


NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY



DIARY (1908) OF
JEANNE ELIZABETH WIER



Spring Issue
January-March 1961

Volume IV
Number 1

NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Founded in 1904 for the purpose of investigating topics pertaining to the early history of Nevada and of collecting relics for a museum, the **NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY** has dedicated itself to the continuing purpose of preserving the rich heritage of the peoples—past and present—who have inhabited the land of Nevada.

The Society believes that it can best serve the State by arousing in the people an historical consciousness which it hopes will be carried to succeeding generations. Thus, through its Director, the Society sponsors an educational program which carries the history of Nevada to the schools and organizations throughout the State.

The Society maintains a library and museum where historical materials of many kinds are on display to the public and are available to students and scholars.

The Society publishes the **NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S QUARTERLY** which publishes articles of interest to readers in the social, cultural, economic, and political history of the Great Basin area: Nevada, eastern California, eastern and southern Oregon, Idaho, and Utah.

The Society's membership is open to the public; application for membership should be made to the Secretary of the Society, State Building, Reno, Nevada.

“ . . . THE BACK NUMBER . . . ”

The Quarterly of the Nevada Historical Society

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DIARY (1908) Jeanne Eliz. Wier

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JEANNE ELIZABETH WIER

Jeanne Elizabeth Wier—1870–1950—was honored during her lifetime far more than any eulogy that we may print could possibly honor her here. Dr. Wier was honored by the University of Nevada, where she taught for 41 years, with the honorary degree LL.D.; the degree was conferred upon her for her many services to the State of Nevada—but primarily for her pioneering work which helped to set up the Nevada Historical Society on so firm a basis. If ever a person built a monument to herself, Dr. Wier did that in establishing the Society and in gathering the materials that formed the nucleus for its library.

When this *Quarterly* came into existence a few years and issues ago, the Director of the Society and the Editor agreed that we would one day dedicate an issue to Jeanne Elizabeth—as she was familiarly called. Here is the issue—and the material: the DIARY OF JEANNE ELIZABETH WIER for the year 1908. Why the particular material? One might say that Dr. Wier was an indefatigable person; the reader might respond with an “un huh.” But let the reader read the Diary and he will say to himself and to others “She was indefatigable.” The greatest tribute we can pay to Dr. Wier is to publish her Diary for 1908; it shows why it is a monument to an historian who early saw the need for preserving historical materials for future generations of Nevadans.

WILLIAM C. MILLER,
Editor.



The indefatigable Jeanne Wier. This picture is not connected to the diary; it comes from an unpublished thesis, **ORIGIN AND EARLY HISTORY OF THE WASHOES**, and is titled, "On the Carson River."



Miss Wier and an unidentified companion. Another snapshot from the Washoe Indian thesis, captioned, "Making Acorn Flour."

DIARY, JEANNE ELIZ. WIER (1908)

Wednesday, July 15. (1908)

Left Reno for Goldfield at midnight. Upper berth & hot. Noise from Reno Hotel Roof Garden, so no sleep until sleeper was attached to [train] 24 and left Reno. Diner left at Mina, Reached Goldfield at noon. Compelled to wait until Friday for train to Las Vegas. Met a Mr. Lanier who has new method for working ores. Saw his cabinet and also old photographs. Owned stock in the Comstock in the 70's. Has certificate framed which shows dividends paid. (1875) Once asked John W MacKay for privilege of visiting mine. Latter said it would cost him \$3000. Because miners would talk to him.

Night in Goldfield extremely hot. Left Friday a.m. at 10.10 for Las Vegas stopping at Rhyolite for lunch, too hot to eat boiled beef and mince pie (75 cts). In the afternoon skirted the base of the Funeral and Furnace Creek Range and saw beyond them the Panamint with Death Valley lying between. A considerable breeze was blowing, but so hot that with ease one could appreciate the designations of the adjacent ranges. I had intended to make a trip into Death Valley but after this experience decided to wait till a cooler season. We reached Las Vegas at 5.25 PM. The letter telling of my coming had not reached Mr. W. [Frank Williams]¹ so no one met me. The only hotel I desired to see was a cold storage warehouse near the Station, but I was taken instead to the Hotel Charleston whose saving virtue was a large balcony around three sides. No key in door so barricaded it as best I could. Was directed to the Overland Cafe for meals. The kitchen & dining room were practically one and with the thermometer at 100° the sight of the blazing wood fire and other kitchen paraphernalia was not conducive to appetite. Dined on strawberries and tea. The night was too sultry for words. In the morning tried a Chinese restaurant and found cooler quarters tho not better food. (Saturday July 18).

Mr Williams arrived on the limited this a.m. We went to the Stewart² ranch this P M., took a tramp over the old ranch and had tea with Mrs. Stewart, returning to Vegas late in the evening and sat on the veranda until midnight, too sultry to go indoors.

Sunday, July 19

After a 6.30 breakfast we left in Stewart team for the big Spring, three miles distant & n.w. Arriving there we tied horses in shade of a large cottonwood and took pictures of Spring, and ruins of old Mormon houses a few steps distant, spent an hour near spring and on the return photographed Ragtown in the suburbs of Las Vegas. This was the camping ground of the squatters who were waiting three years ago to buy lots in Las Vegas when the townsite was opened. 1500 people there once. Now only a few houses. Rested thr' heat of P M and at 4.30 drove to Kyle's ranch three miles n.e. Scene of many murders in early days. Returning by Stewart ranch left team, and walked home by midnight.

Monday, July 20

Called on Mr Ronnow & then walked to the ranch where we had an appointment with Mrs Bracken to see historic points notably the old fort and wall, the baptisimal pool, site of old grist mill and smelter. This is undoubtedly the second oldest if not indeed the oldest settlement in the state.

Tuesday, July 21.

Spent the day at the ranch going over relics and old papers with Mrs Stewart. Talked of plan to establish branch Society with museum at fort. Thunder storm threatened but more sultry than before.

July 22

Morning spent in copying from Judge Beal's scrap book and interviewing Mr. Squires, editor of the Las Vegas News. After lunch went to Mrs. Stewart's where Indian Ben was waiting. He is an unusually intelligent Indian (Paiute) ; has ranch three miles distant. Told us about last Mohave war and settlement of Las Vegas ranch. In the evening Mrs. Stewart and I went over to the old ranch to look for the old water wheel but did not find it.

Thur. July 23.

Left Las Vegas shortly before noon. Took S.P., Los Angeles and Salt Lake Road to Caliente. Agent failed to check baggage at Vegas so had to hand [carry] two heavy valises all day. At Caliente changed for Panaca where big Mormon celebration is to be held tomorrow. Train crowded and people anxious about places to stay in Panaca. Learn that the lodginghouse which I was recommended has been closed. Got stage driver who takes my baggage

to drive me from place to place. Everything full. Finally persuade old-time family, the Matthews, keep me, as rain is threatening, glad of shelter. Given guest parlor. No screens on windows. Flies a million thick and room so musty can not keep windows closed otherwise very comfortable.

Friday, July 24

Awakened by brass band and cannonade in park two blocks distant. Fourth of July spirit in air. All Matthews girls have come home to celebrate. Three young ladies, 2 small boys and one little girl. At ten we go to Hall to hear program. Speeches & music. Great enthusiasm for the Church. Then came barbacue. Two long tables; beef, beans, pickles, bread & butter. Ice-cream was sold at a stand near by. In afternoon talk with Mr John Lee, a great enthusiast for the Church. In evening we visit the dance for a short time, then to bed.

Sat. July 25

This has been a trying yet withal a successful day. A funeral was set for 10 a.m. and as the entire community attend such an event, it was useless to expect to work until that was over. At 10. the member of the family commenced to make preparations in a leisurely fashion. Shortly before 11 we drove to the schoolhouse and at 11:20 the services began. They lasted one hour and 20 min. after which all adjourned to the cemetery where another hour was spent in service and filling in the grave.

Mr. Matthews then drove us to Bullionville where Mr. Godby showed me thro' the old smelter and gave me relics of the early days. After taking photographs we returned to Panaca, dined at 3 P.M. and took more pictures. Packed valises and donned traveling suit, then went to spend last moments talking with Mr. Syphus. At 6 P.M. prepared to drive to Pioche with Mr. M—and daughters but weather threatening and cloud burst day previous and washed out road. So decided to postpone trip till morning. Had tea and spent evening with Mr. Syphus and Mr. Charles Matthews, both pioneers in this section. Present of old flint lock from the latter.

Sunday July 26.

. . . . Rose at 3:30 and at 4 a.m. left for Pioche arriving there between six and seven. Went to the Cecil, a dilapidated old hotel but having large shade trees over front. Flies so bad that went to store & got tanglefoot. Hotel in keeping with town which is at first glance a mass of ruins. But people are genial enough. After

breakfast slept two hours, made toilet & had lunch. Spent afternoon at Dr. Campbells. Met Senator Freudenthal. In morning Wm. Orr and George Nesbit called.

Monday July 27

Spent morning at Court House looking into old records of the bond issues. Met Mr. Henry Lee as well as Mr. Goodrich and Wm. Orr for second time. Obtained promise of file of Pioche Record since 1872. After lunch took Pioche, visited cemetery, and looked thru' record in Clerks Office of the first years of Lincoln County. A week could be spent in this interesting building. Packed or rather watched Sen. Freudenthal and Mr. Goodrich pack the Records and other gifts from Pioche. I am greatly surprised and touched by the generosity and cordiality of the people of Pioche. Tomorrow morning I leave for Caliente.

Tuesday, July 28

Reached Caliente soon afternoon. Went to Denton House. Walked all afternoon but accomplished little. Files of Lode are incomplete. Mr. McNamee not in town, but Mrs. J. Q. McIntosh loaned me films of Las Vegas & Caliente. . . . Showered all afternoon and evening a heavy rain. No screens & flies are millions thick. Think I have lost my appetite.

Wednesday, July 29

Senator Denton persuaded me to go to Delamar while waiting Mr. McNamee's return. Only 30 miles but a rough ride from 8:30 a.m. to 5 P.M. In many places road washed out by last night's rain. No place for lunch. Had two oatmeal crackers and a cookie. Cup out of which I drank tasted like whiskey. We changed horses at Oak Station where a man killed himself July 10. Brought away the cord hanging on the tree. In afternoon watered horses at Grassy Springs. No grass in sight. Near Delamar saw location of old Monkey Wrench Mine and town; so named because man struck rock with monkey wrench and discovered gold. This camp soon abandoned for Helene farther along the road. Several houses remain at this camp although the mine is not worked. . . . Delamar is oddly located. Enclosed on all sides by hills must have been great camp in its time. I have had dinner, fairly good at California Cafe, and have what seems like clean room at the Delamar lodging house. Last night the roof leaked so that I was obliged to fold all my clothes and put away in the three small wash-stand drawers so as to have dry clothes to wear in the Morning. Even the bed was wet.

Thursday, July 30.

Last evening Mr. Ward Stephenson called. Is an old-timer in this country. Has promised to look for missing files of Delamar Lode and also to write history of camp. . . . My windows and door opened out on the main street. No key to door, neither to hall door, but slept well. Had lunch put up at restaurant and started for Caliente at 9 a.m. Took picture at Oak Station both of Station and place where Baum hung himself. From the station in one wheel of stage was nearly off. Stopped once to repair it and succeeded in reaching Caliente safely. Saw Mr. McNamee and Mr. Dranga, owner of the Lode. Latter gave consent to removal of Lode file and Mr. Preston OKed it. After talk with Mrs. McGuffie, an old timer from Hiko went to bed.

Friday, July 31

Got wagon grease on kakie suit yesterday and spent an hour removing that this morning. Packed and shipped papers to Las Vegas. Ride to Moapa hot. Hired team and drove to Logan in evening. Stage runs but three times a week. Just missed it this morning. Logan is not a town but a collection of farm houses. The ride from Moapa was not bad except that we crossed the Muddy several times and once had to drive down it for 50 yards before coming into the road again. We passed at least a dozen loads of cantaloupes going into Moapa. One team got stuck in the quicksand while fording the river and we had to wait some time for it to pull out. Broke both tugs in crossing.

Saturday, Aug. 1

Fearfully sultry night. Slept on floor when girl tried to occupy bed with me with her feet in my face. Have feasted on cantaloupes, watermelon, peaches & grapes. Went to station farm in company with H. H. Church, one of the Directors. New home nearly completed. Ate half a watermelon and took pictures. In afternoon visited the old tithing house, now occupied by Mr. Mills. This was also the old home of the Logans for whom the settlement is named. At supper, heavy thunder storm came up. Men had to put down tent sides of dining room. Large limb crashed down on roof.

August 2

Very heavy rain in night. Two men from Utah stayed all night. One a professor at Provo. Are trying to buy land in the valley. After breakfast Mr. Church drove me to Overton, Went by way of old St. Joe on hills. Once quite a city. Now a heap of

ruins. Here Mormons settled but found it difficult to get water, so moved into lower valley. Had opportunity to go to St. Thomas in evening. Pearsons had been to doctor 12 miles away and were returning home. Two cases of blood poison. Roads bad and got in shortly before nine. Found Mr. Syphus at the Gentry's. Pleasant place to stop. Clean and comfortable but no cold water. Weather very hot. In spite of air from two doors and two windows could not sleep.

Monday, August 3.

Took pictures of Gentry place and the old Bonelli house. These oldest in town. Saw a number of old settlers and gained much information. . . . Mr. Syphus is a great tease. Gave me a ten cent ring for an engagement. Have decided to give up Bunkerville trip. Virgin River too high and heat unendurable. I cannot understand how people live on the Muddy without ice. I would pay \$5. to-night for a drink of cold water. My face and body are covered with prickly heat.

Tuesday, Aug. 4.

Rose at 3:30 a.m. and took stage for Moapa at 4. So very hot that could scarcely get dressed. Stopped at Logan for breakfast. O. the filth and dirt of these settlements. Heat too great apparently for people to keep clean. Nevertheless got a good cup of coffee. Reached Moapa at noon. Dinner at Mrs. Powers' and drove to Indian Reservation where purchased five baskets and two water bottles actually in use. Caught . . . train and at 5:30 arrived at Las Vegas where I shall spend a day cleaning up and re-packing. People on the train looked at me as though I had come out of the wild west show.

Wednesday, Aug. 5.

Have spent entire day with correspondence, and petty work of trying to make the travelling clothes once more presentable. Track is washed out up north so cannot leave for Searchlight. . . . Invited out to Brackens on old Stewart ranch to spend the night.

Thursday, Aug. 6.

After the restaurant fare how good the dinner tasted last evening at the Ranch. Later Mrs. Bracken and I went to call on Mrs. Stewart. She told us much of her life on the ranch. Truly she is a pioneer of the pioneers. After a nights' rest in the s.w. room of the old fort house and an inviting breakfast, I returned to town to find that there would be no train south until afternoon or evening. I borrowed Mrs. Crofts' history of San Bernardino and have read it through.

Friday, Aug. 7.

Train did not leave for Nipton until 10 P.M. Reached Nipton at midnight. No hotel open, so broke into a lodging house where beds were made up & took possession of rooms. A good natured drunk young man insisted that we should cook him some eggs before he retired but we declined. This morning he discovered that he had taken the wrong train and was south instead of north of the Vegas. We had a good breakfast with Mrs. Harns, the storekeepers' wife. Took the stage for Searchlight at 8:30 a.m. met Mr. Williams at Crescent persuaded me to remain until evening and go in the automobile with him. My headquarters in Crescent were with Mrs. Kelley who keeps a lodging house in a large tent with canvas partitions. As there is no floor the gunny-sack rugs are musty from the recent flood and the air is foul. But we sat in the shade of the tent much of the day and got really good meals at Mrs. Jordans. Mrs. Jordan keeps a lodging house but it has bright clean floors. Mrs. McClure gave us some Indian polishing stones. We took the automobile for Searchlight at 10 P.M. arriving at the latter place at mid night. It is a perfect night with moonlight nearly as bright as day.

Saturday, Aug. 8.

My room at the Wheatley House was a paradise when compared with previous accommodations—good carpet, iron bed, large mirror and comfortable rocker. The night was too short for today we were to go to El Dorado Canon. We left with one of Mrs. Miller's teams at 10 a.m. and reached the mouth of the canon shortly after six P.M. During the last part of the drive the scenery was sublime and the Colorado, when it burst upon our sight, was a stream never to be forgotten. What cordial, gracious people the Graceys are. When they heard that a woman was coming into camp, a cool white dressing sacque was laid out, a bottle of Pond's Extract for bathing the sunburned face, and everything else that might conduce to the comfort of the traveller. We had dinner in the quaint old dining room near the store and then went around the edge of the precipice to sit in front of the bungalow on the west cliff. Here the evening was spent talking of the early days of Nevada.

Sunday, Aug. 9.

Mrs. Gracey & I slept last night within three feet of the steep bank of the Colorado. I went to bed with my head toward the river but dreamed I was going over the bank head first, so reversed my position and was repaid in the morning by watching

the sun rise over the river. Truly the scenery here is magnificent. Cloud-burst up the canons have filled the banks with a torrent of muddy but sparkling water. I sit here and try to realize that this is the same river where of yore the Spanish Fathers explored and taught. What fairylike stories are associated with this river and this canon. All the morning hours we talked of the past: of the Indians, the Spanish, the miners of more recent years. A walk to the old mill on the west bank was followed by a chicken dinner. After taking two pictures of the place, we packed our belongings and started for Nelson where we are to rest until morning. A light rain all the P.M. made canon cooler and we arrived at Nelson about 6 P.M.

Monday, Aug. 10.

I said we were to "rest" at Nelson. We did not "rest", we "Stayed". About a dozen men are on a drunk; this was the third day and still there is more to follow. The only lodging in the camp was in a tent just behind the saloon. Until mid-night the air was hideous with oaths, vile language and song. I have seldom been worse frightened. Fortunately Mr. Williams was with me during the early evening & later occupied a tent next to mine. The meals are good, Mrs. Callahan being a good cook. Mr. Alvord gave me a government picket pin and a piece of old pottery. He will dig for more in the old caves. I was glad when I could leave this awful camp and return to Searchlight. An oil smelter invented by Mr. Loder of Reno is being installed at Nelson. We got into Searchlight at 2 P.M. and found that no seats could be had in the automobile bound for Crescent that evening; so we decided to remain until morning. I got the file of the Searchlight bulletin and a valuable piece of old pottery. The evening was spent in conversation with pioneers, after which we went for a stroll around the town, but was ill from riding and fatigue and returned to my room ready for rest. A cloud-burst Sunday had washed out the roads so that in many places we had to drive over the rough sage brush and cacti.

Tuesday, Aug. 11.

I am tired, so tired, tonight, but happy to think of the trip made to the famous turquoise mines near Crescent and to obtain some of the old stone hammers used by the Aztecs in working the mines. Mr. Dougherty and Mr. Perkins of Searchlight accompanied us and we ate our lunch on the porch of the bunk house below the mine. We obtained some good specimens of turquoise and an old papoose basket which hung in a deserted tent at camp. In Crescent

we had dinner, packed the relics ready for shipment next morning, & after a short walk, looked in upon the dance in Miners & Union Hall. This is the first time I have seen a Phonograph used for furnishing the music at a dance. There were about four couples, all the town could afford. I am glad to retire for we must be on our way early in the morning. How do people live in these musty old tents?

Wednesday, Aug. 12.

Dressed under difficulties, no water in room, neither a mirror. Toilet had to be made beside the front door where passers by as well as lodgers passing could gaze on the operation. Finished breakfast by 6:30 and rode in lumber wagon without springs to Nipton 6 miles distant, where took train for Jean. Here found Mr. & Mrs. Robbins going to Goodsprings and rode with them. Very pleasant people. Stayed at Mr. Yount's hotel, an oasis in the desert. Everything clean and cheerful. Excellent meals and beautiful garden. Talked with Mr. Yount in P.M., then took pictures and after dinner we drove in moonlight to the Kent and Green Mountain mines. Wonderful production of lead and zinc. Home after 10 P.M.

Thursday, Aug. 13.

Could not sleep because of sore arm. Burnt in sun thro' thin waist. Breakfasted at 6 and left for Jean at 7. Took train for Vegas at 9:06. In Vegas spent day with correspondence and other detail work.

Friday, Aug. 14.

Chief event today was organization of an auxiliary society at this place. Very fitting the meeting was held at the old ranch. After a picnic lunch and a plunge in the pond we discussed plans and made the organization.

Saturday, Aug. 15.

I am unexpectedly spending the night in Rhyolite. Expected to go to Pahrump and Manse but at Armargosa found that the stage did not leave until Monday. Was fortunate enough to catch the train north making this point in the middle of the afternoon and found Prof. Shaw of Stanford ready to show me the town and aid in the work. It was with a sense of regret that I left the friends at Vegas but only found others at this place. Rhyolite is quiet now but has some fine buildings and gives evidence of past prosperity.

Sunday, Aug. 16.

Drove to Beatty in the morning and received promise of files of the Beatty Bullfrog Miner. Editor also promised to hunt for relics of Death Valley emigrants. The greatest event of the morning was the inspection of Senator Stewart's Office and deserted home. If the Society can acquire the papers and manuscripts left here by him, this treasure will alone repay me for the hardships of this summer trip to the South. The afternoon was spent with Prof. Shaw at the Bullfrog Miner Office hunting out files of that paper. It was a dusty job and we succeeded in finding only Vol. III and part of Vol. II.

Monday Aug. 17.

This morning we held up the Herald Editor for files of that paper and succeeded in obtaining a loan of Vol. I, II and III to Aug. 30, 1907. Also secured nearly a complete file of the Bullfrog Miner and a few copies of Vol. I. Mr. Clemons also gave me a file of the Hornsilver Herald besides several old posters. With the assistance of Prof. Shaw all these things were packed in a large telescope basket secured by a heavy rope and checked to Goldfield. I found quite a treasure at Mr. Holt's photograph gallery in the shape of an historical album of the Bullfrog District. Ordered one completed and agreed to pay \$20. for the same. I also secured a number of postal card photographs of Rhyolite and a picture of Death Valley. Took train at 3:30 P.M. for Goldfield where I put up at the Grimshaw. Saw Mr. Tighe & had dinner at his cafe.

Aug. 18.

Experienced a hard day in Goldfield. People too crazy after gold to care much for history. Mr. Burnell of the Tribune told me in polite language that I was crazy to spend time for the State. But Editors of Chronicle-Review and of News very cordial and pleasant. Promised to try to secure files. . . . Transferred to Tonopah on evening train. . . .

Wednesday, Aug. 19.

Saw Kenneth Booth last evening at dinner in restaurant. To-day interviewed the editors. No hope of the Miner at present. Two files at office. One may some day be available Bonanza files for sale but Mr. Booth would not let them go until after Election. Commenced sorting out files of the Sun. Very dirty job.

Thursday, Aug. 20.

Finished files of Sun, & freighted box to Reno. Mr. Smith has pioneer photographs for album. . . . Mr. Dunlap & Mr. McIntosh very pleasant and helped in work. For once legend true, for one end rested on pot of gold on the Mizpah mine. Let us hope it means better days for Tonopah. Met Mr. Irwin of Stanford and Mr. Westall of U. of N. Tonopah good with exception of unpleasant experience at Bonanza office.

Aug. 21

Up early. Freight out box of newspapers. Off for Blair at 9:20 a.m. From Blair Junction travelled on a queer little train to Blair. Good hotel; too good for the town; charges enormous and dining room worse. Prices on menu high and these doubled when you come to pay bill. Waiter impudent. This is part of the fun of a Secretary's life. Mr. Mix, editor of Blair Press drove me to Silver Peak, an interesting old camp three miles distant. Found many relics and brought away a few. . . . Wrote to Senator Stewart asking for left-overs of his Library at Rhyolite.

Aug. 22

Last night too sultry for sleep. Up at 5 to take 6:45 train but found it did not go until 8:15. Searched for restaurant and found one run by Chinese. Fairly good. Mr. Arthur White very kind looking after baggage. Arrived in Mina at noon. No stage or auto for Rawhide till morning. After lunch . . . called on J. Holman Buck, editor of the Mina Miner. Very agreeable & helpful with suggestions for work. . . . Mina a young town, about three years old. Two good hotels and a few good houses, many shacks. Telegraphed to Reno for money. Travelling in Southern Nevada requires a long purse. . . .

Sunday, Aug. 23

Lazied around all a.m. and at noon found the auto would not go to Rawhide so took train for Wabuska. At Schurz found that auto would leave in P.M. for Rawhide so stopped off. After waiting two hours at the Reservation we started. Delightful ride of 28 mi. Put up at Nevada Hotel where one can hear the engine on the Grutt Hill Mine working all night just in the rear. In diner at noon saw all the Republican "lights" who were returning from states Convention at Goldfield held yesterday. Col. Maxson my neighbor

was nominated for Congress and P. L. Flanigan for Senator. Hugh Brown for Supreme Court.

Monday, Aug. 24.

Very busy day in Rawhide hunting out files of the News and Press-Times. Mr. Emerson also gave me file of Fairview News. Very much interested in Mark H. Bryan, manager of the Press-Times—a Comstock boy, first born in Virginia. . . . Showed me a keepsake; paper with signature of all members of first Territorial Legislature of which his father was a member. Hope to get it sometime. Rawhide quite a town tho' largely built of tents.

Tues., Aug. 25

Very busy morning in Rawhide. Finished files of Press-Times and met Grutts. Took auto at noon. . . . Arrived at Wabuska at 3:40 and started immediately for Yerington by auto. Broke down twice so it was 5 P.M. by time we reached Yerington. . . . Found Mrs. Cr. at the Hernleben's. She insisted on my coming to her house. Mr. Hernleben one of the oldest settlers in valley.

Wed., Aug. 26

Worked on file of the Yerington paper and in evening went out to the Reymer's Ranch, where had dinner, fed the pigs and gathered eggs. Chicken dinner, and splendid breakfast.

Thurs., Aug. 27

Came to town and immediately took train for Mason Valley mine where Mr. Lewis showed us thro' the mine, etc. After lunch drove to the Western Nevada Copper Mine which we explored and after dinner drove home in cool of evening. . . . Mr. Willis promises to get loan of files of Yerington papers. Obtained a number of valuable specimens in the mine; also potatoes grown 50 ft. inside a tunnel.

Friday, Aug. 28

Finished work at Yerington Times Office and found piece of old press in yard. Took auto at noon to Wabuska where boarded train for Reno. How good it is to go to my Journey's end this time and to go home.

Friday Oct. 16. (1908)

Spoke at Miss Clapp's Memorial Service at Assembly today [University of Nevada]. Am leaving this evening for Rhyolite.

Sat. Oct. 17

Good luck in getting lower berth last night but too cold to sleep. Saw Mr. Hamlin about freight at Tonopah. Goldfield at noon. Several inches of snow on ground. Saw Mr Gottwaldt, Mr DeLaney, Dr F Williams, the great woman prospector. Meant to attend the Democratic rally but too late.

Sun. Oct. 18.

Train for Rhyolite at 9.15. Arrived there at noon. After lunch went down to Sen. Stewart house. Care-taker has changed, not a very warm reception. Saw Judge Ray and Mr. Birch, also Mrs Goodrich and Mr. Shaw. After dinner read Nev. history. Wind is blowing furiously and hotel cold. Heated only by stove in lower hall. Had to go to bed to get warm.

Mon. Oct. 19.

Pleasant sunshiny day for which I am devoutly thankful. Saw Stewart custodian and got permission to pack books. Spent the remainder of day in Sen. Stewart's office. What a treasure we have obtained here! I can scarcely believe it is really ours.

Tomorrow I go to Bonnie Claire Mines invited by the manager.

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Tuesday, Oct. 20.

Left Rhyolite on T & T at 10.27 a.m. Arrived in Bonnie Claire at noon where Mr. Bachey of Lee's camp met me with team. We started immediately for Gold Mountain. The distance is estimated at 10 miles but we drove until nearly 6 P M., stopping only for lunch by the roadside under an umbrella while the horses, Dan and Roan ate their feed. The weather was cold and sometimes walked to get warm. Considerable snow on mountains. The last part of ascent quite steep. I am entertained in the home of W. A. Williams who has several claims in this district & who is financed by New York people. He & his wife live in a cabin 14 / 20. Everything is neat and clean. Mr Williams is an educated man, has studied medicine & law and osteopathy. His wife is a frail little woman of 30 years with bad lungs. Both are Southerners from Texas. This evening they have told me much of the interesting points of the District. They have been here but one month themselves. Mr Williams was in Goldfield for over two years and can write the history of the exciting days of 1904-6.

Wednesday, Oct. 21.

I wondered last evening where I would sleep for the one room in the cabin does duty for kitchen, dining room & bedroom. At

bedtime a large blanket was hung from the rafters before a cot bed, Pullman fashion. It was better than a Pullman too and I slept well in spite of the intense cold. This morning Mr. Williams made a fire & then went out to feed the burro while Mrs W & I dressed before the fire. After breakfast went up to Lee's Camp which is still in process of construction. Shortly before noon, we saddled the horses & Mr Williams & I went over the mountains to Old Camp. Made coffee out of snow water at Anderson's cabin took pictures, etc., then interviewed hermit and looked over the old arrastra. After gathering relics we tied the packs on the horses & having watered them, started home at 2.30 and arrived there about sun down. Having eaten nothing since breakfast we were ready for a warm meal which Mrs. Williams had in readiness. Never did the fire feel better for the snow lay over a foot deep in places and a cold wind blew from the East. I am very tired & sore from riding and the bed will feel good.

Thurs. Oct. 22.

After breakfast went with Mr. Lee to the shaft on the hill. These workings lie between Federal Mt. and Gold Mt. We visited first the Old Glory Hole where the high grade was recently taken out by Dr. F. Williams. Took pictures of the Hole with Mr. Peters and Mr. Lee. Then went to the newly discovered old shaft half a mile east where the old ladders are still in place. Took pictures of this also. Then went to tunnel from which old tools were taken in 1906. Secured the hammer and drill & Mr Parker will try to find old tamping iron. Took pictures of camp & then returned to house for lunch. After this Mr. W.- and I took horses and went over the hills to seek for Mr. Al Finney, a pioneer who has been in this district for 20 years. We had been warned that his place was difficult to find, still we felt sure that we could discover it. We passed the deserted village of Tokop and searched until sundown but could find no trace of our man. We finally turned back and returned over the hill by the way of Texas City. Nothing remains of this camp named for Texas Kelley but a few old ruins. We arrived home about 6 P.M. and retired early.

Fri. Oct. 23.

We were at the breakfast table when Lee's team drove up bound for Bonnie Claire. I quickly made preparations, loaded on my junk and we were soon off. The trip back was made in a little over two hours and I easily caught the L.V.&T. train at 11 a.m., arriving in Rhyolite at noon. . . . This P.M. spent in Sen. Stewart's office packing and nailing boxes. . . .

Sat. Oct. 24.

Finished preparation of freight shipment soon afternoon. Found out what Rhyolite prices are. Over 60 cts. for packing boxes without covers, many of them staved in. A dollar an hour for a man to nail & wire boxes. Truly people live by graft.

This P.M. interviewed Panamint Joe, Chief of the Shoshones.

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Sun. Oct. 25.

Left Rhyolite at 10.27 T & T for Beatty. Spent time between trains sorting out file of the Beatty Bullfrog Miner. Secured nearly a complete file. I spent nearly an hour at the station waiting for the belated T & T train. We pulled into Goldfield at 7 P.M. an hour late.

Monday, Oct 26.

Up early. Left list of missing papers at newspaper office (Chronicle). Saw Mr Sprague of the News and secured most of back file. Also secured old skull from Death Valley from Mr. Kapp of the Del Monte Saloon. Tried to procure old musket at stationary store same block. Hope to get it later. Asked for 2 newspapers. "The Goldfield Democrat (tri-weekly) and the Columbia Topics (weekly) Latter issued from News office. Saw Dr. Williams & got promise of her history in Goldfield. At station saw Judge Talbot just in from Rhyolite. Brought the file of Beatty Bullfrog Miner and Goldfield News to Tonopah and from there freighted them to Reno. Asked at six different stores for a small box for packing. Finally secured a rotten one for 25 cents and paid a drayman 50 cts. to take it to the station, three blocks away. The panic has kept the merchants from shipping in goods and hence boxes are scarce everywhere in this Southern County.

Tuesday, Oct. 27.

Sat for pictures this morning at Smith's Gallery. Cap and Gown. Mr. Gilbert Ross turned over old directories of Nevada, 1862, 1863, 1864. At court house found many of old Nye Co. papers, also a duplicate volume of the Belmont Champion. I shall ask the Commissioners for this. Also found entry for land by Kit Carson in 1868 in Smokey Valley. Copy of this will be sent to me.

Wednesday, Oct. 28

Too late to call at Judge O'Brien's last night. Took train at 9.20. Judge Talbot,³ Sen. Newlands, Gov. Dickerson on train. Pleasant trip to Thorne. Staged to Hawthorne and spent the afternoon

taking dictation from Mr. Holmes an old Pioneer. His daughter Mrs Mc Carthy will look up papers for me. Very miserable accommodations at hotel. Poor fare in dining room. Men on street mostly drunk. Mr Summerfield very helpful & pleasant. At Nucleus Hotel in Hawthorne. Nucleus of bugs.

Thurs. Oct. 28.

Started at 9.30 for Alumn Creek Canyon in company with Mr. J. M. Krippner to look for old wagon. Passed old deserted camp and below the Lucky Boy which latter is very active these days. Went on up and crossed mt. after passing old arrastra work. Here my horse frightened. We came into Alum Creek Canyon below the old mill and picked our way around the falls up to where the old wagon now stands near the site of the old saw mill. It is certainly a curiosity. The wheels are Mexican cut of pine trees 22 in. through at the hub and 6 in. wide on the tire and are bound with two strips of thick iron. Each strip is $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide. Mr Krippner estimates that the weight is 2 tons and that \$225 would be required to bring it to the railroad at Thorne. We ate our lunch and drank good spring water out of a very rusty old sardine can. We then started back, coming down Alum Creek Canyon to its mouth and straight across the flat to Hawthorne. We passed many prospectors' cabins in the canyon and left Judge Talbot's cards wherever we went.

I am very sore and tired from the ride. My horse was not meant for riding. He refused to travel home except on a dog trot. I often walked in preference to such riding. The road over the mountains was so dangerous that we were often obliged to dismount to get past the dangerous spots.

. . . . I find that my room has been ransacked at the hotel and many articles taken, but I shall not hunt them tonight.

Friday, Oct. 29.

Inquired about missing articles first thing and found that children had carried them off. All returned in seemingly good condition. After breakfast took pictures of court house, etc. Telephoned Mr J. Kelley of Aurora who says that most of the old papers there have been carried off in the last two years. Will try to get some for me. Obtained history of old wagon from Mr. Garrard, gift of same. Mrs McCarthy gave us an Indian water bottle. Then went to room to pack. Took pictures of stage at Thorne. On train Sam Davis told stories of olden days. Says he is afraid he will be captured for the Museum as nothing is safe when I am around. Arrived in Reno at 7.40. Back to Civilization once more.

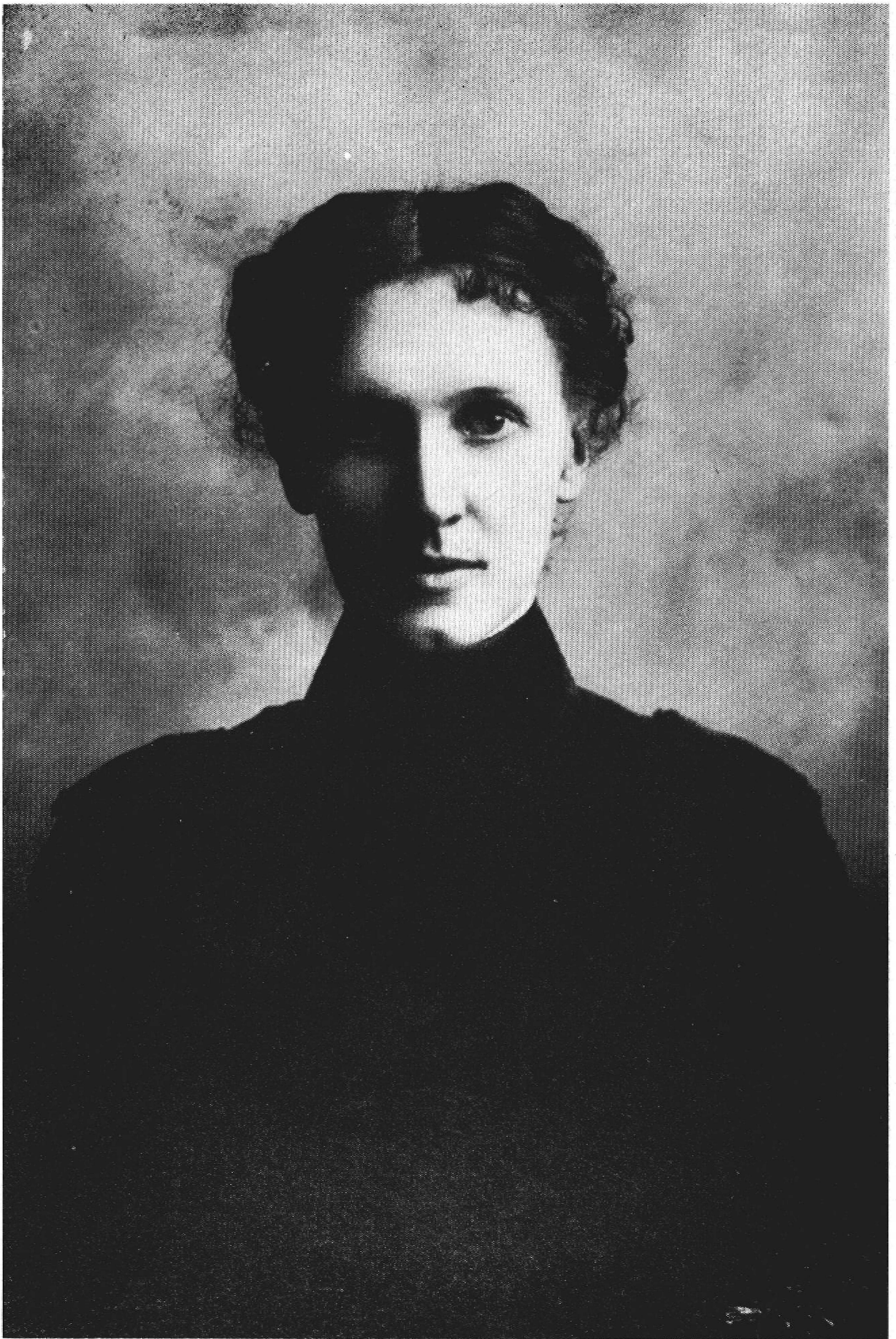
NOTES

¹Hon. Frank Williams, member of the Nevada Historical Society from its beginning; Clark County vice-president from 1920. Regent of the University of Nevada, 1923.

²Helen Wiser Stewart (Mrs. Archibald Stewart) "was a wonderful woman pioneer of Nevada. For twenty years before she sold the Stewart ranch to the Los Angeles & Salt Lake Railroad Company, she lived at the oasis of 'the meadows' Las Vegas. . . . She was born in Springfield, Illinois in 1854 . . . died in 1926. . . . The ranch was sold in 1903 to become the townsite of Las Vegas." Nevada, James G. Scrugham. The American Historical Society, Inc., New York, 1935.

³George F. Talbot was first elected to the Nevada Supreme Court in 1902. He was reelected in 1908 and became Chief Justice. His long public service was recognized by the Nevada Historical Society by making him the president of the organization.

This diary kept by Miss Wier is contained in a tiny date book of some 20 pages, hastily scribbled on her trips. The misspelled words and the poor sentence structure are no reflection on her ability to write—they are the notes of a tired traveler, kept for personal reference. Jeanne Elizabeth Wier certainly never expected it to be published.



Jeanne Elizabeth Wier, 1908



Jeanne Elizabeth Wier, Honorary Doctor of Laws,
University of Nevada, 1924.

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