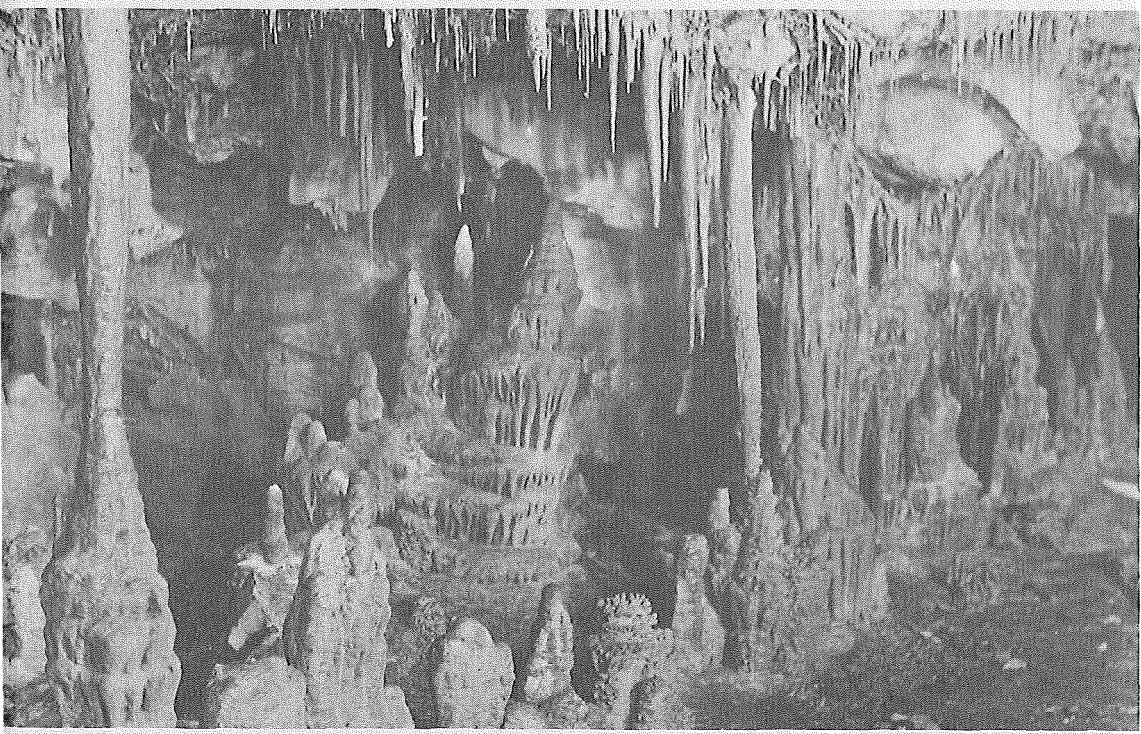
NEVADA Historical Society Quarterly



Summer · 1973

The Nevada Historical Society was founded in 1904 for the purpose of investigating topics pertaining to the early history of Nevada and of collecting relics for a museum. The Society maintains a library and museum at its Reno facility where historical materials of many kinds are on display to the public and are available to students and scholars.

Membership dues are: annual, $5; student, $3; sustaining, $25; life, $100; and patron, $250. Membership applications and dues should be sent to the director.

Correspondence concerning articles in the *Quarterly* and manuscripts to be considered for publication should be addressed to the editor. The Society assumes no responsibility for statements made by contributors.

NEVADA
Historical Society Quarterly

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Contents

THE COVER

The Gothic Palace, Lehman Caves, White Pine County

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Mrs. Matthew P. Deady (Lucy Ann Henderson) about 1871, perhaps thirty-six years old.

Young Adventure

by Lucy Ann Henderson
edited and annotated by Ronald Thomas Strong

FROM ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI, to Yamhill, Oregon, is 1,500 airline miles or 1,900 miles by automobile, a very easy trip today. In 1846 it was far from easy. The distance via the emigrant route was more than 2,200 miles. The slow oxen pulled the covered wagons along at an average speed of just over 10 miles per day. Lucy Ann Henderson, travelling in one of those wagons, spent seven months of her young life in making this journey. This is her story.

> I was 11 years old when we crossed the plains in 1846, so my memories of the trip are very vivid. I remember how filled with terror I was when we experienced the violent thunder storms with the torrential rains that occurred in the Platte country. Our oxen would try to stampede. Our tents would be blown down, and everybody and everything would be soaked with

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Ronald Thomas Strong springs from pioneer stock on both sides of his family. His maternal grandmother (Betty in his article) was Lucy Ann Henderson's younger sister. She made the trek with the rest of the Henderson family in 1846. Mr. Strong's paternal grandfather brought his family around Cape Horn in 1849–50 after having been appointed one of the first federal judges of Oregon Territory. His father was born in Cathlamet, an Indian village on the lower Columbia River, and learned to speak Chinook before he could speak English. Ronald T. Strong received his B.S. degree in engineering from the University of California in 1914. He served with the United States Navy in WW I and WW II. Today Mr. Strong is retired with the rank of Rear Admiral and lives in Lake San Marcos, San Diego County, California.

> the driving rains. I remember with what terror I saw the Indians come out from Fort Laramie, they looked so naked and so wild.
>
> LUCY ANN HENDERSON

Lucy Ann's story is told in her own words, quoted from interviews she gave to Fred Lockley which were printed in the *Oregon Journal* in 1923, and from family records. Her reminiscences were recorded many years after her actual crossing, so there are gaps and some lack of background detail in her narrative. But she remembers and records the dramatic and tragic episodes of her journey in vivid detail.

Fortunately contemporary accounts are available to fill in these gaps. Foremost among these is Jessy Quinn Thornton's *Oregon and California in 1848.* Thornton crossed the plains at the same time, by the same route, and in all probability at times with the same group of wagons as the Henderson party. He was an intelligent observer and he kept a complete and detailed diary. Other major sources are Bernard DeVoto's *The Year of Decision; 1846* and Hubert Howe Bancroft's *History of Oregon.* A full list of credits and acknowledgments follows the story. References in the text are keyed to this list by the name of the author quoted.

Now let us go back to Lucy Ann telling her story from the beginning.

Itinerary

1846

1. MISSOURI
   Liberty to Clay County to St. Joseph

2. ST. JOSEPH TO FORT LARAMIE
   Via Big Blue River Crossing, Grand Island, North Platte River, Chimney Rock and Scott's Bluff, May 9 to June 28, 650 miles, 49 days

3. FORT LARAMIE TO FORT HALL
   Via Sweetwater River, Independence Rock, South Pass, Sublette's Cutoff and Bear River Valley, June 30 to August 4, 468 miles, 35 days

4. FORT HALL TO APPLEGATE CUTOFF
   Via Snake River, Goose Creek and Humboldt River, August 4 to September 4, 430 miles 31 days

5. APPLEGATE CUTOFF TO ASHLAND
   Via Black Rock Desert, Great Boiling Hot Springs, Goose Lake and Klamath Falls, September 4 to October 5, 300 miles, 32 days

6. ASHLAND TO YAMHILL
   Via Rogue River, Cow Creek, Canyon Creek, Umpqua River and Willamette River valleys, October 7 to December 17, 300 miles, 70 days

1

Missouri

> My maiden name was Lucy Ann Henderson. I was born in Clinton County, Missouri, February 26, 1835. My father, Robert Henderson, was borne in Greene County, Tennessee, February 14, 1809. He went to Kentucky in 1931 and three years later moved to Missouri. My mother, whose maiden name was Rhoda Holman, was a daughter of John Holman, who came west with the first wagon train to bring wagons to Oregon. This was in 1843.
>
> In the fall of 1845 my parents sent me away to Mrs. Ordway's school for young ladies at Liberty, Missouri. This school was called Clay Academy. In the spring of '46 my father came for me and took me out of school, to my deep regret, for I was a very sociable little girl and there were some very pleasant girls of my age at Mrs. Ordway's school. When I got home my parents told me they were going to Oregon.
>
> LUCY ANN HENDERSON

Lucy Ann should not have been surprised by the summary notice that they were going to Oregon. Her parents were both products of the great American urge to "Go West." Her father, as she has related, moved from Tennessee to Kentucky to Missouri. Her grandfather, John Holman, migrated from Kentucky to Tennessee to Missouri, where "in this insalubrious climate he lost his wife and three children," (Bancroft). After his fourth child Rhoda married, he and his remaining sons moved on to Oregon with the 1843 migration. Lucy Ann's parents were married February 13, 1834 in Clinton County, Missouri. Robert Henderson was twenty-five, Rhoda Holman was nineteen. Lucy Ann was born just one year later, followed by Mary Elizabeth (Betty), Salita Jane (Lettie), John Joseph, and Frances Amanda.

Some degree of affluence in the Henderson family is indicated by the fact that Lucy Ann was sent away to school. Fees in the Liberty Male and Female Seminary at that time were from $7 to $15 for a five months session, music $15 extra, and board was obtainable in "respectable families" in town for $1.00 to $1.50 per week. There were five little Hendersons in the family home by 1845 and perhaps it seemed advisable to get the eldest out from underfoot.

My father was a very obliging man and when a friend asked

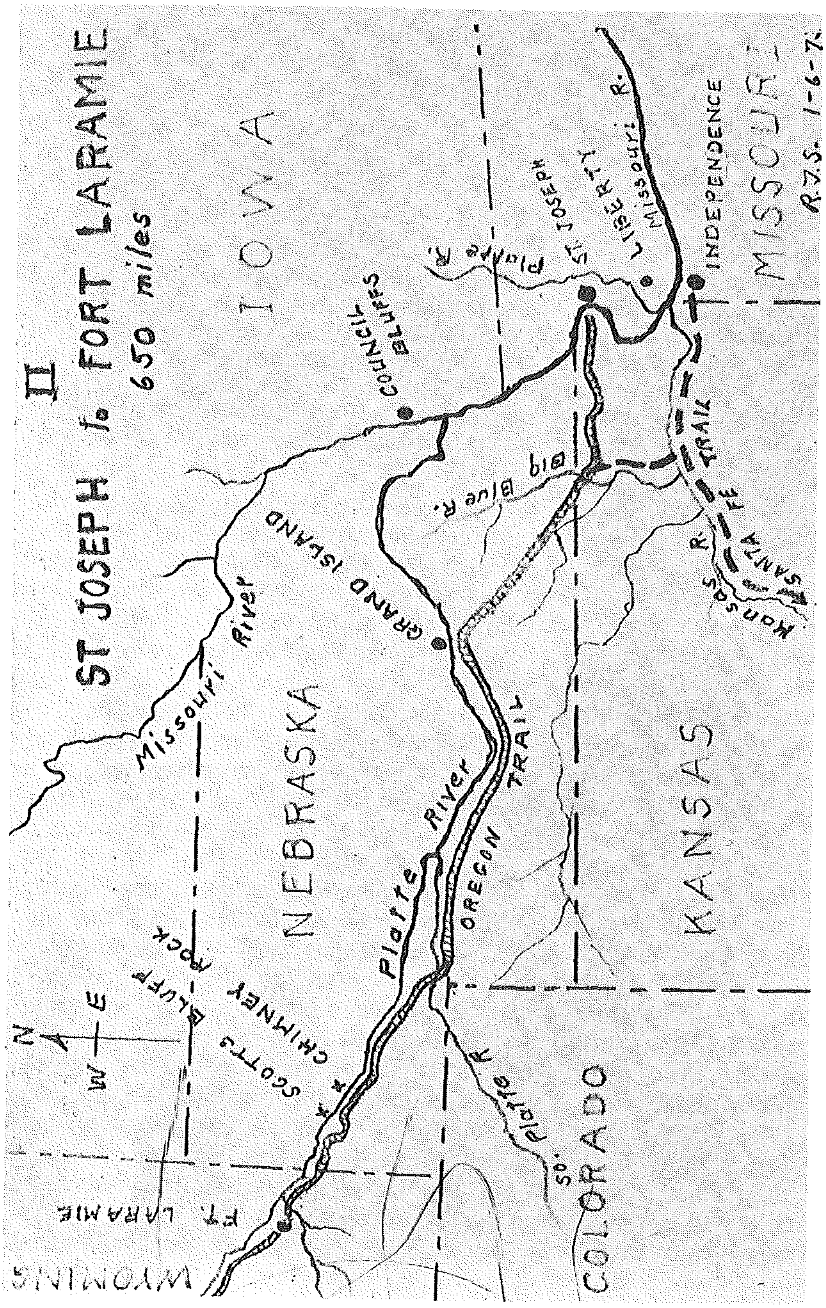
him to go on a note as security he did not like to disappoint him; so he signed. His friend could not pay the note; neither could father; but father had property while his neighbor didn't, so they took father's property for the debt.

When father lost his farm he decided to go where he could have all the land he wanted for the taking. So he visited a young lawyer, Peter H. Burnett, who advised him to go to Oregon, as he himself was planning to go the next spring. I knew nothing of this until father had decided to go.

Early in the spring of 1846 the emigrants began assembling at St. Joe, Iowa Point, Council Bluffs, Weston, Elizabethtown and Independence. About 500 wagons started for Oregon that spring, of which 300 were bound for Oregon while the others were going to California. While most of the emigrants were going to Oregon to secure free land, yet there was a strong political feeling, and some of the men had painted different mottoes on their canvas wagon sheets, such as "54–40 All or None."

LUCY ANN HENDERSON

Lucy Ann gives one of the reasons which impelled these emigrants to leave their established homes and to push out into a raw, new country of which they knew little. Another reason was man's never ceasing search for greener pastures just over the horizon. People like the Hendersons, who could afford the wagons and equipment for a family outfit which cost from $700 to $1,500 according to DeVoto, constituted the stable element in the westward emigration. Those without families or the means to finance an outfit, the young men and the adventurers, went along as hired drivers, hunters or helpers.


II
ST JOSEPH to FORT LARAMIE
650 miles
IOWA
NEBRASKA
KANSAS
MISSOURI
COLORADO
WYOMING
COUNCIL BLUFFS
GRAND ISLAND
Big Blue R.
Platte R.
ST JOSEPH
LIBERTY
Missouri R.
INDEPENDENCE
SANTA FE TRAIL
Kansas R.
OREGON TRAIL
Platte River
Missouri River
CHIMNEY ROCK
SCOTT'S BLUFF
FT. LARAMIE
So. Platte R
N
W
E

2

St. Joseph to Fort Laramie

So we started out across the plains, my father and mother and their five children.

We started in May and the first stop of the trip was St. Joe. We stayed there all night in a hotel, if I remember correctly. At St. Joe our party formed itself into companies. Each night perhaps one dozen or two dozen would come together, making a corral with the wagons and putting the oxen in it. There was an all-night guard and a captain and different officers. We were at St. Joe a day or two.

On the 10th of May we crossed the Missouri River. I don't know how many people there were in our company, but I do know that in that year more people came to Oregon than had ever come before.

The next thing I remember after leaving St. Joe was stopping at a blacksmith's a day or two later to have some repairs made on the wagons.

The next step was going through the Platte Country where there were perfectly awful storms—hurricanes and floods. I don't know how long it was before we reached Fort Laramie. Nothing much happened in the interval, except that our cattle were either driven off by the Indians, or maybe stolen, or else became homesick and wandered away in search of familiar surroundings. At any rate most of them we never saw again.

LUCY ANN HENDERSON

Lucy Ann's remark that "nothing much happened in the interval" is a marvel of understatement. What she probably means is that nothing tragic or disastrous happened. There were many new experiences and new lessons to learn in this first 49 day, 650 mile leg of the journey. Perhaps these blurred in her memory, or were blotted out by the more vital and tragic experiences to follow.

After ferrying across the Missouri River, the emigrant families had to adjust to the gypsy life of a moving wagon train. Bancroft says that Robert Henderson was "well provided with teams and supplies of food and clothing." Therefore we may assume that they started out with at least two wagons, since even two would have been heavily loaded with bedding, tents, food staples for five months, kegs for water, rifles and

ammunition for protection, tools, and the most treasured of their household possessions, plus the live cargo of two adults and five children. Although Lucy Ann may not have known it, there was a sixth little Henderson just beginning to move within her mother's body. There was also a bottle of laudanum, prescribed by a friendly family doctor, which was hidden in a side pocket of the wagon against the time that this child might decide to make its entry into the world.

Lucy Ann had to learn to climb in and out over the tailgate of a moving wagon, and to teach her younger sisters and brothers to do the same. They had to learn to keep from under the lumbering wagon wheels and the hooves of the oxen. At halts they performed the chores of carrying water and gathering firewood. This no doubt kept her very busy so that the first few days were filled with the excitement of new scenes and new adventures.

But there must have been a period of homesickness, with longing for her girl friends of Mrs. Ordway's Academy. Probably more than once she silently cried herself to sleep while the younger children slept. With four other children sleeping in the same rough bed, moments of privacy were rare. But the resilience of youth can not be denied and this period of depression soon passed. With the oxen plodding along at about two miles per hour, any healthy child could roam up and down the train, visiting from wagon to wagon and making new friends.

At halts, and perhaps enroute, the children made little expeditions out into the countryside to pick flowers or berries, to look with wonder at new plants and small animals, and generally to work off their surplus energy. Thornton almost rhapsodizes about the beautiful birds and the bees, the rich wild strawberries, the wild roses, and the other attractions of this portion of the journey. He says:

> The children were wandering in the woods making them echo with their merry shouts . . . gathering birds, dandelions, buttercups, daisies. . . .

The children no doubt were warned repeatedly by their mothers of the dangers of wild animals, poisonous snakes, and hostile Indians, none of which were actually any threat on this section of the prairie.

Lucy Ann is very definite as to St. Joe being the point of departure for the Henderson party. After leaving the Missouri River they proceeded west approximately along the present Kansas-Nebraska boundary until they came to their first obstacle, the Big Blue River. There were several lush and inviting valleys along their route where they might have settled and lived happily ever after, instead of suffering all the hardships of the 2,000 mile trail to Oregon. But these emigrants were not to be diverted easily. Their minds were made up and it was to be "Oregon or Bust."

There may have been a little traffic congestion at the crossing of the Big Blue. DeVoto says that this year the prairies had one of their wettest

springs. So the Big Blue was no doubt a much more formidable obstacle than it now appears to the casual traveller. The Henderson party arrived on the river bank about May 20. They probably took two or more days to raft their wagons and people across, and to swim their animals.

A few days later the historian, Francis Parkman, made the crossing, and three days after him came Jessy Quinn Thornton. Close behind them came the ill-fated Donner-Reed party, travelling in comparative luxury with nine large wagons loaded with much equipment and trade goods. All of these people had travelled up the older, but longer, emigrant route from Independence.

It was at the Blue that the first squabbles broke out in some groups of the wagon trains. Some emigrants wanted to push ahead faster, others unwisely wanted to travel more leisurely. One train captain was deposed and another elected to take his place. From this time on there was a continual separating and regrouping as some lightly loaded and well teamed groups pushed ahead, while others less aggressive or perhaps forced by their condition, moved more slowly.

The Hendersons crossed the Big Blue and travelled along the Little Blue, then plodded generally northwest through mud and dust to the Platte River opposite Grand Island. On this stretch the wagon trains tended to spread out over the prairie, each group breaking it's own trail in order to avoid travelling in the ruts and dust of those ahead. So the Oregon Trail, except where restricted by passes or fords, became as DeVoto says, "in long stretches, more a region than an avenue."

On June 13, Thornton reports coming up with thirty wagons and a great number of cattle from the "Platte Country" of Missouri. This term refers to the valley of the Platte River in Missouri, not to be confused with the Platte River of Nebraska which Thornton calls the Nebraska River. It would include the Missouri counties of Platte, Clay, and Clinton and it seems more than probable that Lucy Ann was travelling with this group.

Also on June 14, Thornton records the case of a boy whose leg had been crushed, necessitating amputation. The only anesthetic available was laudanum, which was not very effective. The boy died and that night was buried on the prairie, while a neighboring wagon group was noisily celebrating a wedding. Laudanum was evidently the mainstay of the emigrant as a pain killer. This becomes of interest because laudanum will enter Lucy Ann's story a little later, with tragic results.

Lucy Ann, Thornton, and Parkman all speak of the frightening lightning and thunderstorms over the prairies that spring. A local lightning storm, crashing down when one is secure in a solid house, is one thing. To anyone huddling under nothing but a flimsy canvas in a tent or a covered wagon, it is quite another and more terrifying experience. Lucy Ann and the younger children might be sleeping quite peacefully in utter darkness and stillness, with no warning except perhaps a whisper

of wind and a few patters of rain, comes the blinding **FLASH**. The interior of the tent or wagon becomes one intense glare of light. Every detail of the interior is suddenly etched on the mind of the occupant. Then, just as suddenly, utter blackness rushes in. Next comes the crash and the roll of thunder and the pouring rain and the wind, all of this repeated again and again for what seems an unbearable length of time. One can imagine how the five small children huddled together for protection, and how the parents prayed for the safety of their family. You will remember what Lucy Ann said at the beginning:

> I remember how filled with terror I was when we experienced the violent thunderstorms with the torrential rains that occurred in the Platte country. Our oxen would try to stampede, our tents would be blown down, and everybody and everything would be soaked with the driving rains.

From Grand Island the slow oxen plodded up the south bank of the Platte River. They forded the South Platte and continued up the North Platte. They passed the jagged spire of Chimney Rock, and three days later struggled over the detour around Scott's Bluff. Lucy Ann saw deer, antelope, and large herds of buffalo. The hunters brought in fresh meat so their cooking pots were full every night. But the feed for the oxen was dwindling each day, and some oxen were dying from the heat. Firewood was scarce, and Lucy Ann learned to collect dry buffalo chips for the fires and to get accustomed to the sickly sweet smell of the chips burning.

> Our first great event was the arrival at Fort Laramie. Every man in our company was prepared to fight the Indians and all carried guns and weapons. The Indians at this fort had just been having a fight with some neighboring tribes and were on the war path. As we approached they came out and formed a line in front of us. We, of course, thought they were going to kill us and my father and all the men went and got their guns and prepared to fight. I remember with what terror I saw the Indians come out, they looked so naked and so wild.
>
> However, the Indians meant no harm to us. All they wanted was to see us and see if we would give them anything. My mother was sitting in camp one day cooking some bread in a skillet and she noticed that a lot of these savage looking Indians were gathered around and watching her. It made her a little uncomfortable, but she turned for a minute to do something else and when she looked back to see how her bread was coming along the bread was gone. An Indian had stolen the hot bread. Mother hoped that it had burned him well, but if it did he made no sign.
>
> The Indians were all dishonest. While we were at Laramie they

> got into our wagons and stole everything they could lay their hands on.
>
> LUCY ANN HENDERSON

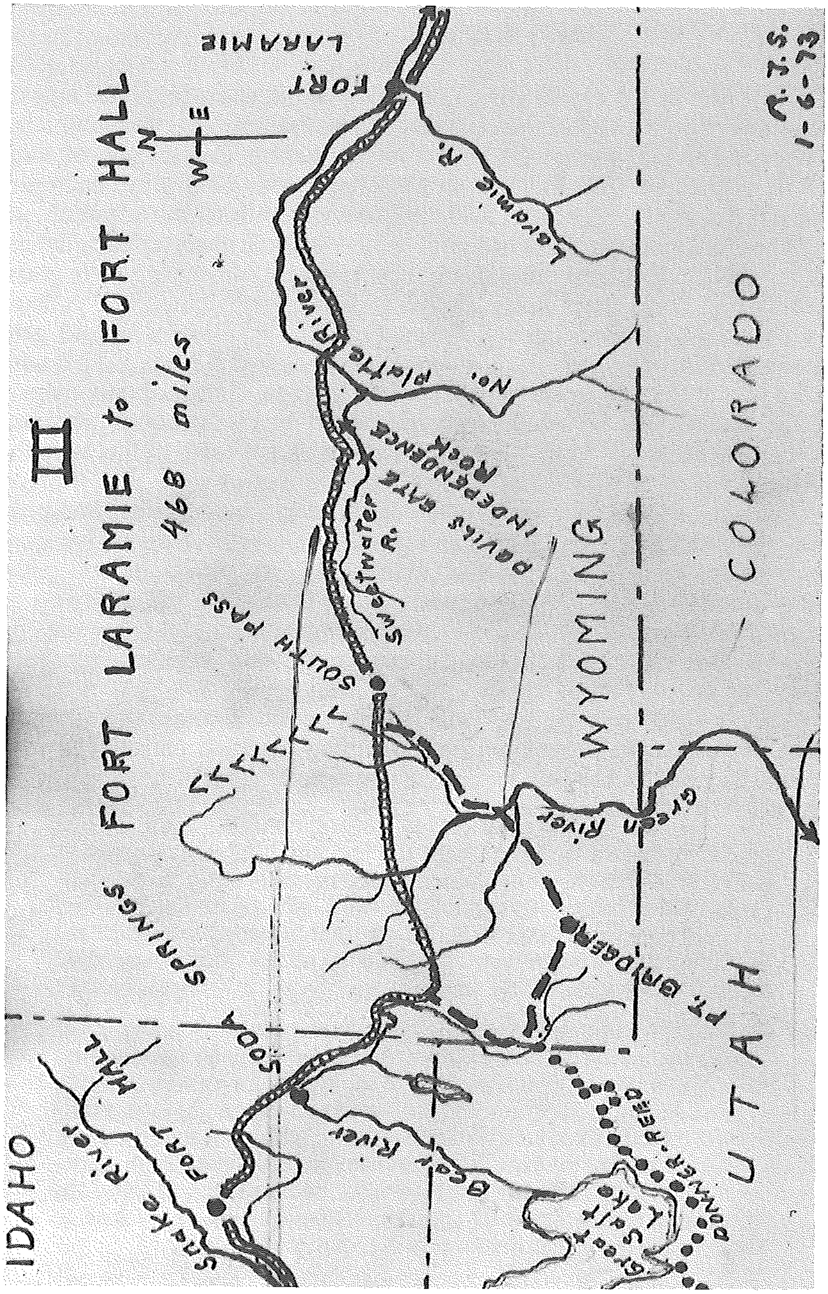
Lucy Ann at the age of eleven, listening to the complaints of her parents, could not be expected to strike a fine balance on the subject of thievery. The emigrants were raised under the old English law of individual ownership. The Indians, on the other hand, lived in a communal society. The grass, the water, and the game were all held in common.

When suddenly an alien horde of whites trekked through their lands, killing their buffalo and other game, trampling and devouring their grass, and fouling their water holes, the reaction was inevitable. The Indians had, according to their mores, "owned" these facilities for untold generations. And when these whites appeared with great wagons loaded with more wealth than an Indian would see in a lifetime, it seemed only natural to the Indian, that he should seek compensation by "stealing" whatever he could get away with. The question still haunts us, "Who was the greater thief?"

And yet, as in all questions, there are two sides. Indian tribes had been brutally plundering, torturing, and murdering other Indians for generations before they ever met a white man. DeVoto, Parkman, and many other historians are explicit in stating that they were still doing so in 1846. DeVoto says the Indians "were savages, a neolithic people, an anachronism embedded in the eighteen-forties and being extinguished from that decade."

When two diverse cultures with such opposite human values clash, there is little room for mutual understanding or compromise. The emigrants had no choice but to protect themselves and their property by any means available to them.

> One night while we were there the Indians had what we would call a war dance. They had a great corral with a fire in the center, they were nearly naked, and all painted, and they jumped and yelled and brandished their tomahawks while the fire lit up their savage faces. It was very weird—really a terrible sight. I was scared nearly to death.
>
> Among the Indians was a young squaw who was called Princess Mary, probably named by the trappers. She was very pretty, the only Indian I ever saw that I thought was pretty. She had a most beautiful costume which, curiously enough, was made almost exactly like the Chinese costume, with coat and trousers. It was of buckskin, bleached and very soft. It was most elaborately embroidered with beads, and of course she was quite the thing. But I was afraid of Indians, so I didn't go very close to her.
>
> LUCY ANN HENDERSON


III
FORT LARAMIE to FORT HALL
468 miles
N
W E
FORT LARAMIE
Laramie R.
No. Platte River
River
INDEPENDENCE Rock
Devils Gate
Sweetwater R.
SOUTH PASS
WYOMING
COLORADO
Green River
FT. BRIDGER
SODA SPRINGS
FORT HALL
Snake River
Bear River
IDAHO
UTAH
Great Salt Lake
DONNER-REED
A.J.S.
1-6-73

3

Fort Laramie to Fort Hall

> We were at Fort Laramie a day or two. The trappers said there was no danger in our staying there, but it was an awful experience because we were so afraid of them, [the Indians]
>
> Finally we left Fort Laramie, and I remember that as far as the eye could reach we could see Indians moving over the prairie. As I said before, the Indians in that district were constantly on the move.
>
> There was a great deal of sickness on the prairie that year, and we had to "lie by" for the sick people and as a result we were belated.
>
> LUCY ANN HENDERSON

The first part of the journey had been comparatively pleasant, almost like a long holiday for the children. But after Fort Laramie the holiday was over. There were new graves alongside the trail, most of them for children and women. There were also dumps where discouraged emigrants had thrown away some of their heavier and more bulky furniture and belongings. It was evident to the wise that they must lighten their loads if they were to get through. There was also courting among the adolescents and a few marriages enroute. The pious Jessy Quinn Thornton severely disapproved of these marriages. The Henderson children were too young for these activities, Lucy Ann being the oldest; Mary Elizabeth, whom Lucy Ann called Betty, was only ten.

But it happened that travelling with the Henderson party was one George Henry Murch, twenty-nine years old and unattached. To him Betty was no doubt just one more of the troublesome brats constantly underfoot. But sixteen years later he and Betty were married, both for the second time. They had eight children and lived in Oregon to the ages of eighty-seven and seventy-seven respectively.

From Fort Laramie the wagons dragged around the big northern bend of the North Platte River, through mud and dust. Through the earlier portion of their trek the principal obstacle to travel had been excessive water, with its accompanying mud. Now the dust became a trial, and Thornton mentions that one of the most important comforts the emigrants should carry with them was a pair of goggles. But they had no goggles, so they wiped the dust and the sweat out of their reddened eyes and struggled on. They finally left the North Platte, turning

westward up the Sweetwater River. They passed Independence Rock and the narrow cleft of Devil's Gate, and came eventually to the Continental Divide at South Pass.

The country continued to change. They had long since left the lush grass, the flowers, and the running streams. They now found long dry stretches with patches of white alkaline salts, and an increasing quantity of cacti. The pungent, spicy smell of sagebrush crushed under the wagon wheels mingled with the all pervading smell of the dust. This was no country for the children to roam and enjoy a holiday. They sat in the wagons suffering the heat, jolts, and dust with their mother. If they had not known before, they now learned the value of the old pioneer adage, that when things get rough the only thing to do is "grin and bear it." You cannot complain while you are grinning. But the children also saw the busy prairie dog colonies, acres of lupine, hordes of crickets, and many other new things, including myriads of mosquitoes.

About July 16 the Hendersons dragged through the wide valley of South Pass, crossing over from the watershed of the Missouri to that of the Colorado River. The elevation was 7,550 feet and for the next few weeks there were many mornings when Lucy Ann had to break the ice which covered their water buckets. Had they been at South Pass a month earlier they would have travelled into a no man's land, claimed by both Great Britain and the United States. But fortunately the treaty with Great Britain, establishing the present boundaries, had been concluded on June 15. So, although they probably had no way of knowing it, they were still in United States' territory.

Two or three days after crossing the divide, the emigrants came to a parting of the ways. There were two routes westward from that point. The old established trapper's route went southwest down Pacific Creek, Sandy Creek, and the Green River to Fort Bridger, thence northwest down Bear River to Soda Springs and on to Fort Hall. This route had the advantage of following the river valleys.

The Donner-Reed party took this conventional route to Fort Bridger. Along the way they met Lansford W. Hastings, the original California booster. He told the Donners of his new cutoff west from Fort Bridger through the Wasatch Mountains by Weber Canyon to the Great Salt Lake, thence directly west to join the California Trail on the Humboldt River. On the map it cut off many miles and looked most enticing. Actually no wagons had travelled through the rugged Wasatch Mountains nor across the Great Salt Desert. By the time the Donner-Reed party struggled through this almost impassable terrain they were so disorganized, so delayed, and so reduced in strength that their ultimate tragedy in the Sierra Nevadas became inevitable.

The alternate and newer route, known as Sublette's or Greenwood's cutoff, struck west across the base of this inverted triangle. By whatever name it was called, it did cut off about fifty-four miles, which in this

kind of travelling might mean four to five days. The Hendersons and the Thorntons took this shortcut. Like most shortcuts it was not all velvet. The first forty miles was dry travelling across the ridges between Sandy Creek and Green River. The emigrants were constantly climbing out of one valley, over the ridge, and then plunging down into the next valley. But when they reached the Green River there was again plentiful, sweet water and lush, green grass. The women washed the clothes, the oxen fattened, and again the merry shouts of the children playing in the meadow were heard.

It was a rough two day haul over the dusty ridges between the Green River valley and the Bear River, with ice on the water buckets each morning. Some wagons were damaged sliding down the precipitous slopes into the valley. But the camps on the Bear River were again in beautiful country, well supplied with the three necessities; water, fuel, and grass. Thornton comments on the luxurious growth of willows and blue flax.

They smelled the smoke of burning brush, and saw the flickering flames on the hillsides above their camp. Thornton says the Indians were spreading the fires. Parkman and DeVoto mention many brush and forest fires in the earlier years. Some few may have been deliberately set by the Indians to clear their range, to drive wild animals out for slaughter, or to deter attacking enemy tribes. But it is more probable that the fires were started by lightning, which is Nature's way of cleaning out old dead timber with its parasite insect nests and of clearing new range so grasses will grow to support the herbivorous wild animals. A similar technique, called "controlled burning," has long been urged by some of our modern forest conservationists.

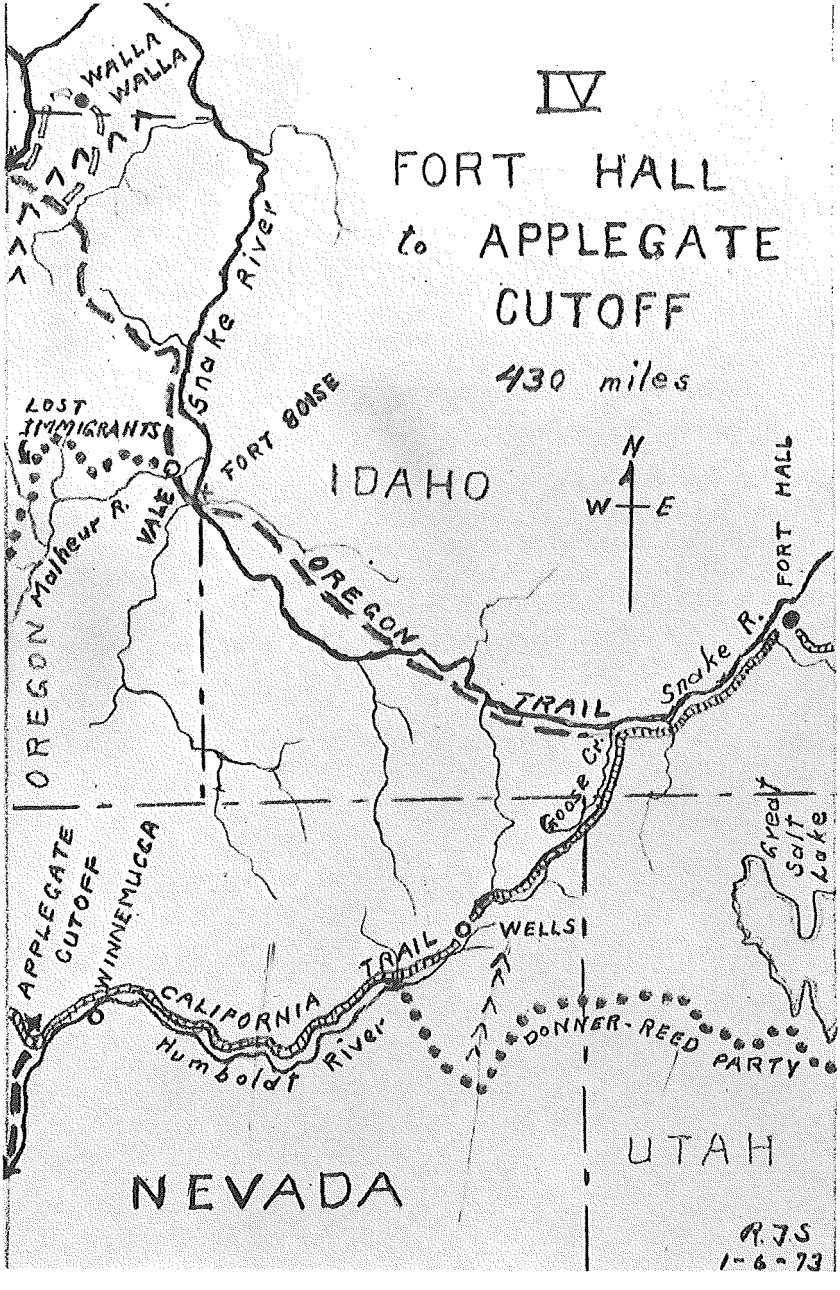
The emigrants went north down the Bear River through beautiful country but then had to leave the river to go up one of its branches and climb over a hot and dusty ridge. They came down again to the river at Soda Springs, which Thornton says "contains the most extraordinary, and also the most pleasant springs in the world." They left Bear River with regret and climbed over rough, broken country to the Portneuf River and down to Fort Hall.

> You have no idea of the confusion and uncertainty in the minds of the emigrants as to which was the best route to take. There were so many people who claimed to know all about it that gave such contradictory reports that the emigrants did not know whom to believe. A good many of the emigrants had started out with the intention of going to Oregon. Some of these meeting California boosters at Fort Laramie or Fort Bridger, changed their original plans and took the California trail in place of going on to the Willamette Valley.
>
> Some of the emigrants disposed of their wagons at Fort Laramie and started for California with pack horses. L. W. Hastings had come up from California to persuade the emigrants bound

> for Oregon to go to California, to Sutter's Fort. All sorts of reports were circulated. Some said you had to buy the land in California while in Oregon it was free. They said Oregon was the best climate, but it was much easier to go to California. Some advised us to take the short cut across the 45 mile desert, avoiding going to Fort Bridger. Hastings told the emigrants that he could lead them by the Fremont cut off, by the Great Salt Lake, and save many miles of travel.
>
> Many of the emigrants lost most of their oxen. I don't know whether the Pawnee or Dakota Indians stole them or whether they got homesick for Missouri and started on the back track. In any event many of the emigrants had to abandon in large part their loads and get along with one yoke of oxen in place of two or three. We had six heifers, which father yoked up in place of our lost oxen and they brought us through to Oregon.
>
> LUCY ANN HENDERSON

At Fort Hall, Lucy Ann was only slightly past the half way point of her journey. They had travelled 1,118 miles in 84 days since leaving St. Joe. Their average rate of travel was slightly better than 13 miles per day. They had used up 3 of the 5 months they had allotted to the journey, and although fortunately they did not know it, the worst was yet to come.

Fort Hall to Applegate Cutoff


IV
FORT HALL
to APPLEGATE
CUTOFF
430 miles
WALLA WALLA
Snake River
LOST IMMIGRANTS
FORT BOISE
IDAHO
N
W
E
FORT HALL
Malheur R.
VALE
OREGON
TRAIL
Snake R.
OREGON
Goose Cr.
Great Salt Lake
APPLEGATE CUTOFF
WINNEMUCCA
WELLS
CALIFORNIA TRAIL
Humboldt River
DONNER-REED PARTY
UTAH
NEVADA
R.J.S.
1-6-73

4

Fort Hall to Applegate Cutoff

> At Fort Hall we were met by Jesse Applegate, Moses Harris, David Goff and John Owens, who told us of an easier road to the Willamette Valley than the one by the way of The Dalles. It was called the Southern route and had been laid out by a party of settlers from Polk County (Oregon)—Levi Scott, Benjamin Burch, and the Applegates and some others.
>
> Nearly 100 wagons followed Jesse Applegate and his party for the Southern cutoff. Levi Scott and David Goff acted as our guides, while Jesse Applegate and the others, with a lot of the unmarried men among the emigrants, went ahead to fix up the road so we could travel on it.
>
> LUCY ANN HENDERSON

Leaving Fort Hall they travelled down the Snake River for several days until they reached the mouth of Goose Creek. Here the second parting of the ways took place. The old Oregon Trail, the northern route over which some wagons had been travelling since 1843, continued westward down the Snake. The more conservative, or perhaps the more timorous, emigrants continued on that route.

It was the shorter route, contrary to the optimistic estimates of Jesse Applegate. Theoretically it should have been the easier, since in general it followed the water grade of the Snake and the Columbia rivers. The catch was that both of these rivers flow for many miles at the bottoms of impassable canyons, so that long and difficult detours had to be made. The trail climbed over the Blue Mountains of eastern Oregon and then as a final test of endurance the exhausted emigrants faced what DeVoto calls:

> The worst stretch of the entire two thousand miles between Independence and the Pacific. This was sixty miles between The Dalles and the mouth of the Willamette,—sixty miles, that is, by water but considerably more by any possible route across the Cascade Mountains.

It was not until July of 1846 that the first wagons went over the Barlow Pass, across the southern spurs of Mt. Hood. Seventy years later the grooves cut in the forest trees by the ropes with which the emigrants snubbed their wagons down the steep western slopes were still visible.

Tales of these difficulties had come back to the emigrants at Goose Creek, so they were in a receptive mood for the stories of L. W. Hastings

and Jesse Applegate telling them of easier "shortcuts" to the promised land. Applegate had been sent out by the settlers in the Willamette Valley with the express purpose of locating a southern route which would avoid the difficulties of the northern trail. He led a party of fifteen experienced men and they located—not a road nor even a trail—but a route which proved to be just barely passable by ox-drawn wagons. It was actually some 200 miles longer than the northern route. Applegate may not have realized that since his horse did not carry an accurate odometer; he had no adequate maps, and his party had made many detours in their search for the best route. The emigrants apparently believed from his account that it was both shorter and easier. DeVoto says it was easier. The emigrants who took that trail might disagree. By either route, the north or the south, four months of hardship and suffering were required to travel from Fort Hall to Yamhill in the Willamette Valley. Anyone today, even driving a four year old family car, could do it in two days.

There should have been, and probably was, a better route midway between the north and the south. United States Highway 20 follows it today. But U.S. 20 blasts its way up the Malheur River canyon. Stephen Meek, when he attempted in 1845 to lead 150 wagons and probably 600 men, women, and children over that route, had to detour around the canyon. U.S. 20 cuts straight across the desert area of central Oregon. Stephen Meek had to find water every twelve to fifteen miles or the emigrants would have gone dry. But the route had not been sufficiently explored. The year 1845 was a dry year and the water holes did not appear as prophesied. He made great detours through a dry and desolate country, looking for water. Food ran out, and the emigrants lost faith in their guides and panicked. Eventually relief parties brought them into The Dalles after six weeks of incredible hardship. DeVoto says: "They are the 'Lost Immigrants' of Oregon legendary and about seventy-five of them died." This is twice the number lost by the better publicized Donner-Reed party the following year. Their tragedy unfortunately discouraged further attempts to develop this middle route.

To get back to Lucy Ann, waiting at Goose Creek, the only choice the emigrants there had was between the old Oregon Trail, with its known hardships, and Applegate's new southern route with its promise of quicker and easier travelling. It was mid-August, Lucy Ann says: "the year was getting late, so we were where we had to take his [Applegate's] suggestion."

The Hendersons and the Thorntons, with other parties strung out along the way, turned south up the valley of Goose Creek toward the Humboldt River and the Applegate Cutoff. But the trail was taking its toll. Several emigrants died and were buried along the way. Others were too sick to handle their teams, but were helped along by the able bodied in their group. At one point Thornton complains that the group with which he

was travelling was reduced to seven wagons. Lucy Ann reports no casualties in the Henderson party to this point.

Somewhere along the upper reaches of Goose Creek they passed into another "no man's land," for they were then in disputed territory. The United States and Mexico had been at war since April. To be sure, Commodore Sloat in San Francisco had declared California annexed to the United States. But San Francisco was a long way from Goose Creek. The emigrants may perhaps have heard of these moves on the international chessboard. The Digger Indians, who harassed the wagons as they passed down the Humboldt River, neither knew nor cared. The law and its enforcing officers had been left at the Missouri River crossing. The Hendersons, the Thorntons, and the other emigrants were on their own.

They moved over a divide to Thousand Springs, then down to the Humboldt River, called variously Mary's River or Ogden's River on early maps. No doubt they stopped at Humboldt Wells, site of the present city of Wells, Nevada, where a number of springs of sweet water gave them a brief respite from the heat and the dust of the trail.

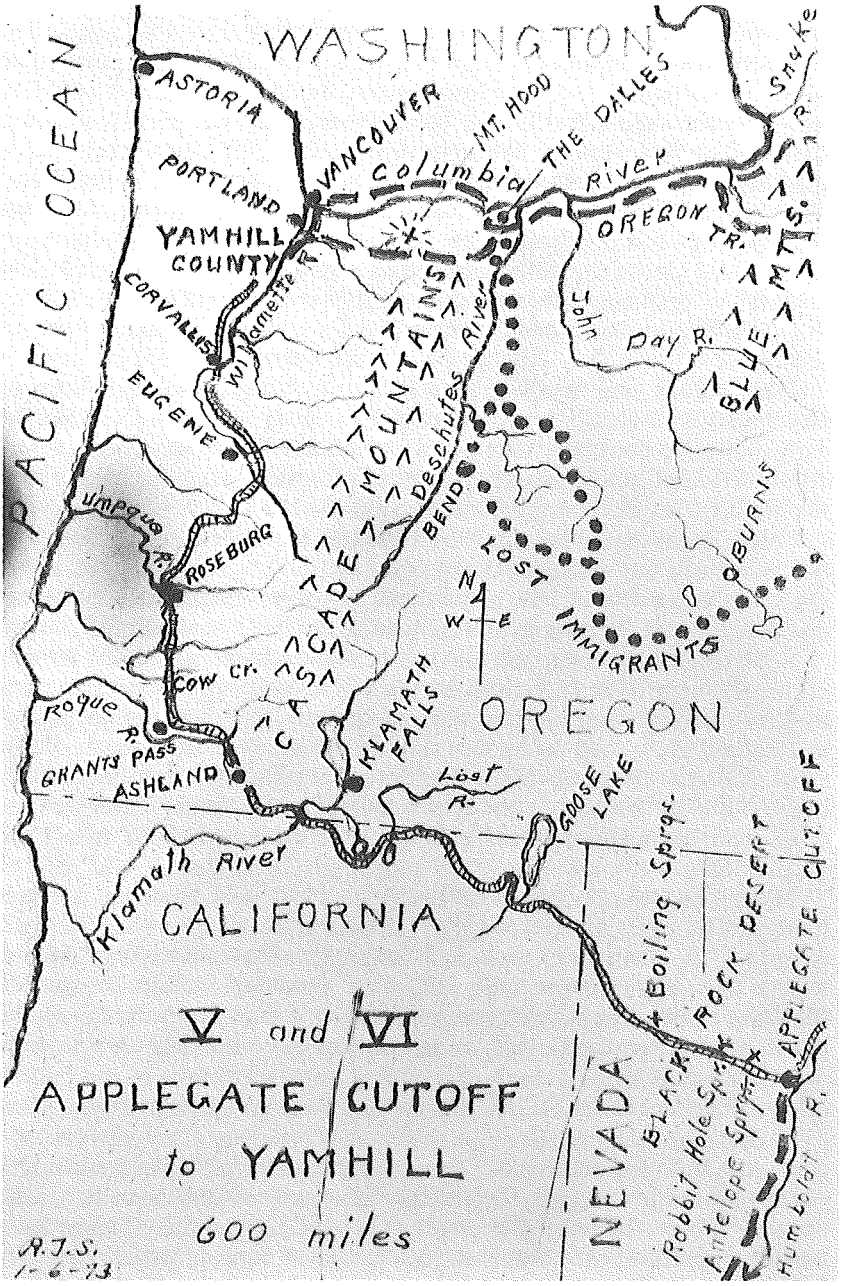
Travel down the Humboldt River was not too difficult. The days were hot and dusty but the nights were cold, for they were still a mile above sea level. The soft darkness came down like a benediction on the weary travellers, mercifully wiping out the pain of the day's heat and dirt.

Nowhere are the stars so close, so brilliant and so numerous as they are in the high desert country. As the women and children lay in their blankets, and as their men walked their posts guarding against Indian marauders, they could look up and watch the "stately march of the constellations," as the heavenly bodies wheeled slowly and majestically overhead, from East to West. It is a magnificent spectacle, reserved for those who lie out under the open sky and denied to those who sleep under roofs.

The Indians were a continual problem. They stole anything that was loose and shot poisoned arrows into the camps at night. Some of the early emigrants, in retaliation, shot any Indian they saw; this fact did not endear the emigrants who followed to the surviving Indians. In spite of these difficulties, Lucy Ann's party made better time down the Humboldt than did the Thornton-Boggs group, and picked up several valuable days.

When they reached a point about forty miles southwest of the present city of Winnemucca, the emigrants divided their group for the third time.

By this time many of the emigrants were thoroughly exhausted and discouraged. Some parties decided to take the shorter and better known trail continuing south down the Humboldt and over the Sierra Nevada to California. Those who started promptly made it safely. The Donner-Reed party dragged into the turnoff thirty days later, having lost that time in following the will-of-the-wisp of the Hastings "cutoff," and so they were trapped by their own exhaustion and the Sierra Nevada snows.


PACIFIC OCEAN
WASHINGTON
ASTORIA
PORTLAND
VANCOUVER
Columbia
MT. HOOD
THE DALLES
River
Snake R.
YAMHILL COUNTY
CORVALLIS
Willamette R.
EUGENE
CASCADE MOUNTAINS
Deschutes River
BEND
OREGON TR.
John Day R.
BLUE MTS.
Umpqua R.
ROSEBURG
LOST
IMMIGRANTS
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Rogue R.
GRANTS PASS
ASHLAND
KLAMATH FALLS
OREGON
Lost R.
GOOSE LAKE
Klamath River
CALIFORNIA
Boiling Springs
BLACK ROCK DESERT
Rabbit Hole Springs
APPLEGATE CUTOFF
Humboldt R.
NEVADA
V and VI
APPLEGATE CUTOFF
to YAMHILL
600 miles
R.J.S.
1-6-73

5

Applegate Cutoff to Ashland

Lucy Ann's party left the California Trail about September 4 and headed northwest toward Oregon. David Goff, one of the guides for the Henderson party, either remained at the turnoff or back tracked from Great Boiling Springs. He waited for several days before the Boggs-Thornton party dragged in. Governor Boggs was disheartened and took his party down to California. Thornton followed Applegate and the Hendersons toward Oregon, with David Goff as his guide.

> We went as far south as the Humboldt River from which place we worked northward to Antelope Springs and Rabbit Hole Springs. We were the first party to take the Southern cutoff and there was no road. Then we had to cross the Black Rock Desert which took two days and one nights travel.
>
> I remember the preparation that was made. There was no water at all, so we filled every keg and dish with water so the cattle could have water as well as ourselves. We had no grain or hay for the cattle, so mother baked up a lot of bread to feed them. It was the most desolate looking country, looking as though it had been stirred up by an earthquake.
>
> That night after we had finally crossed the desert we reached what was called the Boiling Springs. When the cattle smelled water we couldn't stop them. They ran as hard as they could go, our wagon bouncing along and nearly bouncing us out. There were three boiling springs and one ice-cold spring.
>
> There we vacated the wagons and stayed a day or two. I shall never forget that camp. My mother had been ill before we started and the doctor had given her some medicine to take with her. She hung the bag containing the medicine from a nail on the sideboard of the wagon.
>
> My playmate, the Currier girl, who was of my own age and I were playing together in the empty wagon. We discovered the bag and so I decided to taste the medicine. I put a little on my tongue, but it didn't taste good, so I took no more. The Currier girl tasted it, made a wry face and handed the bottle back.
>
> My little sister, Salita Jane, wanted to taste it but I told her she couldn't have it. She didn't say anything, but as soon as we had gone she got the bottle and drank it all. Presently she came to the campfire where mother was cooking supper and said she

> felt awfully sleepy. Mother told her to run away and not bother her, so she went to where the beds were spread and lay down. When mother called her for supper she didn't come. Mother saw she was asleep, so didn't disturb her. When mother tried to awake her later she couldn't arouse her. Lettie had drunk the whole bottle of laudanum. It was too late to save her life.

Salita Jane's sixth birthday was September first, just seven days before she drank the laudanum.

> Before we had started father had made some boards of black walnut that fitted along the side of the wagon. They were grooved so they would fit together and we used them as a table all the way across the plains. Father took these walnut boards and made a coffin for Salita and we buried her there by the roadside in the desert.
>
> LUCY ANN HENDERSON

Boiling Springs was a sad camp, but it gave them some physical refreshment which they sorely needed. There they found some grass for the famished oxen, and a plentiful supply of natural hot and cold running water. They washed and scalded clothing, bedding, and equipment, and refilled their water kegs. The travellers and the cattle were rested and watered. But the Henderson party did not tarry long.

> Three days after my little sister Lettie drank the laudanum and died we stopped for a few hours and my sister Olivia was born. We were so late that the men of the party decided that we could not tarry a day and had to keep right on going, even though there was a new baby. The going was terribly rough. The men walked beside the wagon where my mother was and tried to ease the wheels down into the rough places, but in spite of this it was a very rough ride for my mother and her new born babe.
>
> We found that we were getting out of provisions. The year was very late. [Mid-September].
>
> LUCY ANN HENDERSON

And the laudanum bottle was empty. One can hope that a pain killer of some kind was available from one of the other wagons.

One may speculate whether Olivia's birth was premature, brought on by the sudden and tragic death of her sister. Whether it was or not, both mother and child survived, and lived many years in the Willamette Valley. The mother, Rhoda Henderson, bore four more children for a total of ten, and died at the age of eighty-six. Olivia also had ten children and lived to be ninety-two. These pioneer women who survived the journey were a rugged and resilient breed.

> Then we came down through the valley through the lava beds, through Goose Lake and Klamath County.

> The Indians made us a great deal of trouble there, they would shoot at us at night as we sat around the fire. Finally we had to do without fires because of them. They killed two or three of our men.
>
> We crossed Klamath River near what was later called Linkville, now Klamath Falls. We crossed the river on a ledge of rocks that ran clear across the stream. It was called Stone Bridge. No more than two dozen of us were left by this time.
>
> LUCY ANN HENDERSON

According to Bancroft, the Applegate route forded Lost River near where it enters Modoc (now Tule) Lake where "a ledge of stone, called Stone Bridge, runs across the stream." The trail then went around the south end of South Klamath Lake and up the west shore to Hot Creek. Here Applegate had camped at the same place where Fremont had camped only a couple of months before, and where three of Fremont's men, killed by the Modoc Indians, were buried. Thence the trail passed down the Klamath River, by-passing Linkville to the southwest by about ten miles. Since Bancroft had probably talked to Jesse Applegate before publishing his history in 1886, we must accept his version over that remembered by Lucy Ann many years later.

However, at this late date, questions as to exact locations or routes seem somewhat academic. They were not at all academic to the Hendersons, following along their weary way behind the tired oxen, across the desert, through the Warner Mountains and the country of the hostile Modoc Indians, then down the Klamath River and over the divide where the Siskiyou Mountains join the Cascades.

Jessy Thornton, following several days behind the Hendersons, took five or six days from Klamath Lake to Ashland and tells a pitiful story of his hardships. He indicates that some of the emigrants had no bread and very little poor meat; the trail was littered with abandoned wagons and personal belongings. Three of his cattle were in bad shape and he had to leave his faithful ox, Tom, and one other to die. He had to abandon his wagon with all his belongings except "blankets, bison robes, rifle, shot pouch and a little food." He went back a day or so later and salvaged a few more of his belongings.

Lucy Ann does not mention this travail. Perhaps the Henderson party was stronger and better organized, or perhaps they found an easier trail, or it may be that by that time Lucy Ann was just numb. But at least their ordeal by drought, heat, and dust was ended. From here on they travelled through a forest of slender fir and pine trees. They fell asleep to the soothing sighing of the wind in the trees and the gentle murmur of clear running streams. But they awoke to the dismal "drip, drip, drip" of the rain. In Oregon in October and November it rains and rains. The streams overflow their banks and the water is cold.

6

Ashland to Yamhill

> Then we crossed the mountains and camped in the rain at the present site of Ashland. I remember I stood around shivering while father was trying to make a fire with flint and steel. It was the wettest day, the wood was wet and we had no matches. My father made a fire there with the flint lock on his gun and I stood by while he lighted it. It was gloomy beyond expression.
>
> Many years later, after I had married Judge Deady, Jesse Applegate showed me a big tree in Ashland and said, 'That is the tree you camped under in the fall of 1846 on your way to the Willamette Valley.'
>
> We stayed there all night and the next day forded the Rogue River.
>
> LUCY ANN HENDERSON

They had crossed the last deserts and the last mountain ranges. From here north to the Willamette Valley the rivers flowed from the Cascade Mountains on the east to the Pacific Ocean on the west, their valleys cutting directly across the path of the emigrants. This meant a repeated zig-zag, up one valley then over the ridge to the next watershed, and so on. They went down the valley of the Rogue River, up the valley of Jump Off Joe Creek (probably), and across a low divide to Grave Creek. Then they either went down Grave Creek to its junction with Wolf Creek as the Southern Pacific Railway does now, or they cut across Stage Road Pass on the present line of the freeway. Then climbing over a divide nearly 1,000 feet above the valley, they passed through heavy forest down to Cow Creek.

They followed trails which had been used for centuries, first by bear, deer, and elk in their movement over the seasons in search of food. Next came the Indians who travelled over the same trails, and for the same reason; they improved the trails very little. Then the mountain men, the Hudson's Bay fur hunters and the early explorers like Jedediah Strong Smith, broke a way through for their horses and pack animals. But a trail that would accommodate a man on horseback and a pack mule need be only a footpath with vertical clearance, just enough to let the rider dodge the overhanging boughs. It was still essentially a path, not a road. A road for an emigrant wagon should be five feet wide with vertical clearance to at least eight feet, with a roadway for the wheels sufficiently level so the wagons will not tip over.

Jesse Applegate and his fellow road finders of course knew this, but they were travelling on horseback. Had they been required to drag a wagon with them on their exploration their recommendations might have been different. But they did lead the wagon trains back over the way that they had marked. Though many wagons fell by the wayside, a sufficient number got through to establish the Applegate cutoff as a passable route.

In the following account Lucy Ann Henderson describes the climax of their hardships as Cow Creek Canyon. Thornton and McArthur agree that the emigrant trail went several miles up Cow Creek and then over the pass to Canyon Creek, where the exhausted emigrants met their final test. McArthur says, "Canyon Creek is erroneously supposed by many to be Cow Creek." This is verified by examination of the United States Geological Survey maps of the region, and by checking the mileages and elapsed times given by Lucy Ann and by Thornton. But it detracts very little from Lucy Ann's story if we read "Canyon Creek" where she writes "Cow Creek."

> My father had brought with us when we started six young heifers. The immigrants were advised not to bring any cattle because they might eat the grass and die, but we were mighty thankful that we had these heifers. The oxen all died in the yokes and we put the heifers in their places and these young heifers brought us through. One heifer gave us a pint of milk every day right through the trip and we never could have gotten through without it.
>
> My sister Betty and I were both taken ill with fever, but we were more fortunate than some. One of the emigrants in our party was named Crowley. He had lost several members of his family by death while crossing the plains. At one of our camps another member of the family, a daughter, Martha Leland Crowley, died. Theodore Frater and Mrs. Rachel Challinor and some others from our wagon train helped bury her. They buried her at night beneath a big pine tree on the banks of a small stream which they christened Grave Creek and which still bears that name.
>
> It was the dreariest scene imaginable. The oxen were corralled over her grave so the Indians would find no trace of her grave and dig her up to get her clothing. Colonel Nesmith saw the grave in 1848 and said it had been opened and that a number of human bones were scattered about. The bones were reinterred and the grave again filled in.
>
> It was after we left the Rogue River that we got into the Cow Creek Canyon. Olive was just six weeks old when we reached there. I don't know how we got into the canyon, but when we did get there we could not get out. The mountains on either side were so high and the banks of the creek were so narrow that sometimes we had to drive right in the stream. The cattle could

hardly keep their feet on account of the smooth waterworn boulders in the bed of the stream and the wagons would occasionally tip over.

We were five days making nine miles through there. Before we started through the cattle were dying, dropping dead in their yokes. It was getting so late that at a meeting of the men of the wagon train it was decided to throw away every bit of surplus weight so that better speed could be made and so that the others would not have to wait for some one overladen wagon. In the deepest sorrow there is always something funny. Everyone had something he did not want to part with. One man had brought two hives of bees clear across the plains and hated to give them up. But the men of the train decided he could get along without them, so they were left.

A man named Smith had a wooden rolling pin that it was decided was useless and must be abandoned. I shall never forget how that big man stood there with tears streaming down his face as he said "Do I have to throw this away? It was my mother's. I remember that she always used it to roll out her biscuits, and they were awful good biscuits." He had to leave it and they christened him "Rolling Pin" Smith, a name he carried to the day of his death.

I don't know how we ever got through that canyon, but we did. Some people died and some were never well afterward, but finally we got out, after throwing away everything we did not positively have to have.

When we came out of the canyon I remember how nice the country looked to us, all green grass and rolling plains.

LUCY ANN HENDERSON

Canyon Creek was the climax of the emigrants' hardships. Bancroft gives some more details, presumably obtained from Lucy Ann's father or some member of their party. He says:

In the journey over what is known as the southern or Applegate route, the family suffered great hardships. Mr. Henderson gave away his flour and bacon to those in the train who were in want, until, when he entered the Umpqua canyon on October 28, he was reduced to two pieces of the latter and ten pounds of the former.

They were five days struggling through this then almost impassable gorge. Much of the way they toiled over and along the bed of the cold, rocky stream with the rain pouring down on them steadily. The two eldest children [Lucy Ann and Betty] were lying sick and helpless in the jolting wagon, with a babe that came on the journey only a few weeks before.

> Soon after they got through the canyon they met some of the Applegate party with supplies, from whom Mr. Henderson and Mr. Collins bought a beef weighing about 700 pounds for $69 in cash. This left Mr. Henderson with $2 and one ox-team and wagon to begin life with anew.

Also, we might add, with a wife and five small children to support. But the Hendersons did better than some of the later and less well disciplined parties. Jessy Thornton started from Illinois with two wagons, at least a dozen oxen, and two hired drivers. All of that had been lost or abandoned enroute. He had paid a man on horseback to carry forward through the canyon two small packs of clothing, food, and blankets. With that exception, he and his semi-invalid wife stumbled out of the canyon on November 5 with only the clothing they were wearing.

Today, on the hillside above Canyon Creek, motorists speed along U.S. Highway 5 at seventy miles per hour, without a thought of the suffering and the tragedy experienced by the emigrants who had travelled the canyon below at an agonizing two miles per day, or less.

Why didn't some of these exhausted people just settle down in the Rogue River valley, build themselves a simple lean-to shelter, and live off the land through the winter? That valley has an excellent climate, summer or winter. It has plenty of grass, water, fuel, and food for those who know how to get it. The streams must have been full of salmon and trout; the Rogue is still a famous fishing stream. The surrounding hills teemed with squirrels, rabbits, deer, and bear. There were ducks on the streams and ponds, and native pheasant, quail, and grouse in the hills. And there were huckleberries, sallal and salmon berries, wild blackberries, strawberries, and thimbleberries. Given the fish and the berries, an Indian or a bear would keep fat and happy for months. The emigrants could have lived off the land and departed in the spring at their leisure, fat and rested.

To quote Thomas Nelson Strong's "Cathlamet on the Columbia."

> To the people who knew it the forest was a magnificent granary of food. Perhaps one of the most pitiful stories of the West is that of a party of Eastern men fleeing panic-stricken from anticipated starvation, leaving their comrades to die by the way, because a little snow flurry and a little hunger met them in the woods. The mountains and the great forest were strange and terrifying to them. Had they been Indians or Western and forest-trained men they would have come out at their leisure, hungry and thin, half starved and hollow down to their boots, perhaps, but still all together.

But these emigrants were not mountain men nor experienced pioneers. They were farmers and small-town business and professional men. Their economy was geared to store foods, flour, ham, bacon and beans, and

coffee. DeVoto says, "these people were greenhorns: what the West came to call tenderfeet." By this time they were tired, dirty, and hungry, also discouraged, and in many cases destitute. No country looked good to them. Present residents in the pleasant and prosperous Rogue River Valley will be surprised and indignant at Thornton's comment: "Continued travelling over a generally rough, barren and inhospitable country [with] many hostile savages."

But these emigrants had a tough determination. It was "Oregon or bust," and Oregon meant the Willamette Valley; they were going to get there if it killed them. So the strong and the well organized came through safely, also many of the weaker and less well organized pulled through by the skin of their teeth. And together they populated the Oregon Territory.

> We came on northward, having very hard going, as it was late in the year and the winter rains had started. We had been eight months [actually seven months] on the road instead of five, so we were out of food and our cattle were nearly worn out. We crossed the Umpqua River near the present site of Roseburg by tying two canoes together and putting the wagons on them and ferrying them over. We had obtained some fresh meat from some trappers, and a day later my mother's brother, Mr. John Holman, met us. He had heard of our plight, so he came with food and horses to get us. After we had a good feed we left the wagons and with mother on one horse holding her six-week old in her lap and with one of the little children sitting behind her, and with the rest of us riding behind the different men, we started north. I rode behind my uncle, Mr. Holman. Two of our children rode with our cousin, one in front of saddle and one back of it.
>
> One family of our party had thrown away almost everything and had finally reduced their treasured possessions to one trunk. This trunk came off the horse while fording a river and was swept from sight and never recovered. I think it was lost while crossing the Long Tom, though it might have been lost in the river near the present site of Corvallis.
>
> At Avery's place, now called Corvallis, we stayed all night in a log cabin. Mother and we children slept on the floor, as did some men who were staying in the cabin. I shall never forget that night. Some Indians were camped nearby, and they had lost one of their number, so they moaned and groaned and chanted all night, mourning for their dead.
>
> Then we crossed the river at Corvallis. I don't know how many days it took, but we went with my uncle to what is now called Broadmead. My uncle who crossed the plains in '45, and my aunt were there. We reached his cabin December 17, 1846 and stayed there two weeks. Father, who had come on with the wagons, did not get there until Christmas day.

After a week or so we moved into a cabin owned by Henry Hyde. His wife was my mother's sister. We spent the winter there. There was no floor in the cabin, just earth, but the ground had been polished. There was a big fireplace. There was but one room. There was a big chest and mother filled this almost full of clothing and Betty and I slept in that. There were five of us children, so father fixed up some shakedowns for beds.

It was a cold winter with a great deal of snow. We really did not have enough good food to eat. We still had this cow which gave us a pint of milk a day. We also had boiled wheat and boiled peas. I remember my father bought a wild hog, but the meat was so coarse we could not eat it. We lived that way all winter. A man lived near us who had come in '43 and whom my father had known in Missouri. He had a good garden and chickens, so in the spring and summer we had plenty of good things to eat.

LUCY ANN HENDERSON

It had been a long time since Lucy Ann had had "plenty of good things to eat." She had started out from Missouri as a young child. She had been tried in the fires of hunger and thirst, and of her own foolishness in the matter of the laudanum bottle. Although only twelve she had, like so many of the pioneer children, come a long way toward womanhood. This would seem to be a good place to leave Lucy Ann, but we cannot forego two more quotations.

In 1848 father built a log cabin on his donation land claim and shortly thereafter news of the finding of gold in California spread like wildfire throughout the Willamette Valley. A good many people, including our old time friend Peter H. Burnett, went to California that fall—1848. Father waited until February, 1849, when he went to Portland and shipped aboard a small sailing boat bound for California. Mother said that was the saddest day of her life, as she never expected to see father again and she would be left a widow with a brood of fatherless children. I was not sorry to see father go, for we were poor and I wanted to go to school and he told me that if he had good luck he would see that I went to school. In those days there were no free schools.

Father came back that fall with quite a little money, so Betty and I were sent to Mrs. J. Quinn Thornton's school at Oregon City.

In 1851 I went to school in Lafayette. I was 15 years old and in those days the young men began wondering why a girl was not married if she was still single when she was 16.

LUCY ANN HENDERSON

But Lucy Ann was not to worry very long about becoming an old maid at seventeen. Among those single men who hired out in order to get to Oregon was—but let Lucy Ann tell it:

> Matthew P. Deady came across the plains in 1849, working his way across. He landed from his canoe at Portland and after a day or so walked to Lafayette. He had no money so he arranged to teach school there for enough to pay for his board and lodging. . . . At the end of the term he went into partnership in the school with Prof. John E. Lyle and made $75 a month during the rest of the school year.
>
> LUCY ANN HENDERSON

They were married June 24, 1852. Her husband became a judge of the Supreme Court of Oregon Territory; he was a U.S. district judge for more than thirty years, and for many years he served as president of the Board of Regents of the University of Oregon. Little Lucy Ann was seventeen when they were married. She advanced a long way beside her distinguished husband. She bore five children before she died at the age of eighty-eight.

She and her brothers and sisters, the seven of whom we have record, lived to an average age of eighty-five years and produced forty children, many grandchildren, and great grandchildren beyond recording. Some eight or nine thousand immigrants were in Oregon by the end of 1846. With all these, plus the immigrations of 1847 and after, emulating the Hendersons and obeying the Biblical injunction to "be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth, and subdue it," it is not surprising that the vacant spaces of Oregon are now well occupied. Thus was the West populated.

> "For he must blaze a nation's ways,
> with hatchet and with brand,
> Till on his last won wilderness an
> empire's bulwarks stand."
>
> RUDYARD KIPLING
> *The Foreloper*

Credits and Acknowledgments

Lucy Ann Henderson's reminiscences are quoted from family records and from:

Lockley, Fred. "Impressions and Observations." *Oregon Journal* (1923). (By permission of the *Oregon Journal.*)

Background and details are from:

Bancroft, Hubert Howe. *History of Oregon,* vol. 1. San Francisco: The History Company, 1886.

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Particular credit goes to the following for unearthing interesting records:
Missouri Historical Society. St. Louis, Missouri.

Credit is also given to:
Clark, Keith and Tiller, Lowell. *Terrible Trail, The Meek Cutoff, 1845.* Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton Printers, Inc., 1967.

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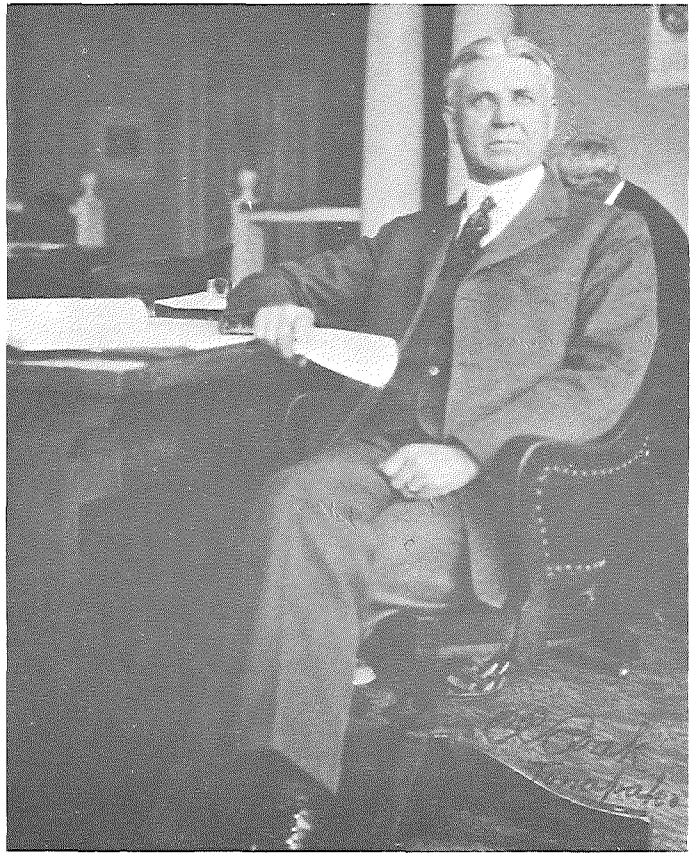
Parkman, Francis. *The Oregon Trail.* New York: Doubleday and Company, 1946.

And of course credit must be given to the U.S. Geographic Survey, whose excellent detailed maps make it possible to trace the trails these emigrants followed 126 years ago.



Cada C. Boak.

Dedication of Lehman Caves National Monument, August 6, 1922.

Dedication of Lehman Caves National Monument: Ascent and Perilous Descent of Mount Wheeler, August 1922

by Cada C. Boak

"THRILLING EXPERIENCE IN EXPLORING NEVADA'S HIGHEST MOUNTAIN" was the headline appearing above an interview with the writer, in the *Tonopah Times,* August 19, 1922 after Mrs. Boak and I returned from our summer's auto outing trip which took us into eastern Nevada and southern Utah.

The headliner little knew how aptly the words "thrilling experience" defined the entire trip. There was the thrill of peril, the thrill of adventure, the thrill of conquest, the thrill of accomplishment, and that undefinable thrill one experiences upon beholding the marvels, the wonders, and the beauties of nature. In short it was just one thrill after another from

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Editor's Note: Born March 15, 1870 in Hamilton County, Iowa, Cada C. Boak first came to Nevada in 1904 when he moved to Tonopah and engaged in business as a mining broker. During his half century of residence in Nye County, Mr. Boak was intensely active in the affairs of his adopted state. He was an active promoter of better highways for Nevada; he served as an assemblyman from Nye County for ten terms; he filled the position of secretary of the Tonopah Midway Mining Co.; he organized the Tonopah Chamber of Commerce; and he was postmaster in Tonopah for four and a half years during President Hoover's administration. C. C. Boak died in 1954 at the age of eighty-four.

In the following article only minor corrections in spelling, etc. have been made where necessary to clarify the author's meaning. However, nothing has been altered which would in any way change content or style.

beginning to end; and when thrills were not running down our spines, mud, or streams of perspiration, or cold chills, were.

When one starts something he is frequently placed in the position of being expected to finish it. I had suggested to government officials that Lehman Caves National Monument be formally dedicated with appropriate ceremonies and a flag raising. My suggestion was adopted and I was invited to co-operate with the National Forestry Service in putting it into effect. Invitations were indited from my office to President Harding, Nevada's senators and congressman, state officials, and other high personages and the general public, to be present at the caves on Sunday, August 6 for the big blowout. Governor Emmet Boyle graciously accepted the invitation to deliver the dedicatory address, and the writer with appreciation accepted the honor of raising the flag. Governor Boyle at the last moment was compelled to send Colonel J. G. Scrugham, state engineer, (later, governor) as his personal representative from the state of Nevada.

Accordingly, Grace and I polished our new Franklin 'til it shone and on the morning of August 4 we bedecked ourselves in the niftiest of auto traveling apparel, and started on our 260 mile journey to the caves.

With clocklike regularity we clipped off a mile every two minutes for the first few hours, and were figuring with mathematical precision the exact minute of our arrival in Ely when—"Say, Mister, we are stuck in a mud-hole down here about four miles, been there ever since last night; won't you please run down and pull us out?" Right there the wheels of our calculations slipped their first cog. By the time we had strapped our mudhooks on the rear wheels of the Californian's car and attached a towline, and drove in front of him while he unknowingly pulled himself out, we had lost an hour. The other fellow got the thrill that time.

We were wise to the roads, we were; no mudholes for us. We turned round and took the Hot Creek-Silverton road. We found, however, the heavy rains and cloudbursts of the day before had been general throughout that locality, dodged such rutsful of water as we didn't drive through, and as we only had to stop twice to wipe the mud off our windshield, we drove on with confidence, glorying in our wisdom in the selection of a road. That thrill was ours; but, oh, so fleeting!

We drove thirty miles of trackless road, then even the ground where the road used to be disappeared. We came to a "dry lake" covered with water. It was being treated to a plunge-bath, and judging from the complexion of the water, it needed it. Yes, even the desert takes a bath once in a while. Guess that is why Nevada always has cloudbursts instead of gentle rains. A shower bath will not do the work.

We could see far ahead, on the other side of the lake, a silver thread denoting the road winding its way up and over the slopes until it was lost in the distance. But that was looking into the future; the present was under the water in that lake. We sighed for, and we sighted for, the future

a couple of miles ahead—and plunged in. I knew the road alright, only I did not know where it was—and we had forgotten to bring our diving suits. The car felt its way pretty well for about a mile and a half, wading through water from six inches to a foot in depth the while. All at once a narrow, swiftly running channel confronted us. We plunged in, but the poor car could not swim. It buried its nose in the mud of a submerged bank, and expired.

Cold drops of perspiration bedecked our noble brows as we contemplated, among other things, the ignominious finish of our strictly proper, nobby, and spotless sportsuits. Grace was soon to demonstrate how perfectly her new, tailor-made, high top, guaranteed watertight moccasin boots would hold water, once she got them full. As for me, I changed my shoes and trousers right there, ate a sandwich, took a drink, put an automatic in my pocket, kissed Grace goodbye, cautioned her to watch the car so it would not get out and run away while I was gone, and waded ashore.

As Hot Creek Ranch was about twenty miles back, I had in mind a ranch on ahead which I thought would be in the valley beyond the first range. A walk of six miles to the summit through the boiling midday sun, and a survey of the desert valley beyond, disclosed no ranch. It was evident the ranch was in the valley over the second range, and about thirty miles distant. A cheerful prospect for two weary legs and an empty stomach gone dry. All I had to make the hike on was enthusiasm, and that had developed a limp. I returned to the car.

During my absence the ever-present flivver drove up, and contrary to Grace's advice, and with proverbial flivver confidence attempted a crossing below our car, and stuck stucker than we were. Theirs being the lighter car, we decided to get them out first. My first benevolent act was to put our mudhooks on their rear-wheels, then push. The mudhook on the wheel I was behind functioned immediately, for with the first speedy revolution of the wheel it hooked about ten pounds of oozy, sticky, slimy mud and with the force of a catapult planted it squarely in my face. After I had mucked out my eyes, ears, and starched collar, and had unchoked myself, I considered myself fittingly initiated for the work which demanded our unceasing efforts the remainder of the day.

About that time a touring car from Washington, D.C., containing four men and a lady, drove up. The men all came in and helped, and late in the afternoon we got the flivver out onto a little mud island between the main channels. The water had been receding steadily, and about dark we got my own car onto the same island of mud. There we rested from our labors and prepared to spend the night as best we could. A second channel deeper than the first yet remained to be negotiated on the morrow.

Our friends, not being accustomed to the vicissitudes of the desert, had no provisions. Grace and I, following our "safety first" rule, had our usual emergency lunch in the car, and with four small sandwiches we

"fed the multitude," oh, golly! But it is not within the perview of this narrative to assert to what extent the "multitude" was filled. Had we had plenty of water we might have run a bluff on our stomachs, but we had exhausted our united water supply during the afternoon, and had to emulate the camel until the following forenoon. It was literally "water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink." I became so desperate in the middle of the night that I got up and filled a canvas bucket with the hot, muddy water from the channel, in hopes that by morning the mud would settle to the bottom and the water be drinkable. Of course we had no fire, we didn't want to risk burning up the lake; our clothes, when we scraped the mud off and got to them, were what one would call in ordinary parlance, wet—yes, more than that, they were water-logged. Our bedding, strapped to the running board of the car, had been immersed.

The woman in the moon looked down upon us, but she had just had her hair bobbed and had no thought for anyone but herself. The coyotes, lest they contribute entertainment, maintained a sepulchral silence. Nor was there heard the twitter of a bird or the croaking of a frog, and certainly not the rustling of leaves, or the murmur of wind through the trees, for we were not within speaking distance of a bunch of sagebrush. The few fleecy clouds which floated lazily by seemed almost ethereal. The stars danced and twinkled, or paler grew when intervening clouds sought their brilliance to obscure. The sluggish, oozy flow of pasty water added not a sound. So, wrapped in silence, for we had little else that was dry, we sought respite from toil and oblivion in sleep.

The morning dawned. The twinkling stars, one by one, oblivion sought and found. The moon, now clad in Palm Beach hues, paler grew with the onrush of the hosts of light, and reclined on the horizon. But ere the morning sun, the miracle of the desert had been performed. The waters had receded, and the "multitude," nothing baring, proceeded on its way; and when the warmsome sun arose, paused we all and our garments dried; and, when about noon, a watering-trough we found, proceeded we all to ablutions.

The town of Ely, situated in a gulch, had a few days previous been visited by a cloudburst. Many houses had been wrenched from their foundations, and filled with two or three feet of mud.

From Ely, sixty-five miles to the little village of Baker, near the caves, was a pleasant drive. We crossed the Shell Creek Mountains over Connor's Pass, an easy grade of about nine miles, thence across Spring Valley to the lofty Snake Range, which we crossed via the difficult but scenic Osceola Pass with its steep grades and numerous winding hairpin loops. On its summit, and in little coves, nestles the now deserted but picturesque town of Osceola with its vine covered brick houses and stone-quartz mills—once the busiest of gold camps.

We were met in Baker by forestry officials, and urged to accept their

hospitality. People from far and near had gathered there for the dual purpose of attending a meeting of the Farm Bureau Extension, and the dedication of the caves on the following day. A big dance was staged for that night in the basement of the hotel, and of course we had to go and meet the people. Grace got herself into an evening dress, and I donned professionals and leggings—and we danced. Senators, congressmen, and officials, and near officials—for it was just before the primaries—mingled with cowboys and cowgirls in chaps and riding apparel—they all danced. Women with babies in their arms, and there were a score of them, placed a mattress in one corner of the dancefloor for the babies, and all entered into the festivities of the dance. The night was warm, and Saturday. Off came coats and vests, then the men rolled up their sleeves, and they danced as the sleepy little village had never danced before.

The music—well, it was funny. A lean, lanky cowboy at a tin-panny piano, a freak corneter with a pompadour and the movements of a comic moving-picture saxophonist, and a high-heeled cowboy with a banjo comprised the orchestra. They inflicted the jazziest of jazz, and nothing but jazz.

Most of the girls were fair-haired Mormons from the nearby ranches in Utah, gay and untiring dancers with vitality to kill an ox. All danced and ate until dawn ushered in another day, then breakfasted and prepared for the day at the caves. Grace and I stayed at the dance until driven by sheer exhaustion from the two hard days on the road to seek a little rest and sleep, but our heads danced merrily on—you know. Methinks the little town of Baker is still reliving in memory that one night of nights, for never before had there been to exceed fifty people in the town at once, and that night there were hundreds.

August 6, the Dedication

The day was auspicious. By 10 A.M., eighty-six fine, large autos, carrying 428 persons, had arrived at the little park of cedars and pinions near the caves. For that number of people to assemble in a remote mountain fastness, in a sparcely settled portion of the most sparcely peopled state in the Union, was beyond our fondest hopes, and was something to be proud of. A level terrace had been graded out and built up on the slope for a stage, and a beautiful flagpole erected in its center.

Supervisor McQueen presided. The oratory began. It was all very interesting. The history of the caves was recited, and brought down to the time when I interested myself in them. Then I received bouquets with the perfume thrown in. Congratulatory telegrams addressed to me from Senators Oddie and Pittman, government departmental heads, members of the supreme court, Governor Boyle, and many other state and other offiicials, were read; upon our return home I found letters from President Harding and Secretaries Wallace and Fall.

We had taken Colonel Scrugham through the caves before the exercises, and when he delivered his address he sprung a surprise on me by reading to the assemblage most of my own written description of the caves, with the complimentary remark that he could find no other language which so fittingly portrayed their marvelous beauty. Then, reaching the climax in his oration, in the name of the governor and the great commonwealth of Nevada he dedicated the caves to "all the people of America, forever."

Then came the flag-raising, which at my request was done with formal military observance. As I took my position at the base of the flag-staff the company of American Legion, in full uniform, came to "present arms," and at a command three color-bearers stepped forward with the flag. I then raised the flag slowly, while Mrs. Anthony Jurich of Ely, in her beautiful, clear soprano voice, sang two verses of "The Star Spangled Banner." As she finished, and the flag reached the mast-head, the soldiers fired the regulation salute of three volleys to the flag, and all was over.

We then went through the caves, 325 in one crowd; we were so few and so scattered that all got lost, save the guide, and he was several hours rounding up his flock. I made repeated illuminations with my magnesium blowtorch, to the intense delight of the crowd, who, I was pleased to note was as enthusiastic over the unsurpassed beauty of the caves as I had been myself.

Ascent of Mount Wheeler

That evening a party was made up for the ascent of Mount Wheeler the following day. Saddle and pack horses were procured, and all made ready for the start in the morning. The party consisted of Forestry Supervisor Alexander McQueen, Ranger G. S. Quate, Ranger C. R. Townsend and wife, Miss Roorich, Mrs. Boak, and myself. As we strung out single file, we formed quite a cavalcade. Our route for fourteen miles lay up Lehman Creek Canyon, to a cluster of little lakes at the foot of Wheeler Glacier, where we camped for the night. At noon we lunched in a grove of "quakin'-asp." Mr. Quate arranged that he, with the ladies and pack animals, proceed on up to the lakes, while the supervisor, Townsend, and myself followed more leisurely and did some "wild trout" fishing, as the supervisor put it. The creek was not well stocked, and the few fish were certainly of the wild variety. The supervisor and Townsend between them caught seven, and I hooked enough more—all wild ones—so that we had a bully good trout supper that night. That was the only fishing I had on our entire trip.

By the time we reached camp, Quate and the girls had all the beds made on mattresses of pine boughs, and a roaring camp fire going. Soon supper was under way. All forestry men are excellent camp cooks.

Supper over, we gathered about the campfire, for we were at an elevation of 10,500 feet, and just under the peak. The crisp night air was

laden with the aroma of pine, spruce, and balsam. Fleecy clouds floated lazily overhead and mirrored themselves on the motionless surface of the lake. A big, yellow moon rose up out of the underbrush atop the ridge, and nothing daunted, lazily climbed the pines and spruce trees, and mounted high into the azure blue above. It was a scene such as only a like position could duplicate. A night such as one experiences but rarely in a lifetime.

Townsend, with an inexhaustable fund of humor, was the star story-teller. For years he had been a mountaineer and guide in the "Big Horn Country," and had never treated his anecdotes to an alum bath. Nor was that all, he was ever ready to concede the other fellow's yarns and to compliment him for his prowess, as was exemplified when I essayed to narrate my experience in seining for deer one dark night in the little lakes in the Canadian north woods during mosquito season, and how I caught three deer in one haul of the seine. Townsend's ready and animated declaration "I believe you," showed him the royal good fellow he was.

Just how many mountain lions and porcupines the girls imagined they heard prowling about during the balance of the night they never told us. Their imaginings, however, were of short duration, for at three o'clock in the morning all hands were out and making ready to resume the ascent.

A hasty breakfast, and we were off. The summit is always enshrouded in clouds from nine in the morning for the remainder of the day; and it was to avail ourselves of the unimpeded early morning view that we made the early start.

We pursued a corkscrew route up the slope of the mountain. Daylight overtook us on a plateau just above timberline at 12,000 feet. Here we paused, and caught the first pale glint of the rising sun far beyond the eastern Rockies, and were riveted to the scene by the ever-changing play of colors. In the east, for a moment, a heavy pall of purple hung like a shroud on the mountains, changing in quick succession to the various shades of lavender and rose and paler pinks. To the west, softest tints of lavender bathed the valley in their glow, then softened to the tints of cream and ivory-white, as the great, round yellow orb rose in all its majesty, dispelling the irridescent haze, then burst upon the landscape in a flood of glorious light.

We mounted again and hurried on as fast as our horses could be urged to go, which was a deplorably slow walk, interrupted with halts for breath every few rods. The flowers on the higher reaches, rare in specie, vigorous, stolid, waxlike, resisting chilling blasts and nightly freezes, bathed with brilliance unpolluted, fairly dript their colors.

We soon came under the last steep pitch of the summit, where we were compelled to abandon our tired horses and made the ascent of the last thousand feet, climbing over huge blocks of lime and shale with little detritus to cushion our footing.

We were now in the habitat of the mountain sheep, and while we saw none, we were forcefully reminded how nature by a clever subterfuge

ever strives its offspring to protect; how, lest their presence by their odor be betrayed to an enemy, an innocent little weed whose function it is to exude an odor indeterminable from that of its animal prototype, stands sentinel on the mountain slopes. The jester was heard to mutter something about our incumbent duty to render thanks that the polecat needed no vegetable assistant. Mrs. Boak and I were soon in the lead and reached the summit considerably ahead of the others. The wind blew a gale, and it was cold.

The peak is a sharp ridge about 300 yards long. On the highest point was the stone igloo erected by the U.S. Geodetic Survey in 1886–7, where we found much important data inscribed on the stone monument. When Mr. McQueen came up with the instruments and we fixed them to the monument, we were able to accurately discern most of the high and prominent points in four states—Nevada, Utah, Arizona and southern California. We were the first to use these records in all those years.

We were at the tip of our portion of the world. The panoramic view was magnificent. To the south, we looked down upon an amphitheater of peaks comprising the Snake Range which we were atop of. Immediately in the foreground, but beneath us, its northern slope blanketed in snow, and itself a formidable mountain, were the peaks of Mount Washington. Far beneath us in the valleys on either hand, emerging from neighboring canyons, dark streaks coursing into the somber gray of the desert marked the brief span of its watercourses; watercourses that flow into, but never out of, the desert. In the sump of the valley, white as snow, parched and dry, was the bed of an ancient lake; while hovering above it like a spectre, or dancing in the waves of heat, was the ever present but elusive mirage. Highways, mere silver threads on the landscape, faded away in the distance. Diminutive checkers of green marked the estates of ranchers; or, when in their midst, by the aid of our glasses, a steeple was discerned, we knew a village nestled there in the green. But now, encompassing the broader view to the east like an etching of the horizon, rose the lofty Wasatch Range of the great Rocky Cordillera; and to the west, in a blur of somber haze, the sawteeth of the mighty Sierra. While in the space intervening, range after range in parallel procession, the lesser corrugations of mother earth gave reality to distance.

My own geological observations revealed that the mountain had originally been at least a thousand feet higher, and that as a result of seismic disturbances the top had slid off, forming the plateau upon which we had camped the night before. The peak had then split from north to south forming one of the most beautiful scenic gorges I have ever seen. Near the summit its walls are nearly perpendicular for a depth of 2,500 feet. In answer to my query as to whether or not the gorge had ever been photographed, Mr. McQueen assured me that it had not, that it was not even named. My suggestion of "Castellated Gorge of Mount Wheeler" seemed most appropriate, and was adopted. I then decided to attempt the

task of photographing the gorge from various points on its rim, and Messrs. McQueen and Townsend volunteered to accompany me.

The rim forms a horseshoe lying between the two peaks of the mountain, its closed end resting in the saddle and several hundred feet below the summit. It was an arduous and steep descent over huge boulders to the loop, but when reached the loop commanded an incomparable view of both walls of the gorge for its entire length. Owing to its immense size and depth, all one could do was photograph a section of one wall at a time. We did, however, have eyes that were not limited in scope of vision, as were our camera's, and we all agreed that we had never before beheld more beautiful scenery of its type.

We men did not wish to appear selfish, so while I continued my work of photographing, the other two men returned to the summit for the ladies, and more films. They found the descent to, and the trip around the end of the gorge to the east rim where I was working, very arduous; and none of us relished the idea of returning again to the summit and back to camp the way we had come. After consultation, it was decided to go up over the eastern summit, called by some "Jeff Davis," and descend to camp from there. We dispatched a messenger to Mr. Quate, in charge of our horses, to advise him of our plans, and to meet us at camp.

We set out boldly, but the farther we went the larger the boulders were, and the more difficult the going; so that we began to question the ability of the ladies to negotiate the route we had chosen. About this time we reached a narrow break in the eastern rim, filled with loose slide rock, down which it looked possible to descend to the bottom of the gorge. As the little lake where we had camped the night before was at the mouth of the gorge this route seemed the nearest, easiest and quickest way back to camp. It seemed to be a providential means of avoiding a tiresome ten mile walk.

We started down. At each step the loose slide talus would carry us from ten to twenty feet; and although it was death on shoe leather we rather enjoyed our new and novel mode of locomotion. We made good time, too, and all were in high spirits. Of course we realized after we took our first few steps downward that to return to the rim, had we wished to have done so, was an utter impossibility. With deference due the supervisor, who was showing himself such a royal good fellow and sport, I christened it "McQueen's Slide." But it was not fifteen minutes before the name had been corrupted to "My Queen's Slide," and fittingly—also plurally, as all the "queens" slid. The thread of snow in the gorge below meant nothing to us at the time. Not so later. The talus slide, probably a third of a mile long, landed us squarely on the head of Wheeler Glacier, for such our imagined thread of snow proved to be.

Here we were confronted by a peril both real and menacing from which there was no escape. The gorge walls rose 2,500 feet above us on either side, and were nearly perpendicular. The glacier filled the gorge

from wall to wall, and extended downward to its moraine a mile below. We had no alternative but to take our lives in our hands, trust to providence, good fortune, and strong bootheels—that the pieces would all be intact when we reached the bottom.

Fortunately it was midafternoon, the sun was full on the glacier, and the month was August. We were able by considerable muscular exertion to jab the heels of our shoes into the crust. This we were compelled to do for each and every step, and our steps were necessarily short ones for we had neither ropes, picks, pike poles, or any of the aids common to Alpine climbing. We helped each other as best we could, and followed in the heel prints of the one in front. The occasional boulder embedded in the ice afforded a firm foothold and an opportunity to pause for rest. Frequently if a good sized boulder showed up in our course, we would sit down and slide to it, feet first; but we rarely risked a slide of over five or ten feet, for the descent was very steep, and the momentum one acquired in a ten foot slide was disconcerting.

About half way down the gorge narrowed for a few rods, and the glacier steepened so that it was impossible to stand at all, or to maintain a foothold. That portion of the descent was made by wedging our bodies, feet foremost, into the crack between the ice sheet and the wall of the gorge, and letting ourselves down from one slight projection or irregularity to another. The reflection of the sun against the wall of the gorge had melted the ice back from it for a distance of from eighteen inches to three feet deep, and it was down this crack that we slid. It was ticklish work. At one place I missed my own toehold and shot down about fifteen feet before my leg wedged and stopped my "shoot." Here was one more place where long legs were a real convenience. A fat person never could have made it without ropes. Fortunately none of us were fat, and our ladies were all properly dressed, and game.

This negotiated, but with many thrills and narrow escapes, we emerged onto the lower half of the glacier, which had a much more gradual slope; and we were able to once more stand up and walk—when we were not falling down and sliding—and to take time to examine the red snow which characterized portions of the glacier. Mr. Townsend had met with the same phenomenon before in the northwest, and assured us it was due to the presence of myriads of microscopic insects in the snow. From here on to the end of the glacier our going was much easier, and it was a relief to be able to relax our muscles and nerves even a little bit.

While none of us had given audible expression to our fears, we had all realized the dire peril we were in, and that one misstep would have resulted in almost certain disaster. But even at that we did not realize to the full the extent of our peril until the following day, when we related our experience to some of the old-timers in the valley and noted the degree of incredulity with which our united and corroborated statements were received. Their skeptical rejoinder was that "no man had ever come

down Wheeler Glacier." Whether we were believed or not we had the satisfaction of knowing that we had been making history.

Nor was our descent of the glacier without its humor. The surface of the blamed thing was wet, and wet with the kind of wetness that is penetrating. More than that, we all were wet; wet all over, and penetrated with wetness. Even after that, it was funny to see how each one of the ladies insisted on being permitted to bring up the rear. "Vanity, vanity," sayeth the sage, "thou art ever on the job."

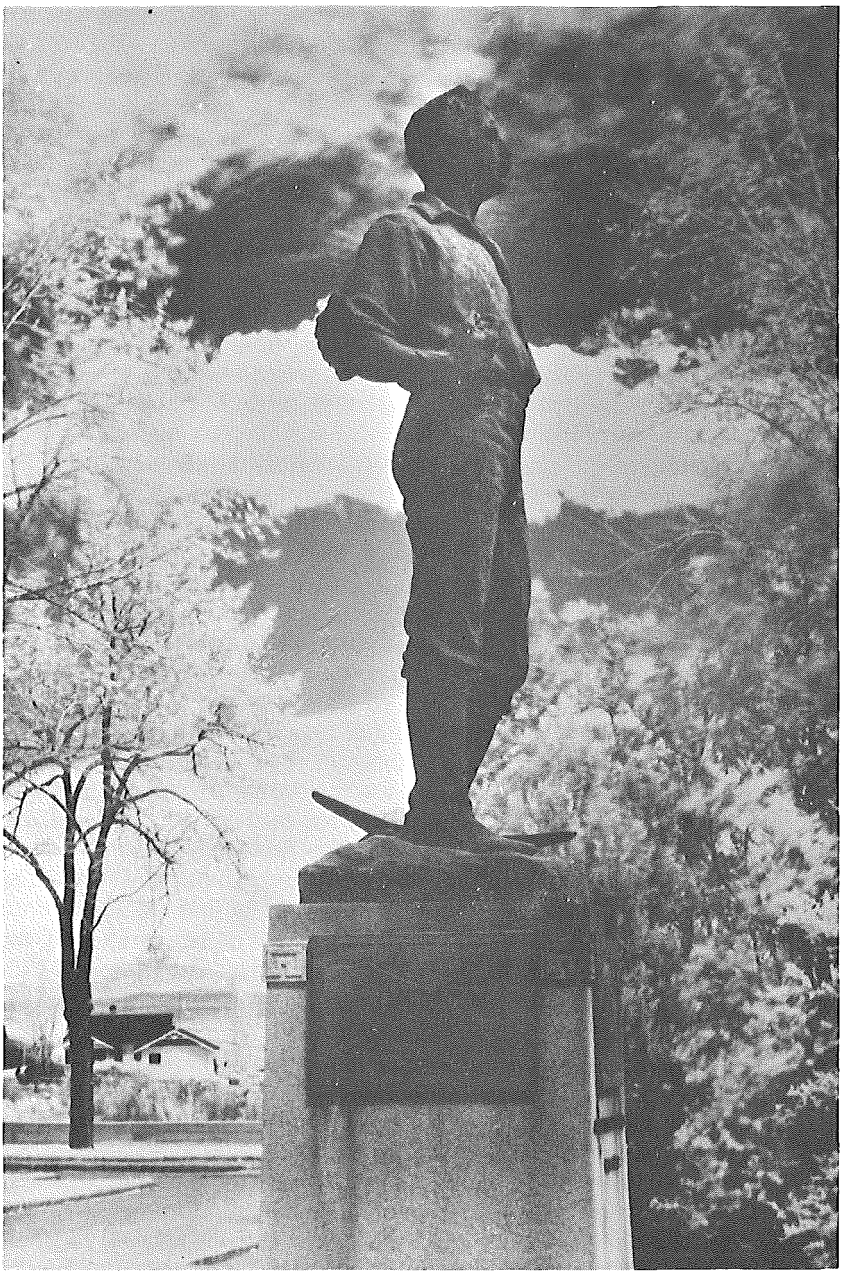
The number of amusing predicaments members of the party found themselves in from time to time would be clover for a humorist. As we neared the end of the glacier Townsend sat down on a flat rock to rest. The rock instantly became animated, and away it went like a toboggan, with Townsend sitting on top of it, whirling round and round, until perhaps a couple hundred yards from where they started, it bucked him off, and gave him a beautiful roll.

At the bottom of the glacier we encountered half a mile of particularly hard going, over huge sharp boulders that further taxed our powers of endurance. But the lake was in sight, and a mile farther brought us to camp just at dusk.

Mr. Quate, who knew the mountain, had been very much exercised ever since our messenger had apprised him of our plans for getting off the mountain. He was preparing to wait in camp until morning, but he said "he never expected to see us come into camp." Instead, he expected that as soon as we realized the difficulties of getting over the north rim, we would be forced to stay out over night and then make our way down the long eastern slope ten miles to the caves; and if he failed to sight us next morning he had his plans made for organizing a rescue party with ropes and picks, to haul up what might be left of us, from the gorge. He had not the remotest idea that, if we were so foolhardy as to try to get down into the gorge, we would ever be able to get out. But, "fools and infants for luck," we fooled him.

I could never advise anyone unprepared as we were, to attempt the same trip. But to an experienced mountaineer properly equipped with spiked boots, pike pole or Alpine pick, and undertaken during the month of August while the snow is softened and rock slides are less frequent, it would not be unduly difficult.

We prepared a hurried supper, and as we were all wet we voted to ride back down the mountain, eight miles by saddle and six miles farther by auto, that night. The moon was full. The night was calm and grew steadily warmer with each diminished foot of altitude, our mounts needed no urging, and with it all, we actually found rest and relaxation in our saddles—the same saddles that were so unmercifully hard and wide the day before. Then a moment, only vaguely remembered, of divesting ourselves of our worn and heavy garments; then that sweet forgetfulness, the recompense for a day of unremitting toil.



Gutzon Borglum's statute of John Mackay.

Sam and the Statue

An Untold Nevada Story

by Mary Ellen Glass

IN 1890, the American frontier period was officially declared at an end. A new era of historical thought arose. People of the most recently settled areas began to think in somewhat romantic terms about the western region's past, and to decide that the history of states and localities should be preserved. The turn of a new century accentuated the trend. State founders and other historical figures were honored by the placing of plaques by such organizations as the Daughters of the American Revolution, statues and monuments were erected, state and local historical societies were revived or newly founded. In the West, Washington, Oregon, Texas, and Utah all organized historical societies in the 1890's, with Nevada and Idaho following shortly after 1900. The American Historical Association, recognizing this movement, established a Pacific Coast branch in 1903.

Nevadans adhered to the new tendencies, but became interested in their history for other reasons as well. The glories of the Comstock period faded before the turn of the century; the pioneers grew old or left the region. Quite suddenly, a new mining boom began in southern Nevada. The names of Jim Butler, Henry Stimler, Tex Rickard, and others took the attention that once belonged to John W. Mackay, James G. Fair, and William Sharon. Clearly, it was time to remind the state's residents of a colorful and interesting past. Samuel Post Davis realized the need.

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Sam Davis, state controller of Nevada and editor of the Carson City *Appeal,* was famous for his inventiveness, and justly so. His intelligent and imaginative operation of the *Appeal* made the paper one of the best in the state. His literary career had brought him fame both locally and throughout the nation. Davis's *First Piano in Camp* had enjoyed a world-wide audience. In the winter of 1906, the author-editor-politician had one of his most interesting ideas.

Nevada had recently come through a deep economic depression, followed by a fresh outbreak of mining fever. As Davis and his contemporaries saw it, the state's pioneers in building the West were in danger of being forgotten in the new excitement. People of the region should be reminded that Nevada had a cultural heritage that outshown the gaudy new camps. Davis planned to honor John W. Mackay, one of the state's renowned "founding fathers." Mackay, with partners James Flood, James Fair, and William O'Brien, was responsible for the "bonanza" development of the Comstock Lode.

The recognition of Mackay, as created in Davis's fertile brain, would consist of the placing of a statue of the miner-capitalist on the grounds of the capitol at Carson City. Davis was so pleased with the idea that he travelled to New York at his own expense to visit the Mackay family—John Mackay's widow and their son, Clarence Mackay. When he tested their reaction, Davis found that the Mackays were interested, and eager to honor their illustrious relative. They agreed to his plan, but they knew of no sculptor who could perform the needed services. This was only a minor delay.

Phillip Mighels, Davis's stepson and a friend of Clarence Mackay, knew a good sculptor who would surely be interested in the project. Mighels called upon Gutzon Borglum, and the artist readily agreed to work from photographs of John Mackay. Borglum, already well-known, was probably then planning the massive head of Abraham Lincoln which would decorate the national Capitol Rotunda; the great work at Mount Rushmore was still in the future. The artist said he planned to use professional models to pose for the figure of the Nevada miner. Davis returned then to Carson City, well pleased with the development of his idea, telling Nevadans through the columns of the *Appeal* of his success. Mighels, living in New York, helped to keep his stepfather abreast of events as work on the statue progressed.

Davis's idea, however, had not been sufficiently discussed with the proper state officials. They had decided that they would have no statuary—not even a likeness of John W. Mackay—"cluttering up the Capitol grounds." A flurry of activity and conversation, duly reported by the *Appeal*'s editor, occurred. Someone proposed that the statue be placed in the rotunda of a planned library annex to the capitol. Someone else wrote to the editor that a statue of Nevada's founding father should be placed on Carson City's main street, not hidden away where nobody would see it.

Gutzon Borglum arrived in Carson City, seeking ideas and "local color" for the statue. He contributed to the controversy by vetoing the library site. The statue would be larger than life-size, he said, and set on a marble base. It should be placed out-of-doors, in order properly to express Mackay's character. Then came the solution to the dilemma. Joseph E. Stubbs, president of the Nevada State University, discussed the problem with Davis. Although Stubbs and Davis never were friendly, they had found that they could work together when the situation demanded. The Mackays had given $50,000 for the construction of a school of mines building on the University campus. The building, designed by Madison Square Garden's architect, Stanford White, would offer a suitable background for the statue.* Davis and Stubbs negotiated with the Mackays, and the new arrangement was accepted.

During the time that Borglum was in Nevada preparing for the work on the statue, he made many friends among the Carson City people. He lived for about six weeks at the Davis family home. It was a pleasant interim for both the sculptor and the Davises. The artist loved the western country, and felt himself a part of it. He told the Davis daughters that he was born in Nevada when his parents were passing through the area with a pioneer train. The girls, Lucy and Ethel, enjoyed the famous man's stories and company during innumerable horseback rides over the sagebrush country around the Davis ranch. They also discovered that he was an enthusiastic card-player. Borglum was a stimulating companion indeed; he loved fast horses and the stiff "Washoe zephyrs" of the Nevada desert, in combination if possible. If the weather were particularly blustery in that winter of 1906, the guest would ask that the horses be brought out, and the three friends enjoyed the wind and rain in their faces while they rode across the hills and flats near Carson City. At last, however, the card games and rides came to an end. Borglum returned to his studio in New York to prepare the statue.

Young Phillip Mighels visited the sculptor's studio one afternoon and found his friend in a rage. The models hired to depict John W. Mackay's figure simply could not strike the correct attitude to suggest the vigorous life of the western frontier. "Take off your coat," the artist ordered Mighels, "and show them what a real western man looks like." Mighels did as he was told. Borglum realized that he had found his model for the Mackay figure; he discharged the professional models and used Mighels as a pattern for the balance of the work. After nearly two years, the statue was completed. Clarence Mackay pronounced himself delighted with the figure, and told Borglum in Mighels's presence that if a line of the piece were changed, Mackay would "break his neck." Finally, the great day arrived.

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*The Mines building was one of White's last efforts. He died in 1906, a murder victim at the hands of Harry Thaw in a notorious scandal.

The Nevada state legislature, relieved of the responsibility for caring for the statue in Carson City, designated June 10, 1908, a state holiday. The day was to be devoted to the celebration of the completion of the Mackay School of Mines building and the unveiling of the bronze likeness of John William Mackay at the south entrance to the building. Visitors and celebrants scheduled arrivals in Reno in such numbers that local accommodations were strained. The Mackays wrote to Sam Davis that they would plan to stay at the Davis home while they were in Nevada. When they changed their arrangements and decided to stay on their private railroad car, Nellie Davis breathed a sigh of relief; she was sure that the Davis ranch house would hardly hold the Mackays and their customary entourage which included a lady's maid and valet.

June 10, 1908, dawned bright and warm in Reno. The University campus was the center of attention. Special trains bearing distinguished visitors arrived from towns east and west. Among the guests were professors from Stanford and the University of California who came to walk in the academic procession that marked the occasion.

The ceremonies began with the procession along the campus. President Stubbs, the University Regents, and other officials joined the Mackays on a specially-erected platform in front of the School of Mines. The statue was draped in an American flag until it was unveiled by Clarence Mackay.

Miss Katherine Mackay, granddaughter of the miner, received a Master of Arts degree at the beginning of the ceremony. Colonel George Harvey, president of Harper and Brothers, who had made the University's commencement address a few days before, delivered a long, formal oration in which he praised John William Mackay's individualism and personal initiative in pioneering the rough areas of the infant state of Nevada. Mackay was representative, Harvey declared of "the best of creative, producing Americans." As he unveiled the likeness of his father, Clarence Mackay graciously thanked the people of Nevada for the privilege of erecting the statue on the University campus. Other speeches were given by Nevada's Governor Denver S. Dickerson, Oscar J. Smith, chairman of the Board of Regents of the University, and Nevada's U.S. Senator Francis G. Newlands. But the speech that brought tears to Mrs. Mackay's eyes was delivered by Sam Davis. Davis said:

> Some 30 years ago, when in the company of some friends in John Mackay's office the conversation turned upon the kind of recognition the State of Nevada would give John Mackay after his death. I remarked at the time that we would probably roll a quartz boulder over his grave and let it go at that. Mr. Mackay laid his hand upon my arm and in gentle tones, mixed with a tinge of kindly reproof, remarked, "That would be quite enough, but I think, Sam, if you had your own way you would do a little better by me . . ."

> I felt that I had made a flippant remark and was ashamed of it. It is a matter of great personal pride and satisfaction for me today to feel that a suggestion of mine resulted in a better tribute to John Mackay than a quartz boulder. Yet, I think I know enough of the modesty of John Mackay's character to say that if he had his way today he would say to us, "take down the statue and put the quartz boulder in its place" . . . .
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> It is also a matter of great pride with me that I can state that Gutzon Borglum, . . . who fashioned this bronze tribute . . . was born at Goose Lake, Nevada. . . .
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> It was my good fortune in the old days of the Comstock to enjoy the friendship and confidence of John Mackay, and if I had time I could tell you of the many anonymous charities which he distributed. He stood behind the grocers' accounts of hundreds of poor families, who never knew who was helping them. He distributed money by stealth in roundabout ways, concealing his identity, and covering his tracks, as criminals conceal their crimes. I wish I had the time today to rip the mask from his good deeds, to lift the veil from his surreptitious charities and bare them to the world. His open purse saved many an honest man from the path of bankruptcy, and many a good woman from degradation.
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> . . . .
>
> When John Mackay passed to his reward there ceased to beat as brave and generous a heart as God Almighty ever planted in the breast of a human being.
>
> When he laid aside the weapon with which he had won success he might well have said, in the language of the immortal Nelson, as he gasped out his life on the deck of his flagship at the battle of Trafalgar, "Thank God! I have done my duty."

The celebration ended, President Stubbs conducted a tour for the Mackays about the campus. During the trip, Clarence Mackay noted a number of items that he thought would improve the University. The next year, he returned to Nevada to dedicate the bleachers and stadium that bore his name.

After all the speeches and parties, the Davises were invited to a private dinner with the Mackays on the private train. Soon after the visitors returned to New York, a package arrived for Mrs. Davis. Another work of Gutzon Borglum's artistry, it was a three-foot high bronze statuette entitled "The Return of the Boer." The theme of the work is a soldier-veteran of the Boer War returning to his ruined home. It was a handsome present indeed to express the Mackays' regard for their Nevada friends.

The bronze statuette, a scrapbook of newspaper clippings, and pleasant memories of good friends remain now for the surviving members of the Sam Davis family. Lucy (Crowell) and Ethel (Wait) recall the entire

affair in happy retrospection. And Lucy Crowell, who keeps the bronze treasure, wouldn't take a million dollars for "The Return of the Boer."

Bibliographic Note

The major part of this tale came from an oral history interview with Mrs. Lucy Davis Crowell of Carson City, Nevada. Davis's speech was printed in the Carson City *Appeal* soon after the dedication. Harvey's remarks and Clarence Mackay's talk were part of an article in *Harper's Weekly,* July 4, 1908, entitled, "Nevada's State Holiday." Other material, including the statute that designated the state holiday, is contained in the University of Nevada Regents' *Report* for 1908, and Samuel B. Doten's *History of the University of Nevada.* A biography of Gutzon Borglum is, Robert J. Casey and Mary Borglum, *Give the Man Room; the Story of Gutzon Borglum* (Bobbs-Merrill, 1952).

Notes and Documents

Virginia City, 1864

Thousands of words have been written about the glamour of life in Virginia City during its heyday as a mining camp. The use of hyperbole, honed to a fine art by the Comstock's early newspapermen, has almost invariably remained a major ingredient in material concerning the community. Indeed, such large quantities of legend have been mixed with the facts relating to life in the thriving young camp that the serious student sometimes finds it quite difficult to separate the two.

The glamour of Virginia City in the 1860s was not, however, always evident to its residents, as is obvious in the following description of the community contained in a letter written by Aaron Cook (about whom we have no information) in August, 1864. Such firsthand accounts are invaluable as means to acquire a more balanced perspective from which to view life in the bustling camp. Mr. Cook's comparison between the Virginia City area and California leaves no doubt that he, at least, was one resident who saw little of the glamour of the place.

Mr. Cook's letter to his niece is herein reproduced without correction in order to maintain its authenticity and unique style.

LYNN E. WILLIAMSON

21–1864

Virginia City Nevada Teritory August.

My Dear Little Niece, it is with pleasure, that I Sit mySelf down to write those few Leines to you, hoping they will find you in the Enjoyment of good health, as well as all the family as it leaves me at present. I know you will think Strange that I have not answered your kind Letter, But excuse me this time, and I will do Better hereafter. I have not much to write about, only that I am in a very Rough country. There is nothing to look at here, but Rocks, Sage Brush, and Sand and that is not very pleasant for aman. that was Raised in Such a plentyfull Country as Michigan, all Provisions has to come from California about 120 miles. but people

Seems to enjoy them Selfs just as well here as they Did there when I was there. you would Scarcely know me now if you was to See me. this Leikness was taken in July 1864, and is a true picture as I looked then, but I had been at work Nights all the time and not been used to work in the Sun. that is what makes me look So pale. now I work two weeks nights and then change on the Day Shift and I find it is a great Deal Better it is not very healthy here as a general thing But it is not very bad now the water is the worst, there is no water here only that which comes out of the mines and that comes out of tunnels run in to the mountains it contains arsenic and alkali, in Large quantities. this is a very curious country, the ground is covered with Salt from 4 to 20 feet Deep, pure white Salt that is 80 miles East of this place. afew miles from there they can gather up Saleratus by the Shovelfull, while 18 or 20 miles west of here there is Boiling Springs, I have Been there and looked at the Springs Some places it flies Right up in the air, others are just Boiling, and would be just Right to Scald hoggs, there is one which Blows off Steam, just like a Steamboat, they have Built a hospital over it, and the people go there when they get Sick. you can see the Steam five miles of, and they have named it Steamboat Springs. this is the liveliest City that ever I Saw. they take Silver out of the mines by the ton, there is Some gold in the Ore. Some of them Send the Best of the Ore to England. they get two thousand eight hundred Dollars per ton. Some of it is worth its weight in Silver, but that contains Some gold. Virginia City is very high up. the air is very light. a man may be ever So well in health and he cant do near as much work as he can in lower Altitudes there is only two citys in the world as high and anybody that has not got good Lungs cannot live here. I would not live here all my Life for all the Silver in the Teritory the wind Blows a perfect Huricane about half the time and it is Liable to Snow in July and August. Still it is not very cold, that is the Discription of the place as near as I can give it. it is as far Behind California as far as comfort goes as chalk is behind cheese. there is not a Stick of fire wood, even within ten miles of this city and then it is poor Stuff Lumber is worth from 60 to 100 Dollars per thousand feet and wood Sells for from 16 to 25 Dollars per cord in gold coin. Board is from 8 to 14 Dollars per week. So you See it takes a Rich company to work a mine, and it is no Better place for a poor man then California and if he has a family it is worse, besides it is not near as healthy. I am enjoying good health Enough So far, But keep getting Leighter I have fell of twenty pounds in about Six weeks.

I am not yet Married, neither am I engaged to be but it is high time, for me to See about it. I Shall Send you Somthing to Buy a new Dress, and please Send me your likeness. I Should like to have your mothers and fathers if you have them, you must be a good Girl to your mother now your poor father is Dead and when I come home I will give you Some thing Better tell Ellen Browning, if She will write to me and Send me her

Leikness I will Send her the Same that I have you. give my kind love to all our folks and accept the Same your Self from your unkle.

Aaron Cook, Virginia City

Nevada Teritory
Care Virginia City Gas Co.

From Our Library Collection

The Sagebrush War

Following the recall of the Mormons to Great Salt Lake City by Brigham Young in 1857, that area of Utah Territory which was destined to become Nevada Territory a few years later was left without any form of law and order or protection from hostile indians. Such unstable conditions, coupled by an increasing animosity between the Latter Day Saints and the gentiles, caused the remaining settlers in western Nevada to give thought to forming their own government. Thus it was that a constitutional convention was called in July of 1859 in order to effect action towards a severance from Utah. A few months later, in September, Isaac N. Roop was elected by that group to serve as their provisional governor. In January, Roop adjourned the legislature and issued a proclamation stating their reasons for seceding from Utah and declaring the territory devoid of legal protection.

The next year brought independent, territorial status to Nevadans from the U.S. Congress via the Organic Act. According to the wishes of Congress, the dividing line between Nevada and California ran, roughly, down the crest of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Those people living in the Honey Lake-Susanville area of California, however, felt that it would be more convenient to be within the Nevada boundary simply because transportation and communication between them and the California authorities was difficult, and sometimes impossible. Therefore, they most often turned to the Nevada authorities for military and legal assistance during periods of civil disorder.

Problems of a political nature climaxed in 1863 when the Honey Lake people formed Roop County (named after Isaac N. Roop) and elected appropriate officers. Within a matter of days, conflicts arose between the Roop County officials (considering themselves to be Nevadans) and the

Plumas County, California officials (who considered Honey Lake to be contained within their realm of jurisdiction). Open hostilities in Susanville between the two factions were terminated by a truce and an agreement that the two sheriffs should write their respective governors requesting immediate solution to their plight.

Acting Governor Orion Clemens and Governor Leland Stanford of California appointed the surveying team of John F. Kidder and Butler Ives in May of 1863 to factually, and finally, determine the actual boundary line between the two states, pending the approval of their respective legislatures. This in turn led directly into the dispute over the town of Aurora, the citizens of which had recently held their celebrated election and sent representatives to both state legislatures, since they, too, were not certain of their state residency. The outcome of the Kidder-Ives Survey, of course, found the Honey Lake area to lie within California and Aurora barely within the confines of Nevada—a land swap that was to prove most beneficial to Nevada because of the rich mines in the Esmeralda District.

The Honey Lake citizens, however, have neither forgotten nor forgiven the Sagebrush War, as it was later to be called, and as recently as 1959, serious efforts were made in the Nevada State Legislature to bring suit against the state of California and regain all of the 13,000 square miles Nevada lost in the Kidder-Ives Survey.

We are pleased to present in this issue the actual written account (without correction) of the conflicts that grew into open rebellion against the California authorities, as written by William Hill Naileigh, elected sheriff of Roop County, to Acting Governor Orion Clemens.

L. James Higgins, Jr.

Susanville February 18, 1863

To the Hon. Orion Clemens, Secretary and acting Governor of Nevada Territory

Dear Sir

The following Statement is made to you for the purpose of obtaining your advice and direction in the premises and also to request you to have a conference with the Governor of the State of California respecting Nevada jurisdiction in Roop County as now defined by Law, and also as to the Eastern boundary line of said State, whether the same does in any way conflict with the boundary lines of this Territory as Laid down in the Organic Act. About three weeks ago an injunction issued out of the Probate Court of this County at the suit of C. T. Emerson against Wm. A. Young an acting justice of the Peace under the Laws of California commanding him to refrain from the Exercise of jurisdiction as such justice

in the County of Roop and Said Territory. The injunction was disobeyed by him and for such disobedience he was arrested and fined one hundred dollars for a Contempt of Court. Subsequently on information and Complaint made, the County Judge of Plumas County issued a warrant for the arrest of John S. Ward Probate Judge and myself charging us with usurpation and intrusion into office without legal authority. Upon these warrants we were both arrested by the Sheriff of Plumas County and his deputy and immediately started for Quincy County Seat of Plumas County but owing to the weather and a heavy fall of snow the night previous our trip was abandoned (I should state here that Judge Ward was rested from the custody of the Deputy Sheriff by a body of Citizens of whom the Hon. Isaac Roop was one) before the abandonment of the trip. The Sheriff of Plumas finding that resistance would be made to the service of his warrants returned to Quincy the following day, raised a posse of one hundred and eighty men and one Cannon and returned to this place on Saturday last for the purpose above stated. Previous to this, however, and upon *the first* arrival of the Sheriff of Plumas in this Valley, proceedings by injunction had been instituted against all of the County officials of Plumas Co., in the name of the people of Nevada Territory at the relation of Isaac Roop. The writ was served on, and disobeyed by the Sheriff of Plumas Co., and his Deputy. The Sheriff escaped but the Deputy was arrested and brought before the Probate Judge who issued the injunction to answer for a Contempt of Court, but was discharged because of an agreement between him and the Citizens that he should return to Quincy, prevent the Sheriff from bringing over his posse, procure and have served an injunction upon all the County Officials of Roop County, which when served was to be obeyed until the Supreme Court of the State of California should finally pass upon the question of jurisdiction (His return was prevented by snow). On the arrival of the Sheriff of Plumas with his posse, the same Citizens who made the agreement with his deputy were called together at the request of the Sheriff of Plumas, and then and there informed by him that he did not concur in the agreement, therefore not bound thereby. Judge Ward and myself were at once re-arrested, but not confined, during the evening we were both taken by a body of Citizens and placed in a Log Cabin and strongly guarded. Runners were sent in every direction to inform the Citizens of the contemplated arrests, and by the next morning, a large body of armed Citizens congregated at this place, fortified the Log Cabin, provided themselves with munitions of War, provisions, & etc., signifying to the Sheriff and his posse that no arrests under California Law could be made. Some days before this occurrence and in anticipation of trouble with the California Authorities (the Sheriff having refused to obey an injunction) I issued a proclamation to the people of this County and Territory calling upon them to join my Posse to assist me in putting down any and all resistance by armed bodies of men, to the due execution of the Laws of

the land and to maintain peace & etc., to which call the people almost unanimously responded. The Sheriff of Plumas, seeing the condition of the Nevada people, early on Sunday morning the 15th instant, he marched his men into a large barn nearby opposite the Cabin occupied by my men, and commenced fortifying the same by taking some hewn logs designed for a house, which lay about thirty yards distant whilst thus engaged they were ordered by my men to cease moving the logs, the order was disobeyed the third time when my men fired, wounding one man seriously in the thigh, breaking the bone. The fight then became general between the two parties, and continued for several hours, doing no serious injury except the wounding of several persons among whom was Judge Ward who was shot through the fleshy part of the breast & right arm. The wound is not considered fatal. A cessasion of hostilities was then agreed to from time to time till nine o'clock the next morning the 16th instant, during which time the Citizens again assembled and had the Sheriff of Plumas County and myself come before them, which when done, the Sheriff made a proposition for settlement which was, "That each of the parties should disband their forces, appoint a Committee of Conference and Correspondence consisting of four persons, two from each side, whose duty it should be to represent the circumstances of this affair to the respective Governors of Nevada Territory and California requesting them to settle if possible the unsettled boundary between the two Governments. That all jurisdiction on both sides should cease until such settlement was had or until the respective Governments should authorize their officials of the disputed Territory to proceed." This proposition was acceeded to, and the proceedings of the meeting signed by the Sheriff of Plumas County and myself after which the Sheriff and his posse returned to Quincy. If this agreement is lived up to then we are wholly without the protection of *Law, life* or *property,* the bringing of suits, the administration of oaths, the acknowledgments of deeds, the arrest of murderers and theives, all cease, there are also many cases of great importance either commenced or about to be commenced in our Courts which are stopped, hence the great necessity of immediate action. I am well aware that this contract or agreement is all together without authority of Law and contrary to public policy, but under the existing circumstances I did it to prevent blood shed. My forces were so arranged, and of such a character that if the fight had been resumed it would have resulted in the utter annihilation of the Sheriff's entire Posse. The Citizens were terribly exasperated, so much so that reason held no sway whatever. I will obey your direction in the matter. Shall I go on as Sheriff of this County and continue to resist California Authority, or must we wait till California informs us whether we are or are *not* within her jurisdiction. I am satisfied that the people will not long acquiesce in the present State of affairs. Are we a Government and have we authority within the boundaries of Lake County now Roop, as provided by the Laws of the Territory Please let me hear from you at

your earliest convenience, and give me full directions how to proceed, by so doing you will greatly oblidge your humble servant

William Hill Naileigh

Sheriff Roop County,
Nevada Territory

What's Being Written

History of Nevada, by Russell R. Elliott (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1973; 477 pages; maps, illustrations, appendices, bibliography, index, xii; $9.50).

IN PROFESSOR ELLIOT'S BOOK Nevada has at last a full, firm account of its history written by a highly qualified professional who covers the whole known human record from the earliest ancient men to the active citizens of the present decade. Elliott's major predecessor, Dr. Effie Mack with her *Nevada: A History . . .,* published in 1936, carried her scholarly account only to 1878. Elliott not only supplements Dr. Mack for the events of the past century, he also makes use of new archaeological finds to extend Nevada history backwards to Fishbone Cave, Tule Springs, and other campsites of 12,000 or more years ago.

Clearly, Elliott is a political and economic historian, and though he devotes chapters to "The Physical Environment," the Indians ("Before the White Man"), or "The Trailblazers" his steady concern is the politics and economics, local and national, of the brief territorial years and the eleven decades of statehood. He is at his best in chapters such as "Comstock Era Politics" or "Economic Development, 1950–1970."

He is good on California boundary line problems, on the dynastic rule of San Francisco bankers and the Central Pacific Railroad, on the twentieth-century mining boom in southern Nevada, and on the rise of the important copper towns in eastern Nevada. He gives proper attention and clear explanation to technological innovations such as the Washoe pan process of reduction, square-set timbering in mines, the V-flume for transporting logs, and the Reese River process for treating ore. He is excellent in his chapters on the Progressive era, World War I and the 1920's, the Depression and the New Deal, Nevada during World War II, and the rise of tourism (including gambling) to be by far the state's leading industry, gambling alone grossing over half a billion dollars in 1969.

Elliott shows a steady concern for the big issues—taxation, conservation, irrigation, wasteful boom and bust, corruption and reform. He points out certain recurrent themes in Nevada history. One is the dream of finding another Comstock. Another, mentioned four or five times, is the fate of Nevada to serve all too often only "as a bridge" for migrations moving west or east. A third is the contrasting elements of Victorianism and sophistication (or bawdiness) found in pioneer mining towns or in the present-day cities.

Though Elliott's focus on political and economic subjects is wholly orthodox in the history of a state, it raises questions of proportion. There is perhaps too much space for silver and silverite politics, too much space for mining to the neglect of cattle, sheep, and hay ranching. There is probably too little on the Nevada activities of the Industrial Workers of the World and the Atomic Energy Commission, and on the development of the University of Nevada in Reno and Las Vegas.

There could be more, proportionately, on the problems raised by overuse of Truckee River water, overpumping of ground waters as in Las Vegas and the Amargosa River drainage, or unplanned growth alongside Lake Tahoe and in Clark County. In their way all these become political and economic matters, as does damage to the environment—the degradation of air, soil, and water, and the wiping out of species.

On the contrary, it is to Elliott's credit that he omits antiquarian or folkloric bits that less disciplined historians have worn to tattered clichés. He ignores tales of lost mines and chance discoveries of mines. He avoids, for instance, any mention of Snowshoe Thompson or Death Valley Scotty, and—a minor triumph—he never once alludes to Horace Greeley or Hank Monk.

Like most writers of history, even social historians, Elliott has trouble integrating environmental, cultural, and ethnic data. As topics they do not readily fuse into the political and economic chronology. One solution would be to omit them. The opposite would be to work them in here and there throughout the narrative. Another would be to recast the entire presentation into a topical one, but the result would not be a history. Elliott's solution, his one failure in organization, is to throw leftovers into a final chapter, "A Social and Cultural Appraisal." This brief catchall inventory of newspapers, educational institutions, churches and fraternal organizations, the arts, the foreign born, the Indians, and the black minority—terminated by a Walter Van Tilburg Clark poem—concludes the main text with an unintegrated anticlimax.

In his page-by-page performance Elliott is a model historian. He goes to the primary materials, to frontier newspapers, the private papers of figures like William M. Stewart and Henry M. Yerington, the newfangled tapes of oral history, and to official reports. He gets the facts right and the sequence of events straight. He avoids fictionalizing; he does not try to convey the feel of place or of an event. He quietly corrects the errors

of previous writers. He is careful, decorous, responsible, and of necessity serious. He is generally neutral, as when he gives pages to the arguments of the 1870's over the "Chinese question" without himself passing any judgment. He holds admirably to the verifiable records, and he is explicit about any extrapolation. "Although it cannot be documented, Newlands may well have been the main instrument keeping the Silverites and Democrats apart in 1898."

A few times Elliott is placidly ironical. In 1931 Senator Pittman's final report on American trade and commerce with China arrived at certain recommendations "despite much evidence to the contrary." Elliott ventures a scattering of value words such as "interesting," "remarkable," "unfortunately," "shoddy," or "rather outstanding." Only when the data are indisputable, as for the public record of Senator William Sharon, does he condemn: "Sharon's record in the United States Senate is one of the worst in the history of that legislative body. His record of inaction is unbelievable."

Dr. Elliott's *History* is a completely responsible book, scholarly and readable. It concludes with an excellent and useful essay on the extant, abundant sources for Nevada history and with a generously detailed, annotated bibliography for each chapter. The author mentions books and articles on many matters for which he found no place in the text. His judgments on publications are as sound as his learning is impressive.

The appearance of *History of Nevada* is the major event in Nevada historiography. Here, discerningly told, is the brief story of the fall of Paiute, Washo, and Shoshonean "civilization"—accurately so labeled by Elliott—and the long story of the uneven rise through varied stages of an American civilization tinged with a silvery local color.

RICHARD G. LILLARD
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Phil Swing and Boulder Dam, by Beverly Bowen Moeller (Berkeley: University of Cailfornia Press, 1971; pp. xii, 199 pages; $8.50).

PUBLIC OPINION and public recollection abound, unfortunately, in myth and misconception. In this brief but important monograph, Beverly Moeller has convincingly exposed one exaggeration by re-evaluating the origins of Boulder Dam. For years Americans have looked upon the dam as a personal achievement of Herbert Hoover; Moeller argues that the credit has been misplaced. Rather than Herbert Hoover, it was Phil Swing, a California attorney and Congressman who campaigned relentlessly for a decade to secure Congressional approval and funding for the project. Swing, whose Imperial Valley constituency desperately needed a stable water supply, envisioned a broad program of regional development,

one sponsored by the federal government and designed to provide not only water storage but also flood control and hydroelectric power. Although President Harding appointed Hoover to head the Colorado River Commission, the Republican Secretary of Commerce was unenthusiastic about the project, preferring a limited, flood-control program to the far-reaching and complex developmental system Swing advocated.

Throughout the 1920s Swing led the campaign for the dam, introducing bill after bill in Congress to implement his dream for an upriver storage facility on the Colorado, only to fail each time in face of concerted opposition. Private corporate interests, such as Southern California Edison and Utah Power and Light, opposed public development of hydroelectric power. Local States' rights groups resented the prominent role to be played by the federal government. Some western states, Arizona in particular, worried that the voracious economic appetite of California would eventually leave the golden state in complete control of the river. Finally, many midwesterners and southerners feared that the wheat and cotton raised on the newly irrigated land in the California desert would increase agricultural surpluses and lower commodity prices. It was not until 1928, after Swing had organized a vigorous lobbying campaign for the dam among western agricultural interests, construction firms, labor unions, and regionally-minded progressives, that Congress finally approved construction of the dam.

Barbara Moeller has consulted all of the relevant manuscript materials, including the Hoover papers in West Branch, Iowa. Although her zeal in demolishing this facet of Hoover's reputation is sometimes too enthusiastic, her book is nevertheless a valuable contribution, one that portrays a major development in the American West and successfully reveals the intricacies of interest-group politics in the United States.

JAMES S. OLSON
Sam Houston State University, Huntsville, Texas

"Photographed All the Best Scenery": Jack Hillers's Diary of the Powell Expeditions, 1871–1875, edited by Don D. Fowler (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1972; 225 pages; introduction, photographs, map, index; $10).

AMONG the most well described exploits of the American nineteenth century West have been the expeditions of John Wesley Powell and his men in 1869 and 1871–72 through the steep canyons and boiling rapids of the Green and Colorado Rivers. Powell published his own account (although it was somewhat inaccurate), and then down through the years historians have discovered and published the letters and journals of many of the

expeditions' participants. Also, excellent secondary accounts such as William C. Darrah's *Powell of the Colorado* and Wallace Stegner's *Beyond the Hundredth Meridian: John Wesley Powell and the Second Opening of the West* have been written. Yet one important diary has remained in manuscript form, that kept by John K. "Jack" Hillers. Hillers served as a boatman on Powell's second expedition, and he later held the post of chief photographer for the Geological Survey.

Now Don D. Fowler, Director and Research Professor at the Western Studies Center of the University of Nevada System's Desert Research Institute and an anthropology professor at the University of Nevada, Reno, has edited the diary and included many examples of Hillers's photographic art.

This diary spans the period from May 16, 1871, through October 26, 1872, although with some omissions, in addition to September 11–15, 1873, and May 1–June 10, 1875. This diary adds new data concerning the second expedition and details Hillers's later career with the Powell Survey of 1874 and 1875. Hillers's Indian Territory journal does not make a good companion piece to the earlier Powell Colorado story, since it is much shorter and contains artificially added material.

Dr. Fowler, who has successfully edited many other volumes, has again done an excellent job. He has fully identified persons and places mentioned. He has selected excellent photographs to exemplify Hillers's talents. While they do not quite bear out the title that Hillers shot *all* the best scenery, they do establish his claim to be considered in the same rank with such photographers of the West as Timothy O'Sullivan and William H. Jackson.

The University of Utah Press has created an attractive format for this volume. All in all, this handsome book deserves a place on the bookshelf of all serious students of western history.

RALPH J. ROSKE
University of Nevada, Las Vegas

Great American Deserts, by Rowe Findley with photographs by Walter Meayers Edwards (Washington, D.C.: National Geographic Society, 1972; 208 pages; forward, photographs, index; $4.95).

Another book for the coffee table?

FIRST, let me take a brief look at "coffee-table" books in general. Why "coffee-table?" Because, alas, they are the large-format, beautifully printed and brilliantly illustrated kind of book that one so often receives at Christmas, examines rather briefly, then places on his coffee table for further reference. Perhaps just to dazzle his friends; or perhaps because the bookcase shelf is too small. In any case these lovely and impressive

volumes are seldom read. Mainly they are looked at—which is what the designer and the publisher primarily had in mind.

The big book industry sprang to life in the fifties when, following the cut-backs caused by WW II, American printers were rushing to expand and to install newly available equipment. On the West Coast a pioneer in the big book field was the Sierra Club whose memorable series designed to promote conservation is still going strong. Sierra Club photographers, some of the best in the nation, roamed the West in their efforts to arouse public interest in saving endangered areas. As a result the club produced handsome big books dealing with such diverse subjects as Alaska, the Colorado, the Southwest deserts and the Redwoods.

Many publishers are now turning out big books that pertain to Nevada in one way or another. To name a few:

Making its appearance two years ago was *Ghost Towns of the West* (Sunset Books, $11.75), an elegant volume that included several Nevada scenes. Of the same vintage is *The Mountain States* by Marshall Sprague (Time-Life Books, 192 pages, $4.95) which examines the relationship of the western ranges in terms of water, culture, and economy. *Lost America* by Constance M. Greiff (Pyne Press, Princeton, $17.95) is a book of mourning, a tribute to the lost buildings and towns which so enriched the country's history. Belmont, Goldfield, and Virginia City are mentioned and Rhyolite is pictured in blazing color on the dust jacket.

The Charles H. Belding Press of Portland has produced during the past six years a stunning series on various states of the West. (Nevada, not yet.) Priced at $25.00, each volume of the series is printed in breathless color with photos by top-notch people like David Muench. The texts seem of little importance. Muench, incidentally, has a just-off-the-press big book called *Timberline Ancients* produced by the same Portland firm (Belding Press, Portland, 1972, $22.00) and dedicated to the ancient bristlecone pines of Nevada and nearby areas. The warmly written text and scholarly bibliography are by Darwin Lambert, formerly editor of the *Ely Daily Times.*

Now let me turn to the volume featured in this review, *Great American Deserts* by Rowe Findley with photographs by Walter Meayers Edwards (National Geographic Society, 1972, $4.95). Like all of the Nevada-related, coffee-table books mentioned earlier, *Great American Deserts* talks frequently about Nevada, and includes several top-quality color illustrations taken here. Unlike its big book cousins, however, this one is small in format—slightly larger and thicker than a typical issue of *National Geographic.* And cheaper! About a fourth as costly, for example, as the Belding series. This book cannot honestly be relegated to the coffee-table category either since it *can* be stored on a library shelf of average height. The illustrations do not dominate the text as is the case with most of the big books; both are of equal priority.

Structurally, the book covers four major desert provinces—the Chihuahuan, the Sonoran, the Mojave, and the Great Basin Deserts. Author Findley does not divide his book into these several geographical headings, though; rather he chooses to use a series of loosely-connected chapter headings dealing with such things as water, desert rats, plants, and animals. The latter two, to me, were the most specific and informative sections of the book. Otherwise, chapter to chapter, Mr. Findley jumps from one desert area to another, casually mixing his geography in a way that was sometimes a bit confusing to me. Also somewhat perplexing is the fact that photos are seldom matched to the subject being discussed on the same page.

What the book amounts to is Mr. Findley's warm, personal romance with the deserts he knows so well. He quotes dozens of desert people, he pries into Indian homes, visits Austin (Nevada) oldtimers, Kittie Bonner and Les Valdin, and even visits the opera house at Death Valley Junction. He mentions or quotes several University professors including Dr. Frits Went, Drs. George and Jeanette Wheeler, anthropologist Richard Brooks, and Dr. Lillian Sheps. Nevada trails expert Victor Goodwin is briefly quoted. Among the illustrations taken here are the Ward charcoal ovens, Basque contests in Elko and—certainly one of the most charming photos in the book—Don and Linda Critchell who run the *Eureka Miner*. We see them standing beside an ancient press in the *Sentinel* building.

The book is indexed and contains a list of sources for additional reading which students should find useful. The book is good-looking and good reading. Essentially it is an appreciation for the desert and a cry for its preservation as ". . . increasingly Americans come to realize the value—and vulnerability—of their remaining desert wilderness."

DON BOWERS
Editor, Nevada Highways and Parks Magazine

Reminiscences of Alexander Toponce, Written by Himself, introduction by Robert A. Griffen (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1971; 221 pages; illustrations; $4.95).

IN AN AGE in which the greats of Western history have been embalmed in the stereotypes of Hollywood writers, it is refreshing to come upon a personal account of the life of a man who was a footnote to history itself. Born in France in 1839, Alexander Toponce emigrated to western New York at the age of seven and, like Huck Finn, "cut loose" at an early age to make his way in the world.

A shrewd, observant and adaptive young man, he began his working life as a teamster in a New York lumbercamp and periodically followed freighting for the next half century. He was in Jefferson County, New

York at the height of the Millerite Revival in 1851, in Missouri during the conflict over the extension of slavery into the territories, in the mining rushes to Colorado and Montana in the early 1860's, in Brigham Young's Utah very early in the history of that area, and at Promontory Point, Utah on the day of the completion of the Transcontinental Railroad. At various other times he traveled to New Orleans with a Missouri slave trader, drove freight wagons and stages to Santa Fe, carried fast mail up the Platte River from Fort Kearney, and served as a teamster with General Albert Sidney Johnson's army in the "Mormon War" of 1857 and 1858.

Toponce also made and lost several fortunes in the freighting business, cattle ranching, mining, land promotion, and any number of other schemes and endeavors to which he put his hand in the course of his life. His native shrewdness comes through in all his ventures, whether it be dealing with Indians, conniving merchants, preachers, frontier toughs, bankers, settlers, Mormons or whatever.

What is fascinating about the book is Toponce's acquaintance with men who were then or later became seminal figures in Western history and lore: Lott Smith, Brigham Young's right hand man, the feared and fearless Porter Rockwell, leader of Brigham Young's "avenging angels," Brigham Young himself, whom he called ". . . the squarest man to do business with in Utah, barring none, Mormon, Jew or Gentile," George M. Pullman, the later inventor of the sleeping car, but a mere merchant in Georgia Gulch, Montana at the time Toponce knew him, J. X. Beidler of the Montana Vigilantes, John Sparks and Lewis Rice Bradley, two cattlemen who later served the state of Nevada as governors, William Sharon of the Bank of California in Virginia City, and a host of lesser-known figures of note throughout the West who were pioneers of their section in one way or another.

His first-hand observations of life among the Mormons are instructive as well as amusing, as are his descriptions of life in Virginia City, Nevada (to be distinguished from Virginia City, Montana) and the various transient mining camps he visited at one time or another.

There is much in this book which would be of interest to local historians seeking details of various economic and transportation activities in the intermontane West, and those persons desiring an insight into social, cultural, and legal matters in the early days.

Toponce apparently had no political philosophy whatsoever, although he worked for the election of state and local candidates on a few occasions, and once served as the gentile mayor of Corinne, Utah for a time. His formal religious convictions were vague at best and various and sundry Mormons tried unsuccessfully to convert him several times. He apparently disliked the practice of polygamy and chided his Mormon friends unmercifully about it, but had a great deal of respect for them as a pioneering people.

Although this reviewer is not familiar with all the details of local history covered in this narrative, he did find one glaring error. In discussing the ceremonies marking the completion of the Transcontinental Railroad on May 10, 1869, Toponce refers to "Governor Tuttle" of Nevada as having furnished a silver spike. He obviously meant Governor Blasdel, but the error does not in any way detract from his first-hand account of the historic event.

The lack of a map whereby the reader could trace the locations of the many mining camps, ranches, roads, battles etc. mentioned in the text is a major drawback, and the illustrations do not seem particularly pertinent. There is one photo of Aaron Ross, a famous Wells Fargo messenger who himself deserves a biography, but he is not mentioned in the text.

Robert A. Griffen's introductory essay is instructive, and both he and the University of Oklahoma Press are to be congratulated for rescuing such a fine volume of Western Americana from the obscurity which followed its 1923 limited-edition publication. It should find a prominent place on the shelves of any Westerner who makes a claim to knowing anything of the real history of his section.

PHILLIP I. EARL
Nevada Historical Society

Roughing It, by Mark Twain, edited by Franklin R. Rogers, reprint (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1972; 673 pages; $14.95).

FOR THE PAST HUNDRED YEARS, historians needing some little "fillit" have used the nearest version of Mark Twain's classic *Roughing It* as a source. Even Effie Mona Mack's definitive book, *Mark Twain in Nevada* leans heavily on *Roughing It.* And yet it becomes obvious to any researcher that Twain was prone to exaggerate some facts, particularly where memory was involved, and to use any old name when he could not remember the correct name. Now, through exhaustive research, a volume of Mark Twain has been published which can honestly be called a research tool. All the identifiable names are identified; all the unidentifiable are exposed as such. Extensive footnoting relates this detail.

But the text itself is published as Mark Twain himself would have wanted it set. All typographical errors have been checked. All the problems of setting a handwritten manuscript have been rectified. All the various errors which crept into later editions have been studied and explained in the appendices. Indeed, the editors have been so careful that they have even explained how Twain would have written any words which, for modern printing reasons, have been divided by a hyphen at the end of a line.

Also included are letters from Mark Twain's brother, Orion Clemens,

telling of the trip west and an event along the way. These are of interest as they relate to the Overland Trail, more than as references to Nevada itself.

But all these explanations of how the current study was completed, and all the footnoting, annotating and detailing have been presented in a way that carefully avoids detracting from the text itself. Footnoting, other than Twain's own notes, is done by page and line and at the end, rather than with numbers or other in-text devices.

Publication of this volume accomplishes two purposes. It makes available a copy of the delightful tale of the "Old West," *Roughing It,* which is printed as the author wrote it, and as he would have had it printed if he had set the type himself; and secondly, this work through its annotations becomes a valuable tool for the historical researcher.

Too often, recollections and interviews are the weakest form of historical research. The original *Roughing It* fell into this category—there was just enough truth in it to make one accept the errors as truth. Through footnoting, this weakness is eliminated.

ROBERT STEWART
Press Secretary,
Governor's Office,
Carson City

The Time of the Buffalo, by Tom McHugh, with the assistance of Victoria Hobson (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1972; 339 pages; bibliography, index, illustrations; $10).

THIS WORK by a zoologist and nature photographer could well be subtitled "the complete buffalo book." In an informal but erudite manner, McHugh presents a natural history of the North American bison—its range, behavior and physical attributes, and an examination of the buffalo's central place in the culture of the plains Indians; of the effect of the white man's coming upon both the buffalo and the Indians who were dependent upon it, of the slaughter of the great herds, and of the rescue of the buffalo from impending extinction. Finally, he gives the would-be buffalo watcher of today tips on how to approach the animals, and where the major herds are presently located.

The latter chapters of the book, dealing with the extermination of the great herds in the 1870s and early 1880s, and their limited return to the plains during the early years of the twentieth century, are probably of most interest to the historian. McHugh, in a view shared by many, maintains that the buffalo was saved by the combined efforts of private conservation groups, such as the American Bison Society, and the federal government. This view does not wholly coincide with that of some historians who contend that the buffalo had been saved from extinction before the societies interested the government in its preservation. This

had been done, they say, by individuals who were interested in maintaining private game preserves, and in breeding the valuable animals (valued at about $1,000 a head at the turn of the century) for sale, and who were the eventual suppliers for new government established buffalo preserves. McHugh states that the cost of maintenance of buffalo by individuals made the animals' existence, as long as they were only thus protected, tenuous.

In delimiting the buffalo's range, which at one time included practically all of the present United States, the book's maps place northeastern Nevada at the margin of the plains buffalo's grazing area. Although fossil buffalos have been found in Nevada, it seems unlikely that more than occasional individuals or scattered bands entered the drier regions of the Great Basin in historic times. McHugh notes that the outer limits of range can often be determined only by circumstantial evidence, and points out that place names have been used to support the presence of buffalo in northwestern Nevada. Such evidence is even more circumstantial than McHugh indicates, since these places, like Buffalo Meadows and Buffalo Creek, were named by explorers or immigrants for prevailing vegetation (buffalo grass) or natural land formations rather than after animals present at the sites.

There have been a number of books on the buffalo in recent years, notably Mari Sandoz' *The Buffalo Hunters,* Wayne Gard's *The Great Buffalo Hunt,* and Frank Gilbert Roe's *The North American Buffalo;* McHugh's is the most recent and most comprehensive in scope. As a study of the buffalo's place in native American cultures and in United States history, *The Time of the Buffalo* is very good; as a natural history of the animal it is excellent.

ERIC N. MOODY
University of Nevada, Reno

The Bureau of Land Management, by Marion Clawson (New York: Praeger Publishers, 1971; 209 pages; illustrations; $).

THIS BOOK is one of a popular series by Praeger Publishers about federal departments and agencies. Both the subject and the author of this one will be of particular interest to Nevadans.

The Bureau of Land Management (BLM) was created in 1946 from the General Land Office, which had responsibility since 1800 for public land records and administration of disposal laws, and from the Grazing Service, established to administer the Taylor Grazing Act of 1934. From this beginning, rich with western homestead, mining, and livestock history, the BLM has grown into a modern federal bureaucracy with a major role in present and future environmental planning and development.

Today the Bureau is the landlord over nearly twenty percent of the nation's land resources, primarily in Alaska and the western states. Two-thirds of Nevada is under BLM jurisdiction. In addition to these vast land resources, the Bureau is responsible for federal oil leasing of the submerged outer continental shelf. Royalties on these leases now exceed one hundred million dollars annually.

The book's author, Marion Clawson, was director of the Bureau of Land Management from 1948 to 1953. Born in Elko, Nevada in 1905, Clawson attended schools in Winnemucca, Midas, and Tuscarora and graduated from Elko County High School in 1922 as Valedictorian. He went on to receive his bachelor's and master's degrees from the University of Nevada, and later his Doctor of Philosophy from Harvard. His work experience prior to 1948 included employment with the Agricultural Experiment Stations in Fallon and Reno, and the Division of Farm Management and Bureau of Agricultural Economics in the U.S. Department of Agriculture. After leaving the Bureau, Dr. Clawson served as an agricultural advisor to Israel before joining the staff of Resources for the Future, where he remains today as a highly respected consultant, author, and speaker.

The Clawson family were early residents of Elko County, coming from Idaho to settle in Independence Valley in 1888. Dr. Clawson's grandfather was in the freighting business, operating between Elko and Tuscarora. His mother and father homesteaded their ranch in Independence Valley. Brother Bill (Dr. William E. Clawson, Jr.) recently retired as pastor of St. Johns Presbyterian Church in Reno.

Political scientists and professional resource managers may be disappointed that Dr. Clawson has not included more about the fascinating conflicts and problems, past and present, within and without the Bureau of Land Management. Certainly he is eminently qualified to do this, and hopefully, some day he will. Most readers, however, will find this book a highly readable and informative story of an agency that, surprisingly, few even in Nevada know very well, or understand.

JOHN L. ARTZ
University of Nevada, Reno

Mines and Quarries of the Indians of California, by Robert F. Heizer and Adam E. Treganza (Ramona, California: Ballena Press, 1972; 62 pages; 8 maps, 11 figures, selected bibliography of North American Indian mining and quarrying; $).

MINING is so important in the history of the Western United States, with major economic and social impact, not to mention its effect on the environment, that it tends to overshadow the long *prehistory* of mining and quarrying in the area. It is therefore good to welcome the reprinting of a

useful work long unavailable. Originally published in 1944 by the California Division of Mines, this little volume includes a summary of the then available ethnographic and archaeological data on the exploitation of rocks and minerals by the California Indians, and a brief comparison with the rest of North America. Its organization, illustrations, and the authors' readable style commend it to the general reader as well as the specialist.

Archaeological interest in this subject in Nevada began in the mid-twenties with the investigation of the Saint Thomas Salt mine (Harrington, 1925, 1926) and until recently, appeared to end there as well. Studies of primitive technology, particularly experimental studies in flint knapping, have redirected attention to these activities. Three recent works describe quarrying-workshop activities at two obsidian sources and one basalt source in Northeastern Nevada, basing their conclusions in part on statistical analysis of chipping detritus (Ragir and Lancaster, 1966; Tuohy, 1970; Toney, n.d.) and work is in progress at a sinter quarry and workshop (Elston and Davis, 1972). Ethnographic data for this activity in the Great Basin are scarce and for the most part limited to references to obsidian sources. The attention given to Nevada by Heizer and Treganza in this report is therefor especially valuable.

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Carson Valley, "Historical Sketches of Nevada's First Settlement," by Grace Dangberg (Published by the Carson Valley Historical Society, printed by A. Carlisle & Co., Reno, 1972; limited edition, map, index, bibliography; $12.50).

MISS DANGBERG'S *Carson Valley* is an important book to students of Nevada History. Not only is this area of the state the cradle of Nevada's development, it also fostered several interesting later communities and groups of people in addition to Genoa (Mormon Station). While many articles and monographs have been published in the past concerning the Mormons and their settlement of the valley, little has been done to record the exciting histories of Minden, Gardnerville, Waterloo, Dresslerville, and the other small towns that have played an integral part in the growth of northwestern Nevada, nor has much been done concerning the dynamic families and individuals who guided the growth of the valley.

Miss Dangberg has not attempted to rehash the many histories of Genoa, but gives the reader a concise and interesting story of its establishment, development, and the reasons for its decline. Interspersed with this are vignettes reflecting the humanity—and sometimes the lack of it—of the people who became prominent there.

With the spread of ranching interests across Carson Valley, other towns gradually came into being and found their places on the map. Miss Dangberg describes the beginnings of each one, having spent many years living among them and delving deeply into each of their pasts. Also, people and incidents important to the Valley, such as Dr. Eliza Cook, H. F. Dangberg, "Snowshoe" Thompson, and others are presented with an effort to illustrate them as they appeared to their contemporaries. Floods, fires, murders, hangings, and social customs are reflected and aid the reader in coming closer to the citizens of Carson Valley.

Each chapter is divided into short discussions concerning a town's history, important incidents, historic homes and other buildings, and the people responsible for the town's importance to the Valley. All of these are laid out in such a way that the reader may spend many hours with Miss Dangberg's interwoven vignettes, or use them to fill the gaps during television commercials and telephone calls. Either experience promises to be gratifying and educational. The style in which they are presented is light, interesting, factual, and many times dramatic.

Grace Dangberg is well qualified to write a book of this nature. She has to her credit publications by the Smithsonian Institution, the Nevada State Museum, the Nevada State Historical Society, and newspapers. She is also one of the founding members of the Carson Valley Historical Society and takes an active part in its growth. Additionally, Miss Dangberg has devoted many years to the operation of the Dangberg Land & Livestock Co. (founded by her grandfather, H. F. Dangberg) which holds extensive interests across several Nevada counties. She has also been a guest lecturer at the University of Nevada, Reno and has acted as an expert witness in Nevada Supreme Court hearings and trials dealing with land and water disputes in Carson Valley.

There is an important feature of *Carson Valley* which should be brought out. In the attempt to firmly establish historic incidents, the researcher of Nevada history will find that Miss Dangberg has studiously refrained from footnoting her book. This phenomenon is quite in keeping with her philosophy of how to teach history to today's youth (another field in which she has had considerable experience). She believes that by footnoting, subsequent researchers are inclined to seek only selected facts, a procedure which produces an incomplete picture, and sometimes distorts the story as a whole. Therefore, Miss Dangberg has presented an extensive and impressive bibliography, without footnotes referring to them, in the hope that future researchers of Carson Valley's history will be compelled to study the history of the area as a whole and to place related events in their proper perspective.

Errors and omissions creep into every book, and *Carson Valley* has one of each. The photograph (p. 92) of Cecil Stodieck's christening party carries his name incorrectly. It is A. (August) Cecil Stodieck. Omitted, perhaps beneficially, is the little-known-about, and probably groundless controversy surrounding the naming of Gardnerville. Miss Dangberg indicates that the town was named after John M. Gardner (p. 98), to which most evidence points.

Carson Valley is not a total history. Many volumes may yet be written about the Valley's exciting past, but this is the first and most comprehensive major history about a vital part of Nevada's economy, politics, and social customs that has been shrouded in darkness for too long. As Miss Dangberg states to her friends and neighbors, "May your stories be the substance of other books." So may it be!

L. JAMES HIGGINS, JR.
Nevada Historical Society

Impounded People: Japanese—Americans in the Relocation Centers, by Edward H. Spicer, et al. (Tucson: The University of Arizona Press, 1969; 342 pages; illustrations, bibliography, index; $8.50).

IN A SUPERB HISTORICAL–SOCIOLOGICAL STUDY four anthropologists who

worked for the War Relocation Authority during the Second World War give us an eyewitness account of the West Coast Japanese–Americans exiled to desert and wilderness areas in the American interior because of Pearl Harbor and "Yellow Peril" hysteria. Edward H. Spicer, Asael T. Hansen, Katherine Luomala, and Marvin K. Opler actually wrote this story in the last few months of the war and published it in conjunction with the Government Printing Office in 1946. It has recently been reissued by the University of Arizona Press with a printing in 1969 and another in 1970.

An unstated reason for the new publication is undoubtedly the revived interest in ethnic studies, which has been fostered by various college groups including Sansei activists, but another reason could perhaps be the recent popular reappraisal of the Japanese evacuation and internment experiences seen in such television documentaries as that presented by NBC on September 19, 1972, which was appropriately entitled, "Guilty by Reason of Race."

The stated purposes of the new publication are two, one quite specific and the other more universal: (1.) to help correct the prevalent misunderstanding of the detention camps; and (2.) to attain a better understanding "of administrative structures . . . as they relate to human needs." These purposes are stated for the first time in the introduction to the 1969 edition and are indeed relevant despite the *ex post facto* nature of the statement. Certainly the more than twenty years that have elapsed since the initial publication have afforded the authors a better perspective from which to analyze their study. But of even greater significance for one involved in the humanities is what Professor Spicer delineated in such quintessential terms: "The emphasis . . . is on that other theme of how, given chaos and betrayal as the starting point, people strive to bring meaning back into their lives."

Betrayal is really the only appropriate word for the Japanese–American experience of World War II; betrayal of the Nisei offspring who as citizens were ostensibly protected by that most sacrosanct of documents, the Constitution of the United States of America; betrayal of the Issei parents who were prohibited by law from becoming American citizens and at the same time berated for being unassimilable and being "once a Jap, always a Jap." But contrary to the authors who in 1969 as well as 1946 contended that it was the leaders not ordinary Americans who were responsible for such betrayal, there are numerous scholars who provide evidence to show mass responsibility. To be sure, the words and actions of President Roosevelt, U.S. Attorney General Francis Biddle, Lt. Gen. J. L. DeWitt, California Attorney General Earl Warren, syndicated columnists Walter Lippmann and Westbrook Pegler and the Hearst and McClatchy newspapers, Congressmen John Rankin and Martin Dies, American Legion spokesmen, and many others in leadership or opinion-making roles had much to do with the betrayal, yet Bureau of Intelligence

surveys in 1942 show clearly that a significant majority of West Coast residents were highly distrustful of the Japanese living in their midst and helped focus racial and national antagonism and bring on the nightmare of 1942 (see Jacobus Ten Broek, Edward N. Barnhart, and Floyd W. Matson, *Prejudice, War and the Constitution: Causes and Consequences of the Evacuation of the Japanese Americans in World War II,* 1954). The result was that on February 14, 1942, General DeWitt, head of the Western Defense Command, sent a Valentine missive to the secretary of war and was subsequently rewarded with FDR's Executive Order 9066 authorizing evacuation of 110,000 Japanese–Americans from the West Coast.

How could this happen in free and democratic America? One young Nisei discerned the answer clearly if unhappily: "What had I, or, as a matter of fact, what had the rest of us done, to be thrown in camp, away from familiar surroundings, and familiar faces? What had there been in my life that made such a thing happen? The only answer is, the accident of my birth—my ancestry. There is no other logical answer." Again the basic and historic American dilemma of racism versus democracy had resurfaced in favor of the former. Parenthetically, this is one of the greatest strengths of the book—it is filled with such primary accounts of abused Americans.

But the evacuation tragedy is not the essential subject of this masterful work. The report deals instead with the "relocation camps" themselves and how the "evacuees" fought for and attained some measure of self-direction and self-esteem in the face of hostile circumstances and environment and the paternalistic bureaucracy of the WRA.

Historically the response to racism of minority groups in the United States has consisted of three courses of action: accommodation, resistance, and/or separation. The Japanese–Americans of World War II were no exception. All three reactions were evident among them in the years 1942–1946.

The prevailing attitudes in the early stage of "moving in" were those of accommodation and a sufficient amount of passive resistance to make that accommodation livable. Nevertheless, the traumatic effect of the initial forty-eight hour preparatory period and the subsequent transfer to assembly centers at fairgrounds, race tracks, athletic stadiums, and the like, must have been quite similar to the feeling of utter helplessness and hopelessness experienced by Jews being rounded up in Nazi Europe. But upon arrival in the detention centers and after the initial flurry of activity to provide basic needs, the accommodation aspects of the internment shifted perceptibly to the WRA staff as the internees sought a clear voice in management. In addition, much distrust of volunteers working with the WRA arose along with many and various complaints. The internees recognized two distinct classes: "Us" and "They," or as euphemistically applied by WRA staff, the "evacuees" and the "Caucasians." The guards

with guns aroused a "feeling of being prisoners" among the people, and some internees even labeled the camps "Jap prisons." In reporting such facts, the authors nevertheless repudiate such thoughts, especially any idea of the detention centers being concentration camps, for as Professor Spicer strongly states: "The relocation centers had a sufficient margin of autonomy to make it very clear that we should not speak of them as the concentration camp kind of social unit." To be sure, such an evaluation cannot be denied and for more than just reasons of "autonomy." Yet accepting Professor Spicer's own definition, still that "margin of autonomy" had to be won by the internees themselves by application of various resistance tactics. In other words, the internees forced the isolated WRA staff to recognize their initiative in policy and program.

In the process of "being sorted," the combination of active resistance and separation emerged. The registration program of the War Department presented the internees with the fundamental question of loyalty at a time when their disloyalty had already been prejudged. This government action so antagonized certain elements in the camps that many renounced any loyalty and demanded eventual deportation back to Japan. Such events culminated in the Tule Lake facility becoming a "Segregant" camp and a focus for the chauvinistic *Hoshidan* movement, with an accompanying application of selective violence by militants.

The overwhelming response of most internees, however, was one of accommodation during the "settling down" period of 1943–1944. "Harmony in the centers" became the watchword of the camp leaders, and a rather placid "center way of life" developed. The internees ran the day-to-day machinery of block administration, set the standards for the necessary work, and generally settled down to wait out the war. To keep busy, they developed *Kabuki* theater, *sumo* wrestling matches, and a variety of games and recreational activities. They came to consider their confinement as a vacation, especially a "vacation from assimilation" with all its nerve-wracking demands. And the historically rooted "California Japanese culture" again flourished.

The final traumatic event, however, occurred in the "getting out" process. The well-meaning but ill-informed WRA policy makers always had the idea of resettling and dispersing the "evacuees" across the country as soon as possible after arrival in the relocation centers. In line with this policy, some internees had been leaving to various places in the Midwest since early 1943. In fact, Chicago became a mecca for many younger, unmarried Nisei. Yet for most Issei and Nisei their "West Coast stake" could not be forsaken despite bureaucratic pressure, however well-intentioned. Thus, once the "getting out" process began in earnest, they listened closely to the reports of "scouts," overcame their feelings of insecurity, and then struck out again for the West Coast with hope for a more permanent place in American life. The time was 1945–1946.

Today, the place of Japanese–Americans has indeed become more

permanent and in fact exceedingly successful. In the June 21, 1971, issue of *Newsweek,* an article on the California Japanese appeared with the provocative title, "Success Story: Outwhiting the Whites." Its main thesis was that the Japanese–Americans had realized a kind of Horatio Alger success and indeed had become super-patriotic, pseudo-Wasps. A UCLA scholar spoke of the innate character and distinctive culture of the California Japanese which in many ways assured their success. But undoubtedly a contributing factor in that success was their intense determination to prove their mettle and their unswerving Americanism in the face of almost a century of bitter experience, especially the experience of World War II.

Impounded People is an excellent book. The bibliography is extensive and well annotated, either in the formal listing of the appendix or in the 1969 introduction of Professor Spicer. Particularly intriguing are the more than forty photographs which achieve proverbial status. One picture of a Nisei child on a swing in Heart Mountain, Wyoming, in 1943 captures the plight of Japanese–Americans in World War II as well as Ben Shahn's painting of *Liberation* has to show the plight of children in war-torn Europe in 1945. Of such touching elements is this scholarly work composed.

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Catalogue and Index of the Publications of the Hayden, King, Powell, and Wheeler Surveys, by L. F. Schmeckebier, 1904, Reprint (New York: Da Capo Press, 1971; 208 pages; $).

This reprint of Schmeckebier's 1904 edition which catalogued and indexed the publications of the four great surveys conducted between 1867 and 1879 should be welcomed by students and investigators. "The publications of these early Government organizations constitute a storehouse of geographic, geologic, ethnologic, and archaeologic information concerning the western portion of the United States; . . . ."

What's Going On

Great Basin Empire Slide-Sound Show

The second 35mm slide-sound show has been completed and placed in service. A broad survey of Nevada history, *Great Basin Empire* is intended to be an opening presentation for classes in Nevada history in the public schools, or a short (30 minutes) description of the state's background for adult groups. The show is part of a larger historical slide series that will ultimately contain approximately twenty-five titles. The series is funded by grants from the Nevada Council on the Arts, and the Nevada Humanities Committee.

National Endowment for the Arts Grant

A grant of $8,337 has been made by the National Endowment for the Arts to add one staff member to the library cataloguing project.

Nevada Guidebook Series

The Nevada Department of Economic Development has agreed to fund the printing costs of the guidebook series. To date, we have two completed manuscripts. The Reno area guidebook is now being processed for printing by the State Printing Office. Mary Ellen and Al Glass are the

co-authors. A second guidebook, on the Las Vegas area, has been completed in manuscript form by Mary Ellen Sadovich. Both are scheduled for publication this summer.

The Towell Collection

Representative David G. Towell has donated his correspondence and records concerning the upset congressional election of 1972 to the Society. This valuable collection of letters, publications, and notes will provide historians and political scientists with data necessary to properly assess the complicated and hard-fought campaign for Nevada's single congressional seat.

Junior History News

THE WASHOE CANARIES chapter of the Junior History Society of Nevada has been quite active since the first of the year. The club, located at Archie Clayton Junior High School in Reno, has adopted as its symbol a beautiful picture of a "Washoe Canary" discovered in a slide program presented to Nevada history classes at the school by Mrs. Roy Berry and Mr. Rod Smith. This particular slide was enlarged, framed, and presented to the club as a surprise Christmas gift.

In February, the Washoe Canaries took a field trip to the Nevada State Historical Society. While at the Society, the group was given a tour of the museum and also viewed a slide-sound show on Nevada history.

Members of the Washoe Canaries have been given the responsibility of changing the displays in the Nevada history window in the office of their school. Club members have also undertaken as a project, the task of establishing and maintaining a vertical file of newspaper clippings in the school library. The boys in the club have planned an extensive field trip in the Peavine Mountain area to take place this spring.

Officers of the Washoe Canaries are: Diane Sekiguchi, president; Kyle Saunders, vice-president; Carrie Orcutt, secretary-treasurer. Mrs. Rachel Struve and Mr. Jim Puryear are sponsors of the club.

THE TOMMYKNOCKERS Junior History Club of Swope Junior High School is undoubtedly one of the busiest chapters in the Society. The Tommyknockers have designed a shoulder patch in the shape of Nevada, with their club symbol in the center. The idea is an excellent one and quite popular; other clubs may wish to consider a similar undertaking.

On January 20th, members of the club took a field trip to the Forty-Mile Desert. The group also visited Soda Lake, Ragtown, and the Fallon museum on their trip. The Tommyknockers are enthusiastic about field trips (even to the extent of taking them on weekends when there is no school). The club has an ambitious trip planned for April 6–7. Starting out Friday evening, the Tommyknockers plan to visit Berlin, Gabbs, and the Ichthyosaur Paleontologic State Monument, returning home Saturday evening.

Members of the Tommyknockers have also been gaining some first-hand experience in working with historical documents. The Nevada State Historical Society has in its possession several unorganized manuscript collections. The Tommyknockers have been journeying to the Society once a week to organize these collections. Such organization includes chronologically arranging the documents, selecting important items and subjects from among the papers, and preparing cards for the index. Participants seem enthusiastic about the project and it is hoped that other chapters will participate in the future.

Officers of the Tommyknockers are: Jean Dendary, president; Laura Brown, vice-president; Jonrie Etchemendy, secretary-treasurer; Heidi Heidrich, reporter. The club is sponsored by Mr. Fred Horlacher and Mr. L. James Higgins, Jr.

THE COYOTES Junior History Club of Stead Elementary School has compiled a rather impressive record in the short period of time that it has been active. As the first (and to this date, only) elementary school chapter of the Junior History Society in the state, its third grade members have brought new energy to the study of Nevada history. The club, early in its existence, established a policy of holding weekly meetings; members began bringing artifacts, antiques, and "just interesting looking items" to these meetings, they even managed to involve their parents and grandparents in the search for items of interest to present. This in itself is no small accomplishment, a goal that might well be worth the efforts of other Junior History Clubs.

The Coyotes have also made the practice of bringing in outside speakers a significant part of their study of Nevada history. Members of the Historical Society staff have displayed and explained Indian artifacts, and have presented slide-sound programs to the group. Dr. James Anderson of the University of Nevada was invited by the Coyotes to present his slide program on the Emigrant Trail.

At present the Coyotes are busy gathering information on the history of Stead, and in trying to purchase a flag that has been flown over Washington, D.C.

Officers of the Coyotes are: Frank Young, president; Kirsty Coffill, Keith Satowski and Randy Miller, vice-presidents; Daniel Greenwell, secretary; Bradford Tipton, treasurer. Club sponsors are the Stead third

grade teachers; Mrs. Christina Bell, Mrs. Ingeborg Stone, Mrs. Doris Nachtsheim, and Mrs. Elizabeth Squires.

THE BLACK ROCK TRAILBLAZERS of Gerlach High School seem to be living up to predictions that they would be one of the more ambitious Junior History Clubs in the state. At present club members are working on plans for their own museum, have spring field trips planned to Soldiers Meadows, Leadville, and Seven Troughs, and are working on several other projects. Space here, however, shall be devoted to presenting the results of the Black Rock Trailblazers' first major research project, the compilation of information on the Empire tramway. The following article has been edited for publication with only minor corrections in spelling and structure being made; in all other respects the article represents the work of club members.

Officers of the club are: Donald Lawver, president; Louis Houlet, vice-president; Fleeda West, historian. The club is sponsored by Jim Christman and his wife, Charlene.

The Empire Tramway

JUST OUTSIDE the present town of Empire, in northern Washoe County, lies the remains of one of the greatest engineering feats of the twentieth century. Pacific Portland Cement's 5.2 mile tramway is a monument to man's ingenuity. The tramway was originally built for use in New Empire (near Carson City) by the Pacific Portland Cement Company. However, due to the exhaustion of ore deposits, the New Empire operation was closed and the tramway system moved to Empire to be used in transporting gypsum rock from the quarry to the mill.

During 1923, construction of the tramway was completed extending the system some 5.2 miles southeast of the present United States Gypsum, Empire plant, to the quarry site. The elevation difference over this distance, from quarry to mill, is 1,300 feet. Mules were used to transport supplies to construction workers, the majority of whom were Chinese. Transportation of building materials was difficult due to the extreme altitude changes occurring over the route of the tramway.

The tramway consisted of two cables, the first being the track cable which was made of lock coil cable 1⅜ to 1½ inches in diameter; the second was the traction cable (or traction rope) which was ¾ inch in diameter. Due to this type of construction, the tramway was referred to as a bi-cable aerial tramway.

The cables were supported by fifty-seven towers constructed of kiln-dried, structural grade, long leaf, yellow pine and Douglas fir. The highest of these towers was tower "E," 1,300 feet above the mill location.

Buckets were loaded at the upper quarry terminal by use of a bin with hydraulically controlled gates. At this terminal, a workman loaded the

buckets from the bin. He had two or three buckets in reserve so that he was not rushed with the loading process. Once loaded, a bucket was pushed to the end of the terminal where it was held by a timing gear until one of the previously filled buckets cleared tower "E." This was necessary to prevent surging, meaning the pushing or pulling of the entire tramline. Such pulsation of the line could cause damage to the cable and the towers.

Located in the upper quarry terminal were two electric motors, a fifty horsepower motor to turn the traction cable, and a thirty horsepower motor in reserve. These motors were primarily used as braking devices or speed controls rather than for propelling the line.

Attachment and release of the buckets occurred approximately every fifty-seven seconds. Each bucket traveled on two wheels which rode on the track cable. Attached to these wheels by means of hangers (metal supports) were the buckets, each of which had a capacity of 1,800 pounds. Located in the hanger framework were spring loaded grips which attached the buckets to the traction cable. These grips were automatically engaged and disengaged at the two terminals. There were 217 buckets of this capacity on the tramline during peak production periods. When it became necessary to decrease the number of buckets, the number had to be lowered to the next prescribed combination. The different combinations were necessary to prevent surging due to the uneven spacing of the buckets. For example, the next combination under 217 was 186. It was possible to run the tramline with four or five buckets missing, but if the number missing was greater than five, it was necessary to use the next lower combination.

The tramway was operated by one mechanic, four operators, and a tramrider during each shift. When there was trouble on the tramway the mechanic would be dispatched to fix it; if the problem was too serious for a lone mechanic, others were sent to assist with repairs. When serious problems occurred, the tramway generally had to be shut down for the time it took to make repairs.

Four operators were needed to control the tramline. These men were the guardians of the tramline. It was their job to make sure that the buckets entered and exited the terminals at the correct speed. They were able to determine by the sound of the electric motors if the buckets had wrecked at any point along the tramline. This ability to detect problems by the sound of the motors took years of experience to develop.

As indicated, the electric motors acted mainly as brakes or controls. When a power failure occurred, the gravity pull of the loaded buckets would cause a runaway. To stop the runaway, the operator would engage hand brakes on the Bull Wheel, which was the giant pully on each end of the traction cable. This was done by screwing the brakes down on the surface of the Bull Wheel. If these brakes were not engaged immediately the buckets would smash towers, or would leave the overhead track at the

terminals and demolish the buildings. Sometimes the buckets would lose their grip and roll back to the next bucket. When this happened, the operator would have to stop the tramline before the bucket behind pushed the first bucket over one of the high towers. If the loose bucket was allowed to go over the tower, it would rush out of control into the bucket ahead of it. This would generally cause the second bucket to lose its grip and roll into the next bucket on the line. By means of this chain reaction, several buckets might become disengaged. Such a chain reaction would only stop when the lead bucket crashed into one of the towers or the terminal. When this happened, the tramline would have to be shut down to repair the damaged tower or building.

Within each tower there were a number of pulleys or rollers which supported the traction cable and the track cable. It was necessary to grease these pulleys frequently; this was the job of the tramrider. To move from one tower to another, it was necessary for the tramrider to ride down the tramline in a loaded bucket and return in an empty one. The tramrider would step into a loaded bucket and ride to the first tower. Once at the tower he would step from the bucket to the tower, and grease the rollers and pulleys. When this job was completed, he would step into another bucket and ride to the next tower to repeat the operation. This procedure was continued until the entire tramline, or fifty-seven towers were greased.

It was during this procedure of greasing the towers that a bucket fell from the track cable with the tramrider inside. This accident happened at one of the highest points of the tramline, some 450 feet above the ground. When the tramrider did not arrive at the lower terminal in a reasonable amount of time, men were sent to search for him. They found the tramrider's body in a ravine with the bucket.

Another death occurred on the tramway during a cable splicing operation. In order to splice the larger track cable it was necessary to pull some slack in the cable. This was done with a block and tackle arrangement pulled by a tractor. During the pulling up of slack, the cable broke and wrapped around a workman's body, nearly cutting him in half. According to available information, these are the only two fatalities which occurred on the tramline during its entire operation.

In later years, the towers became brittle and unable to stand the stress of operation. When the wooden towers were damaged, it became necessary to replace them with steel towers. The steel towers proved extremely expensive to construct. Due to the increased cost of maintenance and operation of the tramline, alternative methods of transporting the rock from the quarry to the mill were researched.

The tramline made its last run in December of 1964. At this time it was decided that the tramway would not be reopened. In August 1965, truck haulage began replacing the tramway operation.

SPO, Carson City, Nevada, 1973