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NEVADA

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FRONT COVER—Great Basin sunset by photographer David Muench. See the related story on page 26.

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LAKE TAHOE

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Celebrity Theatre Movies:
Sweet Charity, Dec. 10-17
Oliver, Dec. 26 - Jan. 2

HARRAH'S
Louis Prima, thru Dec. 10
Gaylord & Holiday, thru Jan. 7
The Younger Brothers, thru Dec. 17
The Collins Coins, Dec. 18 - Jan. 7
Beverlee and Sidro with The Sneakers, thru Dec. 31

HARVEY'S
Ron Rose, Lenny Herman, Dec. 26 - Jan. 7
Bobby Page, Jan. 7 - Feb. 7
Esquires, Feb. 9-21; Jan. 2-28
Ron Rose, Feb. 23
Roberta Darin, thru Dec. 10
Elegant Four, thru Jan. 1
Charlie Blackwell, Dec. 25 - Jan. 14
Cathy Ryan, Jan. 1-14
South Sea Islanders, Jan. 15 - Feb. 5
Ree Brunell, Jan. 29 - Feb. 18

SAHARA TAHOE
Robert Goulet, Bob Melvin, Ballet America, Dec. 27 - Jan. 3
Carey-Garfin Four, Dec. 1 - Jan. 4
Frankie Fanelli, Dec. 3-16
The Tokyo Happycoats, Dec. 4-31
The Relatives, Dec. 17 - Jan. 7
First run movies (High Sierra Theatre)

RENO - SPARKS - CARSON CITY

CARSON CITY NUGGET
Phil Campos and The Forum, thru Dec. 14
The Topics, Dec. 16 - Jan. 4
Ree Brunell and The Barons, Jan. 6-25
The Shells, Jan. 27 - Feb. 15

HAROLDS CLUB
Vic Damone, Jackie Gayle, Dec. 23 - Jan. 5

HARRAH'S
Little Richard, Dec. 11-31
Judy Lynn, thru Dec. 17
Edye Adams, Morey Amsterdam, thru Dec. 17
The Younger Brothers, Dec. 18 - Jan. 7
Jim Burgett, thru Dec. 24
Ray Frushay, Dec. 25 - Jan. 7

HOLIDAY
The Barons, Ree Brunell, Joe Maize, thru Jan. 6
The Upstarts, Jan. 6 - Feb. 1
The Cousins, Jan. 27 - Feb. 18
Wild Honey, Feb. 18 - Mar. 1

JOHN ASCUAGA'S NUGGET
Mickie Finn Show, Dec. 27-31

MAPES
Joe Karnes, Ind.

PONDEROSA
Lenny Herman, thru Dec. 25
Arvon Dale Orchestra, Dec. 26 - Jan. 21
Red Coty, Jan Savage, Ind.

LAS VEGAS

ALADDIN HOTEL
Minsky's Burlesque, Ind.

CAESAR'S PALACE
Bottoms Up, Ind.
Anthony Newley, Dec. 26 - Jan. 8
Duke Ellington, Dec. 19 - Jan. 8
Judy Lynn, Dec. 19
Art and Honey, Dec. 19
Magic Grass, thru Dec. 25

CIRCUS-CIRCUS
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DESERT INN
Pzazz '70, Ind.

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Rouvaun in Concert, Dec. 7-20
All New 1970 Casino de Paris, Dec. 24 - Ind.
1970 Vive les Girls, Ind.
Arturo Romero & His Magic Violins in Sultan's Stable
Mermaid Harvest
Orrin Tucker, thru Dec. 18
Jack Morgan conducting the Russ Morgan orchestra, Dec. 19 - Ind.

FLAMINGO
Myron Cohen, thru Jan. 7
Mills Brothers, thru Dec. 17
Belle Barth & The Five Platters, Dec. 18 - Jan. 14
Wayne Cochran, Jan. 15 - Feb. 11

FREMONT
Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Dec. 24 - Jan. 21
Brenda Lee & The Casuals, Jan. 22 - Feb. 18
Kay Starr, Feb. 19 - Mar. 18
Dale Robertson & The Surrey Singers, Mar. 19

FRONTIER
Wayne Newton, Dec. 11-22; Mar. 12 - Apr. 8
Diana Ross & The Supremes, Dec. 23 - Jan. 14
Frank Sinatra, Jr., thru Dec. 31
Jack E. Leonard, thru Dec. 24
Doodletown Pipers, Dec. 25 - Jan. 7
Beverlee and The Sneakers, Jan. 1-14; Feb. 12
Carey-Garfin Four, Jan. 1-28
Vic Damone, Jan. 15 - Feb. 11
Phil Harris, Harry James, Jan. 15 - Feb. 11
Ray Anthony, Feb. 12

HACIENDA HOTEL
Comedy Riots starring Hank Henry & The Topless Models

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL
Pearl Bailey, Dec. 26 - Jan. 8
Rusty Warren, Dec. 17 - Jan. 13

THE MINT
Paul Littlechief, thru Dec. 23
Outer Limits, Dec. 24 - Feb. 3
Joey Silva, Jan. 1-31
Sami Jo and The Snowlands, Jan. 14 - Feb. 1

THE RIVIERA
Engelbert Humperdink, Dec. 19 - Jan. 16
Jack Carter, Fran Jeffries, thru Dec. 16
Shecky Greene, Sonny King, Dec. 17 - Jan. 13

SAHARA
Sahara Super Celebration, Dec. 14-23
Don Rickles, Dec. 24
Filles de Soulskin, Ind.
The Summer Winds, Dec. 9 - Jan. 6

SANDS
Steve Lawrence & Eydie Gorme, Dec. 17 - Jan. 6
Bill Medley, thru Dec. 23
Louis Prima, Dec. 24 - Feb. 3
Buddy Greco, Feb. 4 - Mar. 3

SILVER SLIPPER
Barry Ashton's "Wonderful World of Burlesque", Ind.
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STARDUST
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THUNDERBIRD
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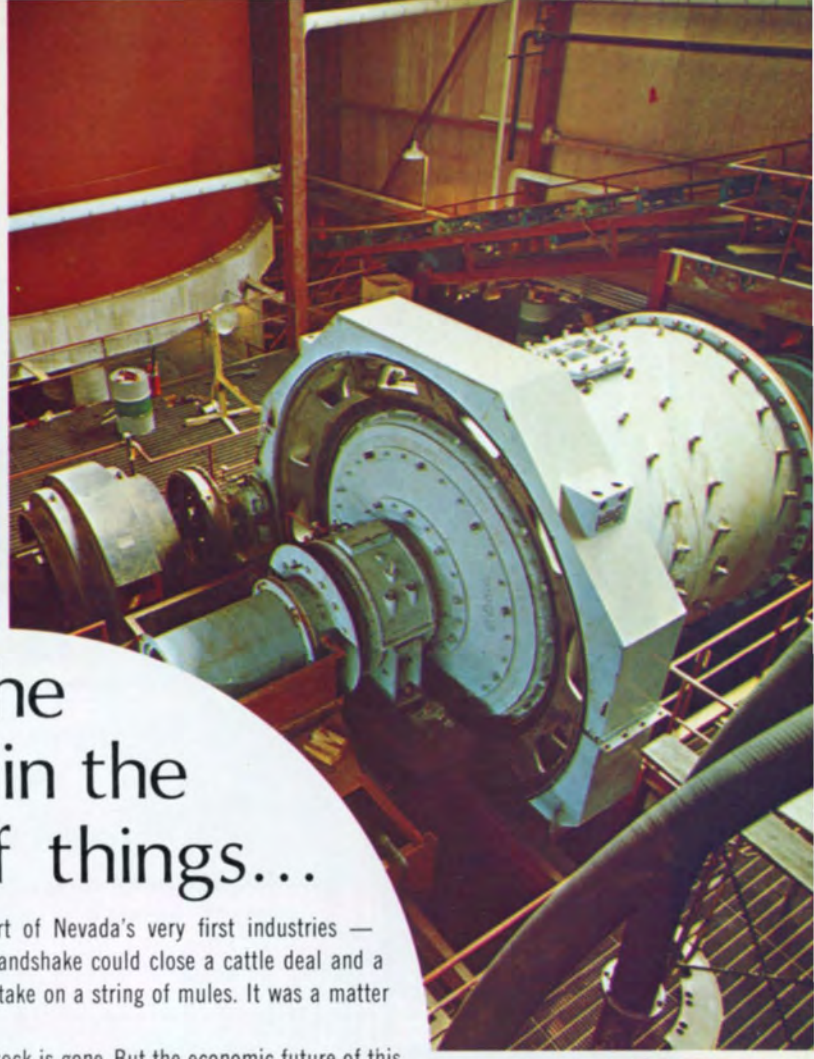
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SLOT MACHINE MAN

BY PATRICIA STEWART

You might—if you want to cozy up to Lady Luck a little—you might say that the one most important factor in moving Nevada gambling from dingy back rooms of saloons and out into the world's most brightly lighted and glamorous casinos was the five-cent slot machine.

Even today when Nevada offers tourists the absolute in spectacular gambling arenas the lowly five-cent slot machine is considered the backbone of an industry.

This trend-making device (there are those who call it a "fiendish invention") was not, alas, the product of the Nevada desert but was created and first used on California's Barbary Coast by a young German inventor who had come to make his fortune in San Francisco. The first nickel slot machine, dubbed by inventor Charles Fey the Liberty Bell, in honor of America's famous freedom symbol, was offered to San Francisco saloon clientele around 1895 and proved an immediate success. In fact, Bell has come to be a generic term for this kind of machine and many of today's spinning reels also carry symbols of the American Liberty Bell.

Today, the original Liberty Bell five-cent slot machine is enshrined, appropriately enough, in a saloon, the Liberty Belle in Reno, an operation owned and conducted by two grandsons of the machine's inventor Marshall and Franklin Fey, the grandsons, not only named their popular tavern-restaurant after the machine but have created a Barbary Coast style of decor in the place in keeping with the era of the slot machine's beginnings.

Charlie Fey, the slot machine's creator, was a remarkable man. He was the 21st (and last) child to be born in the home of a German school teacher His birthplace, Neu Ulm, Bavaria, was across the river from the birthplace of Albert Einstein, prompting one of his friends to remark, "They must have been passing around excellent German brains at that time." By the time Fey was 14 years old, in 1876, Neu Ulm's horizons seemed too limited and the youngster set out to see the world and make a fortune. He went first to London, where he apprenticed himself to a maker of scientific instruments. By 1882, when he was 20, he felt confident enough of his abilities as an inventor to tackle the United States where he was sure fame and fortune awaited.



Charlie Fey the ingenious inventor who, without knowing it, made Nevada what it is today.

His first American home was with a friend, Billy Schmidt, at Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. There Fey perfected an idea he had for a beam scale, received a patent on it and sold the patent to Charles Watling of the Watling Scale Works in Chicago. Billy Schmidt, Fey's Wisconsin friend, was the owner of the Wisconsin Novelty Company, largest operators of punchboards. It was from Schmidt that Fey developed his interest in gambling devices and in Wisconsin that he made his first one, a dial machine called "Horseshoes." Then the West began to beckon and young Fey moved to San Francisco.

Once on California's golden shores, however, things did not go so well. Fey discovered he had consumption and in the hopes of effecting a cure, he wandered down the coast and into Mexico, drifting for three years before he felt strong enough to return to San Francisco and a steady place at the workbench. Fey took odd jobs as a mechanic at that time. In June, 1887, he married and thus felt the responsibility of making good all the old dreams of success.

The newlywed couple moved into a basement apartment where Fey worked on inventions of his own in his spare time at nights. Then he noticed a counter machine called the "Ferris Wheel" and the wheels in his inventive brain began to spin. His adaptation and perfection of this gadget really hit the jackpot—from it he made the first slot machine, the Liberty Bell. Before the device was complete, however, the young man and his bride were evicted from the basement flat for making too much noise during the inventive processes in the wee hours of night. The Feys found another place to live and the inventor went on scrounging up parts and pieces until, finally, he had a slot machine which worked very much

Opposite – Franklin (left) and Marshall Fey strike a bartending pose at their back bar, itself an historic item from the old Pastime. The big round lights are relics from Reno's old Wine House. The morning glory speaker between the brothers is part of one of their favorite antiques, an Edison phonograph.



the way a slot machine works today.

Someone once skeptically commented that there were a "few" buildings in San Francisco in 1890 that were *not* saloons. Actually, of course, the city was famous for its proliferation of waterfront watering places and it was in several of these bars, whose clientele consisted of sailors from all parts of the globe, that Charlie Fey tried out his first coin machines and, finally, the Liberty Bell. The slot machine was an instant and everlasting success.

Parenthetically, it is interesting to note here that the earliest slot machines had symbols that never hit the payline, differing from today's machines which carry 20 symbols and 20 stops. At first there were 10 symbols on each reel and the Liberty Bell owed part of its success to the fact that the customer could see only the symbols that hit the payline and never see the adverse odds. Clear up to the 1930's slot machines were rigged so that not all symbols could ever show on the payline. These machines had 20 symbols on the reels but there were only 10 stops. Nevada

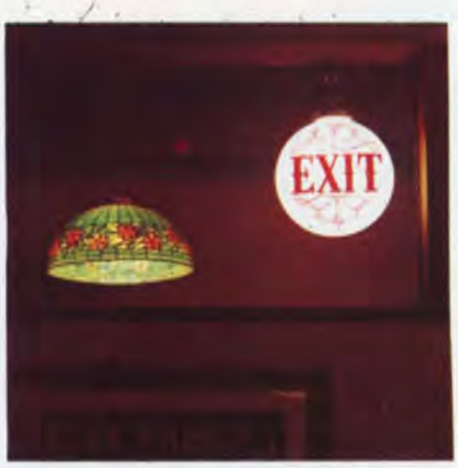


laws now require 20 stops for 20 symbols.

Fey not only cast and built each machine himself, he operated the business of leasing out the slots and traveled a big territory by horse and buggy collecting the money. Demand for the machines always was so great Fey was pressed to keep enough on hand.

Finally he had to hire a man to help sort the coins, which were stored in nail kegs in the Fey manufacturing shop on Market Street. The helper had an odd complaint: it was, he said, an enormous bother to have to sort the five-dollar gold pieces from the accumulation in the quarter keg.

From 1895 to 1905 the slot machine



business thrived mightily. Fey secured a large headquarters at 406 Market Street and headed a large organization which handled manufacturing and distribution of the machines. The inventor found time to tinker in his shop, designing and improving machines.

In April, 1906, disaster struck San Francisco in the form of the famous earthquake. Fey, like many other businessmen, dashed down to his office on the morning of April 18. He managed to save his original Liberty Bell machine and several lesser items from the Market Street plant before National Guardsmen ordered him to safety in face of the fires which had started. For three agonizing days the flames raged and when Charlie Fey went back to his 406 Market Street location the only thing he managed to salvage was a keg of molten nickels, a souvenir which he cherished the rest of his life.

Not one to look back, Fey found another location and started his business once more.

By this time Fey was bouncing like a rubber ball. It was not new to him to be "levelled off," so he devoted his energies to building a new shop on Jesse Street. He went on building machines and operating the slots business in San Francisco. He refused to sell any of the machines. Since it is not possible to patent gambling devices, Fey really owned nothing more than his special skill and knowledge. Resisting all offers to sell a machine to Herbert Mills of Chicago, Fey lost his monopoly anyway. Mills acquired one of the machines and hired Fey's foreman, Mat Larkin, to go to Chicago to help that firm make successful Bell-type machines. Later Mills became the largest manufacturer of the "one-armed bandit." Ironically, in later years, the two men, Mills and Fey, ended up as friends.

Since gambling was frowned upon in so many places (including Nevada) in the early 1900's, a good many machines had to be built ostensibly as vending vehicles for candies or gum. "The candies were so awful nobody ever took seconds," remarked Marshall Fey. During this period, besides vending candy or gum, the machines often paid out in checks or tokens. Charlie Fey invented a machine to separate checks and coins. This was accomplished first by making the checks with a hole in the center, then by using checks larger than coins.

Inventor Fey had four children, three daughters (all now deceased) and a son, Edmund Charles Fey, who lives in Burlingame, Calif. Ed Fey, father of the Reno brothers who own

Left—Tiffany lamp shades, such as this one, abound at the Liberty Belle. If lamp shades could talk this one would have quite a story to tell about boom days in Virginia City. Above—An old exit sign and below, beer trays. These are some of the antiques that decorate the Feys' Reno establishment.



PHOTOS BY JIM REINHELLER



The Liberty Bell nickel slot machine, first of its kind and pacemaker of an entire industry, is enshrined in glass at the Liberty•Belle Saloon in Reno. Below—Coin operated machines of all sorts and from different eras are a family hobby with the Feys of the Liberty Belle Saloon. In a "museum room" at the saloon the brothers maintain a collection of all sorts of gambling and amusement devices. Their collection includes eight of the original designs of their grandfather, Charlie Fey.



the Liberty Belle Saloon, was a clever inventor in his own right. Not being fond of gambling machinery, he turned his attention toward coin-operated games such as "radio rifle," coin-operated music machines, a fighters game and many others. All together the Fey son patented 21 amusement machines and for 30 years operated them at Playland at the Beach in San Francisco. His earliest training in the construction of coin machines had come in 1913 when Ed Fey, then 17, had to quit school and run his father's business for a time after the older man developed sulphur poisoning.

One of the last gambling contraptions fashioned by Charlie Fey was the Silver Dollar slot machine, based on the same principles that made the Liberty Bell a success with the nickel gamblers. Others had tried this idea but Fey is credited with being the first to develop a coin head and mechanism which could successfully handle a coin as big as the silver dollar

This machine, perfected in 1929, was a handsome thing in itself. The payout "card" was cast in metal and the whole machine was bright-shiny with nickel coating over cast iron. In the center was an Indian head design and beneath it a loving cup with Charles Fey's "brand type" initials (an F inside a big C) as a trademark.

Up until his last days (Fey died in 1944 at age 82) the inventor never learned to drive an automobile, his grandsons report. Further, they recall, he never was seen without a big cigar in his mouth.

While the world thinks of Nevada as the gambling state, this was not always so. In the frontier days it took three tries to get legalized gambling through the legislature and the law permitting this was not passed until 1867, three years after statehood. In the early 1900's, gambling again was prohibited and not legalized again until 1931 when numerous state controls were instituted. Nevada gambling grew rapidly after 1931 but did not really emerge as an important industry until after World War II.

In no small part is the growth of Nevada cities and the proliferation of great casinos due to the popularity of the ever-present slot machine.



Describing the original Liberty Bell machine, the great American gambling expert, John Scarne, points out that the wheels on this first device were smaller than those used today. Each had only 10 symbols instead of the 20 now used, and only the three symbols on the payline could be seen through the small window. The player inserted a nickel and pulled the lever to spin the wheels. If the three symbols showing when the wheels stopped were a winning combination, the machine paid out the correct number of coins. There were no jackpots. A colored reward chart on the face of the Liberty Bell listed the pay-outs:

Three Bells	*10 Drinks*
Flush of Hearts	*8 Drinks*
Flush of Diamonds	*6 Drinks*
Flush of Spades	*4 Drinks*
Two Horseshoes and Star	*2 Drinks*
Two Horseshoes	*1 Drink*

The Liberty Bell actually paid out coins despite the fact that drinks were listed as a merchandise reward. Several later machines made by Fey also listed the winnings in merchandise. Many of the machines were equipped ostensibly to pay out candies and gum.

Today the Liberty Bell, no longer in use by the public, occupies a glassed showcase in the Fey brothers' enterprise, the Liberty Belle Saloon in Reno.

Marshall Fey reported that in the interests of statistics, he made tests on the Liberty Bell five-cent machine to determine the payouts received by the customer The machine gave back, he found, about 86 percent. In most Nevada gambling houses the modern customer gets a larger percentage, from 90 to 95 percent of the slot machine action, he said.

Well known games developed by Charlie Fey include Draw Poker, On the Level, a "36" dice machine, Policy, "4-11-44," Three Jacks, On the Square, Little Chief, Duo, Little Vendor, Silver Cup and, of course, Silver Dollar the first machine successful in

continued on page 50

Above—Here is the face of the "grandaddy of juke boxes," the Edison record changer nickelodeon. The nickelodeon, which was manufactured in 1910 by the Multiphone Corporation of New York, still works and comes complete with 24 Edison cylinder records. Below—More beer trays. Opposite—The handsome Silver Dollar, first slot machine successfully fashioned to work on the same principle as the nickel slot machine, was perfected by Charlie Fey in 1929. Silver Dollar was able to accept large coins and was a popular Nevada device in the days when silver dollars clinked on every bar and counter.




Tahoe
BEER
MOUS AS THE LAKE
PLAY
DOLLAR
SILVER
DOLLAR

TWO NEVADA LADIES

BY W. G. EMMINGER *as told to* SUSAN SCHAFF

LIBBY, THE PROSPECTOR

The lights from the coal lamp framed my friend's face in flickering light. I listened, as I had many times to this old man, about stories of persons he had known in some of Nevada's mining camps.

My friend was Pete Organ. In 1918, he was Mill City's postmaster, tavern keeper, hotel-owner and later one of Humboldt County's three commissioners. He had known many interesting oldtimers, but the story he'd just told intrigued me the most.

He knew of an old lady, he said, who was supposed to live at the mouth of nearby Central Canyon. Pete knew only that Libby was rumored to be living on a small mining claim. Nobody knew its value, but it was believed to be regularly profitable to the lady, who sent ore to Mill City for shipment to the nearest smelter. However, no one had gotten close enough to find out if the story were true since Libby packed a rifle to warn off strangers.

"Has she ever shot anybody, Pete?" I asked.

"Well, I've seen her knock over a chicken-loving coyote at more'n a hundred yards with that rifle. I don't think she's really shot anyone, but I know she doesn't like trespassers!"

My curiosity was aroused. Being a miner myself, I wanted to see a lady miner – especially one in her mid-seventies – at work. Now, it wasn't unusual at the time to find a lone male in an abandoned mining camp. He might religiously work his claim year after year in the firm belief the next round would expose an ore body larger and richer than the Comstock's Ophir. But a lady, who recovered and shipped minerals in paying quantities was an oddity, and I wanted to know more about this unusual woman.

"Well, Pete," I said, "I'm going to try and meet your 'little old lady of the mountain' and I'll let you know if your story's true." At any rate, Pete had told me that Central was a choice spot for sage-hen hunting – reason enough to enter the sights of Libby's famous rifle. So, on the opening day of the season I went with two friends to Central Canyon.

We parked our Model-T Fords, loaded with provisions, ice and straw for our dead birds, at the end of the



passable road. We'd followed the well-established custom of miners visiting an isolated spot, hoping Libby would take it as a friendship token.

We brought the camp mail, and the most recent local, Reno, and San Francisco newspapers. We also brought a fresh chunk of meat. The mail and papers, of course, were always welcome to isolated miners. Because refrigeration in those days was restricted to the desert cooler and a tunnel in the side of a mountain, fresh meat was also a welcome commodity.

As we approached her little cabin, bordered by a well-tended orchard and garden, we waited for the boom of a rifle. Instead, we were greeted by a tiny—but wary—woman. When she learned we were three Rochester miners out for some sage-hen hunting, and had followed the miner's custom, she welcomed us cordially.

Libby was less than five feet tall, weighing, I guess, less than a hundred pounds. She appeared to be, as Pete had guessed, in her mid-seventies. But she was as active as a pea in a hot skillet! She wore men's shoes, and a skirt made of burlap. Her gingham blouse appeared to be fashioned after Victorian era styles. "I'm not a very good tailor," she told us, "but my clothes are suitable for this place."

Libby looked in excellent health and said she'd never been sick a day in her life. The reason, she said, was that Central was "the most healthful community in the state of Nevada." There wasn't even a cemetery in the place, Libby said. The abandoned camp had been so vigorously healthy, she boasted, that those residents who had passed their allotted three score years and ten and grown tired of life, were forced to move away to die.

"I am the only exception," she said. "I expect to be buried here. Up there on the side of the mountain." She

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TWO NEVADA LADIES

BY PAULINE DE WITT

ELLA MIGHELS, THE WRITER

Mormon Island, California, birthplace of Ella Mighels, nee Clark, was the scene of an important gold discovery in the spring of 1848. Two Mormons, on their way to Sutter's Mill, camped overnight at a bar on the South Fork of the American River Using one of their cooking utensils to pan a little dirt, they found "color" in abundance and a new gold rush was in the making. By 1853 when Ella was born, the town had a population of more than 2,000 inhabitants occuying a motley assortment of canvas and wooden structures.

Sterling B. F Clark, a forty-niner who crossed the plains to Sacramento, sold his mule for $50 after he arrived, invested the money in a few provisions, a pick, and a shovel, and started mining at nearby Mormon Island. Successful in this venture as well as in various real estate transactions, Sterling went east in 1852 to marry Rachel Hepburn, the girl he left behind. On his return to California with his bride he was stricken by a malady known as "Isthmus Fever" and died two weeks later in San Francisco.

Newly widowed and an expectant mother, Rachel Clark decided to make her home in this raw, new land and settled in Mormon Island where she assumed the duties of schoolmistress. In the gray, weather-beaten, canvas structure that served as the schoolhouse her daughter, Ella Sterling Clark, was born the following May.

Touched by the plight of a dead comrade's widow and their infant daughter, miners who had known and worked with Sterling Clark visited Mrs. Clark as often as possible. During these visits Ella cried much of the time and the men, while taking turns holding her in their arms, noticed the simple home had few comforts and conveniences for a small baby. They held a conference, determined that the nursery had to have a cradle, and brought a miner's cradle to the house the following day.

The following year Rachel Clark married Dudley Haines Haskell, and in 1861 when Ella was eight years old, the family moved to the booming mining town of Aurora.



Haskell and his partner, John Dudleston, operated a 25-mile toll road, from Aurora to Bridgeport, California, via the mining town of Bodie. Never accurately surveyed, the road was victim to every passing storm and cloudburst, necessitating its repair or relocation. On the way to Bodie the road passed through a narrow, rocky canyon put there, according to J. Ross Browne, "as if the earth had been rent asunder by some convulsion of nature for the express purpose of letting people through."

Mr Browne, reporter, author and artist, toured the Aurora and Bodie area in the early 1860's while writing for Harper's Magazine and enjoyed the Haskell's hospitality at their toll-gate home.

> *"I found here," wrote Mr. Browne, what I had not unfrequently before met with in the course of my travels through this wild region — refinement and intelligence. The cabin was a mere frame shanty of the rudest kind; yet it was kept clean and neat, nicely carpeted and prettily ornamented with water-colored sketches, very cleverly executed by Mrs. Haskell. The tables were covered with books and periodicals, among which I observed a magazine that takes the lead in civilizing new countries." (Harper's of course.)*

Ella made many friends among the miners and mill workers of Esmeralda, developing a love for these lonely men that lasted all her life. Separated from their wives and children they took Ella to their hearts, and fashioned dove-cotes for her pigeons, a cage for a family of chipmunks, little toys from solid silver, even a wagon made of a champagne basket put on wheels, to which they harnessed her Newfoundland dog.

At the height of Aurora's prosperity in 1864, Haskell was elected state

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pointed to a spot a short distance from her orchard.

This was the first of many visits with the sprightly old lady. At sage-hen hunting time each year, I'd make a point of going back to her lonely canyon to see her.

During visits with Libby, I found she was rational in her thinking and discussion of current events—although her source of information was often weeks or months late. She proved to have an enduring faith in the eventual growth of the region. "Some day you'll see Central bustling again," she'd say.

Libby had witnessed most of the speculative, fluctuating history of many Humboldt mining camps. She complained that most of the veins there had been "upside down," that is they were richer and of greater width on the surface than at the depth. But her faith in the future of Central as a mining camp was unwaivering. "And besides," she said, "we never permitted any pitching of horseshoes here." Libby believed, as many miners did, that this pastime brought only bad luck to mining camps.

Libby was a Christian woman and on her dining room table was a Bible. It had been carried by a pony express rider as a "protection against moral contamination."

Where had she come from and what had brought Libby to this place? We never knew for sure because she never talked of her personal affairs.

It was claimed by a few oldtimers she came to Nevada as a bride. Some said her first husband had been M. S. Thompson who took an active role in the affairs of Humboldt County in the early days from 1859 through the 1880's. The only "proof" however, that Libby may have known Thompson was her treasured collection of "Congressional Globe" volumes, some of which contained Thompson's signature. She later told Pete she came to Humboldt to teach school. During her first summer vacation, she said, she had gotten a job at the Humboldt House restaurant. This was an eating place for the Central Pacific train passengers, before the days of the dining car.

Meals were 75-cents a plate and passengers were allowed twenty minutes to get to the eating place, be served, and return to the train. Libby said this eating scene reminded her of "slopping the hogs" and she didn't bother to go back the next summer

There were other stories circulating about Libby, one which explained her ever-ready rifle. People thought she mined a high-grade streak of ore, from which she made her money. She never made this claim, and we later found that her shipments were the result of careful sorting of mill ore left by former owners when they abandoned their claims.

Libby made friends, though, who gradually learned the secret. They also learned she had a habit of secreting gold and silver coins around her home. Their loyalty to this lady miner, who had guts enough to engage in such a rough business alone out on a real frontier, made them carry out the deception. Since they couldn't get her to move into Mill City, they felt such a story — reinforced by a general knowledge of her "crack-shooting" — might be a protection to her from strangers.

Although she seemed to be content with her mining, reading and gardening, Libby did have one great fear When it was discovered later, steps were taken to eliminate this worry. During the late 1920's the manager of the Nevada-Massachusetts Co. at nearby Tungsten, Nevada, Otto F Heizer, heard that an elderly lady miner living in abandoned Central was in need.

Urged by the company president, Charles N. Segerstrom, to call on her, he found Libby. Dressed the same as always she now was walking with difficulty and using a cane. Heizer's first reaction was to encourage her to live in a more populated community, closer to the outside-world with its friends and medical help. Libby immediately vetoed this plan. She disliked crowds. She'd tried living in towns before, she said, but had always returned to Central. She felt this to be her home, and she wanted to end her life there. Her parents had taught her to be frugal, she added, and since she had done this she wanted to uphold her dignity and meet her responsibilities.

Despite her adamant refusal to move, or to become an object of charity, something had to be done to help her So Heizer and his company miners hit upon a plan.

It was learned that Libby had no knowledge of the price of commodities. She also had a rooster and three hens, and had offered to sell any eggs she didn't need. Using this for an excuse, and the company's real need for more eggs, a pact was entered into. It was agreed that all eggs reserved for the company would be exchanged for their "value" in food, clothing and other supplies to be delivered each week.

This pact was faithfully carried out, by both parties, for the rest of her life. When weekly food and clothing deliveries were made, her first question was, "How much do I owe?"

The answer was always that the company still owed her $2.46 or $6.42 or whatever reasonable figure came to mind. Not once did she ever question these figures or appear surprised that the value of her eggs was greater than that of her supplies. Mrs. Heizer visited her to get some idea of clothing size. But except for the men's "long-handled underwear" and woolen lumber jacket she loved, most of the clothes went into a trunk to be saved for "a rainy day." One of the miners added a shelf for books, and then filled it with more modern reading than her 1860 Congressional Globes and well-thumbed Harpers New Monthly magazines, dating back to the 1870's. On one of Heizer's visits, he noticed she was reading an article describing the Philadelphia Centennial of 1876. She remarked, with

a twinkle, that she was a little behind in her reading.

The company thought Libby might enjoy a newly-invented radio. It sent its electrician to install a battery-operated set, with earphones. Of course she knew nothing of radios, but had once seen one of Edison's gramophones. She asked the electrician where to put the records. She had heard voices on wax records. But voices from the air came only from God, talking to his people, she believed.

After much coaching, however, she did learn to operate and enjoy it. But she never understood how she could possibly hear someone talking in San Francisco.

Even after Libby's needs were taken care of, she still carried her rifle in easy reach. It became a hazard to approach her home after dark until she recognized you as a friend. Although we didn't understand this, we were soon to learn her reason.

The company asked Libby about her house and land title. She readily admitted that since she had only squatters rights she feared cattle men might dispossess her In the past, no attempts had been made. She felt her rifle had been the controlling influence. A company engineer found her land was on government section, so it was surveyed, a plat made, and an application for a homestead patent filed by the company attorney. The day she was required to appear in court for her patent application, a company car took her to Winnemucca.

It had been a long day past since Winnemucca people had seen a lady in an 1870 wedding gown. She carried the train neatly on her arm, disclosing high-top button shoes. Her other arm was locked tightly in the arm of her Tungsten miner escort. Her hair was neatly combed back to a knot on the rear of her head, and her hat was one of those small round things a man can only describe as "cute." She wore no makeup on her beautifully tanned face which showed the effects of years of outdoor life. Although she had plenty of wrinkles, they all disappeared when she smiled. At the court hearing, the judge asked Libby about her age. She wryly said it was her "understanding that for one to apply for a homestead patent, one must be 21 years of age."

The judge did not pursue the subject further.

This was a day for Libby to smile, because there were no challenges against her claim. Tomorrow she would own her own home and would no longer fear being dispossessed.

The miners began to grow more worried about Libby. After a couple of bad winters, they decided to recondition one of their Tungsten houses. They hoped to persuade her to move in at least during the winter months. When Libby heard about her new home, she decided to go to Tungsten to inspect the place. She walked the entire six miles and was observed, at the edge of town sitting on a rock, putting on her shoes. The electric cooking facilities were as mysterious to her as had been the radio. As for the bathroom toilet—well, she had remembered seeing one of "those things" in the Winnemucca courthouse. But she wanted none of the modern life, so no other effort was made to take her from her mountain home.

The tempo of visits by her company friends increased as it became evident she was failing mentally. She would hear a telephone ringing, or call to quiet children at play. The only phones and children were six miles away at Tungsten. She might wander into a discussion about why emigrants were in such a hurry to get through Nevada. She could see their white covered-wagon tops, she said, lumbering down the trail just below Central. She said she could understand why the emigrants were in such a hurry to get to Lassen Meadows, southwest of the present Imlay, Nevada. There the wild hay reached up to the belly of the oxen. The pioneers could drink pure mountain water, after drinking Humboldt River water contaminated by dead bodies of mules, oxen and horses.

Libby was living in the past, and at times was confused. But she kept her faith in Nevada. "For ten years," she'd say, "those trains passed up the valley below Sun Mountain—Virginia City's landmark–without knowing they were a short walk away from the largest deposit of gold and silver ever found by man."

Or she would say, "Nevada soil will grow all the fruits and vegetables needed by man, if properly irrigated. Just look at my orchard and garden! Do you remember the hundreds of fruit trees, berry bushes, and garden vegetables raised at Humboldt House? More than enough to serve meals to all the passengers riding Central Pacific trains today."

Libby was slowly fading away.

As the daily miner approached her house, he silently said a prayer that he wouldn't be the one to find her When he returned to Tungsten, he was surrounded by miners wanting to know about her health, and if there was anything they could do to help her Finally, it happened. She was found along the path leading to the chicken house, where she was going that morning to gather eggs for her part of the pact.

The Tungsten miners prepared her grave, on the mountainside where she had many times requested to be buried.

She was dressed in her bridal gown, as the rough hands of her miner friends tenderly lowered her coffin to its last resting place. Down the faces of each of these strong, enduring, and at times, unconventional miners, there flowed many tears. Libby had been a friend, and one of their craft. They had known her to stand up and fight when miners were referred to as coarse, crude, ignorant, lacking in culture, or beastly because some of their pleasures had come from Jack's Bar and his "soiled doves." She had chided them to lead

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GOLDFIELD

BY FRED C. NINNIS, JR.



One day a visitor came to Goldfield eager to understand what had gone on before. He saw a doorway. Consumed with curiosity he tried to open it. The hinges were frozen and the building had no window. Frustrated, he wondered what had been behind that door. A saloon, a store, or what? He tried again and, finally, left the doorway with its secret.

Moving away he came to yet another door, beside it a washboard—even in the most God-forsaken places people want to be clean. How many grimy

PHOTOS BY ROGER MITCHELL

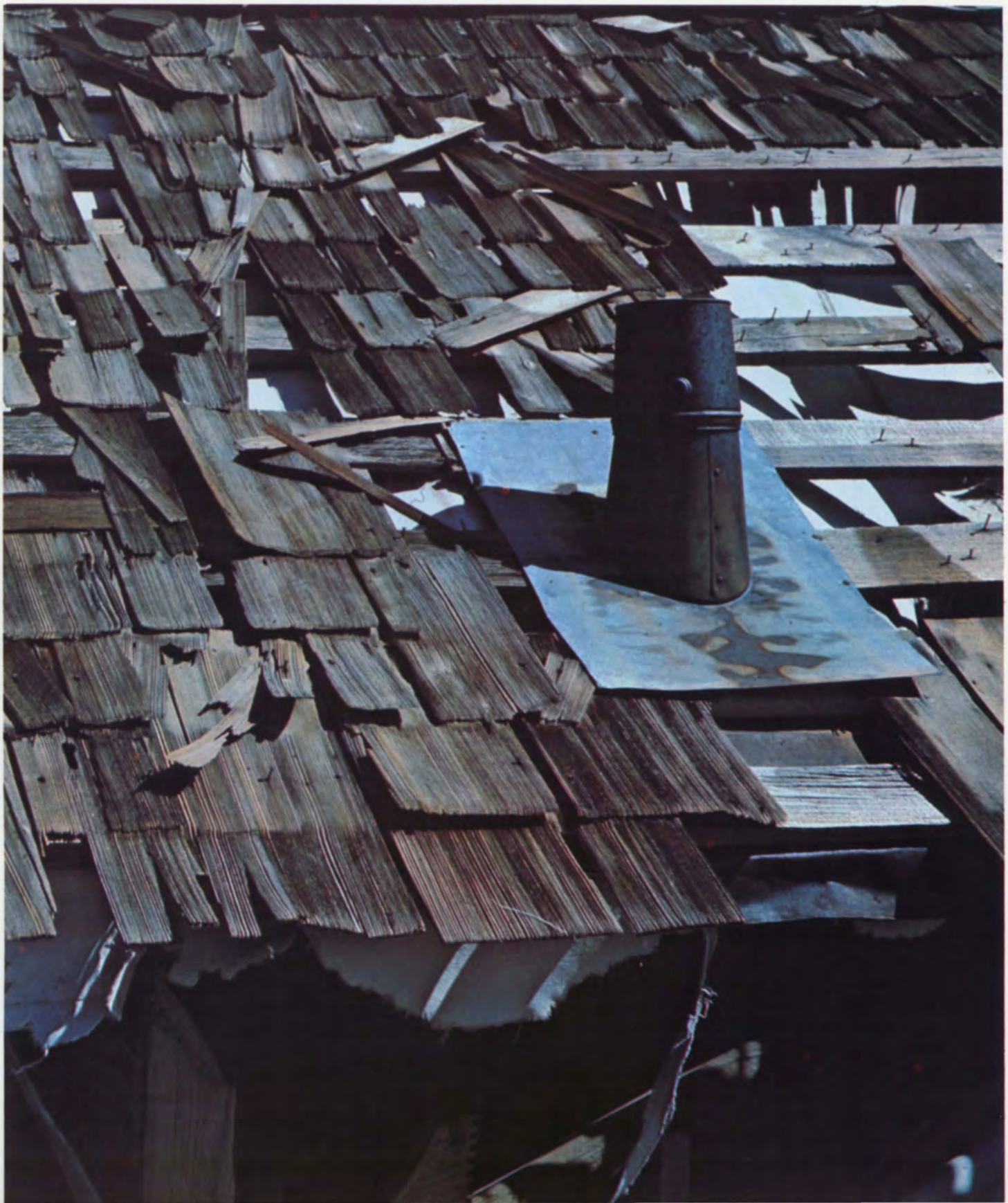


overalls, aprons, baby clothes had been scrubbed on this board? Next was what remained of a fence now splintered, weatherbeaten, and fallen in disarray. Once it had stood staunch and strong, a protector of the privacy of those who had dwelt behind its screen. Then there was a stove pipe on a weathered roof. Beneath it a stove once gave comfort to its owner on winter nights.



And suddenly there was a tree—only on such hot desert country as this could you find a Joshua. Strange, eerie, grotesque but welcome relief to the unchanging grey brown of the desert. A haven to man and animal alike.

Now here is a stone arch, the sole remaining remnant of a fire ravaged building. Once center of the town's financial life it stands alone subject to sun,



sand, and wind thus fated to return to the earth from which it came.

A house came into view, maybe empty although there was evidence of habitation—the only sign of life our visitor had seen, and his thoughts turned to the past. Who had lived there and what events, important or trivial, had transpired within its walls?

Still thinking about the old days he went on to

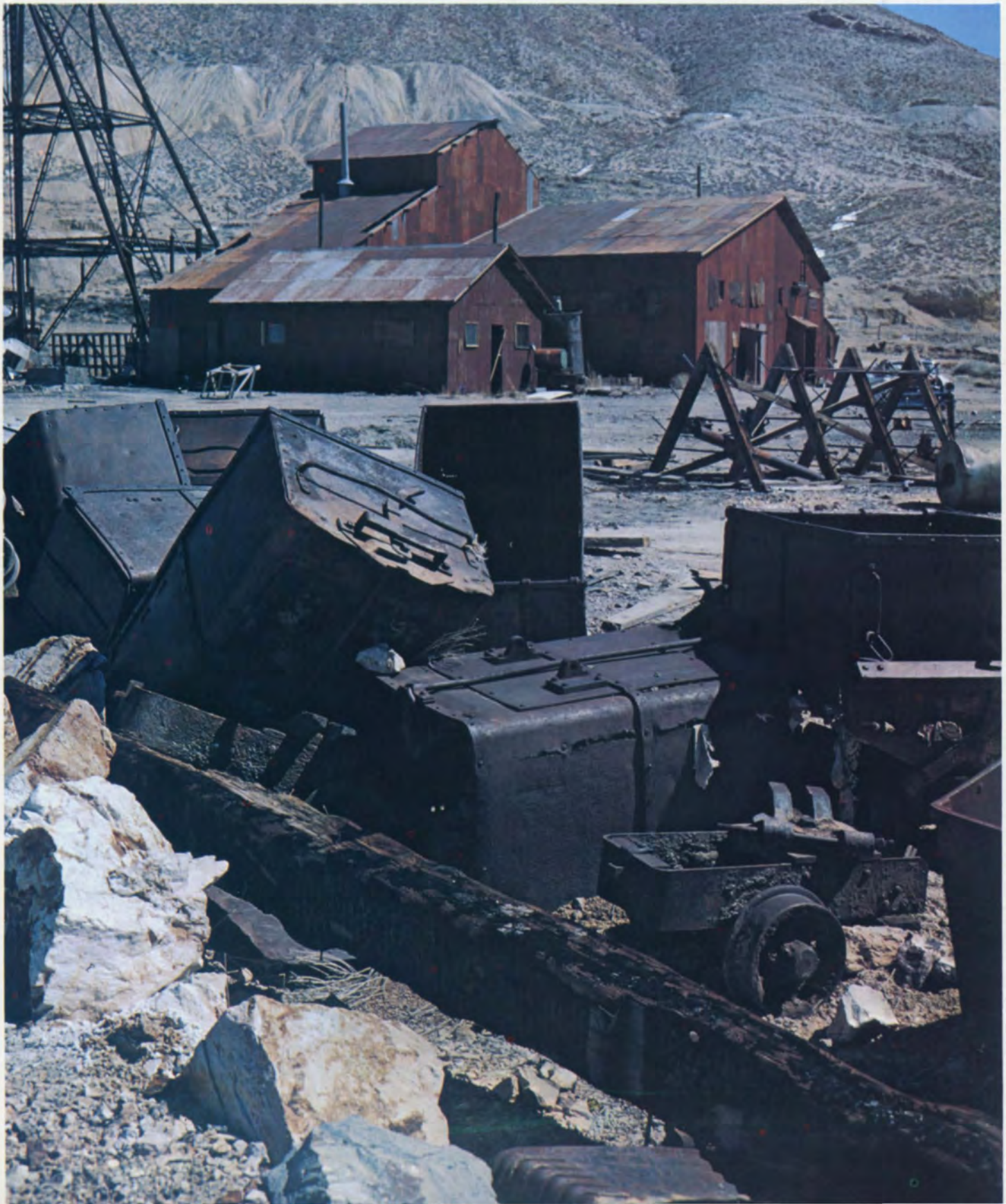






another mining town—to Tonopah—where he came upon a mill. The mill, the heart and key to a mining camp's existence. One could picture the now rusted ore cars carrying rich loads of gold and silver ore to the mills. Without rich ores and without mills, these old towns never could have been.

Our visitor mused about all he had seen. Deep in reverie he moved on. □



David Muench



BY JULIA CRAW

METHUSELAH OF THE FOREST

WITH PHOTOS BY THE AUTHOR AND BY DAVID MUENCH

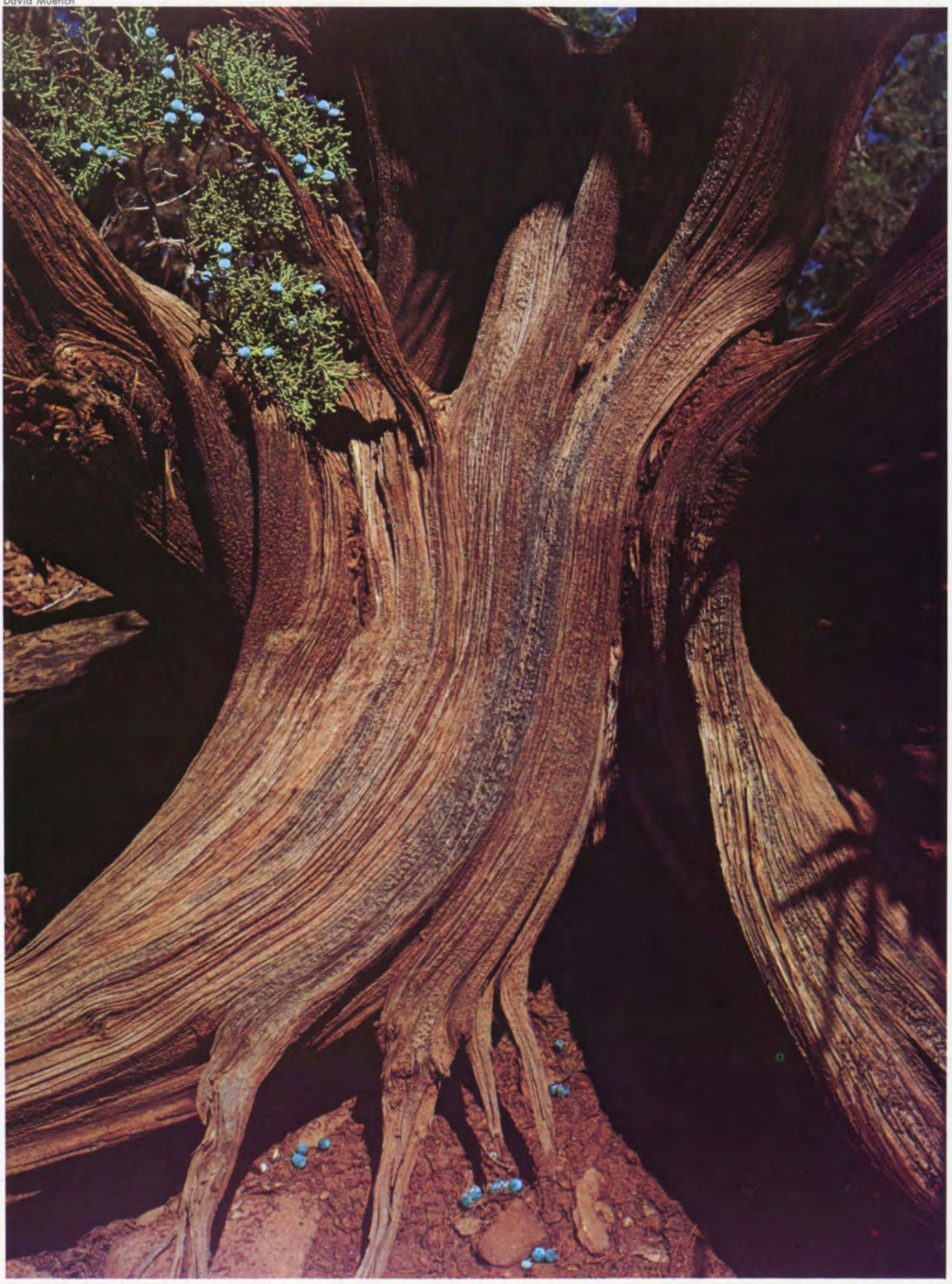
The juniper tree does something which horticulturists, in years of trial and effort, have failed to do—it produces blue roses. Not all junipers are able to do this, only those which have the help of a small winged insect called the frit fly (*Oscinis frit*) which lays its eggs in the buds of the tree and at the same time leaves behind a chemical which causes the bud to form into the perfect and lovely blue-petaled galls, or juniper roses. These exquisite "blossoms" are so rare they often go unnoticed even by people who spend much of their time in the western forests, which is a shame because they are well worth attention and respect.

The mountain juniper (*Juniperus occidentalis*) is the bonsai tree of nature. Evolution has played around with the stubbornly malleable tree, dwarfing and disciplining it, ever since it was a fossil pine in the Tertiary era. Millions of years of time and weather have adapted it to the barren, windswept slopes where its roots must reach fifty and sixty feet for nourishment, stunting the sturdy body, and torturing the limbs into the wierdly beautiful, picturesque forms so loved by the gardener.

The juniper is the most widely distributed woody plant in the world. Some forty species are known, thirteen of them native to the United States. The eastern juniper in good lowland soil thrives and grows to a height of sixty feet, and its wood, fragrant, moth-repellent and smooth-grained, is widely used in the manufacture of "cedar" pencils and "cedar" storage chests. But the western juniper, with scant

Above—Sculptured arms on a lifeless tree. This venerable patriarch, photographed east of Panaca near the Utah border, was toppled by endless, battering winds. Opposite—Textured sinews in wood, carved by Nature over the centuries.

David Muench



Julia Crow



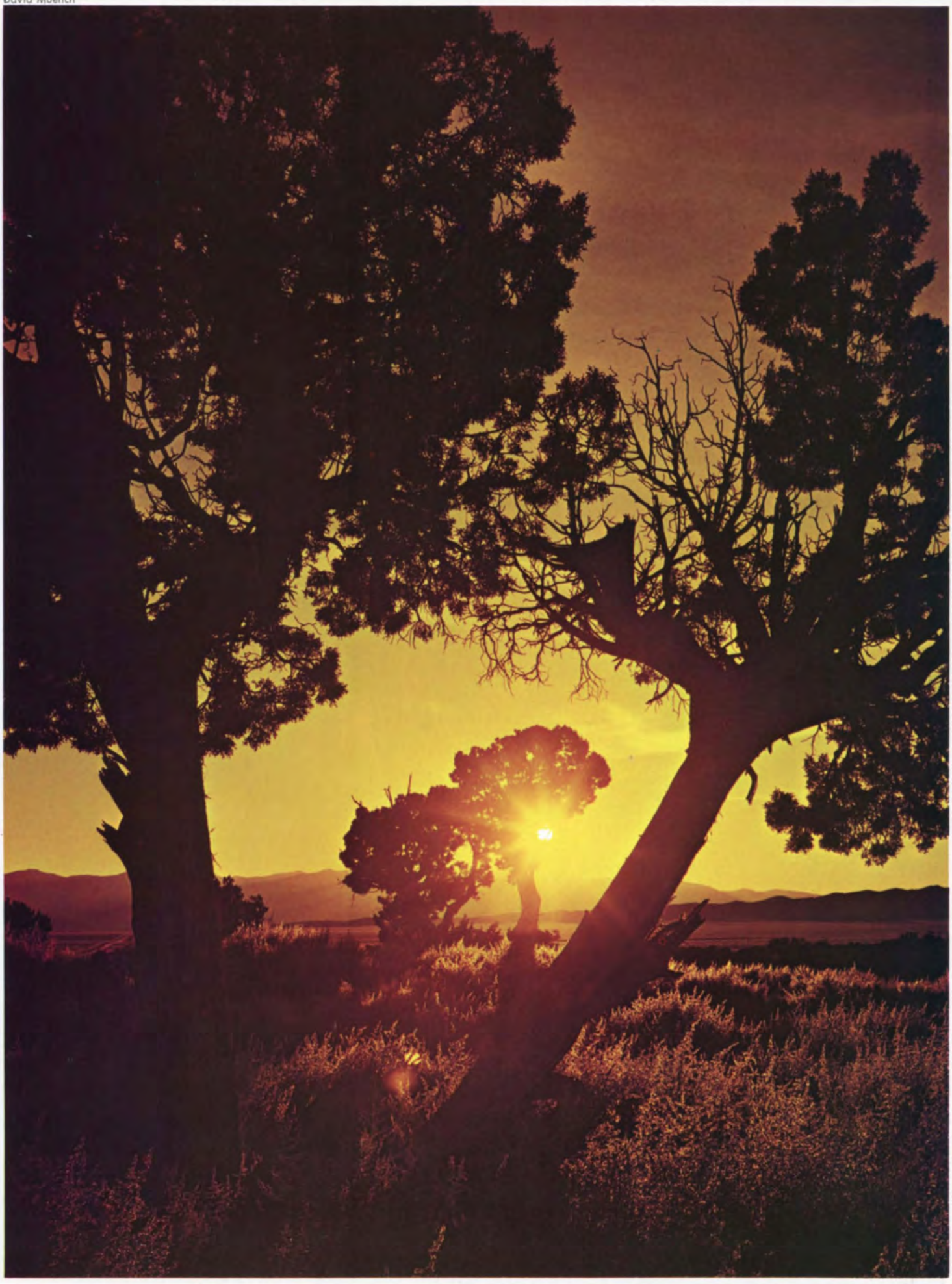
water and sterile, disintegrating granite to feed upon, rarely reaches half that height and its lumber is too knotty and creviced for commercial use.

The tree, although an evergreen, does not bear cones. Instead it produces a pulpy, blue-green berry which contains an average of two to six seeds and which takes two years to mature. In Europe these berries are harvested and used to flavor gin—the name of this liquor is derived from the French juniper—*geniévre*. In America the Indians used them as both a medicine and food. The twigs and berries, steeped as tea, were a stimulant and a diuretic and the berries, picked green, were chewed as candy by the Indian children, or, collected by the Indian housewife, were pounded into meal and baked in the sun into sweet, light cakes. Today's desert-wise gourmets pick the juniper fruit and make a mock mint jelly which is unequalled as a sauce for wild meat.

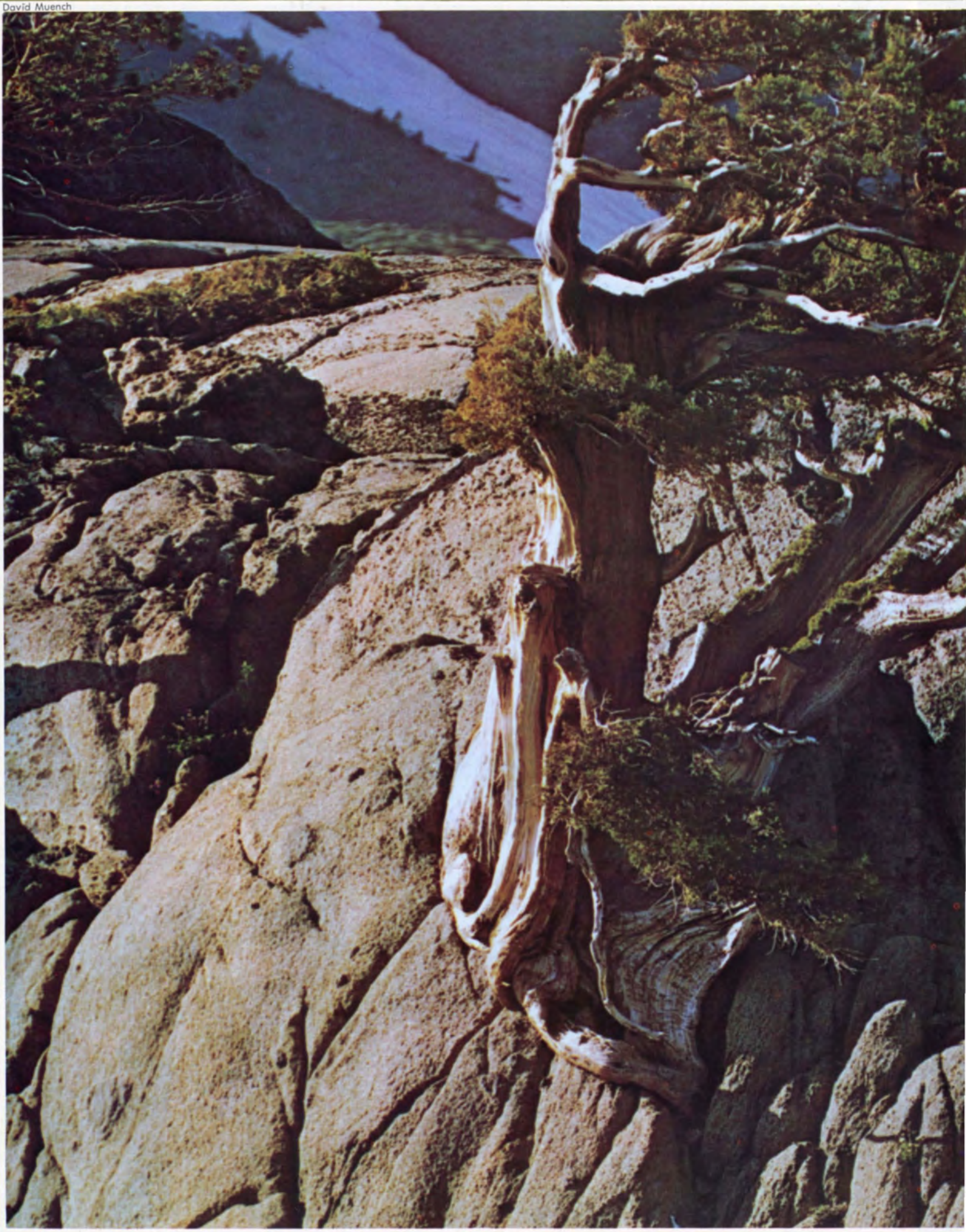
The junipers of the western foothills—John Muir's "sturdy, storm-enduring mountaineers ... living on sunshine and snow"—grow very slowly. Where trees of other species will show only a few growth rings to an inch of wood,

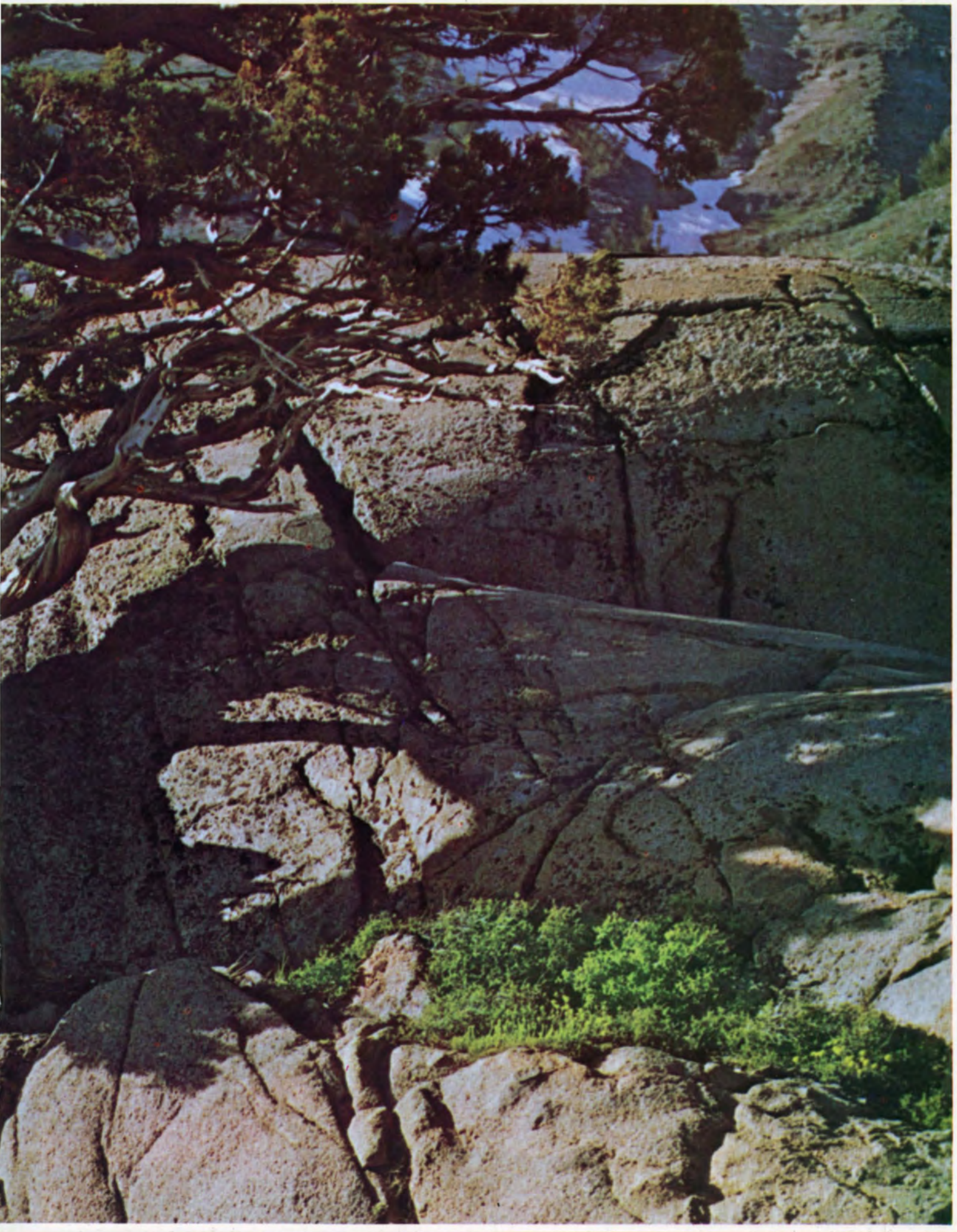
Above—Rare blue roses, the "flower" which graces some juniper trees. Opposite—A stunning Great Basin sunset, with junipers silhouetted against the western sky. The setting is near Baker in White Pine County. Center pages following—Photographed near Carson Pass, Sierra juniper against glaciated granite.

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mountain junipers have been examined which bore as many as four hundred annular rings to an inch. A tree which may be measured in your arms and stand little more than man high may already have seen hundreds of years of summer suns and winter snows.

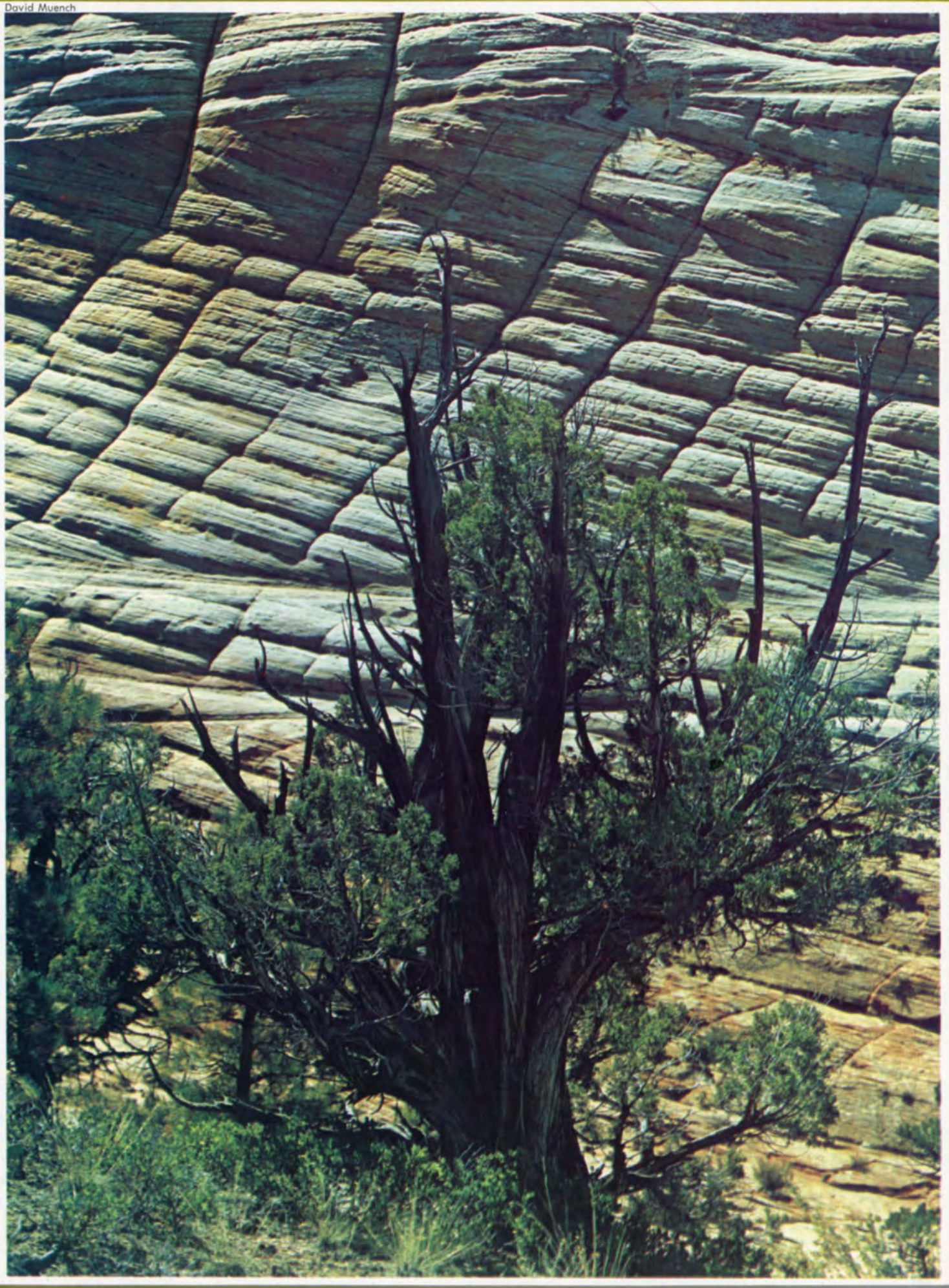
In spite of its struggle with environment and elements the juniper is among the oldest of living trees. Many of them are four and five thousand years old. The dwarfed tree, standing on the rocky skyline, its branches bent to the wind, its trunk beaten and twisted, was young in the age of Confucius, green at the coming of Christ, still vigorously alive to see the European invasion of its desert homeland.

The juniper, dying, refuses a grave. Supremely resistant to decay, the roots continue to hold it upright. Weather tears the soft, brown bark from the trunk, revealing the hidden scars of its struggle for life—the out-sized knots, the spiralled grain, the contorted posture. Wind and storm prune the branches and polish the gray wood to a lambent luster. Thereafter time rests lightly on the unyielding tree.

Living and green with berries and "roses," the mountain juniper sees centuries of time pass around it. Dead and starkly stripped against the sky, it stands for centuries more, a symbol of the will for survival in all life. □

Above—This twisted juniper giant stands near Cedar City, Utah. Opposite—Juniper against a textured sandstone wall. This is Checkerboard Mesa in Zion National Park, southern Utah.

David Muench



Holiday Package

Gourmet Recipes from Las Vegas



In Las Vegas every day of the year is a holiday. But with the arrival of Christmas and New Year's something special happens — big name entertainers are there by the numbers, music is in the air.

From the Delmonico at the Riviera

ROAST GOOSE WITH CHESTNUT STUFFING



Chef MacCurtin

1 goose, 1 1/4 lbs. pork sausage meat, 8 oz. goose livers, 4 oz. brandy, 2 1/2 lbs. chestnuts, 1 oz. poultry seasoning (optional).

Roasting time: 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Remove the peel from 2 1/2 lbs. chestnuts. Roast in oven until golden brown. Chop the chestnuts, cohere with goose liver plus sausage meat, plus 4 oz. brandy. Stuff the prepared goose with this mixture, sew up openings. Truss firmly, place on roasting pan, season outside. Lightly grease. Place in moderate oven, increase temperature for last half hour to assure crisp skin. Serve with natural gravy made from residue and canned gooseberry sauce.



And in those famous dining rooms the most elegant menus appear. Here is a sampling of some of the great dishes being served in but a few of the many world-renowned restaurants in Las Vegas.

From the Frontier's Cabaret Room



Chef Pierrel

SUPREMES DE POULET AL A MANIERE DES DUCS DE BOURGOGNE

4 boneless breasts of chicken, 1 cup of flour mixed with salt and pepper, 4 to 6 ounces of butter, 8 ounces of good Madeira wine (or sweet Vermouth), 1/2 pint of chicken broth, 1/4 pint of whipping cream, 4 egg yolks, 1 ounce of Cognac.

Dip the breasts of chicken in the flour and saute them in the butter until golden brown. Put them aside in the serving dish and keep them hot.

Glaze the cooking pan with the Madeira wine. Add the chicken broth and let reduce half way. Mix the cream and yolks, add to the half glaze until thickened. Do not boil.

Bring to the table. Pour the Cognac over the breasts. Ignite. Pour the sauce over the flaming dish. Serve with rice or fine noodles.



From the Desert Inn's Monte Carlo Room

CROWN OF ROAST PORK



Chef Kern

Have the butcher form a loin of pork into a crown. He removes the backbone, divides the ribs nearly to the base and scrapes clean the bones down to the lean meat. Then he bends the loin into a circle and sews the ends together. A larger crown roast may be formed by using two loins.

Cover the rib of each rib bone with a cube of salt pork or a square of raw potato to prevent the bone from charring. Wrap strips of bacon around the lower part of the crown. Rub the meat well with salt and pepper Fill the center of the crown with Yankee Wild Rice Stuffing (recipe below). Roast the pork on a rack in a roasting pan in a moderate oven (350°F) allowing 35 to 40 minutes per pound until it is well done. Baste the meat occasionally.

Remove the crown roast to a heated platter, discard the bacon and the salt pork or potato and cover the tips of the rib bones with silver paper frills. Surround the pork with watercress, garnish with glazed crab apples and baked cranberries. Sprinkle stuffing in center with lemon juice and butter

YANKEE WILD RICE STUFFING

Put 1 1/2 cups raw cranberries through the most coarse blade of food chopper In a saucepan combine the cranberries with 4 cups cooked wild rice, 1/3 cup melted butter, 3 to 4 tablespoons sweet marjoram, 1 garlic clove mashed, and a generous pinch each of black pepper, mace, thyme and dill. Mix the stuffing well and cook it over moderate heat, stirring constantly, for about 10 minutes. Cool before using.



From the Sands' Regency Room

PHARAONE A LA CRETOISE



Chef Le Coz

Pharaone is the Italian word for guinea hen, a domestic bird with delicate meat on the dry side. This recipe, according to Chef Pierre Le Coz, provides a specialty that makes the meat juicy and particularly tasty.

Brown the bird in a pan and flame it with brandy. Stuff with two ounces butter, add salt, pepper and rosemary. Wrap tightly in foil then wrap completely in clay forming head and tail. Pierce a hole on the back of the bird.

Cook in oven at maximum heat for 40 to 50 minutes. Serve on a plate, breaking the clay with a hammer in front of the guests. Free the bird from the foil, slice and serve with a light tarragon sauce. This method can also be used for pheasant or chicken and poultry stuffing can be used.



From the Stardust's Aku Aku

CHICKEN ALMONDS & CHEF WING FRIED RICE



Chef Wing

1/2 cup diced chicken meat, 1/2 cup diced water chestnuts, 1/2 cup diced celery, 1/2 cup chopped bamboo shoots, 1/2 cup diced snow peas, 1/2 cup diced mushrooms, almonds.

Prepare hot pan with thin oil. Blend chicken in pan with 1/2 teaspoon each salt and sugar and a dash of Accent. Add and blend other ingredients then add two cups rich stock. Cover and cook about ten minutes. Thicken with cornstarch. Sprinkle slivered, browned almonds on top before serving. (Serves two.)

CHEF WING SPECIAL FRIED RICE — 2 cups well-cooked steamed rice, 1/4 cup chopped fresh shrimp or canned dwarf shrimp, 1/4 cup chopped ham, 1/4 cup chopped barbecued pork, 1/4 cup chopped green onions, 1/4 cup chopped well-done fried egg, 2 oz. clean bean sprouts.

Saute shrimp, pork and ham about one minute in medium hot pan with an ounce of oil. Add rice and cook two minutes. Add onions, eggs and bean sprouts and cook another two minutes then season with 2/3 to one teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon Accent and one ounce Chinese soy sauce with a few drops of sesame oil. (Serves two.)



From Caesar's Palace Bacchanal Room

LOBSTER ALEXANDER



Chef Gaillard

Slice the meat of a boiled lobster and arrange on a platter. Mix 1/2 teaspoon each of chopped chervil, parsley, tarragon and chives with the mashed yolks of two hard-boiled eggs. Add salt and pepper, a little English mustard, one tablespoon wine vinegar and a few drops of worcestershire sauce. When the mixture is smoothly blended, add gradually about 1/2 cup cold olive oil, stirring constantly until the sauce thickens into a sort of mayonnaise. Add a few drops of Madeira or Sherry wine and drop a neat spoonful of sauce on each piece of lobster just before serving.

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Winters





Bryan



Norfolk

6

BY ANTHONY AMARAL

The Great Horse Race Feud



7

The essence of this story is rivalry; an eager, cantankerous competition between Theodore Winters who was king of the turf in Nevada and the Pacific Coast, and Judge Charlie Bryan who aspired to the title.

Their bitter rivalry created national attention in the 1860's when they matched two Kentucky-bred stallions to a racing duel.

Lodi and Norfolk were the speediest horses of their day. Each claimed his prowess from the same imported

Winters' Galaxy of Stars



1



2



3



4



5

grandsire. But neither horse had ever faced the other on the track.

"Oh, it was a beautiful race!" exclaimed the *Sacramento Union*.

San Francisco from Nob Hill to the derelict quarter, much of Sacramento, and an interested segment of western Nevada virtually declared holidays to watch the marathon two- and three-mile heat races between Lodi and Norfolk. Meanwhile, turf fans throughout the United States

story continued on next page

1 Marion. When Winters purchased this mare, he had obtained what was considered the best thoroughbred mare in America. Mated to Norfolk, they produced this "Galaxy of Stars": The Czar, El Rio Rey, Emperor of Norfolk, Rey del Rey, and an excellent crop of future broodmares. Her offspring won over 70 stakes races.

2 Rey del Rey, "King of Kings." He never outdid his sire, Norfolk, but amassed a number of wins that made him a prominent sire in the Winters' stable.

3 El Rio Rey, probably Norfolk's most illustrious son. Undefeated on most of the major tracks in the United States, he was the only western-bred horse (at the time of his death in 1912) to win the Eclipse Stakes at Sheepshead Bay, New York, in 1889.

4 Mollie McCarty. She carried Winters' racing colors throughout the eastern racing circuit. After an impressive career, she was retired to the broodmare band.

5 The Czar was proving to be a world record beater when he died suddenly after contracting a cold. Ten days before, Winters had refused $20,000 for the stallion.

6 Norfolk himself—hero in this story of the famed Winters' horses.

7 One of the many ornate trophies won by Winters. The trophies and portraits of the horses used in this article are now part of the collection of the Nevada State Museum in Carson City, gifts from the Winters family.

waited anxiously for the results as thousands of dollars hung in abeyance.

It was an exciting race, the sort no longer seen on race track programs. And it all began this way.

In the early 1860's Theodore Winters was considered the finest and shrewdest breeder of thoroughbred race horses in the West. His ranch, Rancho del Sierra, south of Reno in the Washoe Valley, was a modicum of Kentucky.

Winters had always been a lover of horses. This addiction he developed as a boy in Galena, Illinois, where his father ran a long-distance stageline to Washington, D.C. Only the best horses could qualify, and young Winters learned much about conformation and endurance in horses. When his fortune was made in the mining activities at Virginia City, he was able to devote himself to ranching activities.

Winters raised mules, oxen, sheep and dairy cows on *Rancho del Sierra*. But the breeding of thoroughbred horses was his consistent passion. Of course, so was racing. It was a sport of many on the Comstock in those yesterdays. There was a track at Geiger Grade on the Louse Town flat east of Virginia City, one in Genoa, one in Carson City, and private tracks at Winters' ranch and at Senator Thompson's who also had property in the valley. All were within thirty miles of each other, attesting to the popularity of racing among the predominately male populace of western Nevada.



Lodi

Charlie Bryan loved the sport as much as anyone.

An ex-judge in California, Bryan came to practice law in Virginia City in 1859. In the myriad of mining litigations Bryan blossomed into a brilliant courtroom performer, shrewd in ground rules that frequently involved tampered juries, false witnesses, manufactured evidence and crooked judges.

Although highly regarded for his brilliant courtroom performance, Charlie's great ego and, as we shall see, his erratic behavior often worked against him. A devoted hedonist, he squandered the considerable money he made on high living and the race track. He, too, could afford some of the better bred horses and this brought him into competition with Theodore Winters.

Frequently they matched horses in week-end races, followed by parties where smiling "sportsmanship" prevailed along with passionate discussions about thoroughbred horses and bloodlines. But after a while Charlie lost his smile as his horses consistently ate the dust of Winters' This grated his ego. Some say it even began to haunt him.

In time Charlie quietly left Virginia City for California to buy a mare of well-known running ability. She was named Emigrant Maid. Charlie was certain she could beat anything in the Winters' stable.

But Winters heard of the purchase and at once obtained a horse that he judged could beat Emigrant Maid if he were challenged by Bryan. Of course he was, and Charlie lost again.

He was almost maddened with chagrin. Still, he was no quitter Now he went to Kentucky where the best horses in the country were bred. On the farm of John M. Clay, son of the political orator Henry Clay, Charlie Bryan bought a horse named Lodi for $12,000, an impressive price at the time.

Lodi was a handsome dark brown stallion, five years old. He was sired by Yorkshire out of the mare Topaz, who was sired by the highly praised Glencoe. Both stallions were imported and their names on thoroughbred pedigrees assured that Lodi would be a winner

Bryan shipped Lodi to California and spent some months gradually letting the horse become acclimated. Lodi appeared once on the track at San Jose and raced ahead of all contenders with scarcely an effort. Charlie was wildly anticipating that at last he would finally beat Winters. Even Charlie's friends were certain that he now had a horse that would end his bad luck on the track.

Meanwhile, Winters went east to Washington to settle legal matters concerning his land holdings in Nevada. But first he stopped off in Kentucky to purchase horses. At R. A. Alexander's Woodburn Farm, Winters' attention was caught by a horse named Norfolk, a four-year-old colt "exactly calculated to fill the eye of a lover of race horses," as one turf authority put it. Norfolk was bright bay with three white pasterns and a crooked blaze, and walked as a prince among horses.

Norfolk was sired by Lexington, out of the mare named Novice who was sired by Glencoe. Again, top thoroughbred bloodlines.

Winters paid $15,001 for the celebrated horse which, by the way, was a celebrated price. Actually Alexander wanted more than $15,000 but Winters refused to pay more. The odd dollar on the final price was accepted by

Alexander as a face-saving device since he had boasted that Lexington's foals would sell for over $15,000.

While Winters pursued his Washington affairs Norfolk and other horses were taken by steamship to Panama, walked across the narrow land strip and then boarded on a ship to California. From the Sacramento River, they were walked across the mountains to Winters' Nevada ranch.

Sometime late in 1864 Charlie made his challenge for another race. Winters publicly replied in January, 1865, in the San Francisco paper, *Spirit of the Times*.

"My attention has been called to the challenge of Judge Bryan and I now submit the following propositions:

"1st: I will meet Lodi with my horse, Norfolk, in two heats, on any track in California, where the best terms can be made for $5,000 or $10,000 a side, one-half forfeit. Notes with the satisfactory security to be put on for forfeit when the race closes, made payable at one o'clock on the day of the race, and, if run, before starting.

"2nd: Ten days after the first race I will meet him at three mile heats for the same amount and same conditions as named in the first race, and said race to be under rules governing racing in California. This proposition to remain open until the 10th of February, 1865. Time to run, and place and other details, must be agreed upon before closing."

(Dated) Gold Hill, Nevada, January 16, 1865.

Conditions were agreed upon and the first match race scheduled in May at the Ocean House Course in San Francisco.

The upcoming race evoked considerable coverage in newspapers and turf journals across the United States. Betting pools popped up throughout the country, particularly in California and Nevada. It cost five dollars to enter

"Wives neglected their puddings to dabble in pools, men gathered in saloons and street corners to talk about the races " said one newspaper

Another called the feverish betting "scarcely creditable." In New York City upwards of $150,000 were pending on the results.

Astute bookies who sensed the match would be too close for high-profit wagering chose more titillating avenues of betting: the anticipated time for each mile to be run, time for each heat, and even on the fifths of a second over a mile time.

As the date of the meet drew near newspapers increased their coverage of comments about the horses and the speculations of turf experts. Bill Bird, Lodi's trainer, felt certain that Lodi could beat Norfolk in any race as much as two miles. The comment made good copy, particularly since Norfolk's trainer, George Rice, was mum about the race. All he did say was that Norfolk looked better than when he shipped out of New Jersey for Nevada.

Lodi was favored at first probably because he was now better known in California and also because he was reported to be in "condition to run for his life." Charlie helped the favorable odds by hiring Gilbert Patrick, Gil the Great, or sometimes called Gilpatrick, a top-ranked jockey, to ride Lodi.

On the day of the race swarms of people showed up at the track, and many more were attempting to make their way. Altogether they created the impression that a national holiday was on.

Everybody but everybody was there. Said one reporter —"Harlotry was there in profusion girls with painted faces and sepulchral smiles, and loud blasphemous talk. It was their outdoor saturnalia."

Even Mark Twain planned to attend since he was a friend of both Winters and Bryan. But Twain did not make it to the meet because he couldn't get transportation. A man with his eye for a story, however, could not let pass such an event, and so this is what he wrote: "How



Portrait of an unidentified racing horse, probably also from the Winters' stables. It is now owned by the Nevada State Museum.

I Didn't Get to the Race Between Lodi and Norfolk."

The pitch of excitement was tremendous when the big day arrived but nobody was more tense than Charlie. A bright sun and a heavy breeze greeted the horses as they were led onto the track.

While the horses paraded along the track the jockeys weighed in. Gilpatrick, in patriotic red, white and blue silks, weighed 110 pounds, an impost of ten pounds because Lodi was a year older than Norfolk. Dick Havy, Norfolk's jockey, wearing white and purple silks for Winters, balanced the scale at 100 pounds.

The judges ordered the jockeys to mount while they assumed their own positions. The starter was at his post watching as the jockeys guided their horses abreast of

continued on next page



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THE GREAT HORSE RACE FEUD
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each other toward the starting wire. He gauged an even approach, and waved them on—and here is how the race might have been described in contemporary sports lingo:

Lodi takes a fast lead on the outside and works it into a length as they race into the backstretch. Norfolk continues to trail. Dick Havy seems to be making no effort to overtake Lodi. Rounding the backstretch Norfolk seems to take hold and is pressing Lodi. Havy is trying to hold Norfolk back. On the lower turn, now into the homestretch for the first mile, Norfolk suddenly pounds forward. Across the grandstand he is now a length ahead of Lodi, and they start their second mile. The crowd is cheering wildly, screaming their favorite on. On they go—positions remaining the same. Now Lodi makes his play, really running for his life. On the lower turn Lodi surges ahead. He's neck to neck with Norfolk. Into the homestretch—both horses are straining nose to nose. Pandemonium erupts from the screaming, leaping crowd. On they come, blasting with power and they streak across the finish line still neck to neck.

The crowds went into babbling, stunned conversation while they waited the judge's decision. Some felt Lodi had just nosed out Norfolk. Norfolk's supporters thought otherwise. The drummer tapped for the attention of the crowd as the judge prepared to offer the decision. In deep, rolling tones he announced: "Dead Heat. Time three minutes, forty-three and one-fifth seconds."

Approving shouts went up as the crowd supported the judge's decision. Now the betting was about even for the next race.

After the horses had been walked and cooled, their hides dry and shining in the afternoon sun, the judge called for the next heat.

Again the approach to the wire was made in good order. The starter waved them on amidst a frenzied roar from the crowd. The race commenced in almost identical fashion for the first mile. Then—

In the lower turn Norfolk and Lodi are again neck to neck. Each is putting his all into his gallant strides. In the homestretch, they charge side by side. Now Havy urges Norfolk, and he bolts ahead, he's widening the gap. One length. Two lengths! Lodi can't seem to stay with him. He's trying. Across the finish, Norfolk by THREE LENGTHS!

The roar of the crowd diminished as Lodi supporters stood in stunned surprise. They were even gloomier after the judge announced the astonishing time of the two-mile heat in three minutes, forty-two and three-fifths seconds.

Bryan was in a wretched state. A dead heat was not a win but neither was it a loss. Now he had been beaten by three lengths. Maybe, Bryan hoped, the next heat would bring Lodi to the top. Norfolk had strained himself while Lodi still had stamina and speed in reserve.

But the crowd wasn't in agreement. Lodi's stock weakened as betting reflected a scale of $1,000 to $400 on Norfolk. Even at these odds there were few takers.

For the third and final heat of the two-mile match the horses were called back to the track. Lodi appeared confident under his jockey. Norfolk was calm.

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The starter called them to the wire. He waved them on, but it turned into a bad start. The horses were called back to start again. This time the break was clean and even, and it was the same story again. Lodi led. Norfolk pushed hard. And then, with almost a scornful attitude Norfolk charged ahead. When he finished, with a time of three minutes, fifty-one and four-fifths seconds, he was ten lengths ahead of the far-trailing Lodi.

Winters won the purse and for the moment was still king of the turf.

Lodi and Norfolk met again on September 18 and 23 at Sacramento for two- and three-mile heats. Anticipation and excitement again were in the air as the betting went on. Lodi was in better shape, reported the papers, and in running a three-mile heat Lodi would be a slow starter but would run with more endurance. Norfolk's stamina, it was predicted, would give out after two miles.

Bryan and others believed this prediction. But Norfolk again whipped Lodi in the two-mile heats, and in the dramatic running of the marathon three-mile race—best two heats out of three—Norfolk not only beat Lodi, but set a new world's record for the three-mile run: five minutes, twenty-seven and one-half seconds!

Poor Charlie. He was completely devastated. He not only lost, but Winters now had greater stature than ever. Charlie never again had the courage to challenge Winters to a race. Shortly after, Bryan sold Lodi and retired from active participation in horse racing.

The match races between Lodi and Norfolk are the most celebrated in California turf history, and took place at a time when racing truly tested the stamina, endurance and heart of the thoroughbred horse. Actually, it was more of a match than Norfolk's undefeated record would indicate. Norfolk was pushed for all he had by Lodi. This was especially true at Sacramento where Lodi's breathing on Norfolk's tail forced the Winters' horse to set the world's three-mile record. Lodi, it should be remembered, carried ten extra pounds and in spite of this handicap lost the three-mile heats only by a length.

One eye witness reported that Lodi was lame during the Sacramento run. He developed a quarter crack on one hoof which, after the race, was said to be "squirting blood." This was later verified.

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THE GREAT HORSE RACE FEUD
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Still, this does not belittle Norfolk. He was a champion and remained undefeated from coast to coast during his racing career. But Lodi's efforts, under handicaps, score him high on courage and justify the ability of Norfolk.

Lodi never lost his admirers. Lodi, California, was named after him when the citizens of Kokelumme Station requested a name change in 1869. Lodi went on to win races in California and sired the first winner of the historic California Derby. Ironically, Norfolk sired the second.

The names of Winters and Norfolk zoomed to the pinnacle in turfdom. Many of Winters' famous horses, sired by Norfolk, were called the "galaxy of stars." From the Winters' stable they set the cornerstone of the California breeding industry.

Norfolk died in 1890 and was buried in Sacramento. A giant umbrella-shaped tree with a plaque marks his grave. His blood continues in the pedigrees of well-known thoroughbreds of today.

Winters died in 1906. But for years afterwards his horses grazed in the quiet setting of the Washoe Valley ranch. Many people drove through the valley, never realizing they were passing some of the most historic horses in turf history.

And of Lodi? And Charlie Bryan? Both were doomed to obscurity. No one knows when Lodi died, or where he was buried. The prophetic "blood will tell" apparently was never good enough to sustain his line, and it has disappeared from thoroughbred pedigrees.

Charlie Bryan died suddenly in Carson City in 1877 Some say that he became increasingly eccentric, even to the point of madness. Others report that his drinking was to blame. At any rate, because of both factors he had become, at the time of his death, incapable of carrying out his professional duties. As with Lodi, Charlie's place of burial is uncertain.

To have told Charlie Bryan that champions are champions in proportion to the competition would have been small comfort. To Charlie winning might not be everything, but losing was intolerable. Nonetheless, Lodi and Bryan had much to do with making Winters and Norfolk regal names in western turf history.

Yes, it was a beautiful race, the climax of a classic feud. □



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LIBBY
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better lives, "Christian lives" and to "save their hard-earned money for a rainy day."

The miners poured a four-inch concrete slab over her grave and embedded a marble headstone which reads "Libby H. Molan. Died May 28, 1935." One of her friends estimated she was 92 years old.

A few years ago, a brush fire destroyed her home, garden and orchard. And sagebrush has taken over again. From her grave, one can see today what remains of Central—mine dumps, a gallows frame with a hoist house and a few miners' cabins. The Eugene Mountains are in the background.

Tomorrow, sagebrush will claim these areas, too.

But few who knew her will soon forget their "little old lady of the mountain." □

ELLA
continued from page 17

assemblyman. As the town gradually declined during the next few years, mines and mills shut down, the population thinned and stores closed their doors. Then, with traffic on the toll road dropping off, the Haskells realized they must depart.

Through a friend, Judge E. B. Crocker, Dudley Haskell now became a land agent for the Central Pacific Railroad, leaving his family in Aurora. He participated in the 1868 Reno lot auction, the opening of the C.P.R.R.'s Reno section and, after he was invited to make a Fourth of July oration, wrote his wife to join him. This left Ella, 15 at the time, to take charge of her three brothers and sister and collect the tolls.

In November the Haskells left Aurora forever, their possessions, including the piano, loaded in a covered wagon behind their own vehicle on the dusty road to Reno. Though the Haskells bought a house and the children started school in the booming new settlement, their stay was relatively short. As the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific neared completion in 1869, Haskell saw that he would soon be out of a job and sent his family to Sacramento where he joined them later in the year

At the age of 19 Ella married Adley H. Cummins, private secretary to A. N. Towne, superintendent of the Central Pacific. Their daughter, Viva, was born in Sacramento in 1874.

Ella's first novel, "The Little Mountain Princess," was published in 1880. Scenic Lake Tahoe provided the background for much of the story prompting the Truckee Repub-

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lican to this enthusiastic comment: "Whoever reads the book will want to see the lake, and whoever sees the lake ought to read the book. The two are inseparably connected."

After 17 years of a happy marriage, Adley Cummins died in 1889. Hiding her grief as best she could Ella concentrated on her writing. In 1893 she was appointed a California commissioner to the Columbian Exposition in Chicago where she set up an exhibit of books by writers of the West. An outgrowth of her work on the exhibit was her very valuable book, "Story of the Files," an anthology. While preparing this collection Ella met Philip Verill Mighels, a native Nevadan, author and reporter Philip contributed a biography of his father, Harry Rust Mighels, former editor and owner of the Carson (Nevada) Daily Appeal, and author of "Sage Brush Leaves," to her volume.

In "The Story of The Files," under the heading "Writers of the Sagebrush School," Ella wrote

> *"Sagebrush school? Why not? Nothing in all our Western literature so distinctly savors of the soil as the characteristic books written by the men of Nevada and that interior part of the State where the sagebrush grows.*
>
> *"There is something in that region of high altitudes, grey alkali, grey sagebrush, grey rocks, spring freshets and glorious sunsets that has always precluded the possibility of taking up the pen to write of dukes, duchesses, heather-blooms and English uplands, or of scenes of New England, or anywhere else under the sun's shining save of that weird, fascinating land in which they dwelled."*

Brief biographies and excerpts from the works of such Nevada authors as Joseph Goodman, Mark Twain, Fred Hart, Henry Mighels, Dan de Quille, (William Wright) Sam Davis, John Franklin Swift, C. C. Goodwin, Joseph Wasson, Rollin Daggett and others, are included in this chapter

Despite an age difference, Ella being much the older, she and Philip developed a firm friendship which culminated in their marriage June 17, 1896. Returning to the United States after a four year stay in London, the Mighels remembered how appealing life in Nevada could be, so they purchased and moved into Bowers mansion, a famous landmark in Washoe Valley built by Sandy and Eilley Bowers, early Comstock millionaires.

Day-to-day living in the large, square sandstone house was not as pleasant as they had anticipated. The water for one thing turned out to be unuseable, obliging the new owners to cool hot water from the spring for drinking purposes. Hungry mosquitoes, breeding in a pool under the house, forced them to take refuge in a single room to fight off their voracious raids.

Ella took many walks in the valley studying the native flora. On one such excursion she discovered a yellow lily new to her and as she stooped to pick it, received a scratch on her thumb which later developed into a felon. Then, before the thumb had healed Ella was stricken with an attack of mountain fever She felt doomed to join the Bowers family in the little graveyard that went with the house.

Meanwhile, Philip was having his own troubles. Plagued with constant headaches and a nervous disorder, he left Nevada and returned to New York. Successful as an author and poet, he was not so fortunate in the investment field, suffering heavy financial losses in various stock market transactions. In 1903 he sold the

mansion to Henry Riter and Ella rejoined him in the East.

The following years were sad and depressing for Ella. After the tragic death of her daughter, Viva Cummins Doan, at the age of 31, Ella moved to California and in 1909 she and Philip were divorced. Two years later while hunting in Nevada, Philip shot himself and died in the Winnemucca hospital.

By 1918 Ella's published works numbered six — "The Little Mountain Princess," "The Story of the Files," "The Full Glory of Diantha," "Society and Babe Robinson," "Fairy Tales of the White Man," and "The Streets of Old San Francisco," (published in London). The same year, 1918, she added still another to the list, "Literary California," a collection of poetry, prose and portraits.

Partly comprised of gleanings from "The Story of the Files," "Literary California" contains some two hundred small portraits and carefully classified lists of authors, poets, editors, journalists and dramatists which today are of immense value to historians, librarians and students. As her marriage to Philip ended Ella wrote:

Do not the roses breathe as sweet?
The pulses of the heart still beat?
And gloriously as e'er before
With added splendours more and more
The sky its pageant spread?
Ah yes, for other eyes to see
But not for me, but not for me —
For Love is dead.

(Published in Cosmopolitan, May 1909. Reprinted in "Literary California" 1918).

Seekers of literary and historical western lore will find in the *belles-lettres* anthology an occasional gem from the pen of J. Ross Browne, Mark Twain, George Wharton James, Joseph Le Conte, Mary Austin, Bret Harte or "The Gatherer" — Ella herself. She included several anecdotes of her childhood days in Nevada, "A Little Pioneer Boy Amongst the Sierras of Esmeralda," "A Tribute to Mrs. Elizabeth Mack," and "Forty Mince Pies." First published in the "Golden Era" in 1885, this last-named story vividly describes the warmth and pleasure a pioneer family found in Aurora as they took refuge from the cold and tedium of a long winter evening:

FORTY MINCE PIES

I remember a season of mince-pie beside which all others pale in comparison. It was when we lived in a deep canyon of the high Sierras in Esmeralda County, Nevada, miles away from any other house; and in the long, cold winters we had to find our recreation within our own family circle. In preparing our Christmas that year of December, 1864, my mother devoted several days to baking, while my brothers and myself danced around in delight at seeing the promised time was so near at hand.

The usual custom is to make up a great jar of mincemeat, and use it from time to time, throughout the days succeeding the holidays. But on this occasion the winter was so bitterly cold and severe that our mother resolved to make up the entire jar at once. We had one room that the sun never touched, and it was like death to enter the place, so it served as a sort of refrigerator where the multitude of pies could be stored. I remember seeing the

continued on page 50

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ELLA
continued from page 49

vision of pies there placed in orderly rows on long shelves contrived for the purpose — so many of them that just out of curiosity I counted them and found forty — forty mince pies.

During the long solemn nights of stillness and icy chill, or of tempest howling about the house with threats of snowy death, or of listening to the uncanny laughter of the coyotes hunting for prey, we gathered close to the merry, crackling blaze of the stove, and told stories and riddles, and sang songs to my mother's guitar accompaniment. And then one of us would be sent into the "Greenland room," which was always in the dark, to capture a pie for the crowning of the feast. In we would fly, seize the treasure, dart out again like a hero that had dared the goblins. Placing the frozen confection between two pie-pans we would turn it over and over before the flame, and slowly upon the atmosphere would steal those delicious flavors, subtle and spicy, which belong to the mince-pie and the mince-pie alone.

When divided and shared, each expectant youngster would smilingly absorb the fragrant and toothsome triangle. We were hardy children — Nature adapting us to the cold, and the mince-pie seemed especially adapted to the peculiar circumstances that surrounded us. We then slept soundly and peacefully after our feast, and awoke refreshed and ready to battle anew with the rigors of Nature again in the morning.

By Ella S. Cummins (Mighels), from "The Golden Era," December, 1885. Republished in "Literary California," 1918.

In 1919 the California State Legislature honored Ella Sterling Mighels with the title of First Historian of California for her "Story of the Files" and "Literary California."

Throughout the years the memory of her childhood days in Nevada remained close to Ella's heart. Nearing 75 on January 17, 1928, she had her name legally changed to Aurora Esmeralda, "in remembrance of the noble men she knew in her childhood in the mining camp of Aurora." The following year her autobiography, "The Life and Letters of a 49'ers Daughter," was published under her new name. In the same year Sterling Clark's journal, "Diary of a Forty-Niner," which originally appeared in the Grizzly Bear Magazine, was privately printed as "How Many Miles From St. Jo?" with comments by his daughter, Ella Mighels.

Death came to Ella Sterling (Cummins) Mighels in 1934 when she was 81 So passed from the scene a notable figure of western literature's golden era.

Commending Dan De Quille's, "The Big Bonanza" in her "Story of the Files," Ella also paid tribute to the era in which they lived.

"There is no doubt that this is a work of historical value and at the same time a vivid picture of that wonderful epoch. In the light of the next forty years these pages will be read like the portraiture of some strange people of some other star than our own, and eyes not now in existence will open with wonder over these Indian wars, silver discoveries, strange happenings and pictures of the dark underground world in which the miners lived. It is too soon to appreciate the exactness and faithfulness with which this story is told." □

SLOT MACHINE MAN
continued from page 15

gulping silver dollars.

One of Fey's early-day brochures describes the Draw Poker Dice Machine in these words:

"Being a strictly Counter Trade Machine it can be operated where money or check paying machines are not allowed. The Draw Poker Dice Machine is very small and compact, weighing only from twenty to twenty-five pounds, therefore can be easily carried by hand from place to place. The machine being very simple in construction, can be operated by inexperienced men. One man can easily take care of and collect from 150 to 200 machines. No complicated machinery to get out of order. The Draw Poker Dice Machine being very inexpensive, will very easily pay for itself in from three to four weeks.

"The machine is made to operate with nickels, and has five glass tubes about four inches high, each tube containing one dice. It is operated by dropping a coin in the slot, pressing down the plunger which causes the dice to whirl. Should the player desire to draw to any of the dice, press down the button opposite the dice he wishes to draw to, press the plunger again and only those dice not held will whirl, thus giving the player a chance to fill the hand."

One of these early Draw Poker games is in the collection of their grandfather's inventions maintained by the Fey brothers.

Much attention is directed toward the Gay Nineties decor of the Liberty Belle Saloon where the back bar came from Reno's historic Pastime Club which stood where the Primadonna casino now holds forth on Casino Row. The Feys report that the bar, for which they paid $250, cost $15,000 to install in 1964. The building had to be virtually rebuilt to accommodate the ornate antique. It is lighted by great ball-shaped globes that once glittered in Reno's famed old Wine House on Commercial

continued on next page

Menu

Prime Ribs of Beef au Jus	3.50
Bar-B-Que Ribs	2.50
Ground Round Steak - au Jus	2.25
New York Steak - Char Broiled	4.50
Extra Cut - Char Broiled	5.75
Top Sirloin Steak - Char Broiled	4.25
Chef Special Steak - Char Broiled	3.25
Gourmet's Delight - Char Broiled Lobster Tail and Choice Cut Top Sirloin	6.50
2 Lobster Tails - Char Broiled	6.75
1 Lobster Tail - Char Broiled	4.75
Sea Food Platter	2.75
Scallops - Tartar Sauce	2.75
Jumbo Prawns - Special Sauce	2.75
Spaghetti and Meat Sauce	2.25



LIBERTY BELL
RENO
4250 SOUTH VIRGINIA
Fey Bros. Props.

SLOT MACHINE MAN
continued from page 50

Row. Tiffany lamp shades abound. Some of them are said to have interesting histories from Virginia City days when they graced some of the finer houses.

Many old music boxes at the Liberty Belle not only attest to the family's interest in coin-operated machines of all kinds, but prove a great tourist attraction. Usually either on the back bar or near it is a 1906 Edison phonograph with a morning glory horn. Another Edison player is the 1910 nickelodeon with 24 Edison cylinder records. This granddaddy of the juke boxes was built by the Multiphone Corporation of New York. There are many other old time coin-operated machines around the rooms.

While the slot machines that jingle so musically for the brothers Fey were built by the Mills firm in Chicago, they are, nonetheless, a constant reminder of the boys' cigar smoking grandpa, Charlie Fey, the man who accidentally founded an industry while tinkering in a basement apartment. □

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. (signed) Donald L. Bowers, Editor.

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ACTION ON ICE

Ice hockey always somehow causes tempers to flare — often ending with fisticuffs in front of everyone. But unlike football where brawlers are tossed out of the game, players who fight usually serve only a ten-minute misconduct penalty. Here a Bakersfield skater is held back by a referee, with teammates trying to prevent such a penalty.

photos and story by David Kladney

The Reno Aces in action! Northern Nevada's fast-paced team, now in its second year of semi-pro competition is drawing enthusiastic crowds these days to Reno's Centennial Coliseum. In this series of photos the Aces are pitted against Bakersfield.









The hockey puck travels up to speeds of 100 miles an hour, making the game the fastest in team sports today. Here you see how closely the players maneuver around the nets, the goals being where most of the action takes place. However, the center ice in the middle of the rink also sees its share of excitement. This is where checking and blocking and other fast plays take place. Ice hockey is increasingly popular lately in both Reno and Las Vegas.

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During the early days of the Tonopah boom a young lawyer went outside one night while a rainstorm was raging and took a photo of lightning above the mining camp.

The young lawyer was Key Pittman who later won fame as a Nevada senator. His snapshot became almost as famous after it appeared in magazines and periodicals throughout the country.

Taking pictures of stormy electrical displays is never easy. For one thing, nature never announces her big shows in advance. For another, lightning doesn't exactly wait there posing while you adjust the shutter.

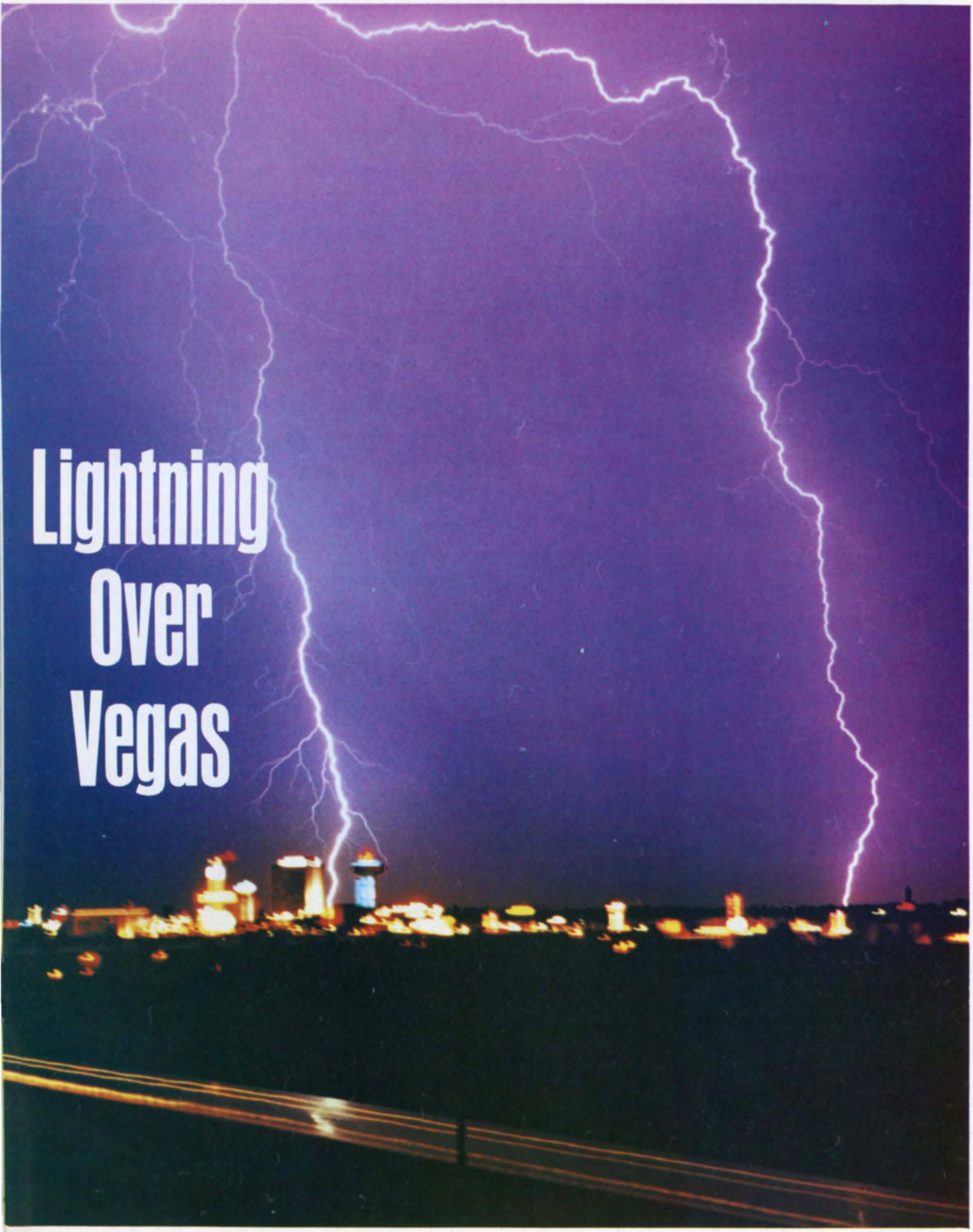
Electrical storms in southern Nevada are fairly common, yet seldom do they come in such angry and spectacular bundles as the storm pictured here.

This was an August storm, photographed by James Snebold at three o'clock one morning from the top of the Dunes-Flamingo overpass on Interstate 80. In the background are the Landmark and International hotels.

Mr. Snebold was a little unhappy because the photo is slightly blurred.

"When the lightning struck," he explained, "I couldn't help jumping."

We well understand, Mr. Snebold. But it's a great photo anyway. □


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Over
Vegas



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