter to Las Vegas, there's a certain haunting nostalgia in watching this parade of flight. Legendary names like Mustang, Spitfire, Bearcat, and Flying Fortress take on a new meaning when you can watch the pilots scramble into the cockpits, give a thumbs up, and erase the years with the click of an ignition switch. The best teachers are also here. In the crowd you're likely to bump into such heralded aces as Pappy Boyington, Bob Hoover, and Chuck Yeager.

The aircraft at the races, which are held 10 miles north of Reno at the old Air Force base at Stead, are also state-of-the-art racing machines. Virtually every plane will out-perform the production models that cleared the skies of German Messerschmitts and Japanese Zeros for the Allies. Each year the Unlimiteds shove back the threshold of propeller performance; in 1983 a new race record of 435.584 mph was set by Neil Anderson in a modified Sea Fury.

As airport security and flight regulations have separated the spectator from the airplane, the airplanes have been moved away from each other. Thus, anywhere else, if two planes are within a half mile of each other, it's called a near-miss. At Stead, you can watch the USAF's Thunderbirds pass within inches at closing speeds near Mach 2, and then see the cantankerous AT-6 trainers bank wingtip-to-wingtip through the pylons at 220 mph.

Such delicate balancing acts are not without risk, but it is not the rare crashes that attract more than 100,000 spectators each autumn. It is the sight and sound. When the nine red and white jets of the Canadian Snowbirds turn on the smoke and blast over the grandstand to open their performance, the entire sky, from desert horizon to 12 o'clock high, is filled with cacophony and color. As your neck cranks from front to back, the scene takes your breath away.

While most air shows would be delighted with the Snowbirds and Thunderbirds alone, Reno has much more. There is the competition of pylon racing in four different classes, the precision of parachute teams, and the death-defying stunts of wing walkers and barnstormers.

The organizers like to call air racing "the world's fastest, most exciting motorsport." Certainly the Reno Air Races are more exciting than anything Hollywood ever did.—*Buddy Frank*

CAROLINE J. HADLEY PHOTOS



NEW HOTEL NOW OPEN!

A Real Western Beauty

Peppermill's Western Village offers 48 acres of fun and excitement, a superb 24-hour restaurant, full Nevada casino, live country-western entertainment, music and dancing.

Each of the 152 guest rooms in our new hotel addition has two queen-size beds, satellite color T.V. and private swimming pool and jacuzzi.

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$39.00 per person dbl. occupancy — 3 days 2 nights

SUNDAY thru THURSDAY
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LUXURIOUS ROOM ACCOMMODATIONS INCLUDES:

- TWO COMPLETE BREAKFASTS
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Mesquite, Nevada 89024

Roadside Attractions

Colorful fall explorations that will take you from Colorado River gorges to 11,000-foot-high vistas.



CHARLES E. McMANIS

Colorado River voyagers begin their 11-mile downriver run from the base of Hoover Dam.

Spring into Fall

Just 44 miles northwest of Las Vegas, the Spring Mountains rise to summits higher than 11,000 feet, and marked trails within this part of the Toiyabe National Forest offer startling scenery changes, from Joshua trees and cacti to ancient Bristlecone pines. In fall, the many canyons glitter with the yellow radiance of quaking aspens against a green pine sea.

Two highways lead into the range from U.S. 95. State Route 157 enters at Kyle Canyon, and SR 156 at Lee Canyon. If you're looking for a fall-color hike, the Kyle route is best.

At Cathedral Rock Picnic Area you can choose between a leisurely stroll or an overnight hike. The stroll is a two-mile roundtrip from the picnic area (7,000 feet) to the top of Cathedral Rock (8,600 feet) and back again. The overnighter is a nine-mile one-way trek to the top of Mount Charleston, which at 11,918 feet is Nevada's third highest mountain.

For more information contact the U.S. Forest Service's district office at 300 Las Vegas Boulevard South, Federal Building Room 215, Las Vegas, NV 89101 (phone 702-388-6255). Or stop by the ranger station on the Kyle Canyon road.

Colorado River Rafting

This river trip has no rapids, no sharks, no danger—just a pleasant three-hour float on a monstrous rubber raft that offers a perspective of Hoover Dam and the Colorado River you'll never forget. Black Canyon, Inc. transports raft voyagers from the Gold Strike Inn just west of Hoover Dam and down the dam's original construction road (closed to the public) to its base. There you set off, drifting 11 miles downriver, past waterfalls, waterfowl, hot springs, and an occasional bighorn sheep. At Willow Beach on Lake Mohave, you're picked up and returned to the Gold Strike.

One thing you won't see are waterskiers or swimmers. The water flowing out of the dam is a chilling 52 degrees year-round, and the National Park Service has little problem enforcing its safety rule of no swimming or skiing. The ban is lifted where Lake Mohave warms up a little—21 miles downstream at the Chalk Cliffs.

The cost to rafters is $44.95 and $25 for kids under 12. It's best to make reservations at least a day in advance by calling Black Canyon, Inc. at 702-384-1234.

An Elko Diversion

If you're traveling the interstate near Elko this fall, plan a picnic or leg-stretcher at Lamoille Canyon in the Ruby Mountains. From I-80 at Elko, turn south on SR 227 Twenty-five miles down the road is the picturesque ranch town of Lamoille at the foot of the towering Rubies.

The road up the canyon branches south from town and winds for 15 miles between the glacier-carved cliffs that cradle a lush alpine valley. In fall, cottonwoods and aspens shimmer like sunlight amid the towering pines and granite spires.

The first picnic area, Powerhouse, is at the canyon's entrance. There, cottonwoods are the main fall attraction. A couple of miles further up is the Thomas Canyon Campground, with 40 overnight campsites tucked among the aspens.

Further up the road, at 8,400 feet, are the Terraces, where the quakies shimmer. This spot is for day use only, and you'll need to bring your own water. Also, a turnaround at road's end offers some magnificent panoramas of the canyons, the color, and ranches in the valley below.

Pre-Historic Store-All

The state's best-known 4,000-year-old cellar is Hidden Cave near Fallon. The cave, discovered in the 1920s by kids, was used primarily for storage by early man during two periods, about 1800 B.C. and 1600 B.C. Over the years archaeologists have unearthed more than 2,500 artifacts, including arrowheads, fish nets, baskets, beads, and even Pacific coast seashells.

To tour the cave, you can meet at the Churchill County Museum at 1050 South Maine Street in Fallon at 10 a.m. on the second and fourth Saturdays of each month. The museum also has a brochure for a self-guided tour of petroglyphs near the cave that were made 2,000 to 7,000 years ago. For more information call the museum at 702-423-3677 or the Bureau of Land Management in Carson City at 882-5263. □



PATRICIA MORTATI

The cool Spring Mountains northwest of Vegas give hikers a chance to spread their wings.

WHY LOOK FURTHER?



Steaks • Lobster • Ribs
Lamb • Banquets • Drinks
Prime Rib

849-1500

Halfway between Carson and Reno
555 Highway 395 South, Washoe Valley

Sagebrush Gourmet

"A diner's guide to the Silver State."

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

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

COMSTOCK HOTEL & CASINO
Second and West Street
Reno. 329-1880
Home of the famous One-Pound New York Steak Dinner for only $5.99. The Comstock's popular 24-hour **Miner's Cafe** also features a complete breakfast, lunch, and dinner menu. Enjoy gourmet dining at reasonable prices, served in an intimate and relaxed atmosphere in the new **Comstock Dinner House.** Reservations accepted. Full course dinners complete with wine at one low price of $6.99 in the **Specialty Room Restaurant.** Every fine meal tastefully prepared to your order. Valet parking available. The Comstock Hotel and Casino, "Where the Old West comes alive every day in Downtown Reno." AE, MC, VISA.

LOUIS' BASQUE CORNER
301 E. 4th Street
Reno. 323-7203
Louis' restaurant offers a warm, unhurried atmosphere that hints of yesterday. Master chefs pre-

EXCELLENT
FAMILY STYLE
BASQUE
RESTAURANT
STAR ★ HOTEL
Dining Room

European Style Food
Specializing in
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OF 3rd AND SILVER
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ROOMS RENTED

Dinner 5-9:30. Closed Sunday

Comstock
Hotel Casino
DOWNTOWN RENO

For Plain or Fancy Vittles!

HATCH BROS. DELICATESSEN
Whether it's a quick sandwich or salad for lunch or that late night snack, this old time deli is the place for you. Next to Piper's Show Stage.

SPECIALTY ROOM RESTAURANT
Full course dinners complete with wine at one low price of $6.99. Tasty chicken, pork and beef entrées served daily. Sit-down champagne brunch every Sunday. No reservations necessary.

MINER'S CAFE
Home of Reno's "Famous One-Pound New York Steak" dinner, this popular 24-hour restaurant also features a complete breakfast, lunch and dinner menu. No reservations necessary.

Comstock Dinner House
Gourmet meals reasonably priced and served in a relaxed, intimate atmosphere reminiscent of 1880s charm. Prime rib, Veal Oscar and broiled salmon steak are just a few of the specialties. Reservations accepted.

2nd & West Sts.
FREE VALET PARKING
329-1880

pare genuine Basque cuisine such as Tripes Callos, Poulet a la Basquaise, Paella, Boeuf Bourguignon, and entrees including Coq au Vin (chicken in red wine sauce), Lapin Chasseur (hunter's rabbit), and Ris de Veau (sweetbreads) as well as many other delicious French and Spanish Basque dishes all served family style with complimentary wine. You can enjoy a famous picon punch, cafe royal or perhaps an Izarra. Basque culture is reflected in the pottery, artifacts and pictures from the Pyrenees which grace the walls of the two traditional dining rooms. Louis and Lorraine Erreguible host many special dinners and parties in this authentic Basque restaurant. Ample free parking. Lunch: Mon.-Fri., 11:30-1:30; Dinner nightly at 6 p.m. All major credit cards accepted.



MARTIN HOTEL
Railroad & Melarkey Streets
Winnemucca, NV. 623-3197
"We ate here!" Delicious Basque and American food at the famous Martin Hotel. Founded in the late 1800s, the Martin retains its old Basque hotel traditions and a comfortable bar. Lunch 11:30-2:00 (menu). Dinner 6:00-10:00 (no menu). Fixed fare includes steak, side dish (clams & rice, oxtail or tongue). Prime rib or steak Saturday only. Basque fare and wine, $10.00-$12.00. Seating family style. No reservations. Closed all major holidays. MC, VISA. Rooms available.

STAR HOTEL
245 Silver (at Third)
Elko. 738-9925
Built in 1909 as a boardinghouse for Basque sheepherders and ranchers, today the Star Hotel still houses sheepherders. But now it also offers an extraordinary family-style restaurant specializing in hearty meals, European style. Joe and Anita Sarasua offer entrees including steak, seafood, chicken, oxtails, and roasted bits of lamb prepared with onion and red pimientos. Try a picon punch and the Friday chef's special of lobster, bacalao or rice and clams (in season). Dinner includes an ample supply of soup, salad, entree, vegetables, beans, spaghetti and french fries followed by ice cream or sherbet. Fine and plentiful fare. Dinners only: 5-9 p.m. Closed Sundays. No reservations. No credit cards.

VERDI INN
Second and Bridge Streets
Verdi. 345-0288
The famous old Verdi Inn, owned and operated by the Engel family for the past 22 years, is situated in Verdi, Nevada, eight miles west of Reno, and has an antique bar 120 years old. The Inn is a dinner house with a Gay '90s atmosphere and serves such delicacies as frog legs, Coquille St. Jacques, prime rib, lamb, and steaks, just to name a few. Open seven days a week; Sun.-Thurs. 5:30-10 p.m., Fri.-Sat. 5:30-11 p.m. AE, Diners, MC, VISA. Reservations accepted. □

verdi inn
GOURMET DINNERS
STEAKS • SEAFOOD • PRIME RIB
100 YEAR OLD HISTORIC BAR
AUTHENTIC EARLY AMERICAN HOSPITALITY & ATMOSPHERE
"It's worth the drive!"
8 miles west of Reno – Hwy 80 to the Verdi turnoff
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LOUIS' BASQUE CORNER
REAL BASQUE REVELRY
AUTHENTIC BASQUE FOODS SERVED FAMILY STYLE
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FREE PARKING JUST 3 BLOCKS FROM CASINOS
"RENO'S MOST UNIQUE DINING EXPERIENCE"



"We Ate Here"
Famous Martin Hotel
"A Truly Delightful Experience"
Since the turn of the century the old Martin Hotel has served Basque and American Dinners to boarders and guests.
Served family style. 7 days. No menu.
Traditional bell rings starting dinners at 6:00 p.m. until 10:00 p.m.
Bar opens at 10:00 a.m. 'til midnight.
Lunch served (Menu) Mon.-Sat., 11:30 a.m.-2 p.m.
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Railroad & Melarkey Streets
Winnemucca, Nevada 89445
Your Host & Owner "Frenchy" Fouchet – (702) 623-3197



RICHARD MENZIES PHOTOS

Carrie, left, and Mary Dann; their spring overlooks old Shoshone lands.

When the feds offered the Western Shoshones of Nevada $26 million, they said keep the money — we want the land.

By Richard Menzies

Uncle Sam and the Dann Band

To all outward appearances, it is a day like any other in Austin. Along the winding main street, tourists trace the historic steps of sack carrier Reuel Gridley from his store at the upper end of town to the International Hotel at the bottom, stopping here and there to inspect what remains of Austin's fading business district. A few pause to read the historic plaque affixed to the former Lander County Courthouse, from the balcony of which at least one unfortunate felon came to the end of his rope.

Lynchings no longer take place in Nevada, but that's not to say every dispute of the frontier is settled and all grudges disposed of. Inside the 1869 vintage courthouse, for example, a group of Western Shoshone tribal chieftains are gathered to discuss a grievance as old as the building itself. At issue are roughly 16 million acres of Nevada real estate worth billions of dollars. And what the Indians are saying, in no uncertain terms, is that they own it.



The Dann case involves millions of acres of old Shoshone territory.

"What you are seeing," explains Tom Luebben, an Albuquerque lawyer and legal counsel for the Shoshone National Council, "is a replay of Wounded Knee, 1980s style."

The main differences are that the Western Shoshone uprising is a nonviolent one, and in this instance the Indians aren't asking the United States to give back their land. Rather, they say that the United States never obtained legal title to it in the first place.

The case of native Americans vs. immigrant Americans has, of course, been

brewing ever since the Pilgrims first set foot on Plymouth Rock. Since bloody frontier days, however, such disputes have been rare in Nevada, thanks in part to the scarcity of Indians and the abundance of acreage per capita. But tempers have been heating up lately, largely because of a difference of opinion between two Shoshone sisters, Mary and Carrie Dann, and the Department of the Interior.

The Danns live with about a dozen relatives on an isolated Crescent Valley homestead located on Hand-Me-Down Creek at the foot of the Cortez Mountains. Except for the distant throb of a diesel-powered generator, the place reposes in a kind of prehistoric silence. Antique farm machines rust in peace under the open sky; a motley flock of chickens wander among the jumble of tumbledown shacks, outbuildings, and house trailers shaded by immense cottonwoods. Beyond the corrals, 800 or so head of cattle and an indeterminate number of horses feed on rangeland so marginal, says one Interior official, "The cows have to graze at 40 mph just to get enough to eat."

The trouble started one day back in 1973. Mary Dann was out chasing her cattle when an agent from the Bureau of Land Management caught up with her and informed her she was in violation of the Taylor Grazing Act, which calls for permits and fees to graze livestock on public land. Mary, who had never heard of the act, was accused of trespassing.

"No, I'm not," she answered. "This is our land. If there's anyone we might be trespassing against, it'd be the Paiutes."

The ranger advised the Danns to tell their story to the BLM advisory board. When they refused, they were served with a summons and subsequently found guilty of unlawful trespass in a Reno district court.

But the Danns weren't about to give up. Neither was their attorney, John O'Connell of Salt Lake City, who says that by firing the first shot the government opened a Pandora's box of legal questions for which it has no ready answers. Although better known as a criminal defense attorney, O'Connell was intrigued with the audacity of the Danns' claim and the mouse-that-roared aspect of the case. O'Connell decided to appeal the ruling to the U.S. Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco, and to the astonishment of almost everyone, in 1978 the higher court overturned the trespass judgment, and ruled again last year that it was by no means obvious the United States holds clear title to the land.

O'Connell's exhibit number one is the Treaty of Ruby Valley, signed into law by President Ulysses S. Grant way back in 1869. Under the terms of the treaty, Shoshone Chief Teomoak promised to grant safe passage to immigrant wagon trains

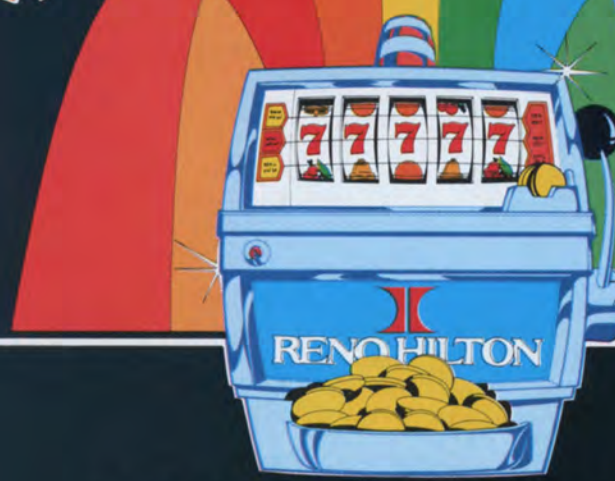
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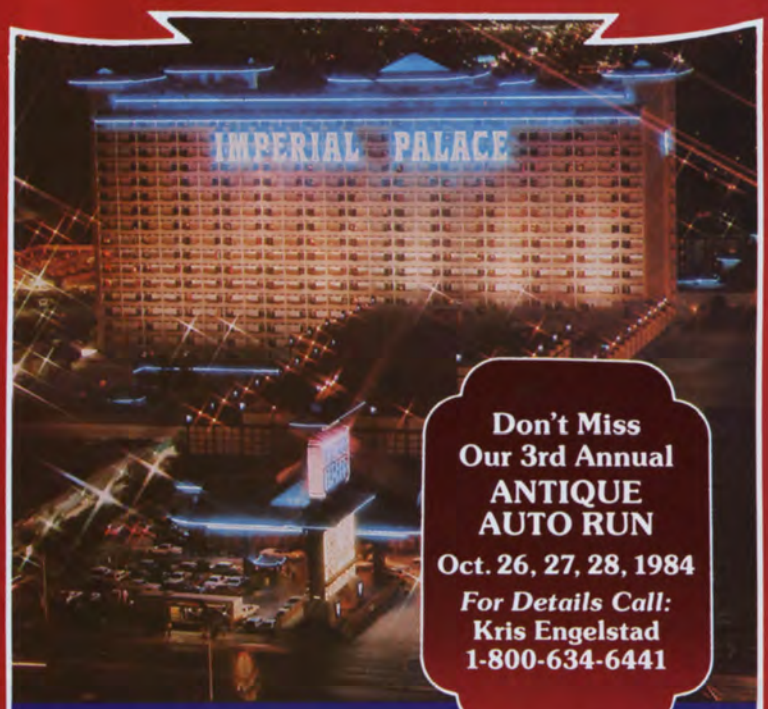
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and to allow whites to pursue mining and ranching activities in Central Nevada without risk of losing their scalps. In exchange for this kindness, the government agreed to pay Teomoak and his people $100,000. According to O'Connell, the document was solely a peace treaty and in no way constituted a transfer of land ownership. The Western Shoshone neither sold out nor were they conquered, he argues, and since they've occupied their homeland continuously, they retain their aboriginal claim to it.

In the years since the treaty was signed, however, white settlers have come to outnumber the Indians, whose ancestral lands are now variously administered by the BLM, the U.S. Forest Service, and the military. Many of Chief Teomoak's descendants have forsaken hunting and gathering for jobs in the city; others live on scattered reservations or are clustered in so-called "colonies." But to the traditional Western Shoshone way of thinking, it's the whites or "Europeans" who are the colonists. "They're squatting on our land," declares tribal council chairman Jerry Millett.

Inspired by the Danns' last stand, the scattered Shoshones have become increasingly organized and vocal in asserting their claim. Recently a group of Shoshone ranchers in Elko County vowed to stop paying their grazing fees as well.

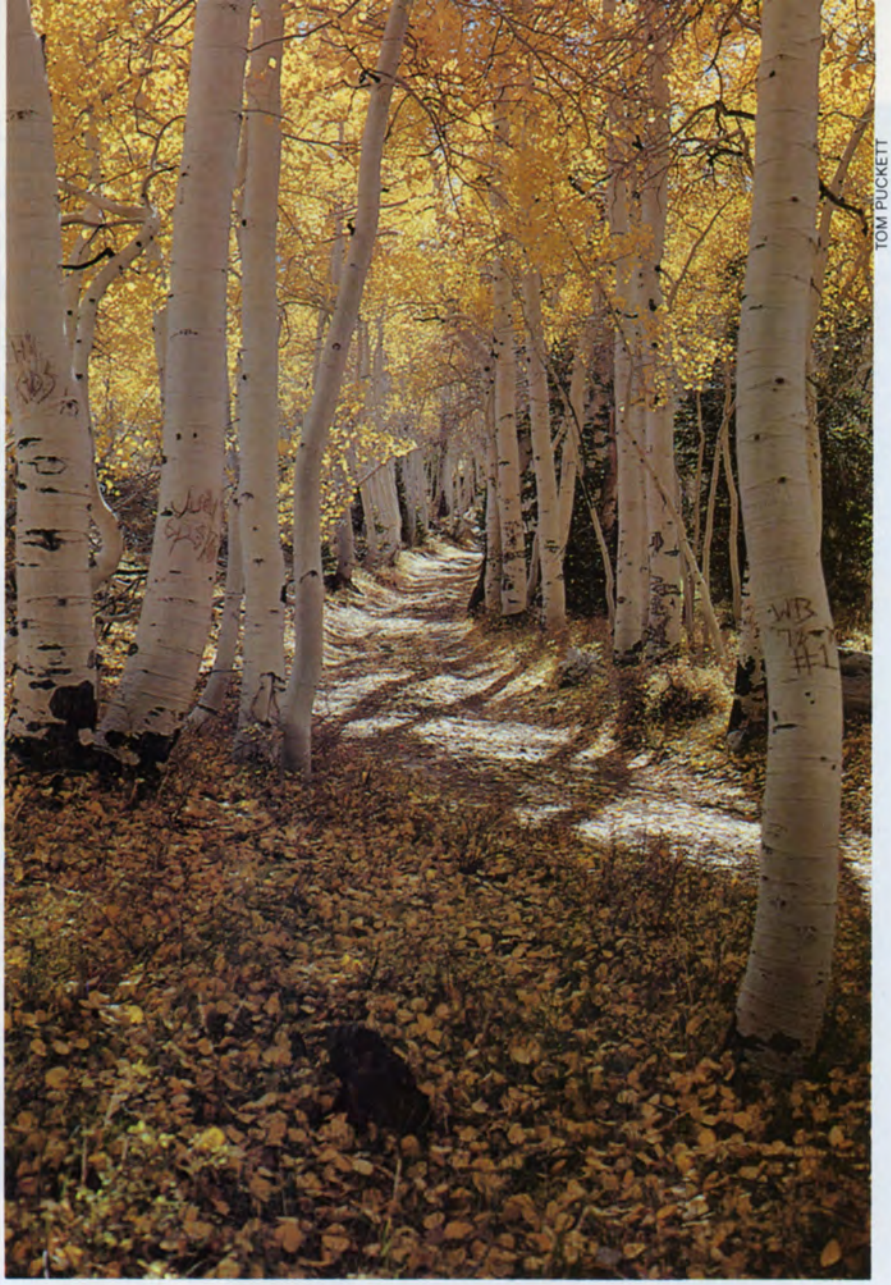
A major stumbling block in the Shoshone strategy to assert their land claim is an action filed with the Indian Claims Commission in 1951 by a Washington law firm on behalf of the Teomoak council. The argument was that Shoshone ancestral lands had been taken over by conquering whites in 1872. After years of deliberation, in 1979 the ICC agreed to pay the Indians a $26 million settlement, based on 1872 land values and other considerations.

But in the wake of the Dann case ruling, the Indians have changed their plea. Older Indians are now saying that the settlement wasn't backed by a consensus of Shoshones, who traditionally vote "no" by not voting at all. Former tribal council chairman Raymond Yowell says he and others were misled into believing the Shoshone land title was clearly extinguished, and that the Indians had no chance of getting it back. The Shoshone council told the government to keep the money; they wanted land instead.

Referring to the Washington lawyers, Carrie Dann says, "Those men got paid over $2 million. For what? For destroying our rights."

Carrie says the $26 million, which has grown to nearly $40 million while sitting in trust, is "peanuts" for land worth billions. Also, selling land is contrary to Shoshone

(Continued on page 74)



TOM PUCKETT

Lens

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At top, Tom Puckett attends a September matinee in an aspen grove on Success Summit near Ely. At left, Ed Opsitos joins an attentive audience of autumn grass to watch the curtain rise over Sunrise Mountain in Las Vegas Valley.—*Jim Crandall*

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DANN BAND *(Continued from page 72)*

thinking, and her own religious belief.

"From the time we were small to the time we were young adults, our grandmother taught us these things. She told us that this land is your mother. She said, 'When you're a baby, you feed on the breast of a human mother. When you wean yourself from the breast of this human mother, you turn to your earthly mother.' And that is what the United States is trying to rip us off of, is that earthly mother—that very mother earth upon which all things we need to sustain our life grows on."

For the time being, the $26 million award languishes in escrow, waiting for someone to claim it. The government has filed an appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court, arguing that whether the Shoshones accept the money or not, the land has been bought and paid for.

For the Shoshones to gain clear title would take nothing less than an act of Congress, but lawyer O'Connell maintains, "This one's easy to fix. We can effect a settlement here without moving anybody." The Indians say they have no intention of kicking anyone out of Nevada. Life would go on as usual, except that miners and ranchers would pay taxes to the Shoshones instead of the U.S. government, and the BLM would have to paint over their official seals.

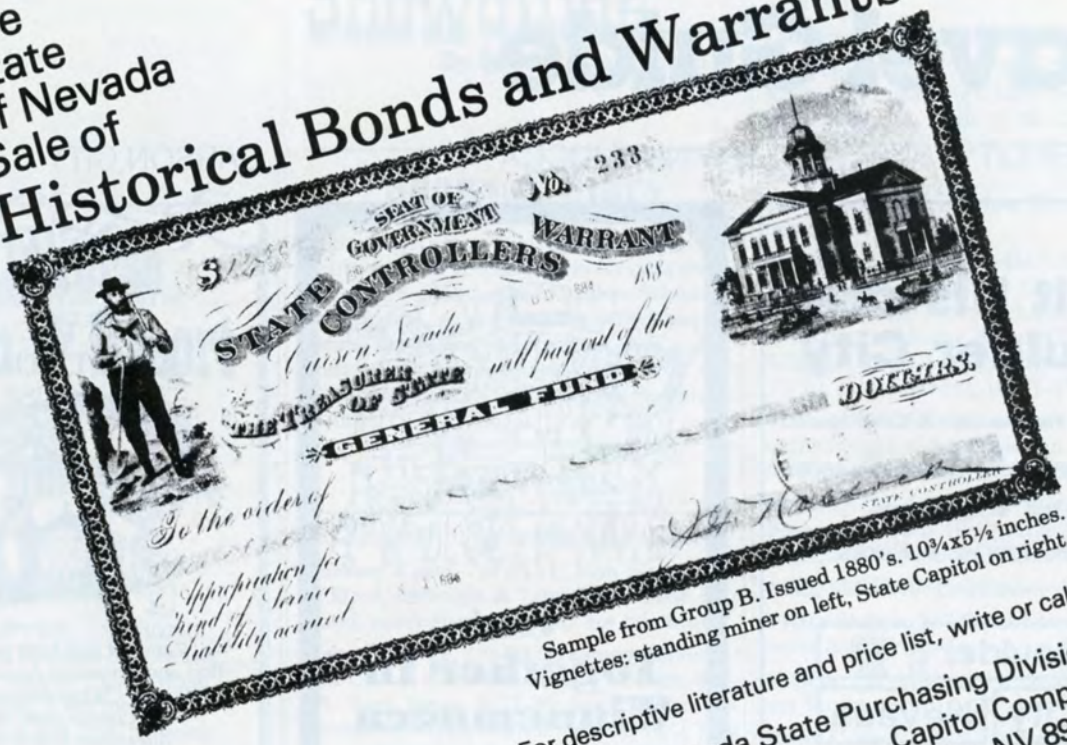
However the Supreme Court or Congress decides the issue, it's unlikely the Dann sisters will change their stand. Widely acclaimed in feminist circles, Mary and Carrie have been featured in *Ms.* magazine and last year received a national Wonder Woman Award from Warner Communications in the "taking risks" category. In part, the nomination read, "The courageous stand taken by the Dann sisters will ensure that their people will have a future for many generations." The award ceremony was held in New York City, but the Danns celebrated the occasion at home in Crescent Valley.

While controversy swirls all about them, the Danns spend their days tending their cattle or attending meetings of the Western Shoshone Sacred Lands Association. At the end of a hard day they drive a mile or so to a nearby hot spring to do their laundry and soak away their troubles in a naturally heated hot tub. Recently they were dismayed to find the Chevron Oil Company had posted their open-air bath as a potential geothermal energy site.

"Why do they have to hassle us all the time?" complains Mary, somewhat wearily. "Why don't they leave us alone? Let us live in peace, the way we always have." □

Richard Menzies, the well-known Salt Lake City writer, has logged several thousand miles following the case of the Dann band during the last few years.

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Showguide

By Melissa Cronin

Shows & Stars

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

Las Vegas

Aladdin, 736-0110: Entertainment TBA

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

Caesars Palace, 731-7324: Sammy Davis Jr./ Bill Cosby, 8/31-9/3; Wayne Newton, 9/5-11; Tom Jones, 9/12-25; Joan Rivers/Doc Severinsen/Gary Shandling, 9/26-10/2; Joan Rivers/Smothers Brothers/Gary Shandling, 10/10-16; Tom Jones, 10/17-30; Melissa Manchester/Billy Crystal, 10/31-11/5. Appearing in the outdoor stadium, Al Jarreau, 9/1; Merle Haggard/Ricky Skaggs, 9/15; George Benson, 9/29

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

Desert Inn, 733-4566: "One of a Kind," musical variety show, indf.; 7pm & 11pm cocktail show; $15, includes 2 drinks

Dunes, 737-4110: Robert Goulet, thru 9/6; Jack Jones, 9/7-13; Glen Campbell, 9/17-22; Jack Jones, 9/24-10/7

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

Flamingo Hilton, 733-3333: City Lites, revue, indf.; 8pm dinner show from $14.50, midnight cocktail show $9.95, includes 2 drinks

Four Queens, 385-4011: Dondino, indf. (except Mon.); Goofers, indf. (except Sun.); Monday night jazz show; Sam Butera, 9/1-10/21

Fremont, 385-3232: Entertainment TBA

Frontier, 734-0240: Siegfried and Roy in Beyond Belief, thru 11/25; 7pm & 11pm cocktail shows Tues.-Sun.; dark Mon.; family show (no nudity) on 10/5, 6pm

Golden Nugget, 385-7111: Lola Falana, 8/30-9/5; Kris Kristofferson, 9/6-18

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

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

Imperial Palace, 733-0234: Legends in Concert, indf., 8pm & 11pm cocktail show $11.95; dark Sun.

Landmark, 733-1110: Nightly dancing

Las Vegas Hilton, 732-5755: Bal du Moulin Rouge, indf., starring Charo, thru 10/9, starring Debbie Reynolds 10/10-12/4; 8pm dinner show from $18.50, midnight cocktail show $15

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

MGM Grand Hotel, 739-4567: *Ziegfeld Theatre:* Jubilee! indf.; 7:30pm & 11pm, dark Wed., $23.50; *Celebrity Room:* Rich Little/Ann Jillian, 9/13-19; Oak Ridge Boys/Williams & Ree, 9/20-26; Engelbert Humperdinck, 9/27-10/10; Eddie Rabbitt, 10/11-17

Marina, 739-1500: Breakdance Fever, revue, indf.; 8:30pm & 10:30pm Sun. & Tues.-Fri.; 8:30pm, 10:30pm & 12:30am Sat.; dark Mon.

Maxim, 731-4300: Old Tyme Burlesque Fever, indf.; 8pm, 10:15pm & 12:30am; dark Tues.; $9.75, includes 2 drinks

Mint, 385-7440: Entertainment TBA

Palace Station, 367-2411: Lounge entertainment daily, 11am-5am

Riviera, 737-1755: Solid Gold/The Smothers Brothers, thru 9/25; dark Sun.

Royal Casino, 733-4000: Freddie Bell Show, thru 9/16

Sahara, 737-2424: Don Rickles, 8/31-9/2 & 9/6-9; Kool & The Gang, 10/2-7

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

Sands, 733-5453: Judy Benton, thru 9/11; Ron Pearson and The Ron Dons, thru 9/11; Diamondhead, thru 9/10; Tyler Murray, 9/11-30; Jerry Tiffe, 9/12-10/2; Jawbone, 9/13-10/2; Cleveland, 10/3-21; Carleen Terrano, 10/2-22; Dan Nelson, 10/4-23

Silver Slipper, 734-1212: Boy-Lesque, revue, indf.; 8pm, 10pm & midnight; dark Thurs.; Branded, revue, indf.; 9pm & 11pm Mon.-Fri.; 7pm, 9pm & 11pm Sat.; dark Sun.; $6.95

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

Sundance, 382-6111: Nightly entertainment

Tropicana, 739-2411: Folies Bergere, indf.; 8pm & 11pm cocktail shows; dark Sun; $13.95

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

Lake Tahoe

Caesars Tahoe, 588-3515: Joan Rivers, thru 9/2; Sheena Easton, 10/4-6; Gallagher, 10/11-13

Crystal Bay Club, 831-0512: Nightly entertainment and dancing

Del Webb's High Sierra, 588-6211: Doug Kershaw/The Wright Brothers, 8/27-9/9; Jimmie Rodgers, 9/10-23; Pat Collins/The

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Harrah's Lake Tahoe, 588-6611: *South Shore Room:* Roy Clark, 8/31-9/6; Tony Orlando, 9/7-20; Wayne Newton, 9/21-10/4; Sammy Davis Jr., 10/6-9 & 10/12-18; Charlie Daniels Band, 10/10-11; Loretta Lynn, 10/19-25; The Oakridge Boys, 10/26-11/1; *Stateline Cabaret:* Breakin' Loose, revue, indf.; Ricky & The Redstreaks, 9/25-10/7; Williams & Ree, 10/9-14; Rain: Tribute to the Beatles, 10/16-28

Harvey's, 588-2411: *Top of the Wheel:* Ron Rose Sound, indf.; Fortune, thru 9/9; Motifs, 9/10-23; *Casino Theatre Lounge:* Too Hot to Handle, revue, indf.; Body Heat, revue, indf. DeMarche Sisters, thru 9/2; Ernie Menehune Show, 9/3-23; Reycards, 9/3-16; Martha's Children, 9/17-30; Entertainment Committee, 9/24-10/21; Kimberly Springs, 10/1-21; Steppin' Stones, 10/22-11/11; Lou Marek's Rainbow Express, 10/22-11/18

Hyatt Lake Tahoe, 831-1111: Jonas/Abbey Road, 8/28-9/9; Garfin Gathering/Abbey Road, 9/11-23; Motifs/Two's Company, 9/25-30; St. Romain/Two's Company, 10/2-7; C.C. Jones/Two's Company, 10/9-14; Cheryl Cotton/Two's Company, 10/16-21; Jay Ramsey/J. W. Moon Orchestra, 10/23-11/4

Nevada Lodge, 831-0660: Whiskey Ridge, thru 9/2; L. A. Strut, 8/29-9/10; Stan Galli, 9/4-23; Shadz, 9/25-10/14; Debbie Collins, 10/16-11/4

Reno, Sparks & Carson City

Carson City Nugget, 882-1626: Muggins/Hot Spurs, 9/4-30; Motifs, 10/2-28; Cheryl Cotton Show, 10/30-12/2

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

Comstock Hotel, 329-1880: Crystal, 9/6-9, 9/13-16, 9/20-23, & 9/27-30

Eldorado Hotel, 786-5700: Nightly entertainment, Tues.-Sun.

Fitzgerald's, 786-3663: Stan Galli, thru 9/2; Toni Kaza Band, 8/21-9/9; The Younger Half, 8/22-9/3; Whiskey Ridge, 9/4-23; Dr. Maynard, 9/5-24; Shadz, 9/11-30; Cheryl Cotton, 9/25-10/14; Thin Line 9/26-10/15; Four Tunes, 10/2-21; Custer's Last Band, 10/16-11/4; Glenna Allen and Fortune, 10/23-11/4

Harrah's Reno, 329-4422: *Headliner Room:* Tony Bennett/Woody Herman thru 9/5; Eddy Arnold, 9/6-19; Bill Cosby, 9/20-10/3; Lynda Carter, 10/4-10; Charo, 10/11-24; Mickey Gilley, 10/25-11/7; *Casino Cabaret:* Bottoms Up, revue, thru 9/4; Freddy Fender, 9/4-16; Paul Revere & The Raiders, 9/18-23; Williams & Ree, 10/2-7; Rain: Tribute to the Beatles, 10/9-14; The Turtles, 10/30-11/4

MGM Grand Hotel, 789-2285: *Ziegfeld Theatre:* Hello Hollywood Hello, indf.; 8pm dinner show from $22; midnight cocktail show $18.50; *Lion's Den:* Pat Collins, The Hip

(Continued on page 90)

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LAS VEGAS IMPRESSIONS II, pastel, 24"x38"
"It gives the idea of twilight and the lights coming on. I did my observations from Sunrise Mountain. It's looking west."



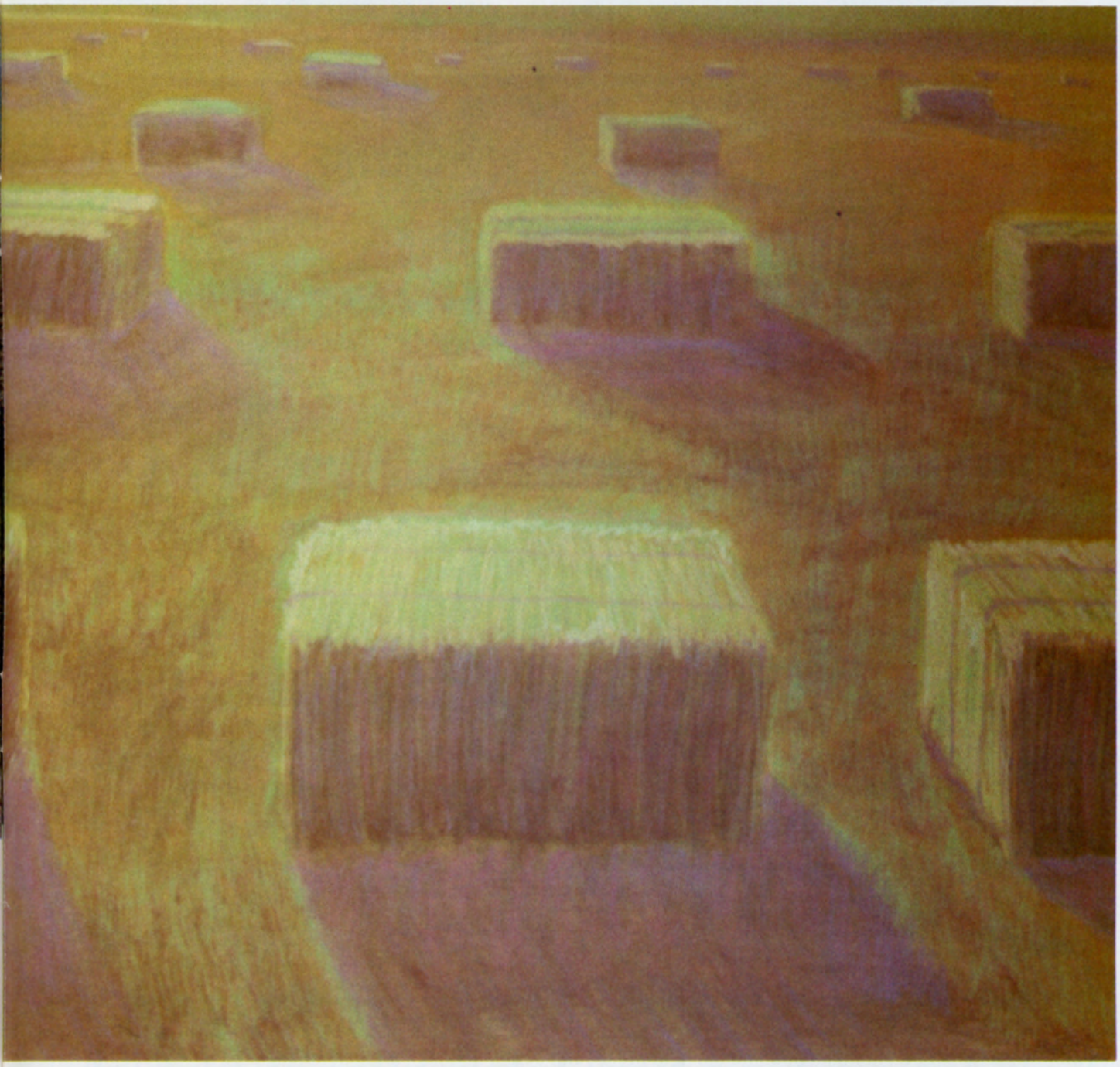
Art & Artists

Doug Taylor



Las Vegas artist Doug Taylor says, "What art is really about is growing. You break the rules you have previously obeyed to make people see something in a way they haven't seen before." Taylor, 28, went to high school in Las Vegas and studied at the Oregon College of Art in Ashland. He moved back in 1977 and became an illustrator for an advertising agency. In 1978 he began working as a freelance illustrator and artist, developing a personal style by experimenting with media and techniques.

His experiments have found considerable success. He has won many awards, and galleries and art shows in Nevada, Idaho, Colorado, and Arizona have featured his pastels, oils, watercolors, and etchings. In Las Vegas his work can be seen at the Winged Horse Galerie, and on November 17-18 Taylor is holding his annual studio open house at 1315 Francis Avenue.



THE BALES, pastel, 20"x29"
"During the summer we travel a lot and see this kind of scene in ranching areas. I always thought the colors and geometric shapes would be fun to work with."



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JUST MAD ABOUT HARRY

When Dan's crude joke on Frank backfired,
I found myself the target of an ambush.

By Harry Webb

As I came abreast of the C. H. Rand Ranch, my thoughts may have been on most anything but certainly not on *danger* and especially the form of violence I was to be apprised of.

One of my trap lines was just south of the senior Rand place, and as my weary horse trotted along opposite the big ranch house, which set back 200 yards from the county road, I jerked Old Spook to a halt. Sue Leavitt was racing towards me waving and screaming some sort of litany about "that Frank."

At first I thought some catastrophe had struck her parents, as they of late had been prone to disaster and grief. Maybe Frank had gone on one of his rampages. But as Sue breathlessly gasped out her story, it became plain I was the target of his ire. "For God's sake, Harry," she panted, "don't follow the road. Cut through the hills on your way home instead. He swears he's going to shoot you on sight!"

"What sort of a bug has hit Frank that he's out to gun up on me?" I asked. "He and I have been pretty good friends."

"I don't know," Sue replied, "but I listened in on the line and he's drunk and dangerous, so please stop at Dan's and let him tell you. It has me frightened sick."

On the way down to Dan Rand's ranch (Dan was Sue's brother) I mulled over the situation but could think of no plausible answer. I was soon to find out. Dan was out waiting and was laughing as I dismounted. "Good lord," he chuckled, "I sure got Frank going an hour or so ago and he's going to shoot me on sight—shoot *you*, that is, because he thought it was you he was talking to on the Punkin Line. Did Sue tell you how I got ol' Frank so rabid he's waiting for you to come along so he can fill you full of lead?"

"Yes, Sue told me enough so I can't see one of your jokes in this prank! When Frank gets drunk, his wife once told me, he's dangerous. What the hell did you say that kettled him off about me?"

"He thought he was dialing Jim Buckskin's number," Dan said, "and got me. He kept saying 'Who's this?' and I said, 'It's Harry Webb, that's who, and I'm gonna have Nat Hawkins throw you in the hoosegow for ' Lord God, I couldn't

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tell him any more for his yelling and cussing me, cussing you. So he wound up saying he'd shoot you on sight. Maybe," Dan added in a serious tone, "I had better go along with you and we'll get him calmed down when I tell him it was me just having some fun."

"Not me," I answered. "Before we could explain matters with him drunk as a hoot owl we could be a couple cases for the undertaker! I'll cut through the hills and see Frank when he's sober."

"O.K.," Dan said, "but now you have me worried and the whole family'll stay worried till we hear how things turn out. Not only us but everybody from Palisade to the J. D. [Jay D. Ranch] will stay glued to the Punkin Line."

As I neared the place where I intended to leave the road and cut through the hills for home, my mind was giving Dan hell for pulling his crude joke. These thoughts were jerked to reality when Old Spook paused and his ears shot forward. I knew he had seen or heard something unusual and I hit the ground with my .38 yanked from its shoulder holster.

After sneaking to where it was possible to ferret out the danger that surely lay behind some tall sage, I waited. No movement or shot came. "Is that you, Frank?" I called. No answer and none to my next call, so some of the fear left me. Moving slow with my eyes peeled for the slightest movement, the object that had spooked Old Spook came into view; a bare foot with toes up told me the owner of that foot was flat on his back. It also told me much more, and I boldly hurried forward.

Frank, the raving terror of an hour or so ago, lay helplessly asleep, his cocked Winchester alongside and one bare foot sticking out in the edge of the road. At this comical sight the fear of being ambushed left me, and I sort of pitied him while at the same time damning Dan. Now in the mood for a joke myself, after emptying the gun of its cartridges, I pressed the .38's muzzle to Frank's forehead and finally got him awake. I can still envision his bloodshot eyes as they opened wide and he mumbled. "No shoot; we friends, Harry."

"Yes, Frank," I said, having to laugh, "we friends, otherwise you'd have had your brains blown out."

It wasn't easy, but with him loaded on my horse I delivered him to his wife, Bessie. On seeing him slouched in the saddle, his head hanging loose, she moaned and clutched her breast. But when I dragged him from the saddle and while laughing explained matters, she breathed a fervent, "Thank God." That was my sentiment also. □

Harry E. Webb, the award-winning author and favorite of Nevada *readers, died last summer in Southern California. His true Nevada tales will continue to appear in the magazine.*

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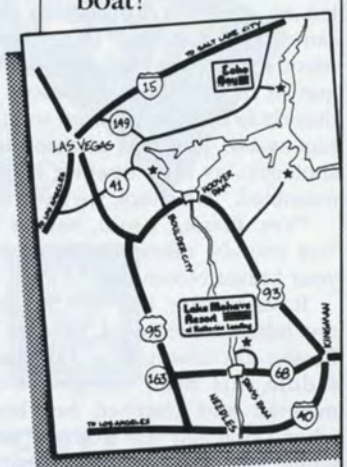
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Nevada Notes

Bikers in Black Rock and a saintly celebration in Virginia City.

By Jim Crandall

Bikers at Black Rock

The Black Rock Desert north of Gerlach, where British driver Richard Noble piloted his car to a new land speed record last fall, may be the site of yet another record attempt—this time on a Harley-Davidson motorcycle. Denis Manning of San Jose, who designed and built the *Tenacious* streamliner, hopes driver Dan Kinsey of Viola, Wisconsin can push the machine past the current record of 318 mph.

Tenacious looks more like a torpedo than a motorcycle and is powered by a modified Harley V-twin engine capable of producing 175 horsepower. It will run on what Manning calls "liquid dynamite," which is 96 percent nitro-methane with a planned 10-second injection of nitrous oxide as the machine enters the official mile-long timing zone.

If pilot Kinsey can hold this two-wheel rocket on the ground at 318 mph, he'll be covering the equivalent of two football fields in just over one second.

Manning and company tested *Tenacious* at the Black Rock site last November, registering speeds of 230 mph on gasoline alone. He says he prefers the Northwestern Nevada site over the Bonneville Salt Flats. "At Black Rock you create about a half-inch deep track every time you run," says Manning. "I think that adds more traction. At Bonneville the surface is much harder. You don't even dent it."

He says he also enjoys the welcome he's received at Gerlach. "I was up there a couple weeks ago to look at the site again. I stayed up and partied with Bruno [of Bruno's Bar and Grill]. There's a unique quality about those people up there—in fact, with all the people I've met in Nevada. They're survivors."



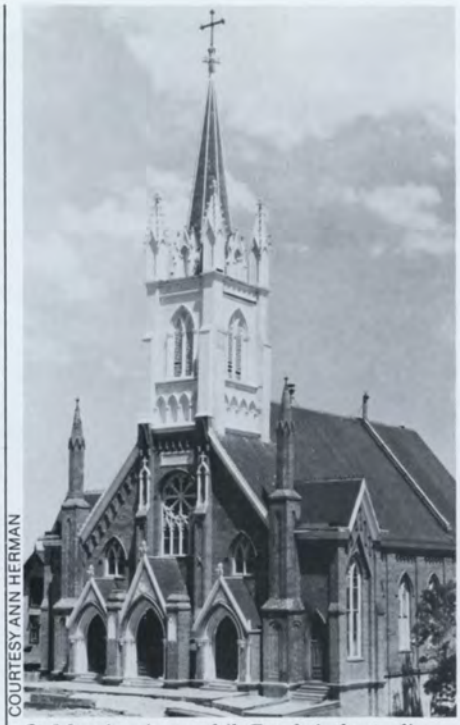
As Time Goes By

This fall the citizens of Virginia City will commemorate 25 years of restoration to the now gleaming St. Mary's in the Mountains Catholic Church. Meanwhile, down the road in Eureka, owners of the historic Eureka Theatre are struggling just to keep the rain out.

St. Mary's is one of the most photographed and gawked-at pieces of history in the state. Its dazzling white minarets, steeple, and golden cross are set like jewels above graceful arches, stained-glass windows, and polished hardwood doors.

The church wasn't always that pristine. Built in 1868, it was leveled by the great fire of 1875 along with half the town. St. Mary's was rebuilt on the same foundation the following year, and stood strong and proud through the few years of boom and decades of bust. But by the late 1950s, the church's grout was turning to powder, and its wood was dry as dust.

In 1959, Father Caesar Caviglia began a restoration effort that was followed over the years by priests and townsfolk. The amount of sweat and money it took to keep her bells ringing on Sundays is enough to write a book about. In fact, someone did. The celebration on Sunday, September 16—see the Nevada Calendar for particulars—coincides with the publication of *Nevada's Bonanza Church*. The book features 55 historical photos and is written by parishioner and former District Attorney Virgil Bucchianeri.



COURTESY ANN HERMAN

St. Mary's primps while Eureka's theatre limps.

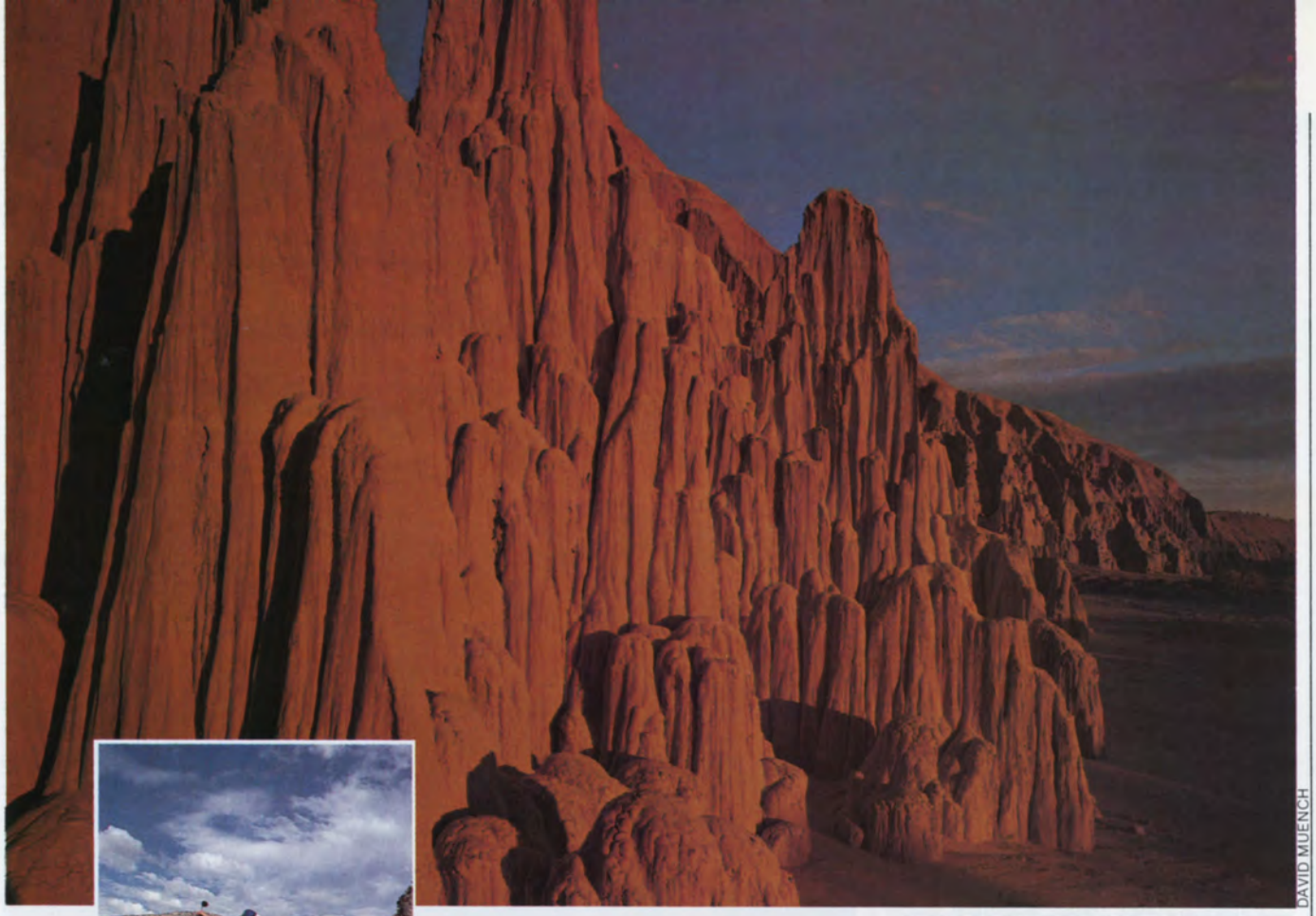
Across the state, the four-story Eureka Theatre, a centerpiece of downtown Eureka, slowly deteriorates. Built in 1879 as a miner's union hall, it was turned into an opera house when the gold ran out. The spacious interior features a horseshoe-shaped balcony, a stage, and faded velvet curtains that beg for an encore. But the foundation moans and cracks with each passing winter of neglect.

Marjory Pastorino, whose family has owned the building since 1946, has been trying to sell it to anyone who can give it the attention it deserves. She had even offered it to the county for a discounted $25,000, but the commissioners declined. Now the building is back on the open market at a higher price. "It could be so beautiful," says Pastorino, "if only enough time and money can be found to restore it properly." □

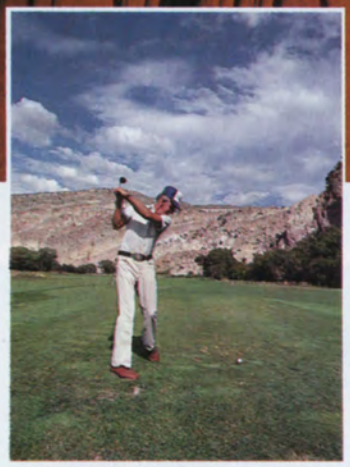


RICK MOSER





DAVID MUENCH



Before the new links opened, local golfers had to drive 100 miles to Utah to play. Cathedral Gorge (top) is one of the state's most scenic parks.

Hot Times in Caliente

The heritage is rich here in Lincoln County, and history and the outdoors are the prime attractions.

By Ann Henderson



A view of Caliente and coveted railroad route.

When two railroad barons waged a war 80 years ago to decide who would build a profitable line connecting Los Angeles and Salt Lake City, the battleground they chose was a secluded spot in Lincoln County known for its hot springs. The Culverwell Ranch, later to be the town of Caliente, was 25 miles south of its largest neighbor, Pioche, a rowdy mining camp on the decline, and 12 miles south of Panaca, a Mormon farming town. But the ranch's pastoral setting changed abruptly when the rival crews clashed in the railroad war that created a town and added a new element to the region's colorful heritage.

The fracas began when E.H. Harriman of the Oregon Short Line and Union



CAROLINE J. HADLEY PHOTOS



Caliente's mission-style depot, built in 1923 by the Union Pacific, is one of Southeastern Nevada's best known landmarks. At right is Kershaw-Ryan State Park, a lush, shady camping place. It's open until at least mid-October, while other parks are open all year.

Pacific pushed track from Utah to the site of Caliente. Even as Harriman's crews worked on the line, the newly formed San Pedro, Los Angeles, and Salt Lake Railroad owned by William W. Clark, a mining magnate and future U.S. Senator from Montana, claimed the same territory. In 1902 Harriman and Clark reluctantly agreed to joint ownership, which led to the line's completion and the creation of Caliente (Spanish for *hot*) as a division point.

Today, traffic on the wide expanse of tracks in the center of town is limited to freight trains and Amtrak's five-minute passenger stops twice a day. The city is dominated by the railroad's mission-style depot, which houses city offices, the library, and an art gallery. The old waiting room, where passengers have practiced patience since 1923, has the original wooden benches and a new touch—a wall mural on railroading that was a two-year project of local artist Rett Hastings.

The tri-town area of Caliente, Panaca, and Pioche, with a total estimated population of 3,000, is rich in history, and residents treat it as a natural resource. The latest project in Caliente is the Railroad Boxcar Museum, which shows a pictorial history of the city and memorabilia donated by residents and the University of Nevada, Las Vegas. Until museum hours are established, a personal tour is available by asking at the city offices in the depot.

Lincoln County has also become a favorite with city dwellers looking for recreation, quiet, and places to explore. Within a radius of 45 miles of Caliente, as the road winds, there are five state parks, all catering to different outdoor tastes. The vine-covered canyon walls of Kershaw-Ryan, three miles from Caliente, beckon to travelers seeking beauty and indolence. Cathedral Gorge, four miles from Panaca, with its moonscape topography, is one of the most photographed spots in Nevada. Beaver Dam (ask locally about road conditions), Spring Valley, and Echo Canyon await anglers and campers. Several of the parks will hold slide programs and ranger talks on Saturday nights early in the fall.

One of the area's prime attractions is Caliente's new nine-hole golf course, one side of which is bordered by sheer canyon walls and lush greenery. Formerly the Conaway Ranch, this spectacular setting was a favorite writing spot for western novelist Zane Grey.

Attractions in Pioche include the Million Dollar Courthouse, the town's best known landmark. It is a memorial to some officials' creative refinancing of the building, which cost $26,000 to construct in 1872; the county didn't pay off the debt until 1938. A block away, the Lincoln County Museum chronicles the mining town's boom days when the Boothill Cemetery was one of the busiest places in town.

> "The golf course, once a ranch, was a favorite writing spot of Zane Grey"



Pioche is located in a canyon whose hillsides are dotted with mine shafts and tunnels. There are still reminders of a tramway on the hillside that moved the ore from the mine to the mill and railroad siding at the foot of town.

It's natural then that mining contests are among the events during Pioche's Labor Day Celebration. First-time visitors are always startled when the day's events are announced at 6 a.m. by a barrage of dynamite explosions.

With mining activity at a standstill and the railroad part of the area's history, town parties like the Labor Day bash, and any others residents can dream up, are vital to the economy. Favorites are Memorial Day and Fourth of July in Caliente, Pioneer Day (July) and the Lincoln County Fair (August) in Panaca, and Heritage Days (July) in Pioche.

Even frequent holiday visitors, however might miss one of Lincoln County's most scenic areas—Kane Springs Road, the shortest route from Las Vegas to Caliente. Officially known as State Route 317, the road follows and crisscrosses the same track that railroad barons Harriman and Clark tried so desperately to control.

The road is 20 miles of pavement, 35 of graded gravel, and it passes spectacular displays of fall color and places like Grapevine Canyon, a small picnic area covered with wild grapevines. Nearby is Robbers' Roost, an escape route for outlaws that is said to have made Butch Cassidy one of the first tourists to appreciate Lincoln County's secluded attractions. □

Ann Henderson is a Lincoln Countyite who learned to hunt snipe near Pioche.

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Mother Lode, Carson City, 883-0900: Scooter & the Bee, 9/4-16; Two's Company, 9/18-23; Two of Clubs, 10/2-14

John Ascuaga's Nugget, Sparks, 356-3300: The Wright Brothers, 9/4-23; The Montana Band, 9/25-10/6; Sidro's Armada, 10/7-21; Diamonds, 10/23-11/4

Ormsby House, Carson City, 882-1890: The Kicks, 8/28-9/8; David Proud, 9/11-30; Garfin Gathering, 10/23-11/4

Peppermill, 862-2121: Gloria Michaels, thru 9/2; Crystal, thru 9/2; Connection, thru 9/2; Tommy Bell, 9/3-30; Lip Service, 9/3-9; Two of Clubs, 9/3-30; Trilly Cole, 9/10-30

Peppermill's Western Village, Sparks, 331-1069: Roll-On Band, thru 9/2; Arizona Outlaws, thru 9/9; Trilly Cole, thru 9/9; Lelands, 9/3-30; Rodeo, 9/10-30; Yogi & Friends, 9/10-30

Reno Hilton, 785-7100: *Opera House Theatre:* Razzle Dazzle, indf.; 8pm cocktail show, $10, and 11:30pm cocktail show, $5, Tues.-Sat.; 8pm Sun. family show (no nudity), children under 15 are $5; *Rainbow Cabaret:* Entertainment Committee, thru 9/10; Super Gold, 8/28-9/24; Frenz, 9/11-10/8; Sonny Turner, 9/25-10/22

Reno Ramada, 788-2000: Entertainment TBA

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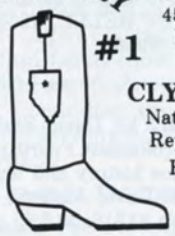
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THE ULTIMATE SHOWGIRL

The people who threw this Event sure knew what they were doing. They gave us hacks something to write about.

By John Bardwell

Where would you expect to meet three dozen very tall, beautiful women, a famous artist, a hundred media types, assorted high rollers, and who knows how many friends of somebody? In most parts of the world, you would find yourself at a reception, or perhaps a premiere, an opening. Ah, but this is Las Vegas, and you have found yourself at an Event. An Event of Sweeping Proportions. A Once in a Century Event that deserves the attention of the State, the Nation, no, the Entire World!

Hold it, you're thinking. Is this another slick Las Vegas hype job? Why, of course it is, and you won't hear anybody deny it. After all, that's what lots of people are paid good money to do around here. Just as Hollywood creates Stars, Las Vegas can create Events. All that's needed are hundreds of pounds of press releases, glossy photos, some bright lights, cameras, and, of course, some pretext.

I recently attended just such an Event. Press releases under arm, free cocktail in hand, free food in mouth, and eyes filled with lovely sequined ladies—this is what it's supposed to be like, I thought. The folks who are throwing this bash know what they're doing; they're giving us old hacks something to write about. All this food and booze and beauty is costing plenty, and a big outfit like the Tropicana Hotel does not throw parties just for a tax write-off. Therefore, one of these gorgeous girls is going to become "The Ultimate Showgirl." Could it be that out of the thousands of models and dancers and otherwise show-biz inclined women in the world, that one of them here tonight is the Ultimate? Well, maybe not, but she'll have the title, and that should be enough to get this Event some ink.

However, just in case there might be too many beautiful-girl Events going on to get proper notice, the hosts have thrown in a sweetener. The aforementioned famous artist and guest of honor is none other than LeRoy Neiman, painter of beautiful people, friend of the jet set, and under contract to the Trop to help with the hype. He's a bona fide celebrity, which the girls are not yet, and the flashing of strobes and pushing of photographers proves it. This could make *People* (it did) or *Playboy* (it might). Good ink.

Now, as Events go, this one's a real coup for the Tropicana. There are public relations people all over Vegas thumping themselves for letting this one get by. After all, any casino in town could have invented the Ultimate Showgirl. It started a couple of years ago (which by Vegas standards makes this something of a tradition) as a conspiracy between Don Guglielmino, the Trop's PR director, and Larry Lee, producer of the hotel's long running show, Folies Bergere. What a natural, Las Vegas and the Ultimate Showgirl, a pageant that does not require its contestants to bore us with batons or accordions, or give dramatic readings or have any interest in world peace. It's a bald-faced, unabashed beauty contest. Let Atlantic City have its Miss America marathon of home permanents and frumpy one-piece bathing suits. Las Vegas wants lots and lots of leg and flashy smiles and lots of everything in between.



LEE ZAICHICK

Ultimate Showgirl Ilene Murphy, a Bay Area model, won fame, fortune, and a Folies role.

In all fairness, this was no gaggle of wiggling bimbos but a bunch of charming, realistic young ladies who know that good looks can take you places in a hurry. In fact, Ilene Murphy's face, figure, and charm are taking her all over the country as this year's Ultimate Showgirl. But is this the kind of stuff that Las Vegas should be fostering? How can this town be taken seriously with Events like this?

Hold it. What with all these conventions going on for computer engineers, college professors, judges, surgeons, and air-conditioner distributors, this town has more than its share of eggheads around at any one time. And why do you think they come to Las Vegas, for the sea breeze? They come because this place is a nonstop Event in itself. Boston and Bakersfield have pretty girls aplenty. But Vegas has the Ultimate Showgirl (it must be true because you're seeing it in ink) and speaking for us media types, we love it.

Now, who's volunteering to sponsor the Ultimate Keno Runner, Cocktail Waitress, or Change Girl? Just send me the invitation care of this magazine. I haven't been to an Event in days and I'm getting a little thirsty. □

John Bardwell is a former art director of Nevada Magazine. *He lives in Las Vegas because he likes the sea breeze and returns to Hawaii occasionally just to make a living.*

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN BARDWELL

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