

Ramblings
THROUGH THE PINES
AND SAGE

—
A SERIES
OF ONE DAY TOURS
OUT OF RENO
—

By W. M. DAVID
for Nevada State Automobile Association

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RENO -- A FRIENDLY CITY

(C2, 1927)



*H*OW best to describe Reno for you is indeed a problem, for Reno has a charm at once so diversified—so alluring—that it seems almost futile to attempt to catch, much less catalog, the manifold attractions which it possesses. It can be truthfully said to hold forth an appeal which grips and enthralls, growing on one as day succeeds day, never losing its irresistible charm. To the visitor it proves not alone intriguing but quite unforgettable.

With the sublime and majestic Sierras rising precipitously behind it, their picturesque snow-capped peaks looming high o'erhead in a sky of turquoise blue, a tumbling river coursing along through its center, rushing on its way to spread its life-giving waters over the fertile acres which surround it on all sides, no modern city has a more magnificent setting.

While Reno lies within the borderland of the last remaining section of pioneer America, it has none of the characteristics which go to make up a "frontier town," for it is a city pulsating with the energy usually found in cities or two, three or even four times its size.

George Wharton James, the eminent traveler and writer, who was wont to travel in the majesty of the great Sierra country, once wrote of Reno: "I am also a cosmopolitan traveler of wide range, yet I say it unhesitatingly and deliberately, Reno is one of the most beautifully located cities in the world; it is beautiful in itself, its homes, its churches, its schools, its university, its business blocks, its parks, its bridges, its tree-lined avenues—and its climate—one of the most delightful that God ever bestowed upon man for his enjoyment and health." In the few years since the foregoing was written, Reno has made much progress in all that adds to its beauty.

Should, perchance, you be a lover of romance and history, there is an illimitable wealth of both to attract you in this land which strong men and women have transformed out of the primitive. . . . If it should be that you enjoy the lore that attaches to the ancients who peopled this vast area before the coming of the white man, there yet remains the tangled threads which connect our today with yesterday. . . . Should you delight in sports, there is much here for your enjoyment, for at all seasons will you find sports to your liking, and not to be found elsewhere. . . . For the lover of the majestic and grand in Nature, Reno is indeed the hub of a scenic wonderland, stretching out for hundreds of miles on all sides, with attractions beyond compare.

Such, therefore, is Reno—the Friendly City—to which we bid you welcome.

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf; "but no more
Than it is God's. Come in, and be at peace,
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store,
As I of His Who buildeth over these,
Our tents, His glorious roof of night and day,
And at Whose door none ever yet heard nay."

It is our endeavor, in the following pages, to outline short, worthwhile trips out of Reno. All of these cover near-by points possessing unusual interest, and have been arranged in such manner that your start may be made from Reno in the morning, and returning in the afternoon without undue discomfort, glowing with a sense of real enjoyment.

A LITTLE JOURNEY ABOUT RENO



EXPRESSING astonishment, Mr. and Mrs. Average Visitor are not slow to acknowledge that they were quite unprepared to find a modern city, set in such a magnificent setting as Reno. True, they had heard of Reno. Who is there that has not? It is the best known of all cities, and at the same time, the least known.

Beguiled by its witchery, the visitor's desire is to see more of Reno, and naturally almost the first question propounded is, "How can I best go about seeing Reno?" To accommodate him it is well that we tell the story as we go along in a sort of "blue book" style, as best adapted for the purpose. Happily our automobile club and chamber of commerce are located in the center of the city, so we will make our start from there—245 North Virginia street—setting the speedometer at zero and headed north.

Crossing the railroad tracks, we turn immediately thereafter to the right at Plaza, proceeding easterly for a block, and then left again into University Avenue. In the middle of the block we come to the Junior High School, with its large gymnasium in the rear. Making an arterial stop at Fourth, we are enabled to see more of this magnificent structure, which typifies the faith the people of Nevada have in educational work. This building and equipment cost \$260,000, and though opened but a short time, is already full to overcrowding, making necessary another Junior High School on the south side. At 0.3, we make a turn to the left into Evans Avenue, passing the Orvis Ring School at 0.6. This school is dedicated to the memory of a pioneer educator, whose work left its impress upon the minds of many former pupils, and lives after him. Turning left at 0.7, we see the old home place of the Evans family, flanking the head of the avenue bearing the family name of a pioneer who builded well both for his city and the University of which he was a regent for years in its formative period. The city has recently acquired this property for park purposes.

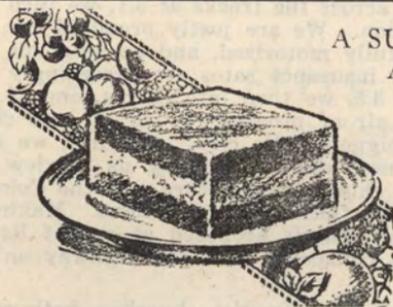
We are now on East Ninth, running parallel with the University grounds on our right. Passing the Lake Street entrance, adorned with massive gates, the gift of three classes as evidenced by the carving on the granite pillars, we make our arterial stop at 0.9, and enter the University grounds through a wonderful approach, flanked by green vervety lawns, following the rolling contour, and bordered with exquisite trees and shrubbery, making a rich setting for the handsome buildings skillfully placed about the campus grounds. Our University dates from 1886 in Reno, having been moved here from Elko by legislative action. One lone brick building graced the bare campus at that time; today there are twenty-four, the most of them splendid examples of the builders' art, all fitting into a well devised plan for a harmonious grouping. In time nine or ten buildings will be added, some of them replacing outworn buildings, and the plant will then be adequate to care for the limited enrollment which it is proposed to maintain. It is hardly necessary to point out the individual buildings, for they instantly catch the eye. The first noticeable structure is the Memorial Library, a gift from William A. Clark, Jr.—a memorial to his deceased wife, a native of Virginia City. Next is the famous Mackay School of Mines, fronted by the

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remarkable Borglum statue of John W. Mackay, the miner, with his eyes in the direction of the Comstock, whence came his wealth. This was a gift, too, from a devoted wife and loving son, and marks only a portion of the benefactions of Clarence Mackay and his mother. The visitor should not fail the visit the School of Mines, perhaps the most famous of its kind in the country. The layman will find exhibits in the museum wonderful in their variety and worth. We might suggest also that frequent stops be made about the grounds, for there is much of interest on every hand.

Making a circle at the end of the campus to view the wonderful Mackay athletic field, with its commodious training quarters, again the gift of the Mackays—mother and son—we leave the grounds to the west, passing the little hospital and the boys' dormitory on the right. Turning into Virginia street at 1.5, we pass the dormitories for girls, and at 1.6 turn right into Tenth for a block, then left into Sierra, and right again into University Terrace, for a short drive along the Skyline Boulevard, which affords interesting views of the city through the vistas made by the trees. Crossing Ralston, we have Whitaker Park on the left; these grounds were formerly those of the Bishop Whitaker School for Girls, a pioneer educational endeavor on the part of a beloved bishop of the Episcopal Church. Turning left at the park corner into Washington, and left into Fifth at 2.5, we pass the Mary S. Doten School on our left—Reno's tribute to the memory of another pioneer teacher. At 2.8, we pass the High School, turning right on West. By this time the visitor cannot but be impressed with Reno's faith in the education of the youth of our city and state. The same may be said of the entire state of Nevada, where we spend a larger amount per capita for education than almost any other state in the Union. Our school laws provide for a school wherever five pupils may be gathered together.

Continuing south on West, across the tracks at 3.1, we turn left and pass the Central Fire Station. We are justly proud of our fire department, well manned and fully motorized, and keeping our fire loss at a minimum, so that our insurance rates are exceedingly low for a city of Reno's size. At 3.5, we turn into Sierra, one of our busiest streets, reflecting that air of progress which at once characterizes Reno as the world's biggest little city. At First, we turn right, and right again at the next corner, enabling us to view the M. E. Church, a masterpiece in church architecture, and the Colonial Apartments, one of the many apartment houses in Reno. Making a left turn into Second, we enter what is proposed as one of Reno's main thoroughfares, when it is connected with the highway on the west.

At 3.6 we pass the Catholic and Baptist churches, both ornamental structures, turning left into Chestnut, then into Riverside Drive, passing the Twentieth Century clubhouse, erected by the women of Reno. Our way is now along one of the most delightful drives in the country, the river mirroring the many spacious residences o'ertopping the Drive. The McKinley Park School on the right at 4.1, set in the midst of a tree-bordered lawn, cannot but attract attention. We have four grade schools of a similar type, and with the large South Side School, completes our system of grade schools. At 4.2 we cross a beautiful bridge across the Truckee, and a sharp right turn brings up to the entrance of Idlewild Park, which contains about thirty acres. The Washoe County Fish Hatchery is passed at 4.5. A visit will disclose this to be a modern-type hatchery, turning out thousands upon thousands of trout each year, which are retained in a rearing pond in the park until they attain a sufficient size to be placed in the various streams of the county. Washoe County can

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well be regarded as a fisherman's paradise, and it is not at all unusual to see an angler making a catch off the Virginia Street bridge in the heart of the city. Passing the eagles' cage, with several fine specimens of the great American bird, we next see the ponds where many varieties of water fowl make their home, some going north in the springtime, to return with the chill of autumn. Out of twenty-one varieties of ducks in this country, seventeen are to be found here, making it especially attractive to lovers of bird life. In addition to the water fowl, many other species of birds are to be found about the grounds. The deer park, with many fine elk, the buffalo paddock, and the bear pens, are especially interesting, particularly to the younger ones.

At exactly five miles from our start we reach the American Legion Building, a gift from the State of California as a memorial to those brave sons who went West during the World War. Stop here for a foot tour. The lover of wild life will find much to hold his interest, while the lover of flowers and shrubs cannot but be struck with the unusual profusion. Swinging around the Legion Building, we take our way along the tumbling river to the swimming pool at 5.4. Mark Twain's old cabin on the left, is a center of interest. Leaving the park, we turn right at the bridge, and continue south, and up the grade at 5.9. The Newlands Memorial Park is reached at 6.1, where a stop is suggested in order that a view of the wonderful panorama below may be had.

Coursing along California Avenue, make a left turn into Nixon Avenue, then right into Ridge, affording a view of many handsome residences. At Belmont Road, turn left at 6.7, and glide down the hill into Wingfield Park, a gift from Reno's foremost citizen to the people of Reno and their guests. Turn left past the tennis courts, where one is always sure of witnessing a good game, into Island Avenue, making a circle of the playgrounds, then out by Belmont, entering California Avenue at 7.3, turning to the left. Should you desire to visit the airfield, the golf links, or Moana Springs, turn right on Plumas at 7.6, and you will be enabled to reach these interesting points, continuing the circle into Virginia, a short distance south of the city limits.

Our tour, however, will continue along broad California Avenue, to the arterial stop at 7.7 where we turn north opposite the fire house into Virginia. At 8.0, we reach a splendid group of buildings, of which we are all proud. On the left are first the Courthouse, next the beautiful Riverside Hotel, then the spacious Masonic Temple, with the Elks Home just around the corner. On the right is the Nevada State Building, containing a varied lot of exhibits which the visitor is invited to view, the Carnegie Library, outgrown perhaps, and the Postoffice, which Congress has decreed is shortly to be replaced with a magnificent structure.

Turning right at the Postoffice, we pass the Y. M. C. A., and the City Hall, just opposite, with the Majestic Theatre next to the bridge, where we make a left turn into Center, then a right turn into Commercial Row, bringing our journey to an end at the S. P. Depot and express building, of which we are justly proud.

Our tour has carried us over a distance of 8.4 miles, not a great distance, but of sufficient length to disillusionize the average visitor that Reno is not the place of his dreams, but a real city with miles of paved streets, its churches, schools and residences attesting not only the prosperity of its people, but their strong desire to surround themselves with all the beauties and comforts of a modern, home-like city.

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LAKE TAHOE



MAKING rank as the premier scenic attraction of the entire country, it is little wonder that the eyes of all motorists and travelers are first directed towards Lake Tahoe—the famous “Lake of the Sky.”

Lying high up among the lofty peaks of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, at an elevation of 6225 feet, making it the second highest lake in the world, it is probably best described by its Indian name, Tahoe, meaning Big Water. Tahoe is pronounced in a variety of ways. It may be said, however, that the Washoe Indians, from whom the name came, pronounce the word as if it were on syllable, “Tao,” the “a” having the broad “ah” sound. Tahoe is a comparatively recent name for the beautiful body of water. Fremont, upon viewing it for the first time in 1844, named it Mountain Lake or Lake Bonapland, for the traveling and exploring companion of Baron Von Humboldt. He had previously given Humboldt’s name to the mighty river he had followed on his way across the state of Nevada.

When the first accurate survey of the shore line of the lake was made, John Bigler was governor of California, and his democratic adherents bestowed his name on the lake. Under the succeeding administration an effort was made to give it a more fanciful name, and Tula Tula was suggested. A bill was passed by the California Legislature, and signed by the Governor, declaring that Lake Bigler should be the official name of the lake. The government land office was, however, using the name Tahoe, in the Indian language signifying “big water” or “water in a high place,” and the name Tahoe gradually superseded Bigler.

Tahoe is 23 miles long by 13 miles wide, and the steamer trips around the lake require a voyage of 72 miles. The lake ranges in depth from an average of a quarter of a mile to its greatest depth of 1670 feet, just off the shore at Brockway. Emerald Bay is comparatively shallow, the deepest part being but 200 feet.

While the foregoing may be regarded only as a brief description of some of the physical characteristics of Tahoe, which will have an appeal to some, it is no measure by which to gauge its scenic and varied glories, which can be said to be intensely alluring, no matter what the visitor’s natural tastes or inclinations may be. Let a note of warning be sounded here that it is quite impossible to see Tahoe within the space of one day, or within the compass of one trip, even though it may be made to stretch over into weeks and months. It is true that a trip to Tahoe affords a soul-satisfying return, but one is sure to leave its hospitable shores with a sense of unsatisfied longing for others of its entrancing beauties, as well as a determination to return for the purpose of discovering new and added glories. Even the man or woman who makes the lake his or her constant home finds new sources of interest with each returning day and recurring season.

Reno is indeed fortunately placed. Located, as it is, on the crossways of the Nation, it is the natural gateway to Tahoe, for every approach to this wonder spot is closely linked with our city.

The natural route is by way of Truckee. Ever since the first emigrants discovered the route along the Truckee River as the easiest route into California, it has carried the burden of traffic, and with the completion of the Truckee River Route, with its water-

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level grades—or absence of grades, it must be the favored route. The highway to Truckee has been improved in such manner as to be regarded as the equal of a paved road. From Truckee to Tahoe City, a new road has been constructed, with objectionable curves eliminated and widened out so that cars can pass without difficulty. The highway follows closely the tumbling river, hurrying on its way from Tahoe to Pyramid, and is a delight to the eye, inviting the traveler to make frequent stops and enjoy the wonderful views spread out before him.

Another route is optional out of Truckee, and while not the equal of the Truckee-Tahoe route, it is a popular route, especially for those who choose to visit the north end of the lake, and who find this route to be one that affords charming views through the trees, mountains, and meadows.

It was on the north end of the lake that Mark Twain camped for a time during the early sixties, when he made a pilgrimage on foot from Carson City to the lake, he being no better provided. As was but natural, he was wonderfully impressed by Tahoe, and he chronicled those impressions in this wise:

“We plodded on, two or three hours longer, and at last the lake burst upon us—a noble sheet of blue water lifted 6300 feet above the level of the sea and walled in by a rim of snow clad mountain peaks that towered aloft full 3000 feet higher still. It was a vast oval, and one would have to use up 80 or 100 good miles in traveling around it. As it lay there with the shadows of the mountains brilliantly photographed upon its still surface, I thought it must surely be the fairest picture the whole earth affords!”

It is, perhaps, not generally known that what is now Crystal Bay, was soon after Mark's sojourn in that vicinity, popularly known as Sam Clemen's Bay. Mark Twain Bay would be a happy tribute to the writer whose writings did much to establish the worth of the region in which he spent his youthful days.

A new and more direct route to Tahoe is now in the making, and while it may be a few years before it is finally completed, it will be found to possess unusual advantages, and though it may be regarded as somewhat steep in places, scenically speaking, it stands out over and above all other routes. This is the Mt. Rose road, of wondrous beauty, wending its way along the base of the towering snow-capped sentinel that rears its head above all else in this vicinity. This is the short-way route to the lake, and even in its incomplete state, affords the motorist the most gripping and entrancing views of Tahoe—the sublime—on the descent from the summit to the lake shore at Incline. No other route affords the thrilling vistas as does the Mt. Rose route. At Incline it is possible to go either south to Glenbrook or west to Tahoe City.

During the season of 1928, the famous old King's Canyon road out of Carson City will be in use, to be replaced later in the season by a magnificent new highway following the course of Clear Creek, thus taking up a route which was used for years gone by as a stage route from Summit Station to Carson City. The historic King's Canyon route was built in pioneer days, and gradually widened out to accommodate auto traffic. It was designed to afford a shorter and easier route to expedite the movement of mails, express and freight from California to Virginia City, at a period when minutes did the work of hours. Hank Monk, the famous knight of the whip, known far and wide for his memorable drive for Horace Greeley, drove his six-horse stage team over this route for many years. The

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King's Canyon road brings one into Glenbrook, at one time the big milling town of the Tahoe region, where all the timber was worked up into lumber and wood to be transported by V-flume to Carson and then on to Virginia City. One would scarcely guess at the present day that Glenbrook was at one time a scene of feverish activity.

Another famous route is that from Carson Valley, through Daggett's Pass by way of the Kingsbury Grade. This was the route of the great rush across the Sierras during the hectic days of '49, and again ten years later when the Comstock was discovered, and the great wealth of its mines poured into the commerce of the world. Like the King's Canyon road, the Kingsbury Grade, when it rounds a cliff, calls for a stop, and you find the views beguiling you into a longer stay than your schedule calls for.

A route, and one not generally followed, is that taken by Fremont and Kit Carson in the winter of 1844, after they had discovered Pyramid, going from there up and down the east and west forks of the Walker River, finally reaching Hope Valley, where they encamped and in Fremont's narrative of the trip that they had "an extraordinary supper of pea soup, mule and dog." With the artist Preuss Fremont climbed what is supposed was Steven's Peak, 10,100 feet in elevation, and there for the first time white men gazed on the beautiful lake known only to the Indians. This route is by way of Woodford, through Hope Valley and over Luther Pass, and is entrancing in its beauty and picturesqueness.

No matter by what route the lake is reached, the visitor is impressed by the unusual resorts which abound on every side. These range from the most pretentious to the humble auto camp, so that the visitor may be assured of finding accommodations in keeping with his desires and at a price to fit his purse, with accompanying recreational facilities of various kinds.

"The snow-capped mountains meet the bending sky
Around thy shores, O Tahoe; their green feet,
Tree-draped with fir and pine, thy waters meet,
And the pines are singing as the wind goes by."

—Henrietta C. Penny.

Twilight and shadows on Tahoe bring to the beholder a succession of thrills. Nowhere else can there be found a more glorious setting for the closing of the day. A pearly gray haze of a delicate hue steals out of nowhere and enshrouds the landscape within its embrace. This is soon followed by a deeper coloring—running the whole gamut of the blues, shading off into deepest violet. Presently the sun sinks to rest behind the towering mountains, and the surrounding hills take on a delicate crimson tint, deepening into violet as the shadows come and go. The mirror-like lake takes up these colorings and gives them back gently subdued, but nevertheless striking in the extreme. Here is mother of pearl; close by, crimson; there, a deep purple, shading off into blue and green. As far as the eye can see, these wondrous colors transform the beauteous body of water full of delicate coloring into a fairy-like scene of unbelievable grandeur. You must, however, view it for yourself. No pen can do it full justice. As night succeeds day, the colors deepen and fade away, giving place to weird shadows which seem to speak eloquently of the peace which gently hovers over all, and which marks the end of a perfect day.

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PYRAMID LAKE



OFF THE beaten path but a short distance, and not so well known, perhaps, as Tahoe, but none the less attractive for all that, is Pyramid, pronounced by many world-wide travelers to be the most unique lake in all the world—a body of fresh water surpassing in size all others in this country excepting the Great Lakes.

Strikingly different from Tahoe, whence it comes, Pyramid presents an attractiveness that steals its way into the hearts of those given the privilege of viewing it, and enrolls them among the lovers of a magnificent body of water, that awakened the enthusiasm even of that jaded explorer Fremont on the morning of January 10, 1844, when he and his intrepid band first espied it. A few days later, seeing in the pile of rocks which rose majestically from its surface to a height of 600 feet, a striking resemblance to the great pyramid of Cheops, he bestowed the name "Pyramid" upon the lake, and by this name it has always been known. These pyramids may be viewed to better advantage from the east side of the lake, which is the side by which Fremont entered in making his way to California from Oregon in the winter of 1844.

Leaving Reno, the route generally followed is that popularly known as the "Forty-Mile Route". The motorist leaves the city east on Fourth street, turning north on Alameda avenue, and follows the guide signs erected by the local automobile club. The trip is over a fairly good roadway of the desert type, and can easily be accomplished in two hours' time, allowing opportunities for the stops which, perforce, must be made to drink in the delights which unfold themselves to the traveler's gaze.

The roadway runs through the desert land, covered at present for the most part with rich sage and juniper, a considerable portion of it awaiting the day when stored mountain waters can be placed upon it, bringing many hundreds of acres into fruitfulness and bearing. The bordering hills hold a magic for the eye with their broad sweep of color, varying in intensity from the softest tints to the most pronounced hues—a wonderful and ever-changing succession of colors, at once bewildering and entrancing to the beholder. With each turn of the road, new views are unfolded, gripping one more forcefully, perhaps, than those which have preceded. The limitless colorings are indeed awe inspiring. Blue at one moment, then shading into a deep purple; the next taking on a rose-tint—coloring as soft as velvet, framed in the harsh sides of the mountains, whose majestic peaks rear their heads in grandeur over a scene baffling adequate description, inspiring and awakening in the beholder deep reverence for the wonder works of the Great Artist, Who has spread all on the great canvas of Nature for your benefit. None can gainsay but that it is a sermon without words. The indefinable sense of peace and inspiration that o'erspreads all is indeed overpowering in its emphasis.

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sight of man. The climax of the views which have hitherto accompanied your journey is reached; you grip the wheel; you bring the car to an abrupt stop; you do this with a reflex movement. Small wonder that others have described it as unique; naught else will describe it. Word painters might well go into raptures over the sparkling blue of its waters—its wondrous shore line, extending for miles, standing out so prominently, set in the hollow of the barren, treeless mountains. There is no other than can even approach it for sheer beauty.

Pyramid Lake, together with Winnemucca Lake on the east, now separated by a low range of hills, once formed a portion of the great Lake Lahontan, which covered the most of the northwest quarter of Nevada—even larger than Lake Erie—and attained a maximum depth of 880 feet. It is not difficult for the observer to note the varying changes in the lake level with the passing of the years, as these are plainly discernible at many points.

The whole lake is within the confines of the Piute Indian Reservation, and many Indian habitations, which may be regarded as rather modernized, will be found along its shores, housing Indians who choose to earn their living either by fishing, or renting their boats and tackle to the palefaces who desire to take advantage of the excellent trout fishing which the lake affords. By reason of the lake being within the reservation the authorities impose a reasonable fee for fishing in the lake waters.

In a canyon lying to the west of Pyramid, and from which many delightful vistas of the lake may be had, is the TH Ranch, the first "dude ranch" in this vicinity, which is fast rounding into popularity with those who choose to live the care-free life of the great open spaces.

At the south end of the lake will be found the Indian agency, where the greater portion of the Indians are domiciled. Here the Government maintains a school, and instruction is also given to the adults in the arts which may be useful to them. A good sized community peoples the agency town of Nixon, which is well worth a visit.

Many who visit Pyramid Lake arrange their schedule so that they may visit the agency at Nixon, or take the route back to Reno via Wadsworth and Sparks. This route, while longer, affords a distinct change from the scenery encountered on the going trip hitherto described, and an opportunity is had of passing by the section in which bloody battles between the Indians and whites were waged and in which the Indians were mostly successful, until treaties of peace were secured by Government officials.

Returning to Wadsworth, once a division point on the old Central Pacific R. R., the road is over U. S. Route No. 40, an excellent piece of highway, oiled and brought to a high type of perfection. From Sparks, the present division point on the S. P. R. R., where the shops are located, a hard-surfaced road is found. Sparks will be found to be an unusually progressive city, with an excellent school system, and a residential city of great beauty, making it one of the most desirable towns in this whole section in which to live. Sparks citizens take great pride in the fact that theirs is one of the most modern cities in the state, with the lowest tax rate. This tends to make it more attractive to the home seeker.

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FOLLOWING THE TRAIL OF ROMANCE



A TOUR linking together the famous old Comstock, of stirring memory, with the smallest capital city in the whole world, could best be designated the "By-Ways of Romance". The thrills which accompany the tour cannot be measured by the miles necessary to encompass the journey. Virginia City and Carson City are so inseparably linked together in the early-day history of the "Battle-Born State," that it is well nigh impossible to disassociate them.

Making the start from Reno by pointing the nose of the car to the southward, it is not long before we reach a point on the highway where the wayside signs inform us that we must fork left off the highway if we are to reach the Geiger Grade. What a world of memories the name "Geiger Grade" opens up. To the uninitiated, it has but little meaning; to the old Nevadan it lets loose the flood gates of memory, for in the hectic days of the Comstock, the Geiger Grade was the most important artery connecting it with the outside world—greater even than the railroad.

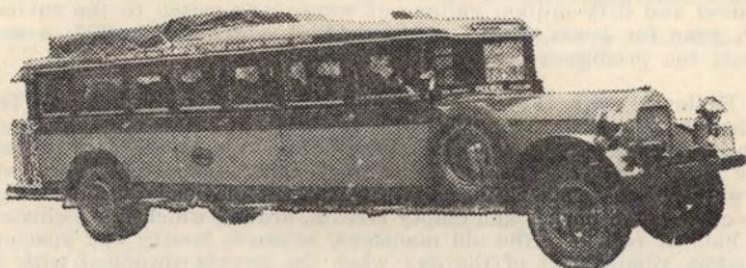
Built as a toll road by a civil engineer named Geiger—a man of broad vision and skill—it was opened to traffic about 1862, and was soon carrying a volume of traffic that would make even our auto traffic of today seem small by comparison. All varieties of vehicular traffic, as well as foot passengers, and pack animals, used the Grade to and from the rich "Washoe Diggins". An early-day paper informs us that in 1868, the Wells Fargo and Pacific stages were making "terrible" time over the route, the twenty-one miles from Virginia to Reno being negotiated in two hours and nine minutes, which the paper said was good for the passengers, but death on the stock. It was confidently hoped to lower even this remarkable time. Picture for yourself an old-time stage coach, loaded with passengers and bullion, with its six horses swinging around "Dead Man's Point," at this rate of speed. The mails went even faster, as fast running horses attached to light vehicles were used. With frequent changes of horses the time between Virginia and Reno was approximately one hour.

As you ascend the long, though easy grade, flanked on either side with the gray-green nut pine trees which furnish the winter food for the Indians who inhabit this region, interspersed here and there with the long-needed pine, making a picture which cannot but grip you and remind you that the trees were God's first temples, the words of the Psalmist will come to you: "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, whence cometh my help." Prophetic words, for out of the hills surrounding the Comstock came the help which succored our Nation in its time of stress. Out of the depths reaching far below towering Mount Davidson came the flood of gold and silver which saved the credit of the Nation during the Civil War. Even more than this, it builded cities, and erected many mansions; it laid cables under the sea; it entered the marts of trade and stimulated business all over the world. Small wonder it was that President Lincoln felt that the Nation was under a deep debt of gratitude to Nevada, which he felt could never be repaid.

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mines of the Comstock produced. In 1877, the famous "long drift" in the Con. Virginia and California mine was uncovered. The great bonanza was a regular shaped oblong body of high grade ore, carrying three-fifth of its value in silver, and the remainder in gold. It was about 1300 feet in length, and the "long-drift" was a cross-cut through its widest part, the "heart" of the big bonanza, the drift being over 100 feet long, with top, bottom and sides all in very high grade ore, \$1000 per ton, without a pound of waste anywhere throughout its entire length. John W. Mackay, one of its principal owners, claimed it to be "the longest, richest drift anybody in the whole world ever saw, or would ever see again." Try, if you will, to visualize the more than two hundred and fifty miles of shafts and galleries burrowed beneath the surface, out of which over three hundred and sixty million tons of waste rock—to say nothing of the pay ore which was milled—was hoisted. Over one billion, seven hundred and fifty million gallons of water was raised to the surface each year for years, and a total yield of over \$700,000,000, a sum almost too prodigious to even approximate.

Hallowed with the romance of bonanza days, retaining but few evidences of its former greatness, Virginia City is not yet ready to be characterized as a "ghost city," for there is the ever-present hope in the minds of those who abide there that once again will the eyes of the world be directed towards the old lode. Today it is a city of deserted houses and empty streets, around which there clusters the halo of romance, the old mansions, business houses and spacious churches, reminiscent of the day when the streets thronged with an eager people, and excitement was rife on every hand. Counted among the citizenry of Virginia were mining men, journalists, lawyers, jurists, churchmen, doctors, bankers, statesmen, who ranged far and above their fellows, and out of the crucible of the Comstock came wondrous works, which stirred the interest of the world. The gradual decline of the mining industry took much with it, but it did not serve to lessen the wondrous spirit of hospitality, for which Virginia was famed, so the visitor of today is enabled to share with the old residents the traditions which hover about this, the greatest mining camp in all history—a story that will continue to hold the interest of all down through the ages.

It is hard to take leave of Virginia with its historic and romantic associations, but if we are to take up the other threads of our story, we must hasten on our way. Leaving Virginia south on C street—the scene of so many colorful events in by-gone days—we make our way over the Divide and down into Gold Hill, another city of the long ago, peopled by the same outstanding men and women as were their neighbors to the north of the Divide, the only purpose of which was to serve to keep the exuberant youths of both cities apart. It was all a part of the same great lode, and the mines of Gold Hill ranked well with those of Virginia.

Down through Lower Gold Hill, through the massive granite portals which marks the Devil's Gate, the scene of many early stage robberies, and into Silver City—a misnomer, for the gold values have always predominated in this camp—which has gone on producing for seventy years, and is yet known as a good "Poor Man's Camp": In the little cemetery west of Silver City rests the remains of Hosea Grosch, one of the original discoverers of the great Comstock Lode, his burial spot marked by a memorial tablet unveiled by Schuyler Colfax, at one time vice-president of the United States.

At the south end of Silver City, after one takes the left road for

Dayton, we pass the remains of an old foundry, in its day one of the largest on the Coast, and furnishing the huge castings necessary for mining operations in the near-by section. It is but a short distance to Johnstown, where prior to the discovery of the Comstock Lode, held the distinction of being the center of the mining industry in western Utah. Nothing remains to give evidence of the operations carried on in this vicinity, and it is scarce a memory to the hundreds who pass by the place, with no knowledge of its one-time importance.

Dayton is the point at which gold was discovered, and which eventually led the pioneers to work their way up Gold Canyon until the Comstock was discovered. Lying almost at the edge of the terrible desert which had to be crossed by the emigrants, it offered them a tempting resting place to refresh both men and beasts, and it was during these resting periods that some of the emigrants discovered that gold was to be found. Later the placer workings attracted a number of Chinamen, the white miners having moved up the creek, and the town took on the name of "Chinatown," afterwards changed to Dayton for the surveyor who laid out the town-site. Dayton was quite well known at one time as one of the milling towns for the reduction of Comstock ores, and was quite an important place.

Following the route of the old Overland Trail, we turn towards the Sierras, the barrier that separated the travelers of old from the Promised Land. Mound House, the terminus of a railroad which one of its builders declared was built "either three hundred miles too long, or three hundred years too soon, beginning at a saloon and ending in a borax marsh," is the next point which is passed, and a short distance further is the old Half-Way House, a famous stopping place for the teamsters engaged in freighting to and from the Comstock. Nothing to mark this spot now remains, except the Lyon-Ormsby County line, which ran through the old station.

Dropping down the hill, we come within sight of the remains of the old Morgan Mill, one of the mills belonging to the so-called "bonanza crowd," with an equipment of forty stamps, some of which can yet be seen amid the ruins.

At Empire, known originally as "Dutch Nick's", where at one time hundreds of people lived, scarce a vestige now remains. In the spring-time, particularly, Empire teemed with industry. From far up in the Sierras, near the headwaters of the Carson, thousands of cords of wood were cut each year, and floated down the river to Empire during the spring freshets, where it was taken out and conveyed to the Comstock by train and team. There great drives of as high as 50,000 cords a season, gave employment to hundreds of men, and the "Port of Entry," as Empire was jocularly referred to, was an important center—now but a memory.

Carson City, nestling close up under the mighty Sierras, is our next objective, as it was for many thousands who crossed the country during the rushes. Gone is the feverish excitement that enveloped the whole community in yesteryears, and in its stead reigns those desirable attributes of a home city—peace, quiet, and contentment. Time was when Carson City ranked next to Virginia in importance. More favored by Dame Nature in the way of verdant adornment, it was indeed a sought-for spot by thousands of Comstockers seeking relaxation and enjoyment. Despite the fact that it is the smallest capital city in the world, it holds much of interest for all, for in this little haven of rest set in the midst of the fertile

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Eagle Valley, many important and stirring events in connection with the history of Nevada have been enacted. In the first rush to the Territory, Carson was quickly chosen as the seat of government. During the Civil War a detachment of soldiers was maintained at Camp Nye, located where the city reservoir now stands just west of the city, that the rebellious spirits of those who championed the cause of rebellion might be subdued. Political giants and gladiators have battled in forensic array in the Carson halls of legislation, and almost within the city limits was staged the memorable "battle of the century," when Bob Fitzsimmons wrested the heavyweight crown from "Gentleman Jim" Corbett. Among the early arrivals in Carson was Mark Twain, as secretary to his brother, the Secretary of the Territory, and there is no doubt but that his communion with the choice spirits of Carson and vicinity had much influence on his later writings. His brother's house, where Mark lived, is marked with a brass plate, and the stranger will have no difficulty in being directed to it, for the residents of Carson are not unmindful of the visitor's presence within the city's gates, and are desirous of contributing to his pleasure while a guest of the city.

Drive eastward from the city, passing the great home where the orphaned children of the state are tenderly cared for, receiving the best of care and a generous education, down to the penitentiary. Visitors are welcome here, and every facility is provided for viewing the most remarkable collection of prehistoric footprints of men, beasts and birds, ever uncovered anywhere, dating back to thousands upon thousands of years ago, when the entire country was a vast lake. Recent explorations have uncovered new prints, and no one should fail to visit this remarkable showing.

At the Capitol is a great storehouse of knowledge—the State Library, with its thousands of volumes, some of them being of priceless value. This is one of the great libraries of the Coast, and indicates the Nevadan's desire for knowledge. One of the best known Indian collections is housed in Carson and is a magnet for visitors from every part of the country. The old mint, one of the five great mints of the Country, is now being operated as a government assay office, the coining machinery having been removed. This list gives scarce a hint of the things which the traveler may seek out in Carson. It holds a world of interest for all.

Turning our car Renowards, we take our leave. At the summit immediately out of Carson we cross the lines of the Virginia and Gold Hill Water Company's system, running from the high Sierras to furnish water for the Comstock. The engineering problems connected with the installation of this system marked a daring departure from established practice, and our highway today crosses three great inverted syphons, carrying their huge flow of pure mountain water under a pressure of 900 pounds to the inch. The manager, James M. Leonard, of Virginia City, has kindly extended an invitation to passers by to view this great system, involving a distinct achievement in hydraulic engineering, which stands unrivalled in the world.

The remainder of our journey is through the fruitful Washoe, Pleasant and Steamboat Valleys, the Truckee Meadows, and into Reno, all replete with historical interest if we had the space to recount the deeds of those pioneers who underwent trials of many kinds, and gave to the world a new empire of amazing richness. We have indeed followed the Trail of Romance, and no one who makes the journey cannot but be repaid for the effort. It is but one of a number of interesting journeys out of Reno.

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GARDEN CIRCLE TOUR



ONCE you have made the trip over what we have chosen to designate "the Garden Circle", it is felt that you can not but agree that the tour is one of revelation, and also one that can always be recalled with both satisfaction and enthusiasm.

Leaving Reno, with our eyes turned toward the south and over an excellent concrete highway which marks Nevada's beginning on an ambitious program of highway construction, every mile of the route is replete with interest, for it is historically connected with the dim past. Passing through the wonderfully fertile Truckee Meadows, which long ago attracted the emigrants on their way to the Golden West, on account of the luxuriant wild grasses which furnished fodder for their tired animals, its broad expanse now dotted with well-kept farms as far as the eye can see, one begins to get at an understanding of what is back of Reno—the world's biggest little city. Steamboat Springs is less than a dozen miles from the heart of Reno and even though we briefly describe these springs for you in another tour, we cannot advise that you go by, for there is much of interest spouting out from the bowels of the earth.

Washoe City, a ghost of its former greatness is soon passed, and then, on the left we pass the old Rancho del Sierra, where many of the race horses of former days were bred and trained, the stamina and lung power developed in the region lying at the base of the Sierras making them indeed wonder performers.

Then Bowers Mansion. We will not recount the history of this famous old place, leaving that for another tour, but saying that in its day it was the finest residence between St. Louis and San Francisco. A stop should be made, as we have allowed ample time in our schedule.

Scarce realizing that we are now in a region where but a half century ago, millions of feet of lumber and thousands of cords of wood were cut, all of it finding its way into the insatiable maw of the Comstock, which consumed the equivalent of a cord of wood for every ton of ore extracted, it is small wonder that the thirty saw mills which worked unceasingly were at last enabled to denude the surrounding mountains of the heavy forests which once covered them.

As we descend the low range of hills which separates Washoe from Eagle Valley, we are at once struck by the magnificence of the colorings of the eastern hills walling the valley in which the capital city lies, the white dome of the capitol sending out a greeting from the smallest capital city in the world. In Carson City there is a much to attract and hold your interest.

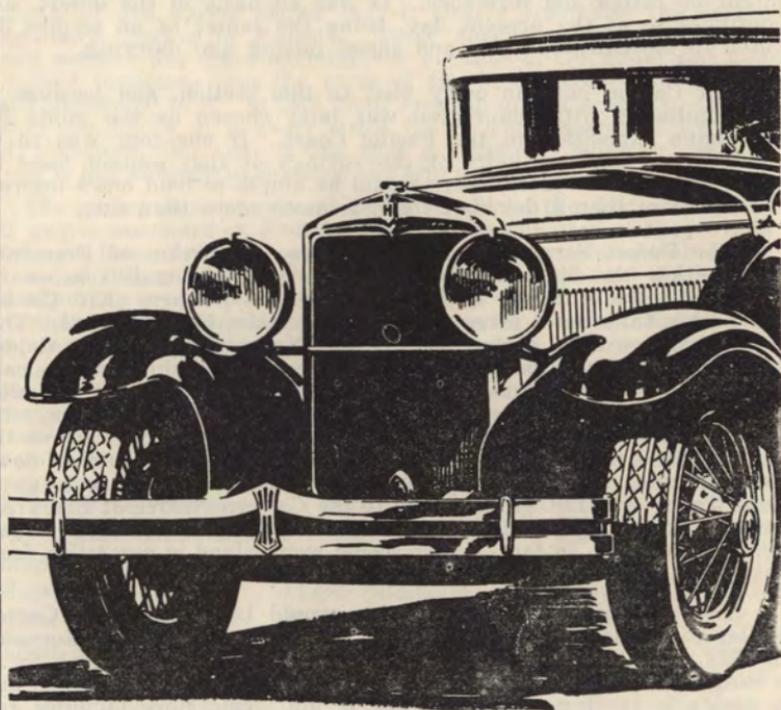
Continuing south from Carson City, and but a short distance without the city limits, set in a sagebrush plain of great fertility were the needed water at hand, is situated the Stewart Indian Institute, one of the largest Indian schools in the country.

Carson Valley—a veritable garden spot—soon looms into view, and it is not long before Minden is reached. The story of this picturesque little county seat at once transports you across the seas

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to the village on the other side of the ocean, where centuries ago, Charles the Emperor and the Duke of Savony both contributed to the building thereof. It was called Mine and Thine to show the joint interest both had in the place. In the course of time the common talk pronounced the city name Minden, as it is to this day. From this far-off village by the River Weser came the Dangberg brothers to the fertile acres within the valley of the Carson, and it is not strange that the old home town of Mine and Thine in time found its counterpart in the land of their adoption. No more fitting name could have been given it, for it is the embodiment of the spirit of Mine and Thine.

Ever since our journey started, our way has been within sight of fertile valleys, and it is even more so here in Carson Valley, famed the country over for its fertility. Where the thriving town of Gardnerville now stands, many groups of explorers, trappers and emigrants were wont to halt their bands that their stock and men might be rested and refreshed. It was an oasis in the desert, and continues so at the present day, being the center of an empire devoted to agriculture, cattle and sheep raising and dairying.

Kit Carson paid an early visit to this section, and because of his familiarity with the region was later chosen as the guide for Fremont's expedition to the Pacific Coast. If our tour was to be contained within the limits of the roving of that gallant band 84 years ago in mid-winter, there would be ample to hold one's interest for far more than a day, but there is much more than this.

The Forest Service has marked a goodly portion of Fremont's trail within the Mono National Forest, and this trail reaches its climax on the summit of Kit Carson Pass, where Kit Carson carved his name on a large tree with the date, Feb. 19, 1844. This tree has since been destroyed, but the Native Sons of the Golden West have erected a bronze replica of the carving which stands as a memorial of that historic event. Kit Carson Pass is but 30 miles from Gardnerville, through the picturesque Woodford's Canyon, with its majestic cliffs that raise their crests thousands of feet above the floor of the canyon, with a silvery steam tumbling on its way down to the fertile valleys below. From Woodfords it is possible to go to Lake Tahoe over Luther Pass, and to the Calveras Grove of Big Trees by way of Markleeville, the quaint county seat of California's smallest county. In fact, a vast scenic wonderland is accessible from this section.

The natural course of our tour would take us across Carson Valley to Genoa, the oldest town in Nevada, settled by the Mormons in 1848. In 1850, Mormon Station, as it was then called, took form, a large stockade being erected for protection from the Indians, and a profitable trading center was the result. This store building and stockade was destroyed by fire some years ago. The old Raycraft Hotel in Genoa, which still stands, was built about the year 1854, and was one of the most famous hostelries of the mountain section during the great rushes to and from California. Genoa is well worth a stay of considerable length, as there is much to see in the town which dates back to the beginning of history on the Pacific Coast.

From Genoa to Carson City, and thence to Reno by the same trail as in the outgoing trip; this is no affliction, for you see many things you missed before; and the same prospective from the opposite direction affords a different view.

HOT SPRINGS



OUT in the dim pages of the long ago has come legendary stories of the sacred waters of the many hot springs which are to be found in this section. Many, many moons ago, according to tribal historians, the red men found out the healing qualities of the waters of the various springs, and with the coming of the white man the secrets of many mysterious cures were confided to him, so that almost from the beginning of the Territory, frequent use was made of these thermic springs, and in time, some of them gained more than a local reputation for the curative values of the waters.

Peale, in his book on mineral waters, says that Nevada has 120 spring localities, with a total of 179 individual springs; four of these have been analyzed, and ten used at various times as resorts. The analysis of one spring shows that it closely resembles the famous Appolinaris Spring in Prussia. These springs are located mainly in the western and more mountainous portions of the state, and Reno is indeed fortunate that the most of the better known springs are easily accessible to it. In fact, their location makes it easy to visit all within the limits of a short circle tour. Their surroundings vary, and, therefore, this tour is one that is unusually alluring. A visit to one is but an urge to continue the trip until all have been visited.

The spring located nearest to Reno will be the first one visited. Our way is westward on Fourth Street, in the direction of the Nevada-California line. Lawton's, as it is popularly known, is as well known as any of the springs in the country. For many years the springs and adjoining property, located on the banks of the Truckee, belonged to a pioneer family spelling their name L-a-u-g-h-t-o-n. The railroad company, in recent years, changed the spelling to Lawton, and it is by this name that it is now known. Extensive improvements have been made within the past two years, so that it now ranks as one of the most popular resorts to be found anywhere, being well equipped to take care of many bathers, and those in search of recreation. The grounds have been beautified, and the place presents an attractive appearance. The analysis of the waters of these springs is interesting, and is as follows:

Hypothetical Combinations		Parts per 1,000,000	
Ammonium Chloride	trace.	Magnesium Bicarbonate	4.97
Sodium Chloride	112.05	Calcium Bicarbonate	27.53
Sodium Sulphate	202.64	Ferric Oxide and Alumina.....	1.50
Sodium Borate	9.32	Silica	46.00
Sodium Bicarbonate	37.27	Total Solids	441.28

The medical classification of the Lawton Springs water shows a weak total mineralization, thermic. The analysis shows it to be a moderately mineralized, thermic, sodic, sulphated and muriated saline water, possessing diuretic and very slight laxative properties. Such waters have a very beneficial and tonic action upon the skin and body and are highly regarded by the medical fraternity.

In the vicinity of Lawtons, on the highway at the point where the roadway is cut through the granite rocks, marks the scene of the first train robbery on the Pacific Coast. This event occurred on the night of November 4, 1870, when \$41,000 in gold, destined for Virginia City, made up the booty of the robbers. The robbers, five in number, were captured within a short time, and \$40,000 of the loot

which had been cached, was recovered, and the robbers sent to prison.

Retracing our route through Reno, we turn to the south, and within a short distance, we are enabled to see the steam spouting from the large group of springs at Steamboat. Here we have a thermal belt extending for some distance, having been tapped at various places and good flows of hot water being secured. In the fractures made in earth's surface, if one takes the opportunity to ascend the bench off the highway, work in the laboratory of Nature may be viewed. Miniature geysers, of varying force, spout intermittently, and one can well spend several hours studying the works which have been performed in this region. The medicinal classification of this water is weak alkaline, weak saline, thermic. The analysis, as shown below, shows a moderately highly mineralized thermic, sodic, muriated, bicarbonated and sulphated, saline water, possessing diuretic, antacid, and slight aperient properties. This is a highly muriated sodic water, carrying sodium chloride, 1574 parts per 1,000,000:

Hypothetical Combinations		Parts per 1,000,000	
Ammonium Chloride	trace	Sodium Bicarbonate	382.2
Sodium Chloride	1574.0	Mercuric Sulphide	trace
Sodium Sulphate	190.0	Ferric Oxide and Alumina.....	trace
Magnesium Sulphate	45.0	Silica	332.0
Calcium Sulphate	102.0	Total Solids	2625.2

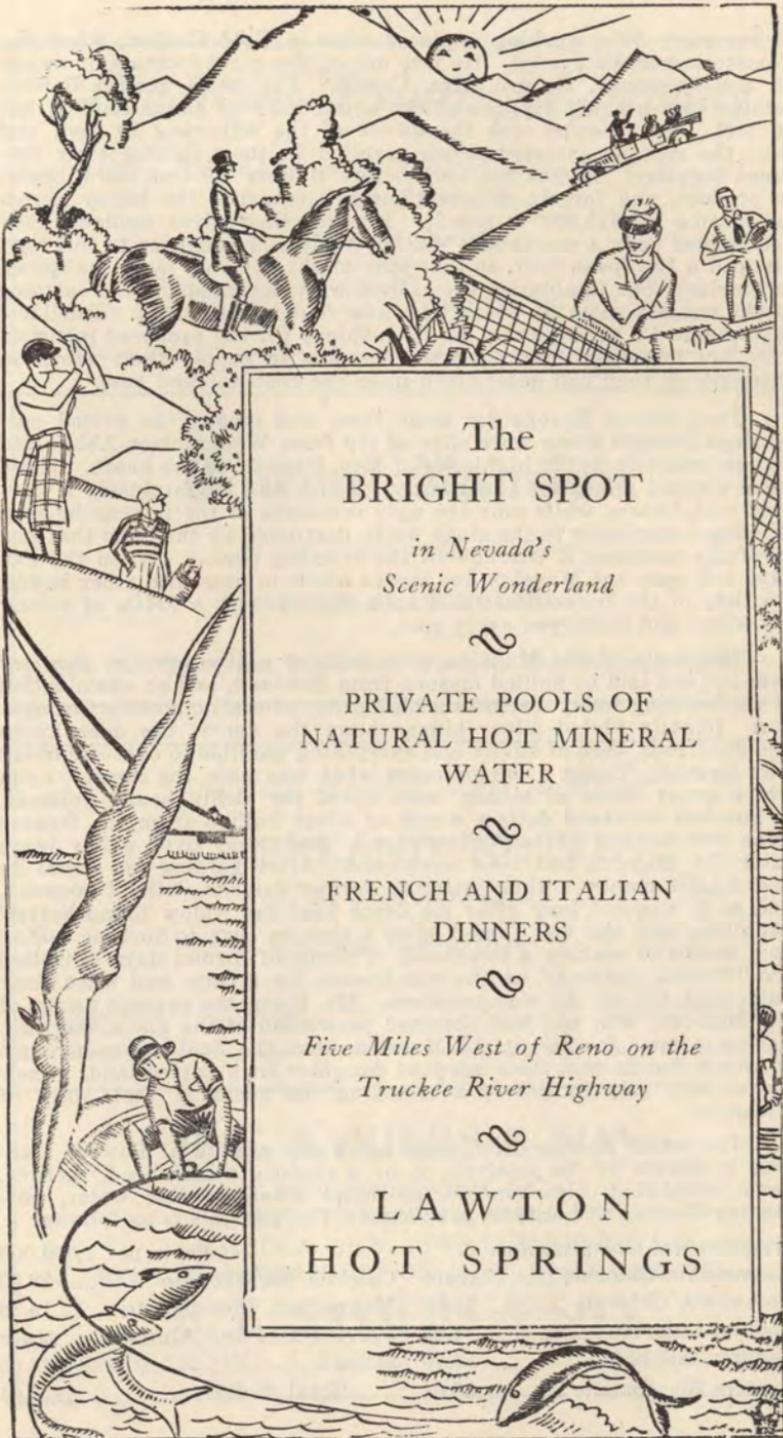
Steamboat Springs, in the hey day of the Comstock, was one of the most popular resorts in the entire region, and the accommodations were fully in keeping with its popularity. Fires have destroyed the buildings several times, and it is now proposed to re-build on a larger scale than ever before, and in keeping with the beneficial value of its waters.

The visitor will note that in making our tour of these springs, that they occur in an almost direct line, running for a distance of a great many miles, and extend from Northern California through Western Nevada, and into Southern California. Earthquake shocks have at different times, served to increase the flow in some of our springs, at the same time decreasing the flow in neighboring springs.

Continuing our journey, we reach Bowers Mansion, which has a wonderful spring issuing out of solid granite. There is little doubt but that the presence of this thermal spring had something to do with Alex. Cowan and his wife selectink this spot for their home in the long ago. Bowers Mansion is perhaps the most romantic spot in the entire country.

The absorbing story of Bowers Mansion centers principally about a comely Scotch lassie who was married at an early age to Bishop Hunter, of the Mormon Church, and brought from Scotland to Salt Lake City. When the doctrine of polygamy was promulgated, it served to separate the couple, and three years later she married Alexander Cowan, and in the year 1855, moved with a company of Mormons under leadership of Elder Orson Hyde to Western Utah, where a colony was to be founded in the vicinity of where the Mansion now stands. When the call from Brigham Young for the faithful to return to Salt Lake City was made Cowan was one of the first to prepare to return. Not so with Mrs. Cowan. She determined to remain in this country, where she was interested in mining at Johtown, working a small crew of men when water was to be had, and using the same crew of men for ranch work in the summer.

Sandy Bowers was a Missourian who had come across the plains



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RENO, NEVADA

in the early 50's, working a placer mine in Gold Canyon, when the Comstock was discovered. He was one of the early locators of record on the Comstock, as was Mrs. Cowan. For some reason Bowers located only a small fraction of the usual 200-foot claim, holding but 10 feet. Mrs. Cowan was the owner of the adjoining 10 feet, and thus the romance started which resulted in their linking their fortunes together. It was not long before Bowers' 10-foot claim began to produce, and for six or seven years it returned the happy couple an income of \$75,000 a month. Finding themselves opulent, they determined upon a mansion in Washoe Valley. In addition to this they planned a European tour, so that they might not only meet the Queen of England, but familiarize themselves with the manners and customs of the wealthy class in which they now found themselves. Then, too, they planned a buying orgy, for furnishings for the proposed mansion. The San Francisco markets were not able to supply their wants in this line, as they had determined upon the costliest and best.

They toured Europe for some time, and among the prized possessions brought home were slips of ivy from Westminster Abbey and Scotch broom from the highlands of Mrs. Bowers' native heath. These were planted and grew luxuriantly. Today the mountainside is covered with broom, while only the ugly remnants of the ivy can be seen clinging tenaciously to the stone walls, destroyed by the hand that had carefully nurtured it throughout the starting period. When the evil days fell upon the Mansion and it was about to pass into other hands, the lady of the house descended upon the ivy with a kettle of strong lye water and destroyed every root.

The walls of the Mansion were built of native granite, quarried near by, and laid by skilled masons from Scotland, and an examination of the building today discloses a high order of craftsmanship throughout. Heavily plated silver hinges hung the doors; the door knobs and stair rods were of silver, and everything possible to over-ornament was treated. Today a bar occupies what was once the library, upon which great sums of money were spent for richly bound volumes. A hundred thousand dollars worth of silver bullion from the Bowers mine was worked up into silverware. Sandy only lived a few years after the Mansion had been completed. After gaining his riches he had loaned money without stint to former friends without security, and so it was not long after his death that the widow found herself penniless, and she was forced after a time to turn to fortune telling as a means of making a livelihood. Friends of former days consulted the "Washoe Seeress," as she was known, for a time, and when their patronage fell off she was penniless. Mr. Riter, the present owner of the Mansion, who had just obtained possession of the place, was preparing a home for her at the Mansion when the final summons came to rejoin Sandy and their adopted daughter in a better land. Their bodies now rest in graves overlooking the scene of their days of affluence.

The water flowing from underneath the granite at Bowers Mansion is shown by the analysis to be a slightly mineralized, thermic, sodic, sulphated, bicarbonated, muriated alkaline-saline water, possessing diuretic and antacid properties. The analysis is as follows:

Hypothetical Combinations		Parts per 1,000,000	
Ammonium Chloride	trace	Calcium Bicarbonate	26.93
Potassium Chloride	10.80	Magnesium Bicarbonate	16.20
Sodium Chloride	4.40	Ferric Oxide and Alumina.....	trace
Sodium Sulphate	55.70	Silica	44.00
Sodium Bicarbonate	65.61	Total Solids	223.64

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RENO, NEVADA

At Carson City we have two thermal springs—the Carson Hot Springs and those at the State Penitentiary. The latter had been used considerably by the early-day settlers, when Col. Abe Curry purchased the property at a date which ante-dated Carson. The Colonel built a hotel at the place, and it was used as the meeting place for the first legislature, and at one time was connected with Carson City by a mule tram—the first street railway in Nevada. Subsequently the property passed to the State for penitentiary purposes. No analysis of this water is obtainable.

The Carson Springs were used at a very early date by passers-by who bathed in the pool formed by the run-off from the springs. S. T. Swift, a pioneer resident and sheriff of Ormsby County, acquired the property, together with a section then known as the "Goat Ranch" near by, and in the late '70s built a commodious hotel at the springs, the place at that time bearing his name. It was subsequently acquired by James S. Shaw, another pioneer, and re-christened Shaw's Springs. After Shaw, Wilson Brouger purchased the property and improved it in the manner in which it now stands. The medicinal classification of the Carson Springs is a weak total mineralization. The analysis shows it to be moderately mineralized, thermic, sodic bicarbonated, sulphated, muriated, alkaline-saline water, possessing diuretic and antacid properties. The analysis of the Carson Springs which follows, shows them to be of especial value in the treatment of ills to which mankind is often subject, and have given good results over a period of many years:

Hypothetical Combinations		Parts per 1,000,000	
Ammonium Chloride	trace	Magnesium Bicarbonate	16.20
Sodium Chloride	46.00	Ferric Oxide and Alumina	0.30
Sodium Sulphate	54.00	Silica	44.00
Calcium Sulphate	37.00	Total Solids	380.12
Sodium Bicarbonate	183.62		

Still following an almost direct line to the south, we come to Walley's Springs, south of Genoa, and near to the Kingsbury Grade, used so extensively in early days, which gives us assurance that these springs must have been extensively used by the pioneers. The pioneer whose name the springs bears, and succeeding him, his widow, conducted these springs for a great many years, and they have always been well and favorably known for the curative value of their waters. The medicinal classification shows a weak total mineralization, thermic. The analysis shows a moderately mineralized, thermic, sodic sulphated and bicarbonated alkaline-saline water, possessing diuretic, antacid and tonic properties. The hot baths have been used with great success in rheumatic conditions, arthritis and in chronic skin diseases. The high radio-activity adds to its therapeutic potency for both internal and external administrations.

Hypothetical Combinations		Parts per 1,000,000	
Sodium Chloride	75.91	Calcium Bicarbonate	75.64
Sodium Sulphate	233.93	Ferric Oxide and Alumina	5.59
Sodium Bicarbonate	142.17	Silica	61.45
Magnesium Bicarbonate	16.67	Total Solids	611.36

This concludes the circle tour of the hot springs in the section immediately adjacent to Reno. It could be continued for many miles; we have, however, shown that health goes in hand with recreation in this wonder land of ours.

CIRCLING THE LAKES



"Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice"

. gently urging "Come". Borne to us on the crest of a gentle breeze from the west, from the land of a half-hundred lakes, all vying with each other in attractiveness, and possessing a lure that annually grips thousands of visitors from the hot valleys and plains, who desire to revel in the beauties and delights which they afford. The number of these revelers is constantly increasing, augmented each year by those who have learned of the grandeur, the beauty and the charm which these spots possess.

Leaving Reno in a westerly direction, our first objective is Truckee—the gateway to the wonderful land of lakes.

"So this is Truckee!" you instinctively exclaim, once you approach the little town snuggling close up under the mighty Sierras. Not the Truckee of your ken, however! You have doubtless seen Truckee in many guises. The make-believe people of the screen have made Truckee known to countless thousands over many lands. Truckee is first Alaska, then the great wide spaces of barren Siberia; then the rugged Canadian Northwest; then any land where Jack Frost reigns—all in quick succession; for during the winter months Truckee is "location" for many moving picture companies.

Next winter Truckee will be the center point for the great Reno-Truckee-Tahoe Dog Derby, a sporting event bringing a dozen or more trained dog teams into competition, in races between the points named over frozen roads. This event promises to draw thousands of visitors to this section, so that Truckee will become even better known than at present.

Many of the characters pictured in the western movies find their counterpart in Truckee for it is essentially a typical Western town. Ever since the town came into being with the building of the railroad and took for its own the name of a brave Indian guide, it has felt the surge of strong and virile men—he-men, without a trace of cant or guile—men who have chosen to live the life of the great outdoors with its accompanying pleasures; and so it is that the citizenry of Truckee moves along in its accustomed way, giving scarce a thought to those movements which have for their object the change over from age-old customs.

Truckee may be said to be the center point around which this lake land clusters, for radiating out from it in various directions are found some of the most beautiful lakes in the whole country.

Standing out boldly in this land of lakes is Donner—once the lake of tragedy, but since reconsecrated and rededicated to recreation and enjoyment. Perchance if we could but list to the voices out of the Land of Somewhere, such would be their earnest wish.

The story of Donner has been told and retold. Every honor pos-

sible has been paid to the memory of that gallant band of men and women who made up the party from which the lake took its name. More enduring than granite or bronze is their monument in the blue waters of the beautiful lake which bears the name of their leader. The agonizing sufferings of the hapless band caught in the early winter snows, with a great mountain range effectually barring their egress into the warm valleys lying to the west, have left their impress on the memories of thousands who have since worshipped at the enduring shrine erected by the sons and daughters of the Golden State to commemorate the heart-rending tragedy which occurred at this point.

It is far better that you read into Donner your own description. Yours will differ from mine in many particulars. Calm and peaceful though it generally is, you will be enabled to catch an appealing mood in its waters and surroundings which may be thoroughly overlooked by others. Catch the gleam of its sparkling surface in the morning sun from the Memorial Bridge high up above and near the crest of the towering Sierras, and it resembles a huge turquoise set in emeralds. Catch it again when the roseate hues of the setting sun strike it, and the surface takes on the delicate colorings of the evening skies and the reflections of the surrounding trees. You will pronounce it ravishing.

High up on the mountain side runs the railroad, screened from view by the grimy sheds which protect the line from the winter snows. The chug of the engine and the hollow roar of the train, wafts gently down the mountain side to the lake where all is quiet—where peace reigns like unto a benediction. A great resort has been built on the lake shores, peopled with hundreds who seek rest and recreation in this spot; at night a huge bonfire lights up the space given over to gaiety; the sparks shoot upward, and there is the sound of music and of laughter; but over all there is a great hush, broken only by the plaintive sigh of the wind as it whispers its way among the huge trees which emborder the lake—a haven of rest for hundreds, who return year after year for the delights which abound there.

Such then is Donner—queen among lakes!

But this is only a beginning. Lakes of varying sizes are to be found in all directions. Independence, 18 miles distant, over a fair mountain road, can be said to have a charm all its own, and is a favorite haunt of many anglers. Frog Lake, carrying out the peculiar nomenclature of the region, affords still fishing which appeals to many ardent disciples of Izaak Walton. Watson Lake, 10 miles from Truckee, is filled with eastern brook and native trout, while the gamy mackinaw and eastern brook will be found in Lytton Lake. Lake Angela is but nine miles from Truckee. The fame of the still fishing in Fordyce, 46 miles distant, is indeed far-reaching. The English reservoir, 50 miles distant, attracts many, and White Rock Lake, 22 miles away, furnishes excellent sport. Warren Lake, 20 miles; Cascade Lake, 15 miles west on the highway; Lake Van Norden, 18 miles; Sereno Lake, 20 miles, all offer vacationists a variety of delightful trips.

Gold Lake, Salmon Lake and Sardine Lake, near the Feather River country, and easily accessible from Truckee, also annually attract many lovers of the mountains to their hospitable shores.

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DOWN THE CANYON-LAND



"My road calls me, lures me
West, east, south and north;
Most roads lead men homewards,
But my road leads me forth
To add more miles to the tally
Of grey miles left behind,
In quest of that on beauty
God put me here to find."

This little verse of a song by John Masefield would seem to fit in perfectly with an unusual trip out of Reno—in quest of beauty—and one passed up more frequently than its attractiveness would seem to warrant. The trouble is that most of us have our ears attuned to the call of the mountain and lake country above all else. It is even possible that some will even dismiss the suggestion with a shrug of the shoulders as not being sufficiently worth while. However, take the trip with me, and you will agree that beauty lies alongside the road in the country as well as on the heights.

For this trip we will go east on Fourth Street—you may designate it as U. S. Route 40, or U. S. Route 50, or even by the more prosaic appellation of Victory or Lincoln Highway, as you will, for it is all; Fourth street is, however, of considerable importance in Reno. It is the principal avenue to our manufacturing and distributing section. This may not mean much to the casual visitor. For your information let me say that the manufacturing and distributing business in Reno amounts to a large business; as much as \$20,000,000 in the course of a year. Our trade territory is larger than the whole of New England, with a population of about 100,000, so it will be understood that Fourth street is an important thoroughfare.

As you go along, you will be struck by the large number of cars from other state—"foreign cars" is the general term for them. Before you have reached Sparks it will not be unusual if you are able to count the registration plates of half of the states of the Union, going and coming. There's a reason, as the advertisements say. Reno is on the crossroads of the Nation, with good roads to the west, the east, the north and the south. It has come to be regarded as one of the great diversion centers of the country, so it is that the large number of "foreign cars" is the rule rather than the exception.

Ordinarily, the traveler does not find much of interest in Sparks. This is not to say that Sparks is not interesting, for it is; it is only due to the fact that it is not so well known as are other cities along the route. Those who are fortunate enough to stop, find themselves well rewarded.

Sparks is best known as a railroad town, which came into being about the year 1903, as a result of the straightening of the line under the Harriman regime. Wadsworth, at that time, was the division point, and the officials decided to move their shops to Sparks. About the middle of 1904, Wadsworth was moved bag and baggage into

Sparks, and the prosperous town of Wadsworth was reduced from a thousand inhabitants to about one hundred over night. Sparks grew rapidly, and at the present time may be said to have approximately three thousand inhabitants. The people of Sparks milled around considerable before the present name was selected. It was known for a time as East Reno, and Harriman, while others desired to call it Glendale for a near-by pioneer hamlet. Sparks was suggested as a fitting name, as being the name of the governor of Nevada, and Sparks it has been ever since.

The Sparks shops are among the largest on the system, giving employment to several hundred men, while the engine and train crews make up several hundred more. The icing plant of the Pacific Fruit Express gives employment to a considerable number, so that Sparks is essentially an industrial city. When the town was moved from Wadsworth, the trees and plants which had beautified the residences in that town, came along too, so it was not long before Sparks took on the appearance of a much older town, known far and wide for its handsome residences and attractive surroundings. City beautification is given much thought in Sparks, and as a result a drive about the city is a never-ending joy, for on all sides neighbors vie with each other in their well kept homes and grounds. The city council has cooperated in every way in making Sparks an ideal home city. Paved streets, bits of park, and a modern sewage system are some of their accomplishments. The business houses, too, present an air of attractiveness, shadowing forth their cordial invitation to the visitor to tarry awhile with them. The school system of Sparks merits special mention. Spacious buildings have been provided at convenient points, and every effort is made to care for the educational wants of the city in the most approved way. Even the school grounds reflect the attention that is paid to educational matters, and add their quota to the appearance of the buildings.

About two miles north of Sparks is the old Wedekind mine, discovered by an itinerant piano tuner, who employed his spare time in prospecting, about the year 1900. Wedekind, the discoverer, sold the mine to John Sparks, Governor, for \$150,000, who worked it for some time when the ore bodies disappeared. Mining has been carried on in a desultory way in the district ever since, but nothing of a large extent has been found. Spanish Springs Valley, to the north of Sparks, is a large fertile area lacking the magic touch of water. Plans have been proposed to store the waters of the Truckee so that they could be placed upon this rich land, and should this be done it will result in a large tract of land being opened to development.

Proceeding down the canyon from Sparks, one passes over one of the most picturesque drives of the entire country. In the narrow canyon the river tumbles along, widening out as opportunity affords, making it extremely attractive. Four or five miles below Sparks, and marked by a sign, are to be found a number of Indian writings on the ledge of rocks on the right hand side of the road. These may be said to be extremely interesting, and warrant a stop being made to examine them. The Derby Dam may be seen to the right of the road as it winds on its way. This dam stores the flood waters of the Truckee, making them available for irrigation further down the stream. Wadsworth is 34 miles from Reno, and as has been said

was the division point on the railroad prior to the removal to Sparks. It is the center of quite an extensive mining development, particularly at Olinghouse, where many thousands of dollars have been extracted. Sixteen miles from Wadsworth to the north is the Piute Indian Agency on the shores of Pyramid Lake.

Crossing the bridge at Wadsworth, we take leave of the Truckee, which Fremont first discovered and named the Salmon Trout River, for the great number of large trout which he found in the river—and proceed on our way but a short distance before we enter the wonderful Fernley Valley. Fernley, the little town first reached, is a modern little city, with substantial business houses and “homey” little ranch houses, all reflecting an air of prosperity, albeit the surrounding section has had to work against adverse conditions in getting established. The famous “Hearts of Gold” cantaloupes are raised in the Fernley Valley, and have spread the fame of its fertile acres all over the United States, for they are the choice of epicures wherever they may be obtained. Alfalfa and potatoes are raised in large quantities, and with the dairying and poultry industries, are fast placing the Fernley Valley in the front rank of the agricultural sections of the West.

Very properly the highway runs through the valley, passing the cultivated area, so that the wayfarer has an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with the resources of the state. Hazen, the next town, is a junction point on the railroad for trains to and from the southern country, as well as the Fallon branch of the S. P. R. R. At one time a large sampling works was in operation, which gave employment to quite a few, making it quite a village. After leaving Hazen the road runs through a desert section, with farms on the bench to the right. The character of some of this country will give the traveler some idea of the conditions which prevailed in this section before the irrigation project was commenced. Although the land is extremely fertile, it must have water before it can be brought into production.

The history of the Lahontan Project reads almost like a fairy tale. While portions of the country susceptible of being irrigated by the Carson River have been under cultivation for many years, it remained for the storing of the waters in the great Lahontan dam to bring the dreams of those far-visioned pioneers in irrigation into fruition. Due to the energetic efforts of a Nevada statesman, who conceived the idea of the government reclaiming the arid acres of the West, and who conducted a campaign of education extending over years before his efforts achieved success, the Newlands Project was one of the first upon which the Federal Government embarked. It was started in September, 1903, and in 1905, the water was first delivered. The project has 582 miles of canals and laterals which deliver 273,000 acre feet of water stored all over the project, which embraces a total area of more than 100,000 acres. Water rights have been sold covering an irrigable area of approximately 66,000 acres, and already about 48,000 acres have been prepared for cultivation and are now being irrigated. On Feb. 27, 1919, the name of the project was changed from the Truckee-Carson to the Newlands, in honor of the Nevada senator who did so much for the passage of the National Reclamation Act. On Jan. 1, 1927, the Truckee-Carson Irrigation District, organized under the laws of Nevada, took the operation and maintenance of the \$7,700,000 plant over from the U. S. Bureau of Reclamation, under a contract entered into with the United States.

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ject, is approximately 30 miles from north to south and 50 miles from east to west. Fallon, the principal city within the project, is the county seat of Churchill County, and the headquarters for the district. On all sides will be found evidences of a progressive and substantial city, builded in a district surrounded on every side with smiling fields and fruitful meadows. Schools of the highest and best type of architecture, will at once attract the visitor's eye, and the substantial character of Fallon's business houses cannot but be commented on. Tree lined avenues and a wide main street, give it an attractive air. Located on U. S. Route 50, it is easily accessible, and during the summer months a constant stream of autoists pass through this charming city. To properly catalog the products of Fallon and the surrounding section would take much more space than is possible in this little booklet. Suffice to say that Fallon is rapidly forging to the front as a turkey raising center. Approximately 50,000 birds were disposed of last season, most of them at "top prices," being eagerly sought after from the large city buyers. The cantaloupes produced on the project farms have earned for themselves an enviable reputation in all the markets of the country, and never fail to "top" the market in competition with any melon offered. Dairying is proving to be a big industry in the section, the wonderful alfalfa grown throughout the project contributing to a large flow of the richest milk produced anywhere. All kinds of agricultural products thrive and give large yields. For several years Fallon has had a sugar factory, which, however, has run but intermittently, due to a variety of causes. The beets of the section are unusually high in sugar content as well as purity, and there is little doubt but that this industry will make substantial progress. Fallon, each year, is the objective for sportsmen from all over the West, attracted there by the unusual shooting to be enjoyed. Water fowl, pheasants and quail by the thousands are to be found in the adjoining country, and the hunter is assured of a full bag on any hunting day.

For the climax of the canyon tour, we have the great Lahontan Dam, storing the flood waters of the Carson, and the surplus of the Truckee, behind an immense dam — one of the largest built by the Federal Government. The total cost of the dam was \$1,500,000, and this wonderful piece of construction, backing the thousands upon thousands of acre feet of valuable water for many miles, creating an artificial lake of vast extent, is one of the sights of the country.

Leaving the great dam reluctantly, we make our way back to Fernley and Wadsworth. This portion of the trip has been timed so that the afternoon's sun will beckon you on your way, for it enhances the beauty of the homeward trip to such an extent as to fulfill all the promises made at the commencement of the tour. Striking the vari-colored hills with the afternoon glow, it reflects colors heretofore unknown in the whole scheme of colors. The wonderful Truckee River on the left of the road, its banks lined with huge old cottonwood trees, lazying on its way, presents pictures every little while which call for a stop on the part of the motorist. Here and there a pool of water, its placid surface unruffled by rocks or obstructions, mirrors the surrounding country, with its myriad of colors presenting unequalled views, which are compelling in their attractiveness. You must contrast them in your mind's eye with the pictures of the same spots in the morning journey, and you will agree with the writer that you have found "that one beauty God put me here to find".

IN VACATION LAND



WOULD you a-merryin' go? Come then for a little journey through a portion of Nature's great northern playgrounds. Standing out in sheer attractiveness this land can be said to surpass all others, and added to all else this region contains some of the greatest natural wonders of the country. It is not necessary to busy one's self with preparations, for even though we be in the solitude of great primeval forests, civilization with all material comforts, is not far distant.

Driving north on Virginia street, out past our wonderful University, you will find a fine paved road as far as the Nevada-California line. It is to be regretted that the pavement ends so abruptly, but that is not our fault. Good roads would make easily accessible the greatest playgrounds in the country, sufficient in size for all to make merry in, and at the same time affording a diversity of interest. It is a wonderland, and but little known.

Look over to the right, as you descend the last hill which nears the end of the paving 17 miles out. "A beautiful sheet of water," says one. "Tisn't," argues another. With "Tis," from still another, we will investigate for it is only a short distance off the highway. Reaching the "lake," we find that it has apparently dried up. Tracks are visible on its surface, so it is decided to take a spin. Spin is the word. Of all the thrills! Fifty—sixty—seventy—moves the speedometer, yet we do not seem to move; we're riding on the air—no bumps, or anything to mar the run. We're just crossing one of Nevada's many dry lakes. (This is a summer suggestion; in wet weather "KEEP OFF!")

Leaving this acme of speedways, and continuing along the highway, the state line is crossed and a different type of road encountered. However, it is not bad. Some of the "ups and downs" have been left in, for the thrill they possess. Constantia is not a great distance away nestling among fields of green; then Doyle, a railroad town; then Milford, where the road betters. For some distance we have been able to see Honey Lake off to our right—quite a sizeable lake at times, but now heavily drawn upon for irrigation at the head waters, which makes the surrounding section quite productive. Passing through the little centers, Buntingville, Lassen and Johnstonville, we enter Susanville through a most inviting approach.

When Nevada was first detached from Utah, the line between Nevada and California was not definitely marked, and for a time it was believed that the Honey Lake section was in Nevada, with the boundary line at the summit of the Sierras. Isaac Roop, Susanville's foremost citizen, was elected as governor of Nevada. So highly did the governor regard Susanville that he named it in honor of his daughter Susan. The city is charmingly placed on the foothills marking the entrance to Susan canyon. On every side will be found evidences of unusual prosperity coupled with civic progressiveness and sylvan beauty, so that a ramble around the city and its environs will prove to be unusually interesting. Industry is strongly centered in Susanville, where some of the largest mills and box factories in the state are located, giving employment to many, while the agricultural

resources rank of great importance, making Susanville a distinctive point in a region hundreds of miles in extent.

Out of Susanville in a westerly direction we go. A fine piece of highway is to be found here, its wooded borders making it extremely cool and inviting. Fredonia summit, 5400 feet high, is crossed with no appreciable slowing up, and then on down into Westwood, tucked away in the midst of a heavy growth of tall timber, none of which was sacrificed to make place for a town, thereby giving it an appearance unexcelled anywhere. Westwood is the home town of a large lumber company, operating over a vast territory and employing thousands. Westwood is not alone a mill city, but it is a home town as well, the people linked closely together in promoting friendliness, not only among the home people, but in their appeal to visitors to share with them in the enjoyment of a region providing unusual enjoyment. The recollection of a visit here will always remain as a pleasant memory.

Lassen Volcanic National Park is the urge for many to visit this great scenic wonderland which is but a few miles away from Westwood. Chester, a little resort town, is 14 miles west from Westwood, and six miles further on we reach the road to this scenic area, quite unlike any other of our great national parks. The region now embraced within the northwestern corner of the United States, presents the greatest fields of former volcanic activity in the world, and its lavas cover a quarter of a million square miles in the states of Washington, Oregon, California, Nevada, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming. A great portion of this area is now so changed in appearance that only the practiced eye of the geologist is enabled to trace out the wonderful changes which have been made through the ages. Lassen Peak, rising to a height of 10,460 feet, which stands at the southern end of the Cascades, where these mountains join the Sierras, is the last of the mighty volcanoes to vomit molten lava over the surrounding region, and is the only active volcano in continental United States. For two hundred years this volcano lay dormant, then at the end of May, 1914, an explosion from its summit ushered in a new period of eruption, which has continued at intermittent periods since that date, the most violent of these occurring May 22, 1915, when a mushroom-shaped cloud of smoke rose to a height of four miles. A super-heated gas blast rushed down Lost Creek and Hot Creek Valleys, and for ten miles withered or destroyed every living thing in its path. Large trees were uprooted; forests were destroyed; and large snow fields were turned to water which flooded the lower valleys.

It is not possible to describe the many wonderful attractions contained within this comparatively little-known park. Suffice it to say, however, that it is not within the range of possibility to make more than a cursory examination within the space of a few hours. Roads are being built within the park area as rapidly as funds will permit, which will add much to its attractiveness and accessibility.

Harking back to Chester, which could be made a convenient turning point, we proceed in a southerly direction along the shores of Lake Almanor, the largest artificial lake in the country, built as a storage reservoir by one of the great power companies, and designed to cover 45 square miles. The trip around the lake is but a suggestion of the beauties soon to be encountered, for Plumas county has been well

named, "The Recreation County." Leaving the Big Meadows dam, thrown across the south end of Big Meadows, transforming this area into Lake Almanor, we make our way into Greenville, one of the old-time towns of Plumas county, soon entering the Indian valley, one of the many luxuriant valleys to be found in the mountain fastnesses. The visitor will desire to know the "why" of Plumas. In 1820, the Feather river was discovered by Don Luis Arguello, who traversed the canyon for a distance of twenty miles. He found the river covered with bright-colored feathers from the numerous water fowl living on the cliffs above the stream, and he gave the river the name Rio de Las Plumas, or Feather river, so the name Plumas was chosen as the county name.

Our tour for some distance is to be a leisurely one, for there is much to beguile the traveler. Crescent Mills and Indian Falls, little hamlets breathing the spirit of by-gone days, are pleasingly situated, then a short distance before Keddie is reached, we are enabled from the summit lying between the watersheds of Indian Creek and Spanish Creek to obtain a sublime view of these two creeks and the main canyon of the North Fork of the Feather river formed by these two creeks. Long before the coming of the white man, the Feather river canyon was regarded as a protected spot in both winter and summer, and according to an old legend, the tribesmen were enjoined ever to live within the canyon as it would be plentifully supplied with game, and protected from storms by the Great Father. In the eighteen miles from Crescent Mills to Quincy, the road crosses Spanish Creek twice, affording wonderful views of this tumbling mountain stream.

Quincy, situated in the midst of American valley, is the little village of your dreams. You are no wise prepared for the little city tucked away in this luscious valley, the wooded mountains rising on all sides and keeping it apart from all else. A touch of modernity—a paved street; a court house that would do credit to a county many times the size of Plumas; a setting unlike that of all others, makes you reluctant to ever leave it, and you leave it only after a resolve to return and know it better. Quincy may be said to be the center of a region rich in historical associations, and wonderfully attractive in a scenic way.

Winding curiously about on our way home we successively pass Spring Garden, a mining camp of old, Sloat and Cromberg, the scene of lumbering operations, to Feather River Inn, charmingly placed in an ideal spot dedicated to enjoyment. At Mohawk and Blairsden, resort camps will be found, as well as at Graeagle. Clio, another lumber camp and into Portola, an important point on the W. P. R. R. Skirting the foothills on the north side of the great Sierra valley, the home of many extensive farms, we reach Beckwith. Here may be seen Beckwith's old trading post, once owned by the trail blazer who discovered Beckwith's Pass, which we are soon to pass through on our descent into Reno, after a trip that has taken us through a vast region which can be said to be unrivalled the country over for its scenic attractiveness, and possessing a lure for travelers no matter what their tastes may be. Following the Lassen Highway and into the Feather River country has been a tour of revelation and inspiration, rich in memory for those who choose to follow this suggested tour.

WHERE KING POTATO REIGNS



NEAR-BY Smith and Mason Valleys may be said to be two of the outstanding agricultural sections of our state, and as they are only separated by a low range of highly mineralized hills, it is not difficult to arrange a tour presenting an outlook quite unlike all others, for we are enabled to link up agriculture with mining, throwing in a glimpse of modern-day Indian life, with the building of a great munition plant on the shores of a gorgeous lake, and the ruins of an early-day fort, for good measure. All in all, it can be said to be a compelling tour, affording an opportunity to judge of the real worth which underlies the prosperity of little known Nevada.

Hoisting the slogan, "Where the Land Owns the Water," Lyon County must be judged in the light of what has already been accomplished, as well as that which is hoped will be accomplished in the near future. Peopled by a wonderful people, imbued with a faith which has enabled them to accomplish much, and that bespeaks a desire on their part to transform desert conditions into a land of milk and honey, through the magic of impounded waters, these resolute people have pioneered the way and are now reaping the benefits of their efforts.

We have already carried the traveler who desires to know Nevada as far south as Gardnerville. It will therefore be necessary to retrace his steps thus far, should he desire to accompany us on this tour which promises so much. Ever since you left Reno you cannot but have been impressed by the fact that you have been enabled to travel over extraordinary roads, when it is borne in mind that our entire state contains fewer people than most fair-sized cities. South from Gardnerville we continue over a new section of highway, leading through fertile fields into the low lying mountains from which a wonderful view of one of the most fertile valleys in the whole country can be obtained. This follows closely the old Bodie road, which in the hectic days of that famous camp resounded with the jingling bells mounted on the harness of the twenty and thirty animal teams engaged in carrying freight in and out of Bodie, as a warning to oncoming traffic. Gone are the old stations which marked the course of a day's toilsome journey for these lumbering teams. Just south of Mountain House, one of these old stations, the road divides, the right fork into Yosemite Valley, the left, the road of our choice.

Once the low hills are surmounted, there lies spread out before us a cultivated area which cannot but attract attention, for it bespeaks a wonderfully fertile and well watered section of approximately 39,500 acres. Wellington is the principal town of the community, while Smith, Colony, Grant View, and Simpson lie close by. The canals which crisscross this wonderful valley make possible the raising of bumper crops of potatoes, alfalfa, grain and other agricultural product, which with dairying, sheep and cattle raising and feeding, make it an important agricultural center, prosperous in the extreme.

The excellent highway leads through a farming district and on through the immense fracture in the hills by which the Walker River penetrates its way into Mason Valley, and finally into Walker Lake—its final outlet. This piece of highway is remarkable for its structural features and its scenic attractiveness. With scarce room for aught else save the river, the railway and highway manage to make

their way through Wilson Canyon, one of the most beautifully colored canyons to be found, and emerge into Mason Valley, which extends for a distance of 25 miles in length by 8 to 19 miles in breadth, giving it an area of nearly 70,000 acres. With the great irrigation system and its millions of gallons of impounded waters behind it, Smith and Mason Valleys are secure in their productiveness. When other sections are suffering from drought, the crops of these valleys are brought to fruition by the magic of the stored waters. Mason Valley is the home of the famous Burbank potato, sought for far and wide by the epicures of the country as the finest potato grown. About 400 carloads of these famous tubers are shipped out of Mason Valley each season.

Yerington, a bustling little city with many modern conveniences, cannot but attract the visitor. Retaining but little of the appearance of the "Pizen Switch" of "cow ranch" days. The main street is paved, and the number of artistic homes with well kept surroundings cannot but impress the visitor that he is in a community that cares for the better things in life. A glance at its schools will disclose an earnest desire for a comprehensive system of education. Lying to the west of Yerington, but a few miles, is the town of Mason, situated adjacent to remarkable rich copper mines, which are turning out an annual output which mounts up into the thousands of dollars, and which is treated at an immense smelter located at Thompson, in the south end of this remarkable valley.

One cannot but be impressed with the spirit of optimism disclosed by the people of Yerington in their paving to the uttermost northern limits of the city, not yet settled, but provided with a high type of concrete paving, for a distance of over a mile from the city's center. It speaks volumes for their ultimate desires, and stamps them as being far-seeing. For several miles the highway traverses a farming district, extending as far as water can be placed conveniently, then breaking off into desert land, which continues all the way into Schurz, the agency town of the Piute Indian Reservation. The Indian farmer holds full sway in this section, and through government ministration he is enabled to produce crops of alfalfa and grain and has gone into the turkey raising industry on a considerable scale. His children are educated in government schools, and a community church serves his spiritual needs. Schurz is an interesting place for a short visit, and the traveler is assured that he will find something here with which he has heretofore been unacquainted. It is worth the short jaunt off the highway.

It is not long after one leaves Schurz until Walker Lake comes into sight. The first glimpse is not extremely promising, but as one wends his way along the highway, portions of it cut out of the solid rock which surmounts the lake, enthusiasm begins to grip the beholder, and it is not long before it must be confessed that Walker is quite unlike any other lake. On the north, the hills, wonderfully colored with a myriad of tints, throw back their hues into the placid waters of the lake, making a picture difficult to paint for you, for it seems to change with the passing breeze. The bold outlines of the lake are all unobscured, for there is naught on the lake shores save rocks and sage. It is naked in its ruggedness and beautiful in its surroundings. You miss the bird life of Pyramid, but the changing colorings as you travel the lake shore seems to fill the void. On you go with the lake constantly in sight for over 25 miles, a never-ending delight of color, as well as admiration for the road buider who dared—for it was he who contributed to the picture laid out before your gaze. Fishing is good in the lake, and at two or three favored

locations, resorts have been established so that those who choose may regale themselves with food, as well as boating and fishing.

Hawthorne! How shall we describe it? Originally a hamlet built by reason of the proximity of the narrow-gauge railroad, named for a one-armed pioneer who was a forceful character, making his one arm do the work of two; a county seat, then deserted for a time by the discovery of riches in another part of the county; a county seat again by the shifting of county lines; a little oasis set in the desert close by the lake, it bids fair to become one of the greatest ammunition depots in the United States, for the naval department has found that it possesses just the location needful for such a depot, where millions of pounds of high explosives may be stored without undue hazard to property or human life, blessed with a climate so that operations may be carried on every day of the year without interference by the rigors of winter, or the heat of the summer—an ideal location. Work has commenced on the plant which means the expenditure of not less than three and a half millions of dollars, but it will be three or four years before the plant is completed. Even though we are not permitted a visit to a completed depot, the trip has been wonderfully attractive, and we are ready for the return.

Ordinarily a trip over the same route does not provoke the enthusiasm a circle trip does. It is, however, necessary that we retrace our route to Yerington. The views of the lake on the back trip can be said to be even more alluring than the going trip. It may be that the changing hour has contributed to this. Views not obtainable heretofore are continually presenting themselves, and it is with a feeling almost akin to that of bidding adieu to an old friend that we leave this beautiful sheet of water, which derived its name from Capt. Joseph Walker, the explorer. Just before reaching the city of Yerington, a sign informs us that the road to Dayton takes off the highway in a westerly direction. Taking this route through a well cultivated area, Wabuska is soon reached. Wabuska, formerly an important point on the railroad has somewhat of a mushroom type of growth, spreading out from the original eating house and store which for years marked the town aside from the depot. It, however, is the distributing point for quite an area, and located near the smelter at Thompson, which gives it added importance. The smelter of the Mason Valley Mines Co. is rather an imposing affair, with a company town for the employes built around it. The output of the company mines is treated at the smelter, as well as a substantial tonnage from all over the western portion of the state, so that it contributes to the progress of the entire section.

Curiously winding about, following the contour of the country, in an effort to follow the lines of least resistance, as was the wont of the pioneers, we come to the old Buckland Ranch, a historical landmark, and quite within what formerly was Indian country. Near by are scenes of early-day massacres and battles, so that it was but natural that soldiers were located in the vicinity.

Fort Churchill came as a result of numerous Indian onslaughts which were fought off by volunteer efforts, oft-times with disastrous effect. It was established July 20, 1860, and first placed under command of Capt. Stewart, who commanded several detachments of troops sent out to protect the white settlers of Carson Valley and the miners of Virginia City, who were seriously threatened. The post was built as a cavalry post, with quarters for three or four troops. It was first intended to locate the post on the south side of the river, but on the advice of near-by settlers the location was changed, so that a commanding view of the surrounding country might be had,

with water convenient for men and horses. During the Civil War it functioned as a place of detention and correction for those of secessionist leanings, and who proclaimed their antipathies towards the Union in a loud and boisterous manner. Here they were confined and caused to move burdens of sand from one point to another, which served to curb their rebellious spirits and keep their convictions within their own breasts, which tended to relieve the tension which existed in the western portion of Nevada, where for a time the adherents of the Confederacy seemed to be in the majority. On April 5, 1870, the post was abandoned, and the buildings sold. The grounds have been placed under the charge of the D. A. R., and an effort is being made to restore the post, so that it may serve as a memorial of the stirring days of the sixties when Nevada was in the making. At the present time the adobe walls of several of the buildings remain standing, although the wood work has been entirely stripped from them.

Almost within sight of the Carson River, our route takes us back to Dayton, through a farming section which produces wonderful crops of alfalfa and potatoes, leading us back to Reno over routes previously described.

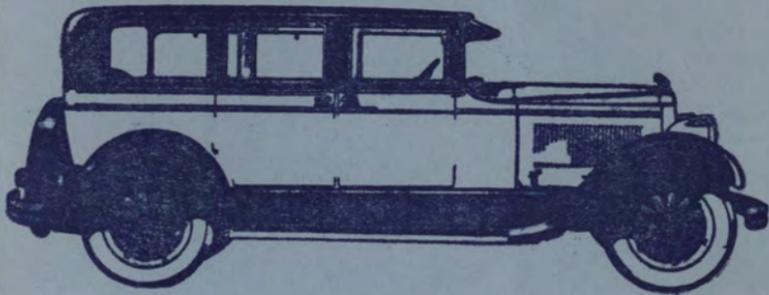
At the commencement of this suggested tour it was promised that you would have an unusual trip, interesting and instructive in every detail, and it is felt that upon its completion you have been made acquainted with a portion of Nevada which contributes an unusual share to the progress and prosperity of the state, which has always had to battle with adverse conditions. To the true son of Nevada, however, there are no insurmountable obstacles to success.



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