NEVADA Historical Society Quarterly

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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, $7.50; student, $3; sustaining, $25; life, $100; and patron, $250. Membership applications and dues should be sent to the director.

The Nevada Historical Society *Quarterly* publishes articles, interpretive essays, and documents which deal with the history of Nevada and of the Great Basin area. Particularly welcome are manuscripts which examine the political, economic, cultural, and constitutional aspects of the history of this region. Material submitted for publication should be sent to the N.H.S. *Quarterly,* 4582 Maryland Parkway, Las Vegas, Nevada, 89109. Footnotes should be placed at the end of the manuscript, which should be typed double spaced. The evaluation process will take approximately six to ten weeks.

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Contents

THE COVER

The University of Nevada's first building as completed in Elko, 1874.

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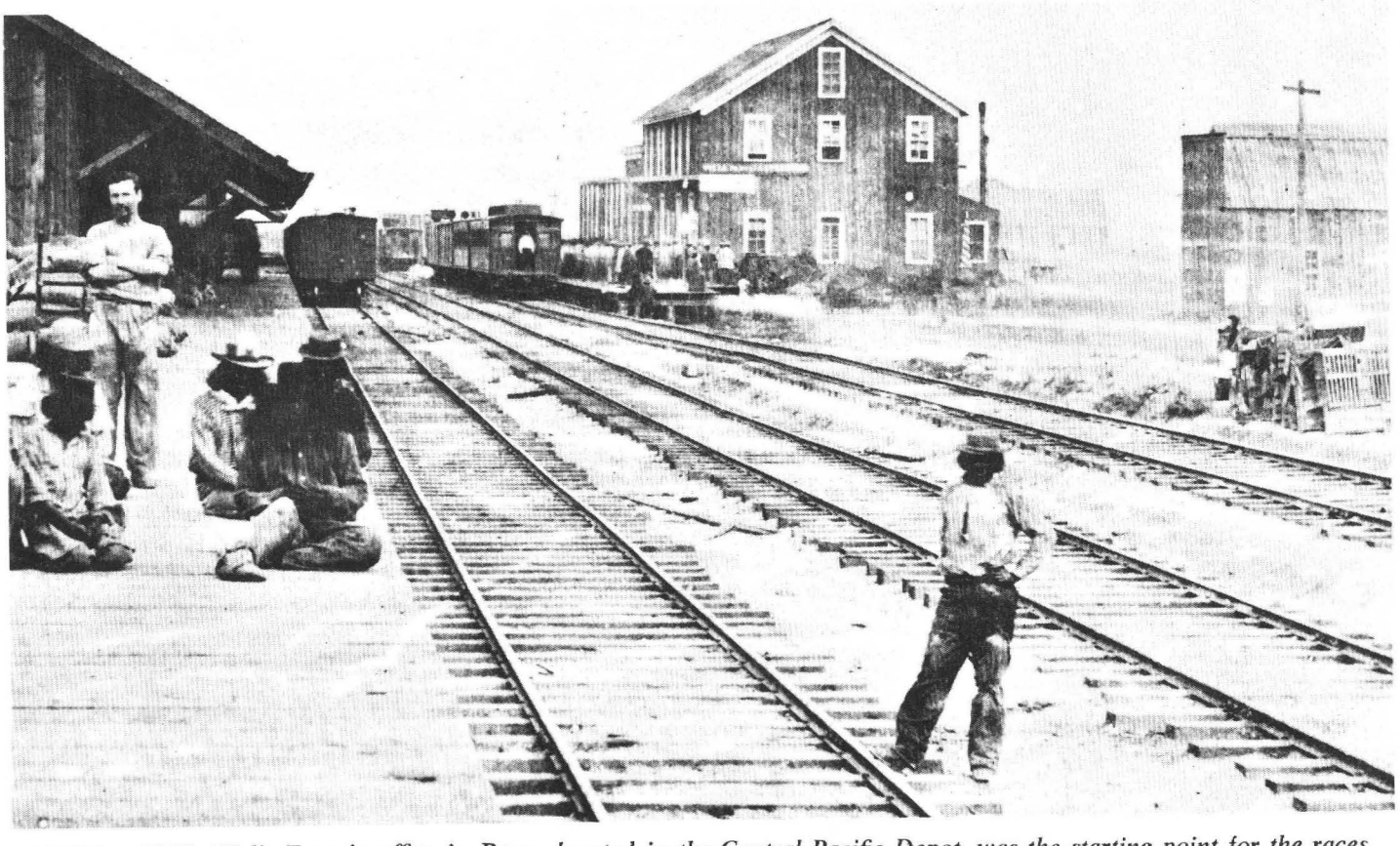

RENO—1868: Wells Fargo's office in Reno, located in the Central Pacific Depot, was the starting point for the races between Wells Fargo and rival Pacific Union Express Co. riders.

Racing From Reno to Virginia City by Wells Fargo and Pacific Union Expresses

by W. Turrentine Jackson

IN JUNE OF 1868, when the last gap had been filled in the Central Pacific Railroad's line over the Sierra from Sacramento to Reno, Virginia City was sidetracked for the first time in her history. This was during the period of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s peak staging activity, and the company took prompt steps to bridge the gap between Reno and Virginia City in order to accommodate passengers and to deliver express and mail. On June 4, 1868, Wells, Fargo & Co. inaugurated its "Accommodation Line" with stages leaving Virginia City at mid-morning and returning from Reno immediately after the arrival of the night train from Sacramento.[1]

Wells Fargo was not to have the field to itself, however. A rival company, Pacific Union Express Co., was organized under the laws of California to conduct an express and commission business in California, Oregon, and Nevada, with service also by sea to the east coast of the United States and foreign countries.[2] The Pacific Union group, ambitious and energetic, set out to compete strongly with Wells Fargo and in effect beard the lion in his own territory. Speed, reliability and adequacy of service as well as competition in rates figured in the contest for public patronage. Both firms were very conscious of the image of excitement and press notices of their activities in maintaining favorable public relations. From time to time, and particularly in Nevada and the Los Angeles area, the competition erupted into out and out racing between the two companies to "get there first with the mail." Much of the time the races would be between riders on horseback, but often one or the other company would use a horsedrawn buggy or a buckboard. For a short while in Sacramento there were foot races between the rival messengers, enlivened by thrills and spills. For an even briefer time, until mature heads in Wells Fargo became aware of what was going on and put a stop to it, the two companies even raced stagecoaches, which no doubt was exhilarating or frightening to the passengers, according to their temperaments.

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By July 1, the Pacific Union Express was ready to commence business on the Reno to Virginia City run, and Wells Fargo prepared to meet competition with a "Lightning Express," in a buckboard. Virginia City's *Daily Trespass* revealed the plan: "Wells, Fargo & Co. have commenced a lightning express arrangement, connecting with the cars at Reno and arriving here two hours in advance of the stages. It is driven by William Bennett, who makes the trip in double-quick time, usually in an hour and forty minutes, although he intends doing better, if necessary. Letters by this method arrive here and are distributed a long time in advance of the mail. A light vehicle, relays of powerful horses, and attention to business, enable them to make quick time."[3]

Meanwhile both companies had also planned to run pony expresses between the two towns. Their competition led to a series of sensational and dramatic races. The *Trespass* alerted the public to the arrangements that had been made:

> To-day a new pony letter express from Reno to this city will be inaugurated. Wells, Fargo & Co., on the one side, and the Pacific [Union] Express Company on the other. Quite an excitement prevails as to which express will arrive in this city first, and already large sums of money have been staked on the result. "Pony Bob" rides for Wells, Fargo & Co. and "Frank" for the Pacific. Each is provided with relays of fresh horses at different points along the road, and it is contemplated that the distance—21 miles—will be made to-day in 56 minutes. If the cars arrive at Reno on time, the pony express will arrive here at 5 o'clock, a period of 25 hours from San Francisco. About 4:30 there will be much excitement and betting as a result.[4]

The initial contest was on July 2, 1868. Virginia City residents knew that both companies had been purchasing fast horses in preparation for the grand race so excitement mounted "not only in sporting circles but among men not often in the habit of backing their opinions with coin." Heavy bets were placed both on the time that would be made and which company would arrive from Reno first. The rider for Wells Fargo was Robert Haslam, who weighed 130 pounds, and who had worked for the company on the trans-Missouri Pony Express and elsewhere. Frank Henderson, at 139 pounds, who had served as a driver on the Omnibus Line between Gold Hill and Virginia City, rode for the Pacific Union Express. Each company had five changes of horses stationed approximately four miles apart along the route. When the train arrived in Reno both riders were mounted and ready and received their packages before the cars had come to a stop. While "Pony Bob" took time to buckle his express bag firmly on his back, the Pacific Union rider got a head start of about ten seconds, or ten rods, and was at the bridge crossing the Truckee River before Haslam started. About one mile farther down the road, the Wells Fargo rider moved ahead and steadily increased the distance between them, arriving in Virginia City in an elapsed time of one hour and four minutes. Six minutes later the Pacific Union rider appeared.

Between 4 and 5 p.m. a crowd estimated at anywhere from one to three thousand, had assembled on C Street to witness the arrival of the ponies. People stood in the windows and doors of business houses, on the roofs of buildings, and on balconies where the ladies, in particular, congregated. About the time the riders were expected, a man on horseback raced furiously up to the Pacific Union Express office and threw down a sack amid the cheers from the crowd.

> . . . The first "pony" that came in was a sham but it being supposed that it was the genuine Pacific Union horse and rider, there was a tremendous cheering all along the streets as he dashed by among those who had backed that company. This horse belonged to Riley Armstrong and was ridden by Mat Bean of Gold Hill. It appears that seeing that the Pacific rider was so far behind Bob upon his coming in sight of the toll-house that he could not win the race, Mat Bean was put upon Armstrong's horse with a few copies of the San Francisco *Bulletin* rolled up in a gunny sack and sent charging in from the toll-house, just for deviltry—as a sort of flyer.

Immediately after "Pony Bob," covered with dust, rode up to the Wells Fargo office with the express matter still strapped to his back, Frank Henderson appeared on the summit at the north end of C Street. Here his horse ran into a buggy, he was thrown and his head and knees were badly cut and bruised. Keeping a tight hold on the reins, he remounted the animal, overtook the man who had picked up his express bag, secured it and delivered the contents to the Pacific Union Express office. William P. Bennett, who had been largely responsible for promoting this race, had left Reno five minutes after the ponies, driving the light buckboard rig known as the Wells, Fargo & Co.'s lightning express wagon. He came close to beating both ponies, arriving just twenty-five minutes after Haslam had finished the race. Final details were furnished by *The Enterprise*:

> . . . while in the level country of the Truckee Meadows, [Bennett] rapidly gained on them [pony express riders] and would have overtaken them at Steamboat creek, but that the pair of Spanish "plugs" he was driving gave out and began to wobble and throw up their tails. Changing horses he got a better team —though we believe all the horses he used were Spanish half-breeds—he arrived at the top of the mountain within six miles of the city only five minutes behind the Ponies. Beyond the Toll House he came to a place where seven six-mule teams were stopped in the road by the upsetting of a load of hay and was forced to go around a half-mile—with all this delay and under the disadvantage—of one team giving out, he arrived in this city . . .

Bennett was convinced he could make as good time as the ponies. *The Enterprise* editor concluded, "The racing caused the greatest excitement we have seen in the city in a long time—even the ladies became excited, though we did not hear of their betting."[5] Alfred Doten, a Virginia City

newspaper man, noted in his *Journals,* "5 PM great excitement—Rival Express Cos running ponies in from Reno—big crowd on C street along line of incoming race riders—Wells Fargo & Cos rider ("Pony Bob") beat the Pacific Union Express rider about 6 minutes—"[6]

News about the exciting pony races in western Nevada spread rapidly. A telegraphic dispatch to the Sacramento *Union* summarized the event and the editor commented, "Racing: The two Express Companies are running rival pony expresses between Reno and Virginia for the delivery of letters received by the Central Pacific Railroad at the former place. A telegraphic dispatch in another column gives the details of the race yesterday, which resulted in the messenger of the old line getting into Virginia six minutes ahead of its competitor; time, one hour and four minutes. This is better time than some railroads make."[7]

Wells Fargo was again victorious on the second day of racing. The *Territorial Enterprise* reported,

> There was another race last evening between the ponies of the rival express companies. Again Wells, Fargo & Co.'s line came into town ahead. Their rider, Pony Bob, made the trip from Reno to this city in 59 minutes time, but was just an hour in reaching here from the time the cars arrived, having been delayed one minute in getting upon his first horse. This side of Reno he ran into a drove of cattle (he must put a cow catcher on his pony), knocking down a cow and throwing his horse, which rolled over him in the muss. However, he caught his horse again, and applying whip and spur came on, but did not overtake the Pacific pony rider till he had passed the next station. The race was a close one, Bob arriving three minutes before the Pacific rider, as is claimed by Wells, Fargo & Co., and one minute and a half, as others claim. The street was crowded by persons waiting to see the ponies come in.[8]

Doten apparently accepted the Wells Fargo interpretation of the event, noting in his *Journal* on July 3, "The two Expresses had another race from Reno today—Pony Bob (Wells Fargo & Co.) beat other rider 3 miles—time from Reno 59 minutes—22 miles—big excitement like yesterday."[9] Bennett followed behind the ponies with his buckboard, delivering the heavier express and mails in an hour and twenty minutes.[10]

By July 9, the *Enterprise* was suggesting that there wasn't much of a contest. "Wells, Fargo & Co.'s 'pony' still continues to arrive in this city in from 63 to 66 minutes after leaving Reno, and as yet has always beaten the 'Pacific' pony."[11] Discouraged by defeat, the Pacific Union Express announced two days later that all passengers, freight, bullion and mails entrusted to that company would be transported by Brown Bros. stages and fast freight wagons.[12] The *Trespass* considered this a ruse and suggested that another race was in the offing. "Expectation is on tiptoe for the pony race this evening. It is reported that the Pacific Company has restocked the road and will put forth superhuman efforts this afternoon

Photo Courtesy Wells Fargo Bank History Room.

GOLD HILL—1865: Gold Hill shared the resources of the Comstock with nearby Virginia City, roughly a mile away. Wells Fargo established an agency in 1860 to handle the treasure from the Crown Point, Yellow Jacket and other mines.

to beat Wells, Fargo & Co., and that firm is equally determined not to be beaten. A close contest is looked for."[13]

The prediction came true. Once again the streets of Virginia City were crowded when the time came for the ponies to arrive. Wells Fargo's rider arrived first amid the swinging of hats and the cheers of the crowd, followed in less than three minutes by the Pacific rider and more cheers from the spectators. This race of July 11 set a record of fifty eight and one half minutes. Although the Wells Fargo pony had managed a 200 yard head-start at Reno, he was beaten to the first station by the Pacific pony. In its preparations to win the race, the Pacific Union Express Company had stationed a fresh horse along every mile of the road, but this was a mistake because of the time lost in making the great number of changes.[14] Having lost again, the Pacific Union Express withdrew from the contest. Two weeks later the fast horses that Wells, Fargo & Co. had purchased for the express service were being raced against each other at the Virginia City racing course.[15]

The entertainment the public derived from the races between Wells, Fargo & Co. and the Pacific Union Express was not confined to Nevada. Newspaper editors in Utah, Idaho, Montana and other territories in the Mountain West evidently felt that their readers should be cut in on the fun. In Salt Lake City the *Daily Reporter* reprinted the news story about the initial contest of July 2 as it appeared in the Virginia City *Enterprise*.[16] *The Owyhee Avalanche* of Silver City, Idaho received its exchanges through the courtesy of the Wells Fargo express messenger a few days later, on July 10, and the editor paraphrased the same account in his paper.[17] In Helena, Montana both the daily and weekly editions of *The Montana Post* noted the speed achieved by the Company's ponies on each of the first two days of racing in Nevada and spoke favorably of the reduced time of three days, ten hours and a half that the Wells Fargo stagecoach was taking between Salt Lake City and Helena.[18]

Meanwhile, rivalry between the two companies had shifted from western Nevada:

> Wells, Fargo & Co. and the Pacific Union Express companies are having a lively time of it in Sacramento, by running a pony express (on foot) from arriving trains to their respective offices with the letter packages. The packages are thrown from the cars to the respective racers, before the train stops, and a desperate foot race ensues. On Thursday last the Pacific won. Next day Wells, Fargo & Co. had on a faster man—a long-legged giraffe looking fellow; the Pacific man got the start, the Giraffe was gaining on him rapidly and the excitement was intense, when he unfortunately tripped and fell half way across the street, the "Little Un" as the Pacific runner is called thereby winning the race again. We have heard no later intelligence from the races, but "fast men" are in demand in Sacramento.[19]

Wells, Fargo & Co. continued to run stages on the short stretch between Reno and Virginia City, two each day. The Pacific Union Express

attempted, somewhat unsuccessfully, to compete for passengers.[20] By November, 1868, rumors were abroad that a second period of racing was about to begin, but this time it was to be between stagecoaches carrying their loads of passengers, rather than between pony riders. The *Territorial Enterprise* predicted "More Fun Ahead: Now that the stages of the two express companies . . . are leaving at the same hour, there are indications that we are presently to have some racing that will prove more exciting than the 'Pony' races between the rival companies last Spring [Summer]. We hear of extra stock being placed on the road between this city and Reno."[21] *The Reno Crescent* commented: "The Wells & Fargo and Pacific Stages are making terrible time to Virginia now-a-days. They made the 21 miles to Virginia night before last in two hours and nine minutes, and expected to beat that time last night." The editor further observed, "It is good for passengers but death to stock."[22]

Early in December, Bennett was, at the same time, making exceptionally good time on the run, covering the distance in an hour and thirty minutes with his buckboard wagon delivering the express and mails. He used a single span of horses, changing teams at three intervals along the route. The train regularly arrived in Reno at night and Bennett found it necessary to slow down on dark nights while coming over the Geiger Grade for fear of running upon teams at the curves in the road.[23] On December 5, the stage drivers of the rival express companies decided upon their own authority to race the distance. The Pacific Union got a head start and held the lead to Brown's beyond Steamboat Creek; there Wells Fargo went ahead and led to the foot of Geiger Grade. On this section, the Pacific Union passed Wells Fargo and led to the White House where again Wells Fargo took the lead into Virginia City. A Virginia City newspaper noted, "Though Wells, Fargo & Co.'s stages were in the lead, it was after all about an even thing, as all the stages came into the city together. The horses of both companies were put upon the dead run considerable portion of the way, and the race was at times rather exciting—the passengers enjoying it just as much as though they all might have had their lives insured."[24]

Despite the appeal racing of passenger-laden stagecoaches may have had for some of the youngbloods in the company, officials in Wells Fargo were quickly heard from and, within a day or two the Company sent a note to the newspaper editors in western Nevada that there would be "No More Stage Racing." The *Enterprise* informed the public: "A note from Wells, Fargo & Co. informs us that hereafter they will not race their coaches in coming from Reno to this city. They say they intend coming through in excellent time but will not endanger the lives and limbs of their passengers by running. The mails and express will be brought through on a buckboard wagon in advance of the coaches and will arrive here very early in the evening."[25] The editor of the *Gold Hill News* commented, "This is a sensible idea, and a matter of justice to both passengers and horseflesh."[26]

Racing between Reno and Virginia City was revived for a third period by the end of February, 1869, once again in the form of a pony express.

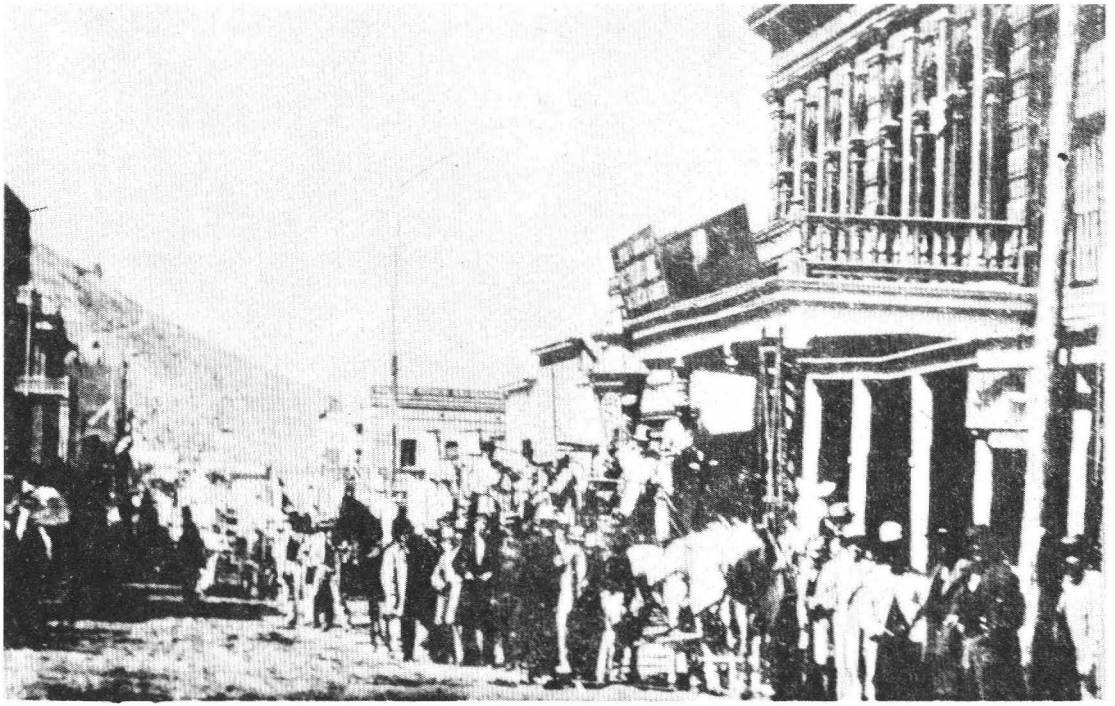

Photo Courtesy Wells Fargo Bank History Room.

VIRGINIA CITY—1866: Focal point of the express races was Wells Fargo's agency on C Street where throngs eager to wager on the outcome would assemble to witness the finale.

"The liveliest feature of Reno now-a-days is the starting of the ponies when the passenger train arrives," commented the editor of *The Reno Crescent:*

> Last night the Pacific rider got the start by about 200 feet, owing to Wells, Fargo & Co.'s rider being upon a wild horse which would not stand to receive the package; but the bay caught the pinto on the bridge and, judging by the stock, must have led the Pacific rider into Anderson's by a mile. The start made us think of the remark of the old negro who in the good old days of slavery was nearly drowned while being baptized. Crawling from the water half suffocated, as soon as he could get his breath to speak, said: "Ther'll be some gemman's nigger drowned by this d--d foolishness yet!"[27]

On March 17, 1869, the pattern of pony racing shifted when the Pacific Union Express came in ahead for the first time. "The ponies came in last evening about a quarter before 6 o'clock, the Pacific Union leading by some 200 yards," reported the *Enterprise.* "As this was the first time that the Pacific has beaten Wells, Fargo & Co. the circumstance attracted much attention and caused much talk between the friends of the rival companies. It is expected there will be a lively race between the ponies this evening."[28]

The next day the Pacific Union pony again beat the Wells Fargo pony into Virginia City. There the express was transferred to light wagons for the short trip of less than a mile down to Gold Hill, and the wagon of the Pacific Union, with Charlie Doyle driving, arrived about fifty yards ahead of the Wells Fargo wagon and presented the editor of the *Gold Hill News* with the San Francisco and Sacramento newspapers. "The two express wagons coming dashing madly down Main Street into town last evening created a considerable stir of excitement and mud," he noted. This being the second time the Pacific Union had won the race "if they want to crow, why shouldn't they?"[29] Such goading was sufficient to get racing started in earnest again. "Bennett to the Rescue" appeared as a headline in the *News* the following day. After repeating the fact that Wells Fargo had not only been beaten twice but consecutively, the editor reported:

> . . . Now, Wells Fargo & Co. having been so long masters of the situation, we may say, felt this to be rather of an encroachment and accordingly William P. Bennett, who has charge of the horse department of the company, and who always steps forward in such emergencies, resolved to allow no more foolishness, so yesterday he girded up his loins and sallied forth to Reno, and when the cars arrived in the afternoon, Wells, Fargo & Co.'s letter express passed to the hands of Bennett, who was mounted and waiting. Changing horses on the route six times, he came through flying to Virginia, completely outdistancing all opposition, and arrived in Gold Hill about half-past 5 o'clock, in only *one hour and twenty minutes* from Reno, a distance of 24 miles. Considering the state of the roads, at the present time, and the distance, we look upon this feat of

> Mr. Bennett as a remarkable one, and not easily beaten by anybody. We shall see, however, for there are lively indications of warmly contested racing cropping out, and some fun along that line may be looked for during the next few days—perhaps this evening.[30]

The *Enterprise* published a more factual account of the "Big Time," but opined "Riding the distance in the time mentioned is no light task, and there are few men of Mr. Bennett's age who would attempt to perform such a feat. The Pacific Union's pony came in about an hour behind Wells, Fargo & Co.'s although the night before it came in ahead. Lively times may be anticipated in the way of racing between the two companies for a few days. Look out for the ponies tonight. Wells, Fargo & Co.'s pony arrived at twenty minutes past five."[31]

The Pacific Union Express did not continue the competition. The race of March 19 proved an anti-climax. In Reno the Pacific Union pony got a head start and was the first over the bridge on the Truckee River, but the rider made no extra exertion and was quickly passed by Bennett, who arrived in Virginia City in one hour and twelve minutes. The Pacific Union pony came into town about forty minutes later.[32] Disappointed, the Gold Hill editor commented, "The way of it seems to be that the Pacific folks do not seem to care particularly about racing, except once in a while when they can catch Wells, Fargo & Co. napping; then they just run in ahead merely to stir things up a little lively."[33]

The next week, on March 24, the "Great Race Between the Rival Express Companies" occurred. A Virginia City newspaper reported that the absorbing conversation throughout the day had been the big race that was scheduled to take place, even to the exclusion of talk about an outbreak of smallpox and the rush to the new silver mining region at White Pine in eastern Nevada. The number and comparative ability of the ponies and riders were matters of conjecture. All the betting men in town had made wagers. Backers of the Pacific Union Express were particularly confident because they knew extensive preparations had been made. For this race the company had employed ten horses and two riders; Wells, Fargo & Co. had eight horses and three riders. When the railroad cars arrived in Reno, Wells Fargo's pony took the lead and kept it throughout the entire race, arriving in Virginia City in sixty-one minutes, anywhere from five to eight minutes ahead of the Pacific Union pony, according to which timekeeper was believed.

> . . . The excitement was great here, and C street was lined with spectators all eagerly looking out for the ponies long before they could reasonably be expected come in sight, and when Wells, Fargo & Co.'s rider reached their office he was loudly cheered by those assembled in the vicinity. The victory gained by Wells, Fargo & Co. was in great measure owing to W. P. Bennett, the Superintendent of their line of stages between this city and Reno, who, though 44 years of age, went out and rode through one station himself, using a couple of stage horses that the

> younger riders were afraid to straddle, and risking his neck on their clumsiness for the sake of winning for his company. On the other side, Captain Warner of the Pacific Union did all that any man could do to win the race, but, somehow the fates were against him. He had secured the best stock to be had in this community, and had riders known to be among the best in the country, still the old company managed to beat again. Whether we are to have any more racing is not announced but we know that a race every day could just suit the excitable people of this city, most of whom would stop speculating in stocks and go to betting on the ponies.[34]

Rumors were afloat that another race would be staged the following evening. The editor of the *Enterprise* reported, however, that "Wells, Fargo & Co.'s riders say that they are in no condition to ride, all of them being somewhat unwell, and one, "Archie," quite sick with a sore throat. We are authorized to state, however, that two of the riders, Mat Bean and Archie, are ready to bet from $100 to $5,000 that on Monday evening next, with the same stock on both lines that run yesterday, they will get through first. They say they will do the best they can to-night, but do not wish their friends to bet on them"[35]

No more races occurred. The day after the "Big Race" Wells Fargo's pony arrived in Virginia City over an hour ahead of the Pacific Union Express.[36] The Gold Hill editor had his usual explanation, "the Pacific folks seem to be slackening up a little . . . evidently watching for a chance to catch Wells, Fargo & Co. napping."[37] In disappointment, the *Enterprise* noted the races had been temporarily discontinued, but the editor was still convinced that a "big race is looked for soon—just when it will come off no one knows."[38] He constantly promoted a contest: "A race will perhaps come off this week, as there is much bantering going on. We understand that Wells, Fargo & Co.—jubilant over their late victories—say that they will give the Union pony 300 yards to a half mile and then beat it for coin. The thing will probably come to a 'focus' sometime this week."[39]

On April 10, 1869, the two ponies arrived in Virginia City at approximately the same time, with Wells, Fargo & Co. about 100 yards ahead. By the time the mail arrived in Gold Hill, the Company's rider was even farther ahead.[40] The closeness of arrival time served to encourage the race promoters and the following evening about "pony time" there was considerable excitement on C Street. "Balconies, roofs and sidewalks were crowded with people and at last the Pony of Wells, Fargo & Co. came dashing in at a breakneck pace arriving at ten minutes before 6 o'clock."[41] The Pacific Union pony was thought to be close behind, but did not appear, and after straining their eyes in the direction of the Geiger Grade for a quarter of an hour, the crowd dispersed. Day after day Wells, Fargo & Co's pony arrived first.[42] On April 20 there was a close finish with Wells, Fargo & Co.'s pony arriving only two minutes ahead of the challenger. No race had been expected and there was no

excitement. However, everyone in Virginia City got ready for "another little dash between the ponies."[43] The climax came on April 23 when Wells, Fargo & Co.'s pony raced into town accompanied by two local ambitious youths on horseback riding at a furious rate. This created such a sensation that pandemonium broke out along C Street. However, the Virginia City police seized all three riders and the Pacific Union rider, who arrived eight minutes later, and arrested them on the charge of fast riding. All gave bail. The *Enterprise* editor commented, "The regular pony riders would not have been disturbed, but the outside host could not be encouraged."[44]

The pony express service between Reno and Virginia City continued, and on some days a race would ensue. On May 6, Wells Fargo's pony came in only twelve minutes ahead.[45] On May 26, 1869, Wells Fargo announced the withdrawal of ponies from the route and the discontinuance of pony express service.[46]

Soon afterward, on June 4, 1869, the Company advertised a new express and passenger service between Reno and Virginia City to be carried by a "fast line of stages" in the form of a buckboard. With the use of extra horses, the company expected to make almost as good time as a pony.[47] The Pacific Union Express continued to run its pony, but on some days Wells Fargo's buckboard express arrived just a few minutes behind.[48]

> Last evening he [Bennett] started out from Reno as usual with his four-wheeled go cart, carrying the U. S. letter mail, express matter, treasure boxes, etc. and Haight of the Pacific, mounted on his fleet Arab steed, directly perceived by the wicked expression of Bennett's eye that mischief was indicated. He was right, for he had to stir up his animal pretty lively in order to keep out of Bennett's way. Indeed he came into Virginia at a quarter to 6 o'clock, only a couple of hundred yards or so ahead; time, 1:30. Then came the race to Gold Hill, the style of conveyance being vice versa; that is to say the Pacific running an express wagon, driven by Charley Doyle, and Wells, Fargo & Co., a pony, ridden by their trusty rider, "Archie," both being in readiness on the arrival of the expresses at Virginia. Horseflesh traveled at a tearing pace, and the pony had rather the best of it on the long rising slope to the Divide, but after that Charley, with his two bob-tailed mares, had the best of the race, especially on the steep down grade into Gold Hill, and came in a few yards ahead. This is the liveliest brush yet, and created quite a little excitement, equal to a first class dog fight.[49]

On August 4, 1869, the race between the buckboard and the pony ended so closely that observers on C Street debated whether the difference in time was five or thirteen seconds.[50] Naturally a crowd gathered the following evening. Not knowing that the train had arrived in Reno three hours behind time, they became excited when a solitary buckboard and lone rider appeared in the distance about the expected time of the

arrival of the contestants. When both turned off the road, "The crowd cried out 'Sold Again' and dispersed to laugh over the matter and take a drink," according to the *Enterprise*. "Many ladies appeared on the balconies, and were quite as badly sold as their bigger and uglier halves, for they were quite as much excited in regard to the supposed race. A real race is expected to come off shortly."[51]

Although express racing in the summer of 1869 was by pony riders and buckboards with no passengers involved, the size of the crowds which collected when a race was expected led Wells Fargo officials to express alarm over the possibility of a serious accident and injury to the spectators. "Wells, Fargo & Co. say they will not risk their teams, drivers and the life and limbs of citizens by driving through such crowds as line C street when a race is expected," reported a Virginia City newspaper. "They would even prefer to run no farther than Sutton avenue, as they then would not be obliged to pass through any portion of the crowd. As the buckboard is required to stop at the Postoffice to leave the United States mail, that is certainly the point at which time should be taken and the place where the race should end."[52] The company may well have rationalized along these lines after being convinced that no matter how small the difference the buckboard was not going to make better time than the Pacific Union's pony in spite of every effort.

"No More Racing" was announced on August 7:

> Mr. Bennett, Superintendent of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s line of stages between this city and Reno, says he will run no more buckboard races with the Union Express Company into the City, on account of the crowds which every evening fill C street about the time the "pony" is expected. He does not wish to run the risk of running over and killing some one, nor does he care to risk his own neck in a crowd such as generally fills the street. People are not satisfied to take up positions on balconies, roofs, and sidewalks but get square in the middle of the street and do not move until the "pony" or buckboard is within 20 feet of them.[53]

The *Gold Hill News* suggested that Bennett claimed some people deliberately stood in the way for the purpose of getting run over so they could make a stake by suing Wells, Fargo & Co. for damages.[54]

Although races were no longer regularly "set," both companies attempted to make the best possible time and usually only seconds separated their arrival.[55] On August 18 Bennett brought the buckboard in about twenty feet ahead of the pony of the Pacific Union Express. The next night the pony was slightly ahead. To avoid the crowd, the pony raced down D Street while the buckboard came down C. An agreement had been worked out: "Hereafter the two will not come in together, and those wishing to get points in regard to the race will be obliged to station themselves at the Pacific Union Express office. Neither Mr. Bennett or Mr. Haight wish to risk their lives or the lives of others by running through a crowd such as usually collect on C Street each evening."[56] On

October 2, 1869, Wells Fargo revealed that both the buckboard and the pony service between Reno and Virginia City would be discontinued.[57]

On December 1, 1869, the *Gold Hill News* made the surprise announcement that the Pacific Union Express Company had sold out to Wells, Fargo & Co.[58] Western Nevada residents generally believed this to be the case; for example, Alfred Doten recorded in his *Journal* of December 2, "Pacific Union Express sold out to Wells Fargo & Co yesterday—Only Wells Fargo & Co now . . ."[59] Pacific Union did go out of business, but it does not appear that it was by way of sale to Wells Fargo. Two days later Nevada newspapers reprinted more specific information from the Sacramento *Union:*

> Suspended Business.—The Pacific Union Express Company suspended business yesterday, after an existence of 18 months. It was reported that the company had been bought off by Wells, Fargo & Co., but the agent in this city, James H. Buenham, informs us that the report is erroneous. A circular, dated at San Francisco, December 1st, signed by the President, L. W. Coe, and directed to the agents of the company, states that from want of adequate means, and encouragement from the public, the company has been compelled to suspend business, though the step was taken with reluctance and only after the most persistent and strenuous efforts to succeed in the enterprise. "Business with the Public," the circular goes on to say, "will be settled promptly and honorably." Arrangements have been made whereby Wells, Fargo & Co. will complete all unfinished business, and will carry all franked envelopes in the hands of the public. By to-night the business of the office in this city will be entirely closed out. The Pacific Union Express was a great benefit to the people as a means of effecting cheap carriage, the rivalry between it and Wells, Fargo & Co., being very spirited. This rivalry resulted in a reduction of rates to figures ruinous to the new company, which is reported to have sunk lately from $15,000 to $20,000 per month. About 200 employees will be thrown out of work by the suspension of business.[60]

With the demise of the Pacific Union Express the *Reno Crescent* expressed the concern of Nevada residents that the elimination of competition would mean an increase in transportation rates. "It has for some time past been currently reported that expressage was being done at a loss; if so, the fair presumption is, that Wells, Fargo & Co. will do their level best to get even. We suggest that it would be better to get even on legitimate profits than by extortionate charges to build up another opposition."[61] In Gold Hill there was a run on Wells Fargo for franked envelopes, on the assumption that there would be a substantial rise in the price. The local editor revealed, "They have been selling their usual letter size envelopes at 20 for a dollar, but the general opinion is that they will rise to the old price before the new express started, although no indication of such appreciation is apparent."[62] These western Nevada

newspapers editors were worrying to no avail. Wells, Fargo & Co. was able to make a temporary increase of one cent on the charges between San Francisco and Virginia City with express going to six cents a pound and fast freight to five cents.[63] Before the month was over, competition had already developed for the passenger, freight, express, treasure, and mail business between Reno and Virginia City from Woodruff & Ennor's stages.[64]

Notes

1. *Daily Trespass* (Virginia City), June 4, 1868, p. 3, c. 1; *Daily Territorial Enterprise* (Virginia City), June 5, 1868, p. 3, c. 2. For an advertisement of this service see *Enterprise*, p. 2, c. 5. Brief mention of races between the rival express companies on the Reno-Virginia route will be found in Annie Estelle Prouty, "The Development of Reno in Relation to Its Topography," *Nevada State Historical Society Papers*, IV (1923–1924), pp. 100–101.

2. Henry G. Langley, compiler, *The San Francisco Directory, 1868*, advertisement of Pacific Union Express Company, p. 94; *Pacific Coast Traveler's Guide and San Francisco Business Directory* (Guide Publishing Company, 1869), list of Pacific Union Express offices, pp. 37–38.

3. *Daily Trespass*, July 1, 1868, p. 3, c. 1; p. 3, c. 2.

4. *Ibid.*, July 2, 1868, p. 3, c. 1.

5. *Daily Territorial Enterprise*, July 3, 1868, p. 3, c. 2. An abbreviated version of this account was published in the *Carson City Appeal*, July 4, 1868, p. 2, c. 3. The *Daily Trespass* also gave its version of the race, July 3, 1868, p., 3, c. 2.

6. Walter Van Tilburg Clark (ed.), *The Journals of Alfred Doten* (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 1973), II, p. 1012. Entry of July 2, 1868.

7. *Sacramento Daily Union*, July 3, 1868, p. 3, c. 2. The news account is found on p. 3, c. 1.

8. *Daily Territorial Enterprise*, July 4, 1868, p. 3, c. 1.

9. *The Journals of Alfred Doten*, II, p. 1012. Entry of July 3, 1868.

10. *Daily Trespass*, July 7, 1868, p. 3, c. 1. Both Virginia City newspapers regularly reported on the daily races.

11. *Daily Territorial Enterprise*, July 9, 1868, p. 3, c. 1.

12. *Ibid.*, July 11, 1868, p. 3, c. 1.

13. *Daily Trespass*, July 11, 1868, p. 3, c. 1.

14. *Daily Territorial Enterprise*, July 12, 1868, p. 3, c. 1. This account was reprinted in the *Carson Daily Appeal*, July 14, 1868, p. 2, c. 3.

15. *Daily Trespass*, July 25, 1868, p. 3, c. 2.

16. *Salt Lake Daily Reporter*, July 8, 1868, p. 3, c. 2.

17. *The Owyhee Avalanche*, July 11, 1868, p. 4, c. 2.

18. *The Montana Post* (Weekly), July 17, 1868, p. 4, c. 4 and p. 8, c. 4; *The Daily Montana Post*, July 16, 1868, p. 3, c. 2.

19. *Ibid.*, July 20, 1868, p. 3, c. 1.

20. Newspapers regularly printed the names of passengers arriving and departing on each line and the preference for Wells Fargo ran from five to ten-fold each day.

21. *Daily Territorial Enterprise*, November 25, 1868, p. 3, c. 2.

22. *The Reno Crescent,* November 28, 1868, p. 3, c. 2.
23. *Daily Territorial Enterprise,* December 5, 1868, p. 3, c. 1.
24. *Ibid.,* December 6, 1868, p. 3, c. 1.
25. *Ibid.,* December 8, 1868, p. 3, c. 1.
26. *Gold Hill Daily News,* December 8, 1868, p. 3, c. 1.
27. *The Reno Crescent,* February 27, 1869, p. 3, c. 1.
28. *Daily Territorial Enterprise,* March 18, 1869, p. 3, c. 1.
29. *Gold Hill Daily News,* March 18, 1869, p. 3, c. 1.
30. *Ibid.,* March 19, 1869, p. 3, c. 1.
31. *Daily Territorial Enterprise,* March 19, 1869, p. 3, c. 1.
32. *Ibid.,* March 20, 1869, p. 3, c. 1.
33. *Gold Hill Daily News,* March 20, 1869, p. 3, c. 1.
34. *Daily Territorial Enterprise,* March 25, 1869, p. 3, c. 1. The *Gold Hill Daily News,* March 25, 1869, p. 3, c. 2 also published the details under a heading "Wells, Fargo & Co. Still Ahead" with subheads, "Pretty Good Time" and "More Racing Proposed."
35. *Daily Territorial Enterprise,* March 25, 1869, p. 3, c. 1.
36. *Ibid.,* March 26, 1869, p. 3, c. 1.
37. *Gold Hill Daily News,* March 26, 1869, p. 3, c. 2.
38. *Daily Territorial Enterprise,* March 26, 1869, p. 3, c. 1; March 27, 1869, p. 3, c. 2.
39. *Ibid.,* March 28, 1869, p. 3, c. 2.
40. *Gold Hill Daily News,* April 10, 1869, p. 3, c. 2.
41. *Daily Territorial Enterprise,* April 11, 1869, p. 3, c. 3.
42. *Ibid.,* April 15, 1869, p. 3, c. 2.
43. *Ibid.,* April 21, 1869, p. 3, c. 2.
44. *Ibid.,* April 24, 1869, p. 3, c. 1. See also the *Gold Hill Daily News,* April 24, 1869, p. 3, c. 1. The newspapers do not reveal the outcome of the hearing.
45. *Daily Territorial Enterprise,* May 7, 1869, p. 3, c. 2.
46. *Gold Hill Daily News,* May 27, 1869, p. 3, c. 2.
47. *Ibid.,* June 4, 1869, p. 3, c. 2.
48. *Daily Territorial Enterprise,* July 24, 1869, p. 3, c. 2.
49. *Gold Hill Daily News,* August 4, 1869, p. 3, c. 1.
50. *Daily Territorial Enterprise,* August 5, 1869, p. 3, c. 1.
51. *Ibid.,* August 6, 1869, p. 3, c. 1.
52. *Ibid.,* August 7, 1869, p. 3, c. 2.
53. *Ibid.,* August 8, 1869, p. 3, c. 2.
54. *Gold Hill Daily News,* August 9, 1869, p. 3, c. 2.
55. *Daily Territorial Enterprise,* August 13, 1869, p. 3, c. 1.
56. *Ibid.,* August 24, 1869, p. 3, c. 1.
57. *Ibid.,* October 2, 1869, p. 3, c. 1; *Gold Hill Daily News,* October 2, 1869, p. 3, c. 1.
58. *Gold Hill Daily News,* December 1, 1869, p. 3, c. 1. The *Carson City Appeal,* December 2, 1869, p. 3, c. 1 carried a similar announcement, as did many other newspapers.
59. Walter Van Tilburg Clark (ed.), *The Journals of Alfred Doten,* II, p. 1068.

60. *Gold Hill Daily News,* December 3, 1869, p. 2, c. 3, quoting the Sacramento *Union* of December 2. The *Marysville Weekly Appeal* confirmed: "The Pacific Union Express envelopes will be carried by Wells, Fargo & Co." December 4, 1869, p. 3, c. 3.
61. *The Reno Crescent,* December 4, 1869, p. 3, c. 1.
62. *Gold Hill Daily News,* December 3, 1869, p. 3, c. 1.
63. *Marysville Weekly Appeal,* December 11, 1869, p. 1, c. 3.
64. *Ibid., December* 15, 1869, p. 3, c. 1.

A meeting of the Tonopah Women's Club, c. 1908.

The Tonopah Ladies

by Ann Ronald

EIGHTY YEARS AGO northern Nevadans spoke of "going down into the desert," implying that the lower half of their state was some kind of infernal region. Insufferably hot in summer, freezing in winter, windswept and nearly unpopulated, the land attracted only those few prospectors who still dreamed of another Comstock. Then one man's dream came true. On May 19, 1900, Jim Butler stumbled across a bonanza, and by the next spring a major mining rush was on, with people flocking to what had been the middle of nowhere—the new boomtown of Tonopah—hoping to find their fortunes in silver and gold. Some succeeded and others failed, while Tonopah and its sister city of Goldfield had success and failure too, first undergoing rapid growth and then years of slow abandonment. In short, Nevada's twentieth-century mining story differs little from thousands of others throughout the west.

Most of what we know about such booms and busts has come from the voices and pens of men. We have all listened to old-boy tall tales, read some factual histories, devoured some thrillers, and perhaps plodded through too many dry mineral statistics. About Tonopah and Goldfield, though, we can find out some different things. From these two towns comes a surprising amount of writing by women—first-person non-fiction narratives by Mrs. Hugh Brown, Mrs. Minnie Blair, and Ann Ellis, third-person non-fiction accounts by Zua Arthur, Helen Downer Croft and Lorena Edwards Meadows, magazine articles by Clara Douglas, novels by Zola Ross and B. M. Bower, even children's stories by Aileen Cleveland Higgins.[1] These works, some written in the midst of the boom and others reconstructed lovingly after the fact, some telling of first-hand experience and others drawing imaginatively from library research, suggest some important notions about how women in general saw themselves and how they perceived the quality of their lives while the west was being won.

By 1900 mining was attracting professional men—engineers, assayers, attorneys, bankers, stockbrokers—men "whose grubstake was the college

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diploma" (Brown, 38). They came from San Francisco and Philadelphia, from Stanford and Yale, and they brought their wives, ladies who were equally well-educated and well-traveled. Obviously, less advantaged women lived in Tonopah and Goldfield also, but since they weren't prominent we hear little about them or from them. Probably they were too busy at the time, and then less inclined to share their experiences later. Anne Ellis's *The Life of an Ordinary Woman* is the exception, but her title indicates a point of view quite different from her contemporaries' for, on the whole, women who came to southern Nevada thought of themselves as ladies. The Oxford English Dictionary defines the late nineteenth-century "lady" as "a woman whose manners, habits, and sentiments have the refinement characteristic of the higher ranks of society," and this is precisely what Tonopah and Goldfield ladies had in mind. In fact, two of their book titles—*Lady in Boomtown* and *Tonopah Lady*—predicate that overriding concern. Being a lady was of the utmost importance.

Many amenities unheard of in the previous century encouraged such a posture. Tonopah, for example, had, in its first year, a weekly newspaper, a school, and church services; by 1902 (its second year), it had a piped water supply and electricity; by 1903, automobiles; by 1904, a railroad; and by 1907 some of the fanciest homes in the state stood where, only a decade earlier, had been nothing but sagebrush and sand. *Lady in Boomtown* highlights Mrs. Hugh Brown's life from early 1904 when she went to Tonopah as a young bride until twenty years later when she and her husband returned to California. Their first home was only a three-room cottage, but "thank goodness," she writes, it "had electric light and a telephone" (Brown, 17); that is, it was a place where she could be a lady. She reports that her mother had "insisted that no lady should ever be seen doing menial labor" (Brown, 56), but within a few days Mrs. Brown—as she always refers to herself—knows this is ludicrous in a three-room cottage in Nevada. Still, she confesses, she sent all her laundry to be done in Reno, a three-week round trip. Furthermore, despite the inappropriateness of her trousseau, of her wedding presents, and of her furnishings, she emphasizes that she would never have traded her treasures for more practical things. "Tonopah was a community of city people," she explains, "who lived in roughboard houses and walked unpaved streets, but who dressed and acted as they would in San Francisco or New York" (Brown, 37); the lady from boomtown wanted it no other way.

Her fellow Nevadans, men as well as women, concurred. The weekly newspaper, for example, heralded Mrs. Brown as "a distinct acquisition to the social circle of Tonopah, being a lady of many accomplishments." And even more proprietary is the husband's point of view narrated by Minnie Blair, who joined the desert society after her 1909 marriage to a Goldfield banker. When she wanted to watch the formal shutdown of gambling in October, 1910, "Mr. Blair was quite shocked." He went downtown alone, but found that "just about all of [her] lady friends were there." The next day, when her devout Methodist neighbor remarked on

her absence, Mrs. Blair, "with great humility," had to admit that she hadn't been allowed to go "because [her] husband said it wouldn't be any place for a lady" (Blair, 30). Half a century later, though, she still could quote his comment with pride.

The significance of being a lady in Tonopah occurred to another researcher too, Zola Ross, who fictionalized early twentieth-century Nevada life in a novel she called *Tonopah Lady*. The heroine, a former vaudevillian seeking social status, marries and settles in Tonopah only to learn that her husband is both a bigamist and a fraud. "I'm going back to show business" she announces emphatically, "I'm all through pretending to be a lady" (Ross, 252). Ironically, neither a husband nor social position necessarily would have made Judith a lady; despite her theatrical career and her peculiarly unmarried state, she had always been one, as the denouement of the novel proves.

Not needing to overcome the stigmas of false marriages, or illegitimate children, but wanting to assure their reputations, the real-life Tonopah women found other ways to make themselves known as ladies. Their activities, quite different from those that occupied the men, were central to their writing. They formed sewing circles and women's clubs and built and decorated lavish homes, but they worked hardest to bring culture to their communities and to advance worthwhile causes. Mrs. Brown proudly tells of helping to establish the Tonopah public library, and later details her Red Cross achievements during World War I. Mrs. Blair mentions her war efforts too, while further indicating an interest in women's suffrage. Sometimes the ladies gather for strictly cultural reasons—to read Shakespeare aloud, to play the piano, to sing—but more often they filled the evenings with parties. In particular, they meshed their social life with the desert environment. For example, Mrs. Brown fondly describes a dance held three hundred feet down in a mine shaft, while Mrs. Blair rather impishly recalls decorating her home to resemble a casino when hosting a party with a gambling motif. The ladies also recount their travels; Death Valley seems to have been the favorite nearly vacation spot, while San Francisco beckoned to them from afar.

One description of a visit to that city, however, unwittingly exposes a limitation of retrospective writing: it is all too easy to remember the good and repress the bad. Mr. and Mrs. Brown were asleep in San Francisco's Palace Hotel when suddenly they were "awakened by a strange rumbling that grew louder and angrier" (Brown, 119). Glass shattered while "plaster and soot showered down;" the great 1906 earthquake had struck the city. Although Mrs. Brown narrates what happened next, she seems more concerned with saving her sewing machine and more upset by losing her layette than by witnessing the destruction of a city. Clearly, time had alleviated her horror. By comparison, she appears disproportionately unnerved by the Tonopah bank failure of 1907 when the Browns did lose a million dollars, but all on paper. Her lady friends laugh it off, her husband shows no regrets, and even she knows "the gambler's code is not to squeal when he loses" (Brown, 132).

Still, she fell into a period of severe depression which was eased only by a rest cure at a distant ranch. So not only does the lady have a selective memory, but she indicates a remarkable ordering of her emotional priorities.

This is not the case, of course, with all pioneer women, as *The Life of an Ordinary Woman* so starkly reveals. Written, too, about twentieth-century mining camps, it describes what life was like on the other side of the tracks. Unlike Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Anne Ellis didn't marry the man of her dreams; instead, she married men who were available. When her first husband died in a mining accident, she regretted his death chiefly because she had learned "to manage him." After a second marriage she moved to Goldfield where, in quick succession, her husband lost his job, she had a miscarriage, and her daughter died from diphtheria. Her comment about the tragic series of events is both terse and stoic: "Fate was slapping me hard, trying to knock some sort of woman into shape" (Ellis, 268). A "woman" as defined by Mrs. Ellis and a "lady" as we have defined her, although of similar pioneer stock, are not synonymous. She demonstrates the real difference between the two after her husband left her in Nevada with sick, hungry, cold children, while he looked for work elsewhere. She then explains how and why she stole, not firewood and not food, but a white stone step from the local school to make a tombstone for her daughter Joy's grave. No single episode so clearly marks the gap between what an ordinary woman might do and what would never occur to a lady to do. The ordinary woman gives a different emphasis to her writing, also. Neither Mrs. Brown nor Mrs. Blair share much about their children, while by contrast the reader knows Mrs. Ellis's son and daughter intimately. Children seemed the ordinary woman's unconscious means of dealing with her own mortality. The blows dealt by life could best be eased by dreaming for the future, for one's children, rather than by struggling against the present. This accounts for the importance placed upon the memorial to mark a child's grave, since only in that way could Mrs. Ellis be certain of achieving any kind of immortality, either for herself or for her family. By contrast, the ladies had many ways of making their marks—through their husband's careers, their own charitable works, their social successes—so they had no need to display their feelings or children to their readers.

The Brown, Blair, and Ellis accounts have more in common with each other, however, than they do with the Arthur, Croft, and Meadows books. The latter three were written by women who themselves experienced none of the events they narrate, but who wished to create memorials to certain men. Mrs. Lorena Meadows reconstructed her father's role as a Tonopah merchandizer in its pre-railroad days; Mrs. Zua Arthur wrote of her husband's adventures as a prospector, and Mrs. Helen Croft told of her husband's career as the chief assayer in Goldfield. Although these three books have women authors, they view southern Nevada through masculine eyes, and they analyze far different subjects than did the Tonopah ladies. From the men's pages the reader learns how to prospect,

how to assay, how to run a business. Factual details of Nevada history are given, labor disputes are examined, the Gans-Nelson fight is described, and tall tales are narrated. With such different contents one would hardly know that these three books were written about the same boomtowns as the previous three under discussion; obviously, pioneer men and women thought about different things. It is not superfluous, however, to note that a woman's book displays a masculine aura when a man is the inspiration but retains a distinctly female air when the source is the woman herself. In other words, the male interests displace the female. As a corollary, there are few western accounts written by men in which the female interests displace the male.

Like most of the women's non-fiction, the Tonopah fiction is distinctly feminine in flavor. What makes it different is the manner in which the novelists blend imagined scenes and people with the real. Aileen Higgins, after seeing Tonopah first-hand on a 1906 visit, returned home to convert that reality into a fairy-tale milieu. In contrast, Zola Ross reconstructed the town from library research alone, and yet her account is far more realistic than Higgins's. Carl Glasscock's 1932 publication, *Gold in Them Hills,* apparently was Ross's primary source for *Tonopah Lady.* His record of the southern Nevada boom—like the Arthur, Croft, and Meadows books—reports only details attractive to male readers. Ross takes his information and then reworks it for a female audience, often with advantageous dramatic results. For example, in January, 1902, an epidemic hit the men of Tonopah. Glasscock cites a number of facts about the seige—the unseasonable heat, the black and spotted corpses, the need for more white shirts in which to clothe the dead, the end of the plague when fresh snow finally falls—and Ross repeats the identical grouping. However, she uses those facts, not solely for historicity, but also to further the characterization of the heroine. She establishes Judith's reputation by showing her nursing some men back to health, burying others, and inspiring still more when she shaves the corpses. Thus she shows how a character behaves when historical circumstances force her to adapt, while simultaneously revealing how a lady appears to the men around her.

A less successful borrowing from Glasscock occurs during and just after one of the novel's climactic scenes. First Ross adroitly mixes setting and plot so that, in the midst of a fierce electrical storm, Judith learns her husband is a bigamist. Then, in the scene's aftermath and for a transition on the next page, Ross tells how "the Key Pittmans had cashed in on their amateur photography" that night by taking "a picture of Mount Brougher and the worst lightning flash," and she further describes how "the Reynolds home had been struck . . . A bolt had melted the stove, burned a hole in the floor and blasted a hole in the earth" (Ross, 248). Glasscock had devoted three pages to the August 10, 1904 storm, to the photograph taken by the Pittmans, and to the bolt which had struck the Reynolds home and "passed into the kitchen where it melted part of an iron stove, burned a ragged hole in the floor and blasted a hole a foot

deep in the earth below" (Glasscock, 131). Several sources—an oral history by Harry Atkinson in the UNR Library, for example—confirm both the storm and the Pittman photograph, but obviously Ross took her information from Glasscock, since her paragraph borders on plagiarism.

Such an offense, unfortunately only one of several, detracts from Ross's professionalism. On the positive side, she blends fact and fiction with little distortion or pedantry; but on the negative, she leans too heavily on a single source and then polishes off her story with a simplistic ending. The latter problem is characteristic of all three pieces of Tonopah fiction: since each was written primarily as an escape vehicle, each solves its dilemmas too glibly to be taken seriously. Furthermore, each moralizes so egregiously that any historical value is overshadowed. *The Parowan Bonanza,* written by B. M. Bower (the pen name of Mrs. Bertha "Muzzy" Sinclair) is the worst offender. It moves from a real landscape (Goldfield) to an imaginary one (somewhere near Death Valley), leads its protagonist through a series of misfortunes that appear and disappear miraculously, and then preaches that all woes will some day vanish (if one has faith). Any factual information about prospecting for gold or about developing a mining claim gets lost in its absurdly make-believe world.

Aileen Higgins's book is as one-dimensional as Bower's, but at least she designed it for children. For our purposes, The Rainbow Lady, an imaginative recreation of Mrs. Hugh Brown, is *A Little Princess of Tonopah's* most intriguing feature. The Rainbow Lady reminds the little princess "of ring-doves, and dew and a pink rosebud in the morning, and fringes of starlight on the water, and peacock feathers and soap bubbles in the sun—and the inside of sea-shells— and all those things" (Higgins, 82). Seen through rose-colored glasses, here is the same lady who refused to wash windows in front of the neighbors and who sent all her laundry to Reno. Mrs. Brown's own comment about the book reveals that she understood what her friend had done: "of course," she wrote, "Miss Higgins romanticized everything" (Brown, 92). What Mrs. Brown did not understand was that she had done exactly the same thing. In fact, the Tonopah fiction sounds no less flowery than Clara E. Douglas' *Sunset* magazine articles, Minnie Blair's recollection, or even Anne Ellis's reminiscences. On every dusty street corner and behind every clump of sage, these ladies found romance. Tonopah sits wedged between treeless, barren mountains. Yet Mrs. Brown remembers "the fascination of the pastel landscape," where "under the desert moonlight the hills looked as if they had been cut out of cardboard" (Brown, 19). This is no less idealistic than "the white stretches of incrusted alkali" that the little princess imagined "looked like silver shallows of water in ripple" (Higgins, 43). And not only did the ladies idealize, but they fantasized. Higgins, for example, extends sea imagery to the desert in her descriptions, while Brown stresses subtle and subdued tones. It is as if they were subconciously depending upon inappropriate details to fill voids—that is, they were metaphorically bringing water to the desert.

Actually, the Tonopah ladies did that consistently. They romanticized their existence to make life seem not only tolerable but enjoyable. Mrs.

Brown remarks, "you could almost tell by looking at the brides whether they would be able to stick it out;" those who did, "were successors to that wonderful race of pioneer women who have been scattered over the West since the Western trek began" (Brown, 51–52). Since the Tonopah ladies comprised the socially elite, we cannot quite call them typical; but we can view their writing as exemplary. They reveal exactly those abilities and concerns that all women must have had as they helped civilize the west. They transcended the mundane because they valued what they were doing, and they survived because they kept their dreams. Their most significant contribution was an ability to see beauty that others ignored while bringing culture to a society that had none. Indeed, this is the contribution made by most pioneer women. Read in this sense, not just the Tonopah ladies, but all women's writing from the westward movement opens a new dimension of the pioneer experience.

Note

1. To make life simpler for the reader, I include here a slightly annotated, complete bibliography of the Tonopah Ladies' writing. To make life simpler still, there will be no further footnotes; all citations are included in the text.

I. Non-fiction

A. First-hand experience, recounted in retrospect.

Blair, Minnie, P. "Days Remembered of Folsom and Placerville, California; Banking and Farming in Goldfield, Tonopah, and Fallon, Nevada." UNR Oral History Project, 1968.

Brown, Mrs. Hugh. *Lady in Boomtown*. New York: Ballantine Books, 1968.

Ellis, Anne. *The Life of an Ordinary Woman*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin.

B. First-hand experience, magazine articles.

Douglas, Clara E. "What Tonopah's Gold has Wrought," *Sunset*, 16 (February 1906), 350–54.

Douglas, Clara E. "Those Nevada Bonanzas," *Sunset*, 17 (September 1906), 262–65.

Douglas, Clara E. "The Father of Tonopah," *Sunset*, 27 (August 1911), 165–67.

C. Heard from husband.

Arthur, Zua, *Broken Hills* [The Story of Joe Arthur, Cowpuncher and Prospector, Who Struck It Rich in Nevada]. New York: Vantage Press, 1958.

Croft, Helen Downer. *The Downs, The Rockies—and Desert Gold*. Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton, 1961.

D. Heard from Father.

Meadows, Lorena Edwards. *A Sagebrush Heritage* [The Story of Ben Edwards and his Family]. San Jose, Calif.: Harlan-Young Press, 1973.

E. Heard from women who lived in Tonopah or Goldfield during the boom.

Mitchell, Sharon. "A Pioneer Nevada Woman." unpub. mss., Nevada Historical Society, n.d. [a number of these unpublished accounts are available; apparently classes have done interview projects and then deposited their findings in the historical society's archives.]

II. Fiction

A. Children's story, based on author's visit to Tonopah.

Higgins, Aileen Cleveland. *A Little Princess of Tonopah.* Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Co., 1909.

B. Novels for adults, based on author's research.

Bower, B. M. *The Parowan Bonanza.* Boston: Little, Brown, & Co., 1923.

Ross, Zola. *Tonopah Lady.* New York: Bobbs-Merrill, 1950.

An equestrian outing, Tonopah, 1904.

David Robert Sessions

by Edna B. Patterson

DAVID ROBERT SESSIONS, a native of Georgetown, South Carolina, was born February 24, 1847, to parents of sturdy ancestry who had both Puritan and Huguenot heritages. His father, Thomas Robert Sessions, was a much respected manufacturer, merchant, farmer, tax collector and devout member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He had the reputation of being a man of vigorous intellect, untarnished integrity, and the highest sense of honor.[1]

Since David lived in an affluent southern home, the house was staffed with Negro servants who helped care for the fifteen children born to Thomas Sessions and his wife, Jane Elizabeth Davies. There was one servant assigned to each child and his duty was to follow him around and keep him from harm.

David's early years were happy ones spent in the family home at 630 Highmarket Street in Georgetown under the protection of his father and mother. Because there was no general system of public education in South Carolina prior to the Civil War, David's early education was obtained in private schools.[2]

When thirteen years of age he was sent to the High School of Charleston, which was organized according to the best educational system of New England and employed instructors imported from Harvard. He enjoyed the school but a short time, for the following spring, as preparation began to be made for the Union's attack upon Fort Sumter, he was called home by his father and for three years his schooling was suspended. In 1864 David was again sent away from home for schooling, this time to the State Military Academy at Columbia, where he received instruction in mathematics, English and French grammar, as well as military drilling and procedure.

By this time the holocaust of the Civil War had spread over the South, and as General Sherman made his march from Atlanta to the sea, the cadets of the military academy volunteered to join the Confederate Army and march to meet the Union Army's advance. Because this was a job for seasoned soldiers, the cadets' offer for this service was refused; they were, however, accepted for limited duty and, on Christmas Eve,

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1864, after being taken to James Island, near Charleston, in recently used and unclean cattle cars, they began military duty in the state militia, which was under the governor's control. The cold rains of the coast chilled the young men's bodies and rusted their guns; but their enthusiasm was not dampened. They later received a guard duty assignment between Savannah and Charleston and even took part in skirmishes in which some of the young men were killed.

At last the long, drawn-out conflict was over, and while the war had been terrible, the period of reconstruction was worse. David Robert Sessions threw away his gun and tattered clothing and walked 150 miles to his home. When he reached Georgetown he found the town was under the control of carpetbaggers and Negroes, and their home was in decay and being used by the riffraff that had seized the town.[3]

His father, with his large family dependent upon him, was reduced to destitution, and along with other relatives had taken refuge in the nearby pine woods.

David joined his family there and, with his father and other family members, began breaking up soil to plant crops in the hope of raising food. For two years the group lived in the woods on what the poor soil yielded, together with scanty rations of rice and milk.

During this time David began to take inventory of his life and what he wanted to do with it, and he came to the conclusion, that if he was to accomplish anything, he must leave his family and acquire a formal education. He secured work in the school of Quintas Curtis Cooper of Georgetown and received the principal part of his wages in instruction in rudimentary Latin. With an old shed for his study, the young man from the swamps of South Carolina wrestled alone with the study of Greek and advanced Latin. Using books, grammars, and a dictionary, day after day and well into the nights for eighteen months, he finally felt knowledgeable in his subjects. While studying alone he also had received appointment as Clerk of the Town Council, a position that gave him a little money and left him time for study.

Finally feeling he had mastered his subjects he wrote to Princeton University and asked for admission to the institution. To gain admission he was asked by college professors to come to Princeton and pick out random French, Latin and Greek books from library shelves, open them in the middle, and start reading. He received permission to enter, and was able to enter as a member of the junior class, thus skipping both the freshman and sophomore years.

Following graduation from Princeton in 1870 he received the offer of a teaching position in the public schools at Carson City, Nevada, and so young Sessions went west. While teaching in Carson City he also acted as tutor for private students in French.

By 1873 he had forsaken his teaching career and had gone to work as a reporter for the *Carson Appeal,* a position he held for one year. The Carson City paper started publication in 1865 under the name of the *Nevada Appeal,* but suspended operation in 1870. It was revived

September 9, 1872, under the name *New Daily Appeal* by Henry R. Mighels, who served as proprietor and editor. In December, 1872, Marshall Robinson and Mighels became partners and David Sessions was chosen as editor.

Living in the capitol city as a newspaperman, and in contact with state officials and legislators, Sessions kept his eye on agencies, laws and proposed legislation. When the legislature passed the bill establishing the University of Nevada in Elko in March, 1873, Sessions attempted to get himself appointed President of the institution. At the time there was only one high school in the state of Nevada and that was at Virginia City, so it was planned to open with only a preparatory department so students could be trained to do college work.

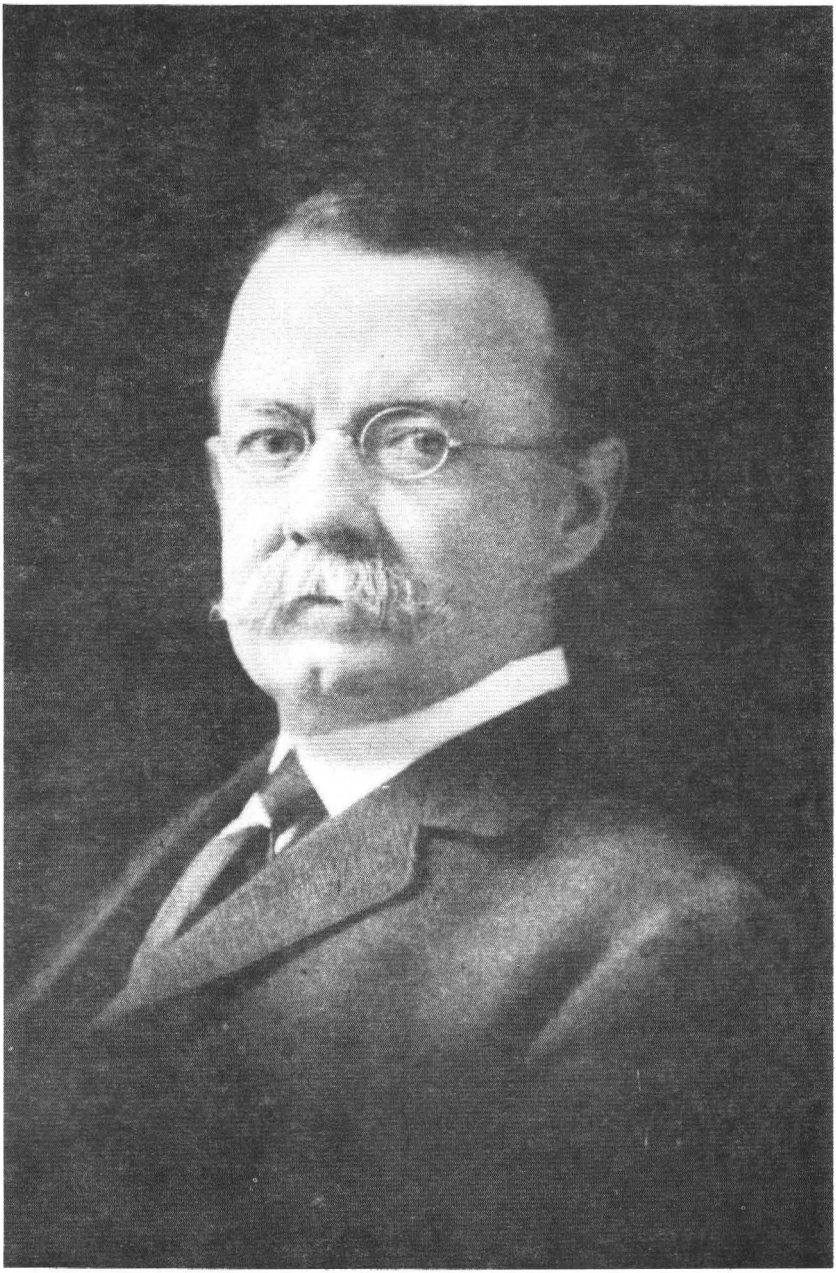
Elko was chosen as the site of the University for reasons of political expediency, and because it was the town that made the most attractive bid for the school. Elko's offer promised an extravagant outlay on the part of the community through donations of twenty acres of land, and the town's contribution of $20,000 to build and equip the school building. Bonds bearing high interest rates were issued to pay for the building.[4] Elko County issued script to pay current expenses and overdue interest, but in less than four years the debt had reached $112,470,000.[5]

Work in the college preparatory department began October 12, 1874, with seven pupils in attendance and Sessions as the principal and sole teacher.[6] Sessions had come to Elko prior to the opening of the school in order to recruit students capable of college preparatory work by the time the school opened. Speaking of the school in later years, Sessions stated:

> Political arrangements fixed the location. The neatly constructed building had three rooms on the ground floor; and an assembly room on the upper floor. On arrival in Elko I set about to gather students. I made no formal examination for admittance, but selected students with reference to what they might learn. There were seven pupils and two or three of these might have stood a fair examination for high school. The first class included Miss Margaret Yeates, Miss Jessie Yeates, Frank Rogers, Charles L. Rood, and J. B. Gallagher of Elko, Allan Remond of Island Mountain and Sarah Gilland of Lamoille. During the last two years as principal I enlarged the number of pupils, having as high as thirty students.[7]

He studied each child as an individual and developed each one along lines of his natural aptitude and ability. By using this approach, Sessions taught a curriculum that would overwhelm present teachers, for it consisted of arithmetic, syntax, geography, orothography, U.S. history, French, German and Greek. After four years at the University, he resigned to run for the position of State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Prior to his appointment as President of the University of Nevada, and while living in Carson City, Sessions had met Mary Eliza Noteware, the only daughter of the Honorable Chauncy Norman Noteware.[8]



D. R. Sessions in later life.

After coming to Nevada, Sarah Lyon, Chauncy Noteware's wife, died in 1867 when Mary Eliza was ten years old and her father saw to Mary's and her two brothers' rearing.[9] Coming from an influential family, her father recognized the importance of education, and her first teacher was Miss Hannah Clapp at the Sierra Seminary in Carson City. In 1869 she was sent to a boarding school, Laurel Hall, in San Mateo, California. In 1875 she taught school at Mill Station for three months and then married David Sessions on July 1, 1875, at Tahoe City.[10] An account of the wedding, written by Henry R. Mighels and published in the Carson *Appeal* under the heading, "An Excursion and Wedding," reads:

> Bright and early in the bright and balmy morning of yesterday, Mr. Evan David, a trusty driver and man of carefulness, came handling the ribbons over his team of four white horses and mounted on the front seat of his Concord carryall and took a party of ladies and gentlemen bound to see our old Editor, David Sessions, made the husband of Mary Noteware. The lady was to undergo the process of marrying under her father's roof at Tahoe City, so we started bright and early for Glenbrook. July never dawned on a better day, and the waters of the big flume down Clear Creek plunged along with fast flying cord wood, and the Lake of Beauty was never more placid. A wonderful breakfast awaited the hungry travelers at the Glenbrook. Nothing can exceed the thoughtfulness and kindness of Mr. D. L. Bliss in lending his swift steam tug, "The Emerald", for a sail over the lake to Tahoe City's Noteware and Davis Warf. We arrived about 11:00 a.m. At highnoon Sessions and his sweetheart were made man and wife in a ceremony performed by Rev. George B. Allen. There was just a handfull of relatives and friends: Mr. and Mrs. Noteware (second wife), Dorsey and Warren, her brothers, Mrs. Noteware's sister, Mrs. George T. Davis, relations on the bride's side. Charles Benjamin Sessions, brother of David R. was detained at Virginia City and could not be there. Miss G. S. Kittrel, daughter of the Attorney General, was there as a friend of Mary and Senator George H. Sheppard of Elko County was there as Sessions' lawful sponsor. Mrs. George B. Allen, Miss H. K. Clapp, Miss B. C. Babcock, Mrs. D. L. Bliss and sister, Miss Tober, Bud Willie, Tony and Walter Bliss (little folks) and Henry R. Mighels and his wife were the guests. This was a near family party at the bride's parents' summer home. At Tahoe City people looked on from afar with an air of respectfulness and good wishes. The little city was an open house to all Noteware's and Sessions' friends. We thank for the excursion party, Mr. Trumble for his kindness of placing his commodious hotel to our disposal and for this he wouldn't take a cent.
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> We left Tahoe City, taking the married couple with us, and made excursion to Emerald Bay and thence to Yank's, where we left David and his bride. May the Sessions just begun continue until the all wise Creator severs their worldly tie.[11]

Mr. and Mrs. David Sessions then returned to Carson City, and their friends, Miss Hannah Clapp[12] and Miss Elizabeth E. Babcock[13] gave a

reception at their home in honor of the recently married couple. The affair was described in the Carson *Appeal:*

> *Grand Reception*
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> There were lots of agreeable people at the reception given by Misses Clapp and Babcock last night at their delightful and cheerful home. There were lots of agreeable people there, ladies and gentlemen with mustaches and chests thrown out and graceful politeness in their demeanor. They danced and swapped compliments and had a splendid time generally. How happily and easily these ladies do entertain. The cheer was the heartiest, the ladies looked their best, the rosy happy bride and handsome bridegroom were as fine as a cotton hat, so to speak and nothing could have been nicer than the whole outfit.[14]

After the wedding Sessions and his bride returned to Elko and set up housekeeping. Mary was not without motherly advice, for her aunt, her mother's sister and namesake, Mrs. Eliza Dorsey, wife of John M. Dorsey of the Fort Halleck Ranch near Elko, saw to it Mary Eliza was coached in domestic skills.

The Sessions lived in Elko until December 28 when he resigned his position with the University to become State Superintendent of Public Instruction, an office he was elected to November 5, 1878. He held the position until 1882, the close of his elected term. He then refused renomination in order to again return to his journalistic work. For the next four years the Sessions family lived in Eureka, Nevada, where Sessions was editor of the Eureka *Sentinel.*[15] In the meantime, the Sessions had become the parents of three children: Harry, Charles and a daughter, Ruby.

In 1885 the family moved from Eureka, Nevada, to San Francisco, California, where Sessions became associated with Hubert Howe Bancroft, who was engaging in the publication of some forty volumes of books entitled *The History of the Pacific Coast States,* which geographically included Alaska to Central America, and from the Pacific Coast to the Rocky Mountains. Following completion of this undertaking, Bancroft, with Sessions as Chief Editor, published *Chronicles of the Builders of the Commonwealth,* composed of eight large volumes of historical character studies of men prominent in the industrial and resource development of the West. In speaking of Sessions Mr. Bancroft said:

> I can hardly convey any adequate understanding of the ingenuity, adaptability and skill Sessions has contributed in the course of historical inquiry in a new and restless territory. He is well known everywhere on the Pacific Coast and though his modesty causes him to shun notoriety, he is universally appreciated as a true gentleman and scholar. In intellectuality, general learning, industry, integrity, I do not know where I could find his superior. I speak of him as I see his mind in my work, in which I regard him as master. If, in these long thirty years of my labor, I have produced anything that is of value to the world, let me assure you it is but a fair criterion of what he can do and has done.[16]

In 1890 the faculty of Princeton University unanimously recommended him for an honorary degree of Doctor of Literature for the work he had done for Bancroft. Bancroft in speaking of this honor said at a Princeton Alumni Meeting:

> At the risk of being charged with indiscretion, I cannot refrain from confiding to the members of the Class a secret that has been conveyed to me by a "bird in the air." In this case a very respectable and reliable bird, who came to my study directly from the classic groves of Princeton—to wit, that the faculty have unanimously recommended Sessions for a degree of Doctor of Literature to the Board. We may, therefore, rejoice together that a classmate who has already distinguished us all by his intrinsic worth, his indomitable energy, his solid attainments, his brilliant achievements, has thus been recognized by Alma Mater, in the persons of her whole corps of instructors, as being eminently worthy of such public distinction as she has it within her gifts to bestow. Here is to "Doctor" Sessions.[17]

At the conclusion of his work for Bancroft, David Sessions took up the study of law and in 1897 was admitted to the California Bar when he was fifty years old. He became an influential San Francisco attorney and headed the Claims Department of the Southern Pacific Railroad. In this capacity he supervised the many attorneys who worked under him and handled the lawsuits and legal entanglements in which the railroad found itself involved. In this capacity he also drafted many laws that were beneficial to widows and children of men who died while working for the Southern Pacific. His last law was to establish a rehabilitation department for injured employees so they could be trained for other work. He retained the position as Chief Attorney for the railroad until his death.[18]

While living in San Francisco, the Sessions family moved in the social world of the city. Mrs. Sessions was always ambitious, and was described by Hubert Howe Bancroft as "A woman of unusual force of character, well-educated, a brilliant conversationalist, and a devoted wife and mother."[19] Others have identified her as being "a woman who would have a fur coat upon her back even if she didn't know where the next meal was coming from."

Around 1904, Mary Sessions wanted to build a new home. She nagged at her husband continuously, and finally in exasperation he said, "Build the fool home! Only don't bother me with the problem." She saw to the construction of the house at 2120 Lyon Street in San Francisco. On the evening the home was completed and their furniture installed, Mary was at the door waiting for David's entrance. As was his custom he sought out his favorite chair and sat down. Finally she asked, "Aren't you going to say something?" He replied, "Where is my evening paper?" At this Mary broke down and cried, the only time anyone had ever seen her in tears since their daughter's death.[20]

Their daughter, Ruby Sessions, a beautiful young woman and engaged to be married to a young man from Hawaii, had gone to the Islands to

meet her fiance's family and to view her future home. While there she contracted a fever and died. The loss was one from which David Sessions never recovered, for the daughter was much like him in manner and they had been very close. Tragedy again struck when their son Harry's daughter was born. Partly as a replacement for their dead daughter, and because the baby's mother could not care for the child, the Sessions legally adopted their granddaughter and reared her as their child. In later years she was formally presented to San Francisco society and married Chester Rowell of the San Francisco *Chronicle*.[21]

Harry Sessions, the oldest of their three children, became a Santa Monica businessman. Their son Charles, who never married, was an engineer. He returned to Elko, Nevada, in the 1940's to visit the country where his mother and father lived when they were first married. He died shortly afterward at his residence at the Olympic Club in San Francisco. The Sessions had one granddaughter, and she had two sons.[22]

David Robert Sessions died in San Francisco, California, January 18, 1924, when he was seventy-seven. After his death the house that his wife built was sold, and she took up residency at the Canterbury Hotel in San Francisco. She died in the late 1940's and was buried in the city by her husband's side.

Notes

1. *Class of '70* (Princeton College: Princeton, N.J.), pp. 72–75. The anonymous author who prepared the sketch of Sessions' life to 1891 had at his disposal considerable amount of information furnished by friends of Sessions, in addition to personal jottings gathered from a series of letters written by Sessions himself. (Hereafter referred to as *Class of '70.*)

2. *Ibid.*

3. *Ibid.*

4. Myron Angel, ed., *History of Nevada* (Oakland, Calif.: Thompson & West, 1881), p. 385.

5. Samuel Doten, *An Illustrated History of the University of Nevada* (Reno: University of Nevada, 1924), 23.

6. Marguerite Patterson McQuiston, *History of Secondary Education in the State of Nevada,* Master's Thesis, University of Southern California, 1933.

7. *Ibid.*

8. Angel, *loc. cit.*

9. Chauncy Noteware was educated in the public schools of his native state, New York. In 1884, at age 19, he emigrated to Illinois and entered Knox College at Galesburg, Illinois, intending to become a physician. At the close of his sophomore year he joined the Gold Rush to California. He followed mining with some success until he became a Wells Fargo agent at Diamond Springs, California. On March 4, 1854, he married Sarah Lyon, who had come west with her father, two brothers, and two sisters from Joliet, Illinois, in 1853. (Her mother had died in 1837 in Indiana.) Mary's brother, Captain Robert Lyon, later became active in the Pyramid Lake campaign of 1860 and served as Douglas County Recorder and Assessor; some historians claim that Lyon County was named after him. *See* Helen Carlson,

Nevada Place Names (Reno: University of Nevada, 1974); Sam Davis, *The History of Nevada* (Reno: Elms Publishing Co., 1913); Effie Mona Mack and Byrd Sawyer, *Here is Nevada* (Sparks, Nev.: Western Printing Co., 1965). In 1857 Chauncy Noteware and his family emigrated to Nevada, then a part of Utah Territory, and located at the Mormon Station. He was appointed Probate Judge of Douglas County in 1862, and later became Receiver and Distributing Agent of the U.S. Land Office. He served as a member of the Constitutional Convention, and served for six years as Nevada's Secretary of State. In 1872 he was appointed Coiner of the U.S. Mint at Carson City.

10. Genealogical records of Mrs. Jeanette Sessions Rowell Kidder. Mrs. Kidder, of Box 492, 17 Mile Drive, Pebble Beach, California, is the granddaughter and adopted daughter of David and Mary Sessions.

11. Henry R. Mighels' account of the Sessions-Noteware wedding, Carson *Appeal,* July 2, 1875.

12. Miss Hannah Kesiah Clapp arrived in Carson City during the Territorial period. She met Abe Curry, who persuaded her to establish a school in Carson City on land that he donated. The coeducational school was known as the Sierra Seminary. Later Miss Clapp taught at the University of Nevada. She also became known for the sturdy iron fence she erected around the state capitol in Carson City. When bids for this fence became public, she made estimates and submitted a bid under the name of H. K. Clapp. After she was awarded the contract, the legislators were appalled to find they had given the contract to a woman. She supervised the completion of the fence, and fulfilled the contract.

13. The Babcock Kindergarten building at Sixth and West Street in Reno was dedicated in memory of Miss Elizabeth E. Babcock.

14. Quotation from a newspaper clipping with no date or name.

15. *Class of '70, loc. cit.*

16. *Ibid.*

17. *Ibid.*

18. Doten, p. 24n.

19. *Class of '70.*

20. Charles Sessions (son of David Sessions) in an interview with Edna B. Patterson in 1942.

21. Jeanette Sessions Rowell and her husband Chester Rowell were later divorced, and she married Willard Kidder of Grass Valley, California.

22. The great-grandsons, Milo David Rowell and Chester Sessions Rowell, became, respectively, a West Point graduate and a Fresno businessman.

Notes and Documents

An Englishman in Nevada

DURING THE SUMMER of 1870, an Englishman, Captain John Aitken, visited Nevada to take samples of rock from the Troy area. The visit led to the formation of the Troy Silver Mining Company, which raised its capital in the Rossendale Valley of Lancashire, and which had its registered office in the small textile town of Bacup.

Aitken undertook the journey because he was a keen amateur geologist, and like other Rossendale businessmen had become interested in the Nevada silver boom. Under the heading, "A new Eldorado for Rossendale capitalists," the *Bacup and Rossendale News* of November 5, 1870, said in a leading article:

> Some months ago, a gentleman visited Bacup bringing with him a specimen of quartz from Nevada and rather glowing accounts were given of what might be done if only capital were forthcoming. Several gentlemen in the district became interested, and on the specimen being examined, it was found to contain upwards of one hundred ounces of silver to the ton. The examination of the specimen appears to have so far interested one of our local magistrates—a gentleman who has given much attention to geology—that he determined to proceed to the spot and judge for himself. In the course of last summer, he visited Nevada and appears to have returned perfectly satisfied with the results of his investigations. He brought home with him specimens of quartz that were blasted from the solid rock in his own presence and selected almost at random; and the result was that they are found to contain 36 ounces of silver to the ton. This, it is confidently stated, is below the average of what might be expected to be obtained, and yet it is more than sufficient to make the working of a silver mine a remunerative speculation.

Aitken left an account of his visit, which was undertaken during a particularly lively period of Nevada's history. The journey was made by sea, rail, stagecoach and on horseback, and was obviously a great adventure for the Lancashire cotton manufacturer, who was then fifty years old. Aitken, whose family had made its wealth from the rapidly expanding cotton trade, took close interest in the development of Bacup. He was chairman of the local gas company, a magistrate, president of the town's Literary Club and the Mechanics' Institute and a leading member of the Natural History Society. His chief hobby was geology, and he was twice president of the Manchester Geological Society. By all accounts he was

a man with a peppery temperament, which perhaps led him to play a prominent part in forming the Bacup corps of the Local Defense Volunteers in 1869, when fears of a French invasion produced an upsurge of patriotism in England. Aitken became the captain of the corps and retained the title throughout his life. He died in 1884, aged 64.

The early part of his journal describes the journey from New York, and one is not surprised to find that in Salt Lake City, the captain requested a meeting with Brigham Young.

> Brigham Young advanced to meet me in a most gentlemanly manner and received me most affably. He told me it cost four dollars to get one dollar out of the mines; but I was told in other quarters that large profits had been realised by shareholders and that Brigham Young's object in crying down the mines was to prevent an irruption [*sic*] of the number of miners in his territory; hence the unfavourable accounts which he gave and the strong terms in which he spoke against all mining in the district.

When the Troy Mining Company failed, Aitken may well have regretted that he did not heed the Mormon leader's advice. Following are further descriptions of Nevada which have been excerpted from Aitken's journal.

CHRIS ASPIN
Rossendale, Lancashire, England

ON LEAVING SALT LAKE and the city of the saints, we returned to Ogden, from whence we pursued our journey to the west, skirting for a considerable distance along the northern shore of the lake. On leaving the great basin we again entered a barren, mountainous region, destitute of vegetation except the interminable sage bush, after which we followed the remainder of the distance to Elko, the valley of the river Humboldt, on whose border runs a narrow strip of good grassland, upon which a few locations have taken place. We arrived at Elko, the place of our destination, from the train at eight o'clock a.m. on the 21st June, having been fourteen hours on the journey from Ogden to Elko, and five days 13 hours from New York, during which time I had passed over 2700 miles of railway.

After a delay of some hours, we proceeded on our journey at five o'clock the same evening, taking our places on the stage for the city of Hamilton, distant 120 miles to the south. The conveyance by which we travelled is a very different vehicle from the stage coaches used in England before the introduction of railways. It is, however, constructed on somewhat the same model, but is stronger, heavier, larger, and more antiquated in form. The body of the stage is supported by ten folds of strong leather which are attached to substantial upright springs fore and aft of the carriage, an admirable arrangement which combines strength, and at the same time tends to mitigate in some degree the severity of the

jolts and shocks to which passengers are exposed in crossing the wild tracts in this part of the country. It is highly decorated with ornamental painting and a profusion of gilding, and is drawn by six good horses, so that it presents an imposing and respectable appearance. The road by which we travelled is a mere track formed by the wheels of the conveyances passing over it and is innocent of the application of pick and spade. In crossing the swampy ground adjoining the river Humboldt, we had to pass over a length of corduroy road of the roughest description, which kept us dancing and bobbing about on our wooden seats like pieces of cork on a disturbed pool of water, producing a feeling of the most intense agony. After passing over a minor spur of the Humboldt range, our route the remainder of the distance lay along a wide waterless, bleak, desolate valley, 20 to 25 miles wide, with the Ruby Mountains to the west and the Diamond range to the east, the only vegetable forms visible being the sombre-hued sage bush. The uniformity of the aspect of this valley is only varied by the occurrence of several patches which are completely covered by a deposit of alkaline matter rendering them perfectly white as though they were covered with snow. Some of these are of large extent. We passed one of them which could not be less than 20 miles in length, by six or eight in breadth, besides others of less extent. These alkali flats abound in all the valleys or natural depressions over thousands of square miles. In this elevated region between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada range, in some cases the coating of salt is so thick that it can be collected and made use of for domestic or other purposes. Stations are established along the route at distances of 12 to 16 miles, their position being determined by the presence of water, where the horses are changed. At two of these refreshment is also provided for the passengers. We arrived at Hamilton the following day at two o'clock, thoroughly knocked up, having been 20 hours on the road. This was the most dreary, uncomfortable and fatiguing journey I ever undertook. The jolting and shaking was terrible. The night or early morning was intensely cold, whilst on the following day when the sun came out, it was insupportably hot, and as during the whole journey we travelled in a cloud of alkali dust, sleep was out of the question. It is not therefore to be wondered at that this night's experience left an unpleasant and lasting impression upon my mind. In addition to this, travelling in these parts is by no means safe, so that it was deemed expedient to stow away our money and other valuables in the linings of our boots and other out of the way places. All the passengers were armed. The stages on this route had been twice stopped and robbed within a few months of the time of my visit, the last time occurring two months before I travelled over it. Full particulars of this and several others of a similar character were recounted to us by the driver, who had charge of the stage at the time of its occurrence. The man had been long on the road in the unsettled western provinces and had consequently seen much of the wild life prevailing amongst the roving lawless hordes inhabiting these districts.

HAMILTON

Hamilton, the principal city in the White Pine mining district, is a place of 4000 or 5000 inhabitants, and is situated on the north-western slope of Treasure Hill at an elevation of 8200 feet above the level of the sea. The buildings are mostly framework structures, erected at great expense, as no wood available for building purposes is obtained at a less distance than eighty miles. The population of this town, like all new mining towns, is of a very heterogeneous character, being largely composed of gamblers, speculators, adventurers and vagabonds of all descriptions. Saloons abound at every turn, where gaming, dancing, drinking, billiard playing and other vices are openly practised. No regard whatever is paid to the observance of the Sabbath except in the additional display and attractions offered by these dens of infamy on that day, can be called an observance. The shops, too, are almost without exception open and lighted up as on other days, and even most of the stamping mills are kept in full operation. In a community like this, it is not to be wondered at that vice and profligacy are openly practised and that neither life nor virtue should be regarded as of the same value as in more settled communities. Almost every man here is armed with the inevitable six-shooter, which he scarcely takes pains to conceal, the butt often peeping out from under his garments, and not unfrequently with the bowie knife as well. These are resorted to on the slightest pretext so that fatal street broils are of frequent occurrence. I was very near witnessing one of these scenes during my last visit to Hamilton, for on strolling down the main street of the city about eleven o'clock in the morning, after posting letters to Europe, my attention was arrested by numbers of small groups collected at various points, all of whom appeared to be engaged in earnest conversation, and it appeared that something more than ordinary had transpired. On moving along the side walk I overheard similar expressions to the following:—"Shot him! Is he dead? Who did it? &c." Presently I saw a man of middle stature, about 35 years of age, walk up to the Sheriff, who stood at a street corner surrounded by a knot of enquirers, and addressing him, said, "I am the man you want. I did it." Whereupon the sheriff seized him by the collar and said, "I arrest you!" and marched the culprit off at once. On proceeding to the lower part of the street I noticed a number of men collected in front of a house, into which the injured man had been carried. I attempted to enter, but was prevented by the door being shut just at the time to keep back the crowd. I was therefore prevented from witnessing so painful an exhibition. The poor fellow lingered on till two o'clock the following morning, when death put an end to his sufferings. I afterwards learned that the quarrel arose solely as to the payment of 75 dollars, which the murderer owed his victim, and who on being pressed for the money adopted the summary method of settling the account. During the earlier days of the city of Hamilton (It is now three years old) it is said that not many days passed away without (in the language of the west) having a man for breakfast—that is a murder committed during the night. I was

informed that during the three first years of the existence of that city, that 64 individuals lost their lives by violence, and that the law was administered with such a degree af laxity that not one of the murderers had been brought to condign punishment—all having escaped the gallows by one means or another—gold and perjury being amongst the most potent agents employed. It is, however, rapidly improving, and signs are not wanting that a better state of things will shortly succeed the present unsatisfactory condition of affairs.

TREASURE HILL

Treasure Hill is one of the summits of the White Pine range of mountains, which from its elevation, its conical shape and partially isolated position, is a striking object when viewed from the north. It has an elevation of 9,400 feet. It is in this hill that the first discovery of silver ore was made about three years ago, respecting which the most fabulous tales were told, some of which represented it as being an almost solid mass of silver. The circulation of these exaggerated reports caused a regular stampede to take place of miners and adventurers, who flocked here in thousands from every quarter, and claims were made to the extent of 150 to 200 in a very short time. As a matter of course, a large proportion of these were never worked. There nevertheless are at the present time about 30 mines in full operation, some of which have produced marvellous results, the Eberhardt and the South Aurora mines standing out most prominently, both of which have been sold to English companies for large sums since I was there. After visiting all the principal mines and making myself acquainted with the mode of conducting mining operations, I ascended to the top of Treasure-hill. This is the highest spot upon which I ever trod or probably ever shall do.

The view from this elevated position is a most extensive and pleasing one. I could trace the ranges of mountains and lines of the dividing valleys without difficulty for a distance of 150 miles. Startling as this statement may appear, it is nevertheless literally true. One of the most remarkable features of this elevated region is the extreme purity and rarefaction of the atmosphere, a phenomenon attributable to the absence of all vapour or watery elements in its composition, or, in other words, to its excessive dryness. For several days together when I was there, not a particle of cloud could be seen on the great etherial vault of heaven, which here attains a depth of colour to which we in these foggy climes are utter strangers, the hue being that of indigo blue at times approaching to a black. This surpassing transparency of the atmosphere, enables objects to be seen at incredible distances, and leads to the most erroneous conclusions by those unaccustomed to its extraordinary effects. When in the Troy district I distinctly saw and recognised White Pine mountain at a distance of about 80 miles. In going from Troy to Hamilton we travelled 11 hours by waggon in the direction of Castle mountain, although it was distinctly visible at the outset, and did not appear to be

more than 12 or 14 miles distant. I learned, however, in time to arrive at a pretty accurate estimate by judging of the distance by the English standard and then quadrupling it. The absence of humidity in the air had also a marvellous effect upon the skin and hair. The latter became perfectly intractable. No amount of combing, even when supplemented by an unlimited use of pomade, would reduce it to the least show of order. It stood out in all directions like quills upon the fretful porcupine. Each hair seemed to have set up on its own account and was determined to "stand up" for its individual rights and refused to be put down at any price. The skin, too, peeled off my nose in spite of the repeated application to that organ of a liberal supply of bear's grease. Every particle of humidity which exhuded from the pores was instantly licked up so that, although the heat was often intense, the skin was kept constantly dry and parched. This property of the atmosphere is said to produce most beneficial effects upon the health. Hence we have it upon authority that from this cause Leavenworth is so salubrious that recently finding it necessary to inaugurate a new cemetery, a man had to be shot down for the purpose.

CHINESE AND INDIANS

In passing through the streets of Hamilton, I was much struck with the number of Indians and Chinese I saw moving about. Some of the Indians were lounging about the streets picking up rags or coloured paper, or standing in knots of three or four engaged in conversation. Occasionally one of the men was seen chopping firewood. Most of the women, many of whom had had babies in their arms or suspended on their backs, were begging or selling small bouquets of wild flowers. All seemed idle, dirty and listless. They belonged to the Shushonee and Pyute tribes who inhabit the mountainous district surrounding Hamilton. The appearance of the Chinese was in strong contrast to that of the Indians. They were neat in their attire, retaining their original dress and walked along the streets as if they had business to do and meant to do it. A large number of these Celestials of both sexes have taken up their abode in Hamilton and are crowded together in a low part of the city. The men are remarkably thrifty and industrious, readily learn to be useful in any light easy occupation, preferring the work of women to that of men. The American miners object to their taking part in mining operations, but make use of them as assistants to the drudgery and to attend to their wants. In going through the streets our attention is attracted by the strange appearance of the Chinese characters we not infrequently see painted over the door, under which we usually find in English something like the following: "Washing done by Yang-ho," "Chi-Chang, laundryman," "Yo-thung, baker," and such like. Hepworth Dixon says of them that they are delighted with an engagement to wash clothes, to nurse babies, or to wait on guests. They make very good butlers and chambermaids. Soe Sing, a jolly old girl in pig tail, washes your clothes, starching and ironing them

very neatly except that you cannot persuade him to refrain from spitting on your cuffs, instead of sprinkling water over them by the hand. All the washing and laundry work both here and at Elko as well as the other western mining towns is performed by Chinamen. For 1,200 miles on the Union Pacific Railway, the road is kept in repair by Chinese labour and under American superintendence. They are distributed all along the line at stations a few miles apart, in parties of six or eight together. We saw them as we travelled along, in small gangs at work along the line, or congregated in the evening when the work was over in front of their stations performing their daily ablutions. The Chinese are notorious for their cleanliness of their personal habits. When at work or usually when in the street, the pigtail which every Chinaman wears and guards as his chiefest treasure, is coiled around his head over which he generally wears a hat. Whenever one of them dies, his body is sent back for interment to the Flowery Land, failing which he relinquishes all hope of future happiness. The immigration of Chinese has recently been so considerable that it is computed there are at the present time in California, Montana, Nevada and other western states not less than 60,000 individuals. I regret that it is not in my power to speak more favourably of the female portion of this peculiar people. I am, however, constrained to state that by universal consent, they are averred without almost a solitary exception to have professionally bartered away the brightest jewel of a virtuous woman.

JOURNEY TO TROY

After a stay of a day or two in Hamilton, we proceeded on our journey to the Troy mining district, a distance of about 80 miles further south, which was accomplished in an American waggon drawn by two good horses. Fifty four miles of this we performed the first day, staying at the Blue Eagle Ranch for the night and proceeding on to the Troy mines the following day. Our journey lay along the same wide desolate valley by which we had travelled from Elko to Hamilton—in the higher part a perfect howling wilderness. In the whole distance of 80 miles we only passed three springs which produced a limited degree of fertility for a short distance, when the last drop of water is swallowed up by the thirsty ground. Each of these spots has been located; they are now therefore graced by the presence of a lonely log hut, the only apology for buildings or settled population we encountered on the whole route. During the day we passed several Indians of the Pyute tribe, some on foot and others on horseback. One man was armed with a gun and was apparently in pursuit of game. Lizards about eight or nine inches long are very numerous in this district; horned frogs are also by no means uncommon. Some of these I succeeded in capturing and bringing home. The journey occupied eleven hours. The sun all the day was burning hot, and the dust extremely troublesome. I therefore gladly availed myself of the protection afforded by the green veil and the shade derived from the use of an umbrella.

BLUE EAGLE RANCH

Blue Eagle Ranch, where we spent the night, and which we made headquarters during our stay in the Troy district, is situated upon a little oasis, about 1,000 acres in extent, the fertility of which is produced by a number of springs which rise to the surface in a series of pools, the largest of which is about forty feet across and of considerable depth. In this well hundreds of small fish disport themselves, though how they got there it is difficult to divine, seeing that the nearest river or sheet of water is some 150 miles distant. The building erected here was like all the rest, composed of timber, one storey high, having one room to the front about 15 by 18 feet and a small cooking kitchen behind. The principal apartment served for reception room, dining room, bedroom, armoury, store room &c., in which were stowed in addition to the beds and other furniture, harness, provender, saddles, arms and all sorts of odds and ends. This was my bedroom which I shared with five or six other men, my bed being close under the window, which, as well as the door, was wide open the whole of the night for the purpose of ventilation, notwithstanding which the room was insufferably hot. The heat I experienced combined with the novelty of my position, did not tend to the soundness of my slumbers, and the more particularly as we were in the very heart of the Indian country, bands of whom were continually prowling about. One of these had established himself in free quarters at the Ranch, performing a few light services such as fetching water and chopping firewood. I could not divest myself of the feeling that my lower extremities were close to an open window, through which they might be seized by an intruded hand with the greatest facility. No harm, however, came to me and after the first night spent there I became perfectly reconciled to my position.

TROY MINES

Having completed our arrangements over night, we started early the following morning for the Troy mines, distant about 24 miles, the visiting and examining of which furnished the motive of my journey to these far off western parts. Eighteen miles of the distance were performed in a waggon. Further to the south, along the same wide valley, we had already travelled 170 or 180 miles. The remainder of the distance was executed on horse back, having to travel through a rough, rugged defile, branching off from the main valley and running up into the fastnesses of the White Pine range of mountains in a westerly direction to a very considerable elevation. Along this rugged tortuous channel we had to pick our way, sometimes in the bed of the stream, then passing along a narrow ledge of rock overlooking a precipice, anon scrambling over a projecting spur of rock, which almost blocked up the passage, and again threading our way amongst large angular blocks of granite which had fallen from the frowning precipice above. We succeeded in surmounting these difficulties in safety, until the higher part of the gorge

was reached, when an untoward event happened which nearly brought our excursion to an abrupt termination. Our party numbered four, all of whom were mounted on sturdy little Mustangs, or half-bred Mexican horses, these being much more esteemed on account of their safe-footedness and their power of greater endurance for difficult work of the sort we were engaged in than the American animals. Mr. Hulm, the leader of the party, finding his saddle girths too slack, attempted to dismount to remedy the defect. In doing so in consequence of being encumbered with a basket of provisions, the saddle slipped round and he fell heavily to the ground, whereupon the horse began to plunge and kick in a frightful manner, hitting the prostrate rider on the head and leg, smashing the basket and scattering the provisions in all directions. Being immediately behind Mr. Hulm as we ascended the gorge in Indian file, I narrowly escaped being struck and unhorsed. The excited animal frantically rushed about and eventually dashed down the narrow rocky ravine at headlong speed and was finally brought to a halt a short distance below by getting jammed between two masses of rock, from which perilous position he was soon after extricated with some difficulty, cut and bleeding. Mr. Hulm was badly hurt and unable to proceed for some time. He however managed to hold out for the rest of the journey, but suffered considerably from his injured leg. We arrived at our destination without further mishap about 11 o'clock. The remainder of the day I was engaged in examining the various metalliferous lodes of a most encouraging character, several of which exist at the Troy mines. From these we blasted off a considerable quantity of ore, portions of which were packed up under my superintendence, and sent off to England for analysis. Having obtained the required specimens of ore and the necessary information respecting the character and extent of the several veins, we were preparing to leave with barely time to get clear of the Canyon before dark, when another of the party narrowly escaped a serious accident. We had just mounted our steeds and were about starting when the horse ridden by Mr. Newton suddenly backed several times in rapid succession, as only a Mexican horse can back. It then backed suddenly down a steep rough slope, amongst a recent growth of bushwood and young trees. One of these trees Mr. Newton had fortunately the presence of mind to seize hold of, by the aid of which he managed to extricate himself from the saddle without sustaining further injury than a serious shaking and fright. By dint of hard riding we succeeded in getting clear of the Canyon as darkness closed around us, and proceeded with as little delay as possible to unsaddle the horses and hitch them to the waggon preparatory to starting on our return journey. All being ready the word was given to start, and we were in hopes of arriving at the Ranch sometime before midnight, when one of the horses sprang suddenly up into the air, almost overturning the waggon, and smashing the bar to which it was attached. Fortunately a rope was found in the waggon with which we proceeded to splice up the fractured bar, and after a delay of about half an hour, it was decided to be in a

state to bear the strain of the homeward journey. By this time it had become perfectly dark, so that it was impossible to see the track by which we had to return. With a good deal of coaxing we managed to get the horses in motion, and had travelled about a mile when the other horse stopped, and in trying to start him again the one which had entertained us by his playfulness on two previous occasions, again gave a violent spring, this time smashing the splintered bar so effectually as to place it beyond the power of our reparation with the limited means at our disposal. We were now brought to a dead lock, being 16 miles from the Ranch, the nearest house, at ten o'clock, and the night quite dark. A committee of ways and means was hastily summoned and the situation in which we found ourselves placed was reviewed, and various schemes for helping us out of difficulties were discussed, when it was finally decided that one of the party could ride to the Ranch and return with two fresh horses. In the meantime, we who remained behind were left to while away the time as best we could until his return. As the heat of the day had been great, and we were in expectation of reaching the station in moderate time, we were rather lightly clad, and not by any means prepared for camping out in the open air all night, for in these elevated regions although during the day when the sun comes out the temperature is very high, during the night the thermometer sinks to a very low level (probably of below 40 degrees F). Fortunately I had a macintosh with me, in addition to which we found up an old horse cloth. This latter was spread on the ground to form a bed, and upon it we stretched ourselves. I secured the additional luxury of a saddle for my pillow. For some time I was entertained with listening to tales by my two companions of adventures amongst Indians and savage beasts in the wilds of the Far West. Being fatigued and hungry, we soon became drowsy and dropped off to sleep. The cold however became so intense that we awoke shivering about midnight, when it was decided to build a fire, as the Americans express themselves. We therefore collected a large stack of the sage brush and soon had a bright blazing fire. This we fed for some time, when having thoroughly warmed ourselves and again feeling drowsy we resorted a second time to the gravel couch, and were anon fast asleep with only the canopy of heaven spread above us, which in these latitudes attains a beauty and grandeur almost indescribable. After being a short time asleep, I was awakened by a gentle rustling sound, and on looking around, I saw by the subdued light of the smouldering embers, the face of an animal peering at us, at a short distance from the fire; on seeing which I instantly sprang up, involuntarily exclaiming, "What's that!" At the first motion and before I could get a view of its form, the creature disappeared into the gloom, but from the hurried glance I got of its face, I have little doubt of its being a cyote, a species of small wolf, about the size of a large fox. Animals of this species haunt this district in considerable numbers, and I am informed that although they are slight in form and rather small, they are yet very ferocious and formidable creatures. After adding some additional fuel

to the fire, I again composed myself to sleep. Just before daybreak the messenger arrived with the two fresh horses and the material necessary for temporarily repairing the damaged bar. We at once set to work and in a short time were on our way to the Ranch where we arrived without further adventure about six o'clock in the morning having been absent about 25 hours. To those accustomed to our damp, foggy climate, it will doubtless appear a hazardous undertaking to sleep out in the open air without some sort of protection. Not the least danger however attends an indulgence of this sort in Nevada. Although during the night it becomes very cold, and the sky is almost invariably clear and cloudless, the air is so excessively dry that not one particle of the dew falls on the surface of the earth. Prospectors, travellers, and teamsters almost invariably camp out in the bush, having simply a blanket folded round their persons and the surface gravel for their bed. During my stay at the Blue Eagle Ranch, the sheriff of the county spent a night there whilst performing his peregrinations through the country, and although he had the option of sharing such accommodation as the house afforded, declined the offer and slept in the open air in preference.

RETURN JOURNEY TO HAMILTON

After a day's rest at the Ranch, we commenced our return journey early on the morning of the 26th of June and arrived in Hamilton at half past seven the same evening, having been fourteen and a half hours on the road. I spent two days here, devoting most of the time to visiting the mines and making myself acquainted as far as possible with the treatment to which the crude silver ore is subjected in reducing it into bars in a marketable shape. From hence we pursued our course by the same route and the same mode of conveyance as when outward bound. Three of the inside passengers were Celestials, and one of them had evidently been indulging rather freely in the soothing and fascinating drug. This same individual resorted to a very novel and peculiar mode of resting himself at the several stations where we changed horses, for unlike the other passengers who walked about on those occasions, immediately on alighting he squatted down on his heels, in which position he remained till the "all aboard" was called by the driver. Looked at when in that ungraceful position, he presented very much the appearance of an overgrown frog, when in the attitude of preparing to make a spring, or like a skewered fowl prepared for the spit. We arrived at Elko at half-past seven p.m. on June the 29th.

ELKO

Having fortunately secured an inside fare on this journey, I did not suffer nearly so much as on the former occasion. We remained at Elko till the evening, leaving by the train at five o'clock. One has often heard of the number of strange religious beliefs which have taken root amongst

the American people, and of the extent to which spiritualism has incorporated itself in their minds, but still I was not prepared to see a sign which graced the front of a respectable house and which attracted my attention in passing through one of the cross streets in the city of Elko, which contained the startling announcement of "Fortunes told here!!" In our own country it is to be feared that faith in the efficacy of astrology still lingers in the breast of a section of our community, and there are not wanting those who minister to these weak and foolish fancies. This is however always done stealthily and under cover, to escape the penalties which the law of the land, as well as vigorous public opinion, would be sure to visit upon such designing and wicked imposters if detected. I was therefore astonished to find that the gross deception of fortune telling should be publicly allowed as in this instance.

The Silver State in 1878

NINETEENTH–CENTURY NEVADA'S economic development was directly and strongly tied to that of neighboring California. What constituted news for Nevadans interested Californians, since much of the Silver State's mining, ranching, and farming industries was financed by capital from the Golden State. So important was Nevada news to Californians that some San Francisco periodicals abstracted selected news items from the Nevada press. The following items appeared in the August 3, 1878 issue of the *San Francisco News-Letter and California Advertiser*. They show the dominance of mining in Nevada's economy, and are an indication of what aspects of Nevada life Californians were most interested in.

I should like to thank Mr. John Anthony Compton, a student in my "Topics in American History" class during the autumn semester, 1975–1976, for lending his copies of this publication to me and allowing me to peruse them.

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1. "Miners say that the air in the Sutro Tunnel, as far in as the opening into the Savage 1640 drift, is cool and pleasant, but beyond that point the heat becomes troublesome."—*Sutro Independent*
2. "The *Eureka Sentinel* declares there is no honest reason for the recent decline in Eureka Con. stock."
3. "*Silver State* reports that a torrent swept away several feet of track on the Big Meadows Railroad."
4. "A correspondent of the *Reno Gazette,* writing from Surprise Valley, reports the crops in that vicinity to be in splendid condition, and that the valley has not been disturbed by Indians."
5. "The cholera is raging at Wadsworth."—*Territorial Enterprise*

6. "The *Tuscarora Times-Review* tells of two assays made from Revenue rock which gave from $411.50 to $431.64 silver, and from $20.08 to $6.40 gold."
7. "The *Reno Gazette* says: The Jones & Kinkard bullion, now being turned out at the Auburn Mill, is nine hundred fine."
8. "The Belmont Combination Mines have in reality been purchased by Stephen Roberts and Associates. The property will hereafter be known as the 'High Bridge Con. Silver Mining Company.' The new owners will push the work of development rapidly in the various levels, and at the same time resume sinking the main shaft. The ledge is stripped for a considerable distance, and shows good ore all the way."—*Belmont Courier*
9. "The *Pioche Record* says the Christy Company, at Silver Reef, Utah, shipped between the 14th and 17th of July, bullion valued at $4,601.87."
10. "A ledge showing promising silver ore has been discovered in the mountains, about 18 miles north of Pyramid Lake."—*Virginia Chronicle*
11. "The Kentuck Mine, in Gold Hill, operations upon which have for a long time past been suspended, is about to be opened up again. In early days this mine was very productive, and a large amount of ore was passed over that will pay to work."—*Virginia Chronicle*
12. "The mint is working on Standard silver dollars."—*Carson Appeal*
13. "Not for many seasons have the elements been so favorable for the ranchers in this part of the State as the present one, and the agricultural result will be a profitable one. The want of irrigation has scarcely been felt."—*Cherry Creek Independent*
14. "Shipments of ore to Salt Lake City still continue, and have got to be a regular feature. Our chloriders are well satisfied with the market opened to them."—*Eureka Leader*
15. "Heavy teams are leaving daily with machinery for the Esmeralda and Bodie mines."—*Carson Tribune*
16. "Among several recent discoveries in Richmond district, near Carlin, is one called the Coyote, which was located last month. Some work has been done on the claim, mainly the sinking of an incline on the ledge. The bottom of the incline, thirteen feet deep, is in ledge matter with three feet of solid ore. The country formation is in limestone and porphyry."—*Elko Post*
17. "An Antioch farmer's crop will yield a ton of wheat to the acre. Numerous other fields between Antioch and Point Timber will make an equally good showing."—*Belmont Courier*
18. "The Sierra Nevada Mill is still running on ore from the upper workings of the lead on Cedar Hill."—*Virginia Enterprise*

From Our Library Collection

SINCE THE COMPLETION of the Nevada Historical Society's manuscript guide in 1975, a considerable number of collections have been donated to the Society. Hopefully, every forthcoming issue of the *Quarterly* will feature general descriptions of our larger acquisitions. At the same time, we feel it is important to recognize the generosity of our donors whenever possible. The Society welcomes any and all Nevada, and Great Basin-related, collections.

Emminger Collection

WILLIAM GLENN EMMINGER (1888–1971) was a prominent mining man in Nevada for many years, first in the Rochester District and later at Tungsten (Pershing County), where he was the general manager for the Nevada-Massachusetts Company, at one time one of the largest producers of tungsten ore in the world.

The collection contains four loosely-bound volumes of his typed reminiscences, chiefly relating to his years at Rochester. Colorful descriptions are given in the first volume of prostitutes, gamblers, labor union activities, and a vigilante committee in the Pershing (formerly Humboldt) County town. Emminger relates considerable information regarding Rochester's founder, Joseph F. Nenzel, with whom he had difficulties over the years both in and out of court. He also relates his memories of William J. Loring, the widely-recognized mining engineer. In a second volume, Emminger compiled a partial directory of the residents of Rochester, listing their occupations, his recollections of their activities, information regarding their backgrounds, families, and other pertinent information. Volume three contains a series of short stories in which Emminger relates data concerning his term in the Nevada legislature as a Pershing County state senator, and his impressions of persons he encountered during the first decades of the twentieth-century such as Jack Longstreet, James L. Butler, and Tasker L. Oddie. The fourth volume is almost entirely devoted to the reminiscences of Emminger's father-in-law, Lewis C. Hartsough; these describe his early employment as a bull-whacker in South Dakota in the 1870s and 1880s, his recollections of such figures as Martha "Calamity Jane" Canary, William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody, George Armstrong Custer, and his participation in well-known incidents in U.S. history such as the difficulties with the Sioux Indians and the Johnson County, Wyoming, cattle war. Mrs. Susan Schaff of Reno donated this valuable collection.

Hood Collection

WILLIAM HENRY HOOD (1862–1942) was born in Adrian, Michigan, attended public schools there, and completed his pre-med work at Adrian College and Rush Medical College in Chicago. After receiving his M.D. from the University of Michigan Medical School in 1886, he travelled to Battle Mountain where he established his first practice. Between 1886 and 1903, Dr. Hood not only practiced in his home town, but also travelled to the Lovelock, Elko, and Austin areas to treat patients. At the same time, he was the company physician for the Pittsburg Consolidated Gold Mines Ltd., the Nevada Central Railroad, and the Salt Lake Division—Battle Mountain District—of the Southern Pacific Railroad. On May 29, 1899, the State of Nevada bestowed the honor of Nevada's first physician's license upon Dr. Hood. Governor Reinhold Sadler appointed Hood to the State Board of Medical Examiners in March 1900. Shortly thereafter he was elected vice-president of the Board. On May 5, 1902, Dr. Hood became the second president of the Board, a position which he held until he retired from the Board in 1904.

In the meantime, Dr. Hood had moved to Reno in the late summer of 1903. Accompanying him were his wife Eunice, whom he had married on December 23, 1891, at Vallejo, California; his four sons, William Henry, Arthur James, Charles Allen, and Dwight Lincoln; and his step-son Harry.

On December 19, 1904, Dr. Hood and fifteen other physicians met in Reno and re-established the Nevada State Medical Society. In 1905, Hood was appointed to the Nevada State Board of Health, and served as either the Board's vice-president or president until 1926. He was also a member, and president (1912), of the Washoe County Medical Association. A long time member of the Pacific Association of Railway Surgeons, and physician for the Salt Lake Division—Reno District—of the Southern Pacific Railroad, Dr. Hood served as president of the Railway Surgeons in 1929 and 1930.

Besides his professional activities, Dr. Hood had a number of financial and business interests to which he devoted a great deal of time. He owned a large ranching interest in the Fallon area, was a director of the First National Bank of Reno, was president and chief owner of the Lovelock Mercantile Company, president of the Nevada Fire Insurance Company, and served as either the president or vice-president of the Pershing County Bank at Lovelock for twenty years until he sold his interests in 1931. At the same time, in 1908 Dr. Hood helped to organize the Lovelock Mercantile Banking Company, and served as one of its directors until his death in Reno on November 29, 1942.

The collection consists of Hood's medical notebook for his years at the University of Michigan, five volumes of business records (1887–1899), a contract with the Pittsburg Consolidated Gold Mines Ltd., and photographs of his office and residence in Battle Mountain, together with

photos of his family and home in Reno. Also included in the collection are copies of Hans Meyer-Kassel portraits of Dr. Hood, his wife Eunice, and daughter-in-law Elizabeth, as well as a number of miscellaneous photographs. Our appreciation goes out to Dr. Hood's son, Dr. A. J. "Bart" Hood, for his thoughtful contribution in remembrance of his father.

Hjul Collection

PETER HANSEN HJUL (1850–1918), a native of Denmark, first came to Nevada in 1878 and settled in Eureka County. He opened an undertaking business in Eureka, and became one of the early embalmers in the state (License No. 28); he also ran a successful merchandising operation. Hjul served as Eureka County Treasurer from 1892 to 1894, and in 1898 was elected to the state senate where he served from 1899 to 1902. He died December 28, 1918, in Reno.

The collection consists of a business journal and letter book for the years 1907–1912; these deal with his undertaking and merchandising ventures. The NHS thanks Sam Weller, of the Zion Book Store, Salt Lake City, for his generous donation.

Mackay Mining and Milling Properties Materials

THIS COLLECTION will shed some light on Comstock mining operations during the first decade of Nevada's twenty-year mining depression, 1880–1900. The materials include two bill ledgers, dated October 1879–March 1883 and January 1880–November 1889, and three time books, dated January 1881–April 1888, July 1887–January 1888, and September 1889–September 1890. Major companies included in the records are the Best & Belcher, California Mill, Consolidated California & Virginia, Consolidated Virginia, Mexican, and Ophir Silver. Also included in the records are the C. & C. and Ophir & Mexican joint operations. The Historical Society thanks Dr. Bart Hood for this collection.

Pion Collection

MRS. NANCY HALL of San Francisco has recently donated a large collection of manuscript materials, photographs and museum items to the Society. This material has been donated in the name of her mother, Hazel Pion Hall (1887–1977), and consists of baptismal, marriage and teachers' certificates, sketchbooks, papers, correspondence and other materials associated with the Pion, Greenwood, Cox and Hall families of Virginia City, Gold Hill and Reno. Among the museum items are World War I

helmets, items used in the saloon trade, household items, cut glass, silverware and period clothing. Also in the collection are old Nevada newspapers, rare, turn-of-the-century catalogues, fashion magazines and an album of rare Reno and Lake Tahoe photographs. The Society would like to take this opportunity to thank Miss Hall for her generosity.

Ross-Burke & Knobel Mortuary Materials

ONE OF the Society's most recent acquisitions is a collection of Ross-Burke & Knobel death certificates for 1929–32, 1934–57, 1959–62, and 1966–70. Also included in the donation are ten obituary scrapbooks from January 1940 to July 1959 which contain all the greater Reno area obituaries exclusive of those pertaining to Ross-Burke & Knobel Mortuary, and two photographs of Senator Key Pittman's cortege and service. Debra Lobster, hired through the WIN program, is now indexing these death certificates. The index cards will not only indicate the name, year of death, and place of death of the deceased, but will also designate race, place and date of birth if born in Nevada, residency if the person lived in the state more than twenty years, and parents, if they were born in Nevada. Hopefully, the death certificates will aid both genealogical and scholarly research.

Woodruff Collection

THIS COLLECTION consists of a day book for the years 1898–1912; it records the transactions and travels of Albert Woodruff, a Churchill County teamster. Operations were primarily centered between Fallon, Stillwater, Eagleville, and after 1907, Rawhide. A number of Churchill County entrepreneurs are listed, including Ira H. Kent, owner of the largest merchandise business in the county; Thomas W. Kenyon, Stillwater assayer; Charles E. Kent, James W. Richards, James M. Sanford, Robert Shirley, as well as C. Catterson of Mineral County. Dr. Bart Hood donated the item.

What's Being Written

Sarah Winnemucca: Most Extraordinary Woman of the Paiute Nation. By Katherine Gehm. (Phoenix: O'Sullivan Woodside & Co., 1975. iv + 196 pp., $8.95)

SARAH WINNEMUCCA was indeed an extraordinary figure. Born just prior to the wave of emigration and later settlement of western Nevada, she in effect saw, and more importantly recorded, more changes in the native lifeway of her people than most could comprehend. What she did see was seldom pleasant: drastic land and resource reductions; depredations; bureaucratic ineptitude and deceit; betrayals of friends and family. All of these she documented in her book, *Life Among the Piutes: Their Wrongs and Claims,* the first work written in English by a Northern Paiute. She also lectured extensively on these topics in California, Nevada and in the East. In her later years, she founded and operated for two years the first Indian-controlled school for Northern Paiute children. In this latter enterprise, she enjoyed the backing and partial financial support of Elizabeth Palmer Peabody, noted Bostonian and pioneer in kindergarten education, and her equally illustrious sister, Mary (Mrs. Horace) Mann. Sarah died in relative obscurity after a series of circumstances forced her to close the school and abandon most of her other ambitions.

The present book by Gehm is intended to retell Sarah's story in a more complete and readable fashion, supposedly "telling it like it is [was]" from Sarah's point of view. The first two chapters are reconstructions of scenes in Washington, D.C., where Sarah, her father (Winnemucca) and her brother (Natches) and Captain Jim (whom the author leaves out) went in 1880 to plead for the return of lands to the Paiutes at Malheur Reservation, Oregon. The next twelve chapters flash back to the critical years from 1850 to 1880—the major period of emigration and settlement of the western territories by whites, and thus those of mutual hostility and enforced adjustment on the part of the contacting peoples. Chapters fifteen to twenty continue the story through Sarah's "eastern years," the founding and eventual closing of her school, to her death in 1891. Sarah's own autobiographical account, published in 1883, is the basis of the work, with the exception of these later years. Gehm has added these (see especially chapters eighteen to twenty) based on her own research.

Gehm's approach is what is generally described as "popularized history." The book is replete with reconstructed conversations, some of which are taken from Sarah's account and reworked. Others are apparently built from suggestions in documentary sources. Unfortunately, the

whole endeavor makes what would normally be an interesting and important story appear more fanciful, biased and less convincing than it probably is. Nor does Gehm attempt to balance Sarah's original personal account of these events with the vast wealth of data from other sources—Bureau of Indian Affairs and War Department records, local newspaper accounts, ethnographies, etc. Although these may also have their biases, they cannot be summarily dismissed. Those that are cited are often incorrectly referenced.

Sarah was and is a more controversial figure than Gehm leads her readers to believe. While she undoubtedly suffered to some extent from a "bad press," she also took stands that did not command her universal respect among her own people. She is not remembered with affection in a number of areas—even today. While this does not necessarily diminish her accomplishments (and they were many), the failure to point out and attempt to resolve controversies equally does not assure her a fair hearing. Any audience, be it "popular" or not, deserves more data upon which to base judgments. Sarah Winnemucca's proper place in history hangs in the balance. Since her original account has been reprinted, I would suggest that the serious and interested reader use it for comparison.

CATHERINE S. FOWLER
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Condemned to the Mines: The Life of Eugene O'Connell, 1815–1891, Pioneer Bishop of Northern California and Nevada. By John T. Dwyer. (New York: Vantage Press, 1976. 302 pp., notes, illustrations, appendix, index. $8.95)

FATHER DWYER HAS WRITTEN an administrative history of the Catholic Church of northern California and Nevada. Emphasis is placed on the formative years during the last half of the nineteenth century and the story is built around the life and activities of Bishop Eugene O'Connell. The young Irish priest became a missionary to California between 1851 and 1854, he returned home to become a professor at All Hallows, Dublin, but was selected Vicar Apostolic of Marysville in 1861. He climaxed his career as Bishop of Grass Valley from 1868 to 1884. While Father O'Connell's administrative and pastoral journeys in California and Nevada provide the focal structure for the study, over sixty other priests of the diocese as well as nuns and transient missionaries are also crowded into the narrative. The formation of parishes, the establishment of schools, the building of churches, the relations with other faiths, problems with officials, and work among the Indians are also noted.

Perhaps the most striking fact is the extent to which Irish priests from the missionary college of All Hallows dominated the diocese. And perhaps least surprising is the ever present financial crisis. Money to finance the training of the young priests flowed to Ireland from the American

West. The head office for the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in Paris helped to finance both All Hallows and the missionaries in California. Even funds contributed by Spanish benefactors as early as 1697 for missions in California were obtained in 1877 and used for schools and churches in California and Nevada.

The story is neither improbable nor complex. But neither is there the literary form nor the religious melodrama of a Graham Greene. The work lacks astonishment, and it is often repetitious and predictable. The mass of raw material or unorganized detail gives the volume something of an encyclopaedic or antiquarian bent. It is not a work in which the author attempts to winnow his material or shape it into a philosophical, theological, or economic treatise. The book does not present a thesis, illuminate character, or evaluate the era.

However, Father Dwyer is not uncritical of Bishop O'Connell and by understatement, quotation, and a sympathetic tone he slowly tells his story. The author has attempted extensive research into both church and public records and he has produced a valuable book of reference, a new resource for historians. And perhaps inadvertently, he has made a second contribution. Life in the Old West has so often been exaggerated that most readers have become jaded to its true hardships. Father Dwyer does not write in superlatives, he does not embellish his story for literary effect. Like the psychologist which he is, he allows the reader to make the comparisons.

Is it possible for a person living in the "Me Decade" of the 1970s to feel the frustrations and exhaustion of a European clergyman assigned to Pioche, Nevada in the 1870s? For example, after ministering to the miners of the boom camps of Hamilton, Austin, and Pioche, and after building four churches in nine years, Father Dominic Monteverde (a native of Genoa, Italy, but a student from All Hallows) requested a transfer. He declared himself mentally and physically exhausted. He asked to be allowed to enter a monastery or to escape to a quiet house so that he might "follow the spirit." Instead of the quiet and the spiritual help which he craved, Father Monteverde was transferred to the new and bustling camp of Belmont where he was to build yet a fifth church for the Nevada miners.

In the present euphoria of drug encounters, hypersex, and psychic ecstasies it is easy to forget the physical vastness and bitter loneliness of a few Irish, Italian, and French missionary priests. They were constantly being shifted in a diocese which extended from the Pacific Coast to the Great Salt Lake and from the Oregon-Idaho border south to the 39th parallel. With much modesty Father Dwyer reminds us that civilizing the West was not easy.

WILBUR S. SHEPPERSON
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Charles C. Rich: Mormon General and Western Frontiersman. By Leonard J. Arrington. (Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Press, 1974. xvii + 320 pp., map, illustrations, appendix, bibliography, notes, and index, $7.50)

WHY WRITE A BIOGRAPHY of a second echelon leader of the early Mormon Church? In the preface and bibliographic notes to *Charles C. Rich,* Leonard Arrington suggests that his purpose was to fill the gap left when John Henry Evans' 1936 biography of Rich went out of print *(Charles Coulson Rich: Builder of the West).* Arrington suggests a further purpose of making available to the reader a biography incorporating correspondence, church records, and other manuscript materials collected by the Rich family and the church archives which were not available to Evans. Comparing the two biographies, it is clear that Arrington also wished to write a biography that provided a less biased account of Rich than did the earlier work, of which Henry Steele Commager said "Evans is out to prove that Rich was a great man, and he leaves nothing to the imagination. Rich, we are to believe, was a man not only without faults but with every virtue" (*Books,* Aug. 23, 1936. p. 17).

Arrington holds an endowed chair in Western History at Brigham Young University and is the first layman to hold the position of Church Historian of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In writing the biography he was assisted by a grant from Roland Rich Woolley, grandson of Charles C. Rich.

Although one wishes that Arrington had relied less exclusively on Mormon sources, it is this reviewer's opinion that Arrington's description of Rich is accurate. In the introduction Arrington describes Rich as "unwaveringly loyal to his church," "unhesitatingly obedient to its many calls and assignments," even at the cost of abandoning personal and family concerns (p. xv). According to Arrington, Rich "demonstrated a rare courage in confronting anti-Mormon mobs . . . , Indians and the United States Army . . . , and dissidents from his own faith . . ." (pp. xv and xvi). He further describes Rich as "laconic in his manner, modest and deferential . . . , neither disparaging nor self important . . . , not articulate nor clever with words . . . ," respected, and unrestrained in generosity to those in need. He was "effective as a general, as an apostle, and as a colonizer because his few words were meaningful and his actions produced results" (p. xvi). This description fits the Charles Rich the reader comes to know throughout the Arrington book, and that man is not significantly different from the Charles Rich described by George and Helen Beattie in their history of San Bernardino. In the eleven chapters of the Beatties' book that are devoted to the Mormon colonization of San Bernardino, one finds a Charles Rich who is a loyal, obedient, committed, hardworking, generous, practical religious and political leader. Beatties' work makes extensive use of both Mormon and non-Mormon sources (*Heritage of the Valley: San Bernardino's First Century*).

In terms of the purpose he set for himself, Arrington has produced a well-written, accurate, interesting, and sometimes fascinating story of one of the Mormon Church's leading generals and colonizers. In describing many small incidents Arrington contributes to our knowledge of how the Mormons reacted to and felt about the non-Mormon "Gentiles" who caused them so much trouble and suffering. He describes how, from time to time, the Richs worked out a polygamous family, particularly how the number one wife and the other five ("the girls") cooperated to help one another. Occasionally he tells of their conflicts. Most interesting is his description of how hard Rich worked time after time building home and farm, mills and stores, schools and temples, and organizing others to do the same—only to uproot and move on ahead of the mobs, at the call of the church. Had it not been for the last twenty years of successful community building in Bear Valley, the life which Arrington describes would have seemed tragic indeed.

Although Arrington accomplished his purpose in providing a valuable description of the life of an important Mormon leader, one cannot help but wish he had set for himself a larger purpose. Much of the fascination of the book lies in the questions that he did not ask. Rich was an intermediary between top church leadership—Joseph Smith and Brigham Young—and the rank and file. Today he might be called a middle manager, and today scholars are asking what makes such men. Fawn Brodie inquired of the history of Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, to learn "the inner springs of his character" (*No Man Knows My History,* p. vii). In reading Arrington's biography, many questions concerning Rich's character come to mind. Why, after hearing two missionaries and reading the *Book of Mormon,* did a twenty-two year old Illinois farm boy decide to give up the life he knew and follow Joseph Smith in the creation of his heavenly kingdom, while others like him chose to follow Major Stillmans in his war on the Black Hawks? Why did he adhere loyally, in spite of great personal cost, when many others in similar positions of leadership—including his close associate Amasa T. Lyman—broke with the church? Why did he expect little or nothing in the way of personal gain from his leadership role, when others similarly situated—such as his predecessors in the English mission—used their positions for personal benefit? What made him different? These questions may not have been asked by Arrington because of Rich's failure to leave records of his motives and feelings. Arrington comments repeatedly on the taciturn nature of Rich's journal entries, and he states that from Rich's "diaries, journals, and letters one can only sense the deepness of his feelings" (p. xvi). These words recall those of Fawn Brodie in her biography of Joseph Smith: "There are few men, however, who have written so much and told so little about themselves" (p. vii). In spite of that problem she found it possible, by sifting Mormon and non-Mormon sources, to make credible and important speculations as to her subject's character.

Other questions, possibly easier to answer, occur to the reader. Why did Rich's Bear Lake Colony succeed while his effort at colonization at

San Bernardino failed? Arrington suggests that the basic problem at San Bernardino was increasing contact with a growing non-Mormon population, and he suggests that many who were attracted to San Bernardino were lured by the idea of an easier life in the Southern California garden spot. His discussion of the successful Bear Lake Colony provides a missed opportunity for comparisons with San Bernardino. Clearly the isolation of Bear Lake was a factor, and the development of a cooperative economy helped minimize relations with the "Gentiles." Nevertheless, such contact must have become more and more frequent, particularly after Bear Lake was incorporated into Idaho and government business was done at Boise rather than Salt Lake.

Even with regard to economic questions one wishes that Arrington, an economic historian, had asked more of his material. He tells that the cooperative system of Bear Lake, with private ownership of homes, land, and tools, but cooperative ownership of industry, lasted longer than the strictly communal order chosen by other Mormon communities. One wishes that Arrington had not limited himself to a paragraph of description but had provided some of the economic analysis for which his *Great Basin Kingdom* is so valuable.

In sum, Arrington accomplished his purpose of providing scholars and western buffs with an accurate, well written, sometimes fascinating biography of an important Mormon leader. In doing so he has suggested many more questions than he has answered.

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Hardscrabble: A Narrative of the California Hill Country. By Anita Kunkler; edited by Wilbur S. Shepperson. (Bristlecone Paperback Series; Reno, Nevada, University of Nevada Press, 1975. 252 pp., photographs, $5.00.)

IN 1889 ATT ALDRIDGE brought his bride, Sadie, to an isolated piece of land just northwest of what is now Lassen National Park. Romantically, and truthfully, they called their first homestead "Hardscrabble." For thirty-five years Att and Sadie cleared the land, ran cattle, fattened hogs, even made moonshine, and raised their three children in the rugged and still remote California hills. Anita Aldridge Kunkler, their youngest daughter, has chosen to tell their story, and her own, in a charming and vivacious book that, too, is called *Hardscrabble.* Her narrative touches on the people and events she remembers best, from 1907 until 1925 when she left her parents' home to marry Lloyd Kunkler. Through her eyes the reader sees both the troubles and the joys of early twentieth-century homesteading, and gains a real sense of what life with the Aldridges must have been like.

First of all, the reader is struck by the love Anita reveals for her childhood surroundings. She remembers Hardscrabble as "a rather

beautiful mountain ranch," describes their unpainted house as glowing with "warmth and well-being," and recalls most vividly the sights of violets, pansies, roses, and sweet williams, the smells of honeysuckle, new-mown hay, ripe cherries, and June apples. Of her parents, she writes with genuine affection. She was particularly close to her father, so her descriptions of tracking lynx with him, of trapping bear with him, of herding cattle with him, provide some of the high points of the book. His contrariness and stubborn independence contrast nicely with her mother's warmth and stability (and often irritability with her husband and daughter, who too frequently would rather hunt than work). Together, the Aldridges were happy, and they always stuck together.

But Anita, or "Scrub," as her father called her, brings the reader no dreamy-eyed idealization of life in the mountains. On the contrary the feisty little tom-boy, whose first recollection was of a lusty steer fight down in the pasture, pictures the hard times as vividly as the good. For example, one chapter describes a Christmas Day blizzard when Anita and her father moved their cattle to a more sheltered pasture. On their way home the two had to ford a fast-rising creek that had become a raging torrent. Anita and her horse made the crossing safely, but her father had less luck. He and his horse were swept downstream, dashed against boulders, thoroughly drenched, and then battered ashore; both were hurt, although not disastrously. Then came the laborious trek home —eight miles through the raging snow storm. Att rode ahead on his daughter's horse and Anita led the other animal until, as she says in her chapter heading, "We Made It—But How?" She never mentions money difficulties, never dwells on hardships, but occasional episodes such as the Christmas Day ride indicate the kinds of struggles that must have been with them daily.

Mostly the book is filled with anecdotes and events that absolutely capture the reader's imagination. Anita has an amazing knack for story-telling; in fact, her language and her eye for detail almost make the reader feel as though he's sitting beside a pot-bellied stove, listening to what she has to say. Particularly delightful is her description of a train trip to San Francisco. Clad in their Sunday finest, awed by the people and the sights, and clearly the object of much hilarity for any onlookers, the Aldridges braved the terrors of the ride and the big city. A paraphrase could never do justice to the comedy of their encounter with a con-man and their fancy sea-food brunch replete with champagne. Anita, with real narrative skill and an almost Beverly Hillbilly charm, conveys both how it felt to be the little girl on that memorable trip and how the family must have looked to passers-by. Equally enchanting is her ability to sum up a situation in a sentence or two. For example, the time came when her mother decided to learn to drive a car—"by herself, as no one would ride with her. After she had run through several gates, hit a tree, and killed a hog, she declared she could drive as well as anyone, and began buzzing around everyplace. Horse and buggy days were past, as far as she was concerned. What she lacked in know-how, she made

up for in speed." Only twice does Anita appear at a loss for words—once when her parents left her alone for two weeks to cook and keep house for herself, and once when the girls in town invited her to their sewing circle.

Some of the credit for the smooth flow of the narrative needs to be given to the editor. Wilbur S. Shepperson has carefully shaped and organized Anita's material, yet has destroyed none of the flavor or intent of the original. To introduce the work he also has added a "Foreword" in which he traces the family history from pre-Revolutionary War days down to the present. His intent is to place the Aldridges in an agrarian/frontier tradition, to demonstrate their typicalness as American settlers, and to show that Att, Sadie, and Anita were no different from their forefathers in temperament or life style. Writing as an historian, Shepperson is perhaps overly tempted to discuss *Hardscrabble* in its historical context rather than assess it for its literary value, but he does rightly enough place the book firmly in the oral tradition. Its real merit, for this reader at least, lies in its author's ability to characterize and describe, to communicate with down-to-earth honesty what it was like to grow up in Shasta County, California, half a century ago.

Historians and literary regionalists are becoming increasingly aware of the vast numbers of personal accounts written by women about their lives as they and their families settled the west. Until recently most of these have remained unpublished, but their value—both as history and as literature—is immeasurable. *Hardscrabble,* one of the few to recapture the flavor of twentieth-century California homesteading and certainly one of the liveliest, is noteworthy both for its insights and for the very real pleasure it gives. Professor Shepperson and the University of Nevada Press are to be applauded for finding Mrs. Kunkler's narrative and making it available to the general reader.

ANN RONALD
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The Great United States Exploring Expedition. By William Stanton. (University of California Press, Berkeley, 1975. x + 433 pp., $14.95.)

AT A TIME when men walk the moon and Mars is visited by hardware from Florida, old fashioned exploring expeditions may seem only curiosities. But this one set precedents and raised critically important constitutional issues so that even today it has a true relevance to space exploration. The precedents laid the basis for the establishment of the Smithsonian Institution, the U.S. Botanical Garden and the Naval Observatory. Whether a republic founded upon the principle that all men are created equal could fund what was essentially an elitist endeavor raised some issues concerning governmental support of science which are still very much with us.

The United States Exploring Expedition departed Norfolk, Virginia on Saturday afternoon, 18 August 1838. The squadron of six small ships and 346 men would not return to their base for nearly four years. Some would never return. The purpose of the voyage was to collect information and materials from the south and central Pacific and to show the world that the new nation could generate a high order of scientific accomplishment, a new order based upon democratic principles. It was the first major American overseas exploring expedition and the last to be attempted by sailing vessels.

The inspiration for the effort was strange. One John Cleves Symmes, Jr., touted as the "Newton of the West" was stumping the larger cities with the thesis that the earth was hollow and entry could be gained to the interior of the earth at the poles. The idea was widely discussed, partially accepted and provided marvelous copy for the press. Edgar Allan Poe even used the theory as the basis for his story, "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym." A supporter of the theory, Jeremiah Reynolds, sought practical (and political) support to raise an expedition to test the hypothesis. Reynolds contacted Congressmen and Senators, and eventually welded together a coalition of New England shipping interests and Jacksonian politicians. After twelve years of effort the government funded the project. The goals of the voyage had become more demonstrably scientific.

Lt. Charles Wilkes became commander and led the ships through pack ice, native treachery and his own truculent personality. Lives were lost, ships sunk and danger was ever present, but the scientific goals of the mission were accomplished. Wilkes, a martinet, would become notorious in the Civil War when he illegally intercepted the British vessel, *Trent*. As Mr. Stanton concludes, "His naval career spanned half a century, but he had never in the course of it learned to be a subordinate."

In the summer of 1842 less than half the ships which had participated, and rather less than half the original crew, arrived home. They had shown that the Antarctic continent did exist, that it was not a string of islands, and they had thoroughly explored parts of the central Pacific, particularly the Fiji Islands. Indeed, when our forces landed on Tarawa in World War II, much of what little they knew about the atoll was gleaned from the records of this expedition. Even the mouth of the Columbia River was explored in order to slake popular thirst for the supposedly rich northwest territories. One contingent of the expedition even came overland from Vancouver, Washington, down to Sutter's Fort and San Francisco. All in all this young man's voyage had compiled a record of hardship, courage and forbearance which is still breathtaking.

Mountains of specimens and data arrived home with the ships. The care, storage, and publication of the material would involve hard work until well after the Civil War. The author concludes that the legacy of the expedition ". . . was not alone, or even chiefly to science: by undercutting the endemic contempt for intellect and—through the institutions it fathered—rendering the japes and subterfuges less essential if not

superfluous in the future, the Exploring Expedition helped to bear the equalitarian society through its cruelest test, the survival of intellect, and in so doing placed liberty in debt to science."

A reader of this journal may well ask what is relevant in this book to Nevada's history. One link is forged by the precedents established by the expedition. Later on when gold fever was high in both California and Nevada there was considerable local sentiment for a governmental survey of the mineral resources in these and other western states. The government did support a survey of the fortieth parallel, and among other things a geologist connected with the survey, Clarence King, did an accurate and exhaustive study of Nevada's resources. He described Pyramid Lake and very carefully described the structure of the Comstock Lode. Governmental support for these endeavors could be justified by pointing to the earlier exploring expedition.

The Great United States Exploring Expedition is well worth reading and owning. Well written, it is attractively illustrated and bound. It is a definite pleasure to recommend it to you.

PIERCE C. MULLEN
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The Environment and the American Experience: A Historian Looks at the Ecological Crisis. By Donald W. Whisenhunt. (Port Washington, N.Y.: Kennikat Press, 1974. 130 pp., notes, index, $6.95)

SEVERAL YEARS AGO this reviewer began teaching a new history course at the University of Nevada, Reno entitled "American Environmental History." Admittedly it was a nebulous subject that called historians onto unfamiliar grounds. Also, in the popular cliché of the time on American college campuses, it was "relevant" to the concerns of the present. Relevancy, of course, was fraught with dangers. The first loomed in presentism, an age-old enemy of intelligent historical inquiry, and the second in the possibility that relevancy would soon become irrelevant as environmental questions passed from public interest. This would certainly occur if technological advances came to the rescue of the environment. While presentist dangers still lurk in the writing of environmentalist history that results in historically based tracts, the ephemeral nature of the environmental movement has not been borne out. By necessity interest continues, although attention is now focused on the allied problem of energy. Clues to new policies, new directions and new answers are still sought in the physical sciences, social sciences, as well as in the humanities—such as history.

This short work brings together much of the thinking of historians in the past few years relating to an explanation of the historical roots of the American environmental crisis. Early in the essay the author tries to justify the interest of historians in this subject from a utilitarian standpoint when he writes:

> The attitudes and actions of persons in power, and of people generally, are the results of centuries of acquired customs and habits. Therefore, to understand current problems of the environment, one must be aware of and understand the historical context from which they emerge. (pp. 6–7).

The assumption is optimistic. Can the understanding of the past enable society to open new doors to the future? Certainly there are no guarantees.

After this hopeful justification for his undertaking, the author in a crusading fashion moves on to suggest some of the standard ideas and conduct that have made Americans users and even plunderers of the environment. The idea of progress itself has been bound up with the nation's history. Such a commonly accepted belief lent itself to a devotion to unharnessed growth and development over the years. Even the Christian religion with its emphasis upon the dominion of man over the earth and all its creatures appears to have motivated western man to despoil the environment. Also capitalism with its constant emphasis upon growth and its aversion to government controls is another culprit. Clearly this work, and perhaps the entire environmental movement is suggesting the United States is one of the most advanced capitalist nations, and should scrutinize carefully its basic assumptions and take revolutionary roads to survival which will mean a revamping of its society and most revered ideas. The environmentalist movement from this standpoint is something far more than a middle and upper class plaything that at one time was popular in the universities. It shakes the very ideological cement of the system that built American civilization.

This book is a good brief summary of the problem, the attitudes, and values that have contributed to the problem. Secondly, it suggests that certain attitudes and values must be abandoned if American civilization intends to continue into the future. It is based entirely on secondary works and lacks in-depth analysis to such an extent that it borders on glibness in the treatment of the early twentieth-century conservation movement and the associated Ballinger-Pinchot controversy. But the book does capsulize the many messages of a good college level course in American environmental history.

WILLIAM D. ROWLEY
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Dams, Parks and Politics: Resource Development and Preservation in the Truman-Eisenhower Era. By Elmo Richardson. (University Press of Kentucky, 1973. 247 pp., $11.25)

EXAMINING THE COURSE of federal resource policy during the Truman-Eisenhower years, Elmo Richardson demonstrates a continuity of policy despite contrasting expressions of political ideology. Policies of conservation and development differed little during the "centralist" Truman

administration and the "localist" Eisenhower years. During the latter, policy continued under the direction of federal policy-makers, contrary to promises of decentralization and more faith in local and private enterprise. Beyond the subject at hand, Richardson's study offers striking evidence against the American faith in party turnover.

Furthermore, the policies of both administrations were often entangled with and consumed by political partisanship, bureaucratic inertia, and economic materialism. Indeed, the "politics" rather than the "policies" of conservation were of uppermost interest to American officials, and this is the central theme of Richardson's work.

Based as it is almost exclusively on primary sources—federal and state documents and official and personal correspondence—Richardson's book adds immeasurably to our knowledge and understanding of federal resource policy on the eve of our present-day ecology crisis and forms an important link with Donald C. Swain's *Federal Conservation Policy, 1921–1933* (1963). Although Richardson only summarily treats the Roosevelt years, his portrait of FDR's Interior Secretary, Harold Ickes, is particularly keen, and he effectively uses Icke's reputation for toughness and strict policies of preservation and federal control of public lands as a springboard to the struggles of the period under consideration.

Because the book is primarily a history of the Department of the Interior, its interdepartmental and intradepartmental conflicts in the midst of a highly political environment, the leading characters are the interior secretaries rather than Truman and Eisenhower. Their views are considered only circumstantially, as part of the larger whole. The author also demonstrates the political importance of pleasing the West, and how that region considered the department to be its private domain, or at least thought it ought to be so.

Despite the persistence of the tradition of development, the period witnessed a major victory for preservationists when a coalition of conservationists and supporters blocked construction of a dam within Dinosaur National Monument. The maintenance of the inviolability of our National Park system came hard, and as Richardson documents, preservationists represented all parties, regions, and economic interests. The political infighting during the Dinosaur struggle, and the sound reassessment of Eisenhower's most prominent interior secretary, Douglas "Giveaway" McKay, are the high points of the story told. Richardson often turns what might possibly become confusing detail into good narrative. His style is lean and direct, and his analysis of intricate and often confusing policy decisions is clear and concise and of value to specialist and nonspecialist alike.

Dams, Parks and Politics should serve as a political handbook on how not to develop resource policy. As Richardson makes painfully clear, a preoccupation with traditional concern for economic statistics and political rewards by the men of the Truman-Eisenhower era left Americans

with little to draw upon when confronted with major environmental problems of vital consequence to the nation's future.

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Indians of the American Southwest. By Bertha P. Dutton. (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, 1975. 298 pp., illus., bibliography, index, $14.95)

MANY ASPECTS OF THIS BOOK appear to have been designed for the visitor to the southwest, although it is not a travelogue. For the uninitiated, some Indian and Spanish words are translated and their pronunciation given phonetically, but unfortunately this is not consistent throughout the book. Of value to the traveler in the region is the calendar of Indian events by month or day and tribe, as well as a list of Indian reservations and population figures as of January, 1970. One pleasing quality in the presentation is an English translation of a poem at the end of each section describing a group, written by a member of one of their Indian communities.

Although the book is disorganized and is lacking in the kinds of data that would make it a valuable contribution to anthropological teaching, it will prove interesting to the uninformed and curious traveler into this region. There are a few maps locating the major Indian reservations in Arizona, New Mexico and along the Colorado River from Utah to just north of Parker, Arizona. The photographs are limited, but illustrate the southwestern Indian today participating in various activities from the ceremonial to the practical.

The bibliographical references are inadequate for those interested in perusing the subject more seriously, and there is an unusual dependence on newspaper accounts for documentation. Several well-known writers on the Indians of this region have been omitted, including Frank Waters.

For each group discussed some information is presented on their subsistence economy, past history is briefly summarized, and there are descriptive accounts of their social organization and ceremonial religious or ritual activities. This is not an in-depth discussion of the lifeways of these peoples, but rather a rambling account of their cultures, written in a simple and understandable fashion. Current urban and industrial projects are considered, although the Indian viewpoint of these projects and their side effects are not included in the discussion. In fact, the data on the expanding urban exploitation of tribal lands is described as though the effects were totally beneficial to the tribes concerned. The many Indian-owned publications which denounce bitterly some of the projects referred to are never cited in this book.

Essentially this is a book that will be read and enjoyed by those desirous of some knowledge of the peoples of this region, but it is not an

in-depth presentation of the complex cultures of the Indian tribes living there today or of their historical or prehistorical past.

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University of Nevada, Las Vegas

Water and the West: The Colorado River Compact and the Politics of Water in the American West. By Norris Hundley, Jr. (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1975. xxiii, 395 pp., $20.00)

IN THIS AGE of myopic scholarship, when monographs are becoming increasingly specialized and narrowly conceived, it is refreshing to see an historian explore a major topic covering a long period of time, transcending several academic disciplines, and analyzing the problems of a broad geographical region. Professor Hundley accepted such a challenge, and in *Water and the West* has made a major contribution to recent United States history.

From the early years of the nineteenth century, economists and geographers realized that water would prove to be the key to the development of the American West. In particular, the Colorado River would be crucial to the prosperity and economic growth of Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, and California. Professor Hundley has successfully unraveled the century-old struggle among those seven basin states for control of the River. From the famous Colorado River Compact of 1922, which temporarily settled the dispute, to the 1963 Supreme Court decision in *Arizona v. California,* Hundley has disentangled an incredibly complicated web of administrative infighting in the federal government, economic competition between the seven interested states, and intense political lobbying on the part of private economic interest groups.

His research was exhaustively comprehensive. In addition to nineteen personal interviews, Hundley consulted a number of state and local archives, the papers of thirty-six people who participated in the controversy, the manuscript collections of the Department of the Interior, the Justice Department, and the State Department, and dozens of congressional publications and local newspapers. *Water and the West* will not only be the standard reference on the political history of the Colorado River, but will serve as a model for future scholars intending to examine the relationship between political power and economic development.

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What's Going On

Nevada Historic Sites Inventory

An inventory of historic sites by county is currently being compiled by David Thompson and Dorothy Ritenour. Mr. Thompson is working on Washoe County, and is using materials within the Society's collections and other sources in the western Nevada area. Mrs. Ritenour is based in the Southern Nevada Office and maintains a file on Clark County. The inventories are open to use by the general public for research purposes. They can be consulted in person or by telephone at the Reno or Las Vegas offices. A comprehensive form is compiled for each site and filed alternately by name and legal description. Almost two thousand sites have been recorded thus far. It is expected that a year will be needed to adequately record the first two counties, to be followed by similar periods of research on each of the state's subdivisions.

Newspaper Index to the Pioche Weekly Record

Mr. Richard Datin is presently compiling a detailed index to the Pioche newspaper published from the 1870's to the present. The index will be concluded in 1905, and a Las Vegas newspaper selected for indexing in subsequent years. The index is presently complete for the 1870's and inquiries can be made on southern Nevada topics for those years. The complete index is compiled on 3″ x 5″ cards and will be located in the Southern Nevada Office for use by patrons.

20th Century Exhibits

Funded by the National Endowment for the Humanities, this project is now in the design stage. About 2,000 square feet in the Reno museum area will be cleared and utilized to represent Nevada's transformation in the 20th century. A number of new exhibiting techniques will be employed in the display sequence, culminating in a "talking figure" of a dealer explaining the growth of gaming and tourism from 1931 to the present. The exhibit will be opened in time for the usual summer rush of tourists and visitors.

Rocha Appointed Curator

Guy Louis Rocha is the Society's new Curator of Manuscripts, replacing L. James Higgins. Mr. Rocha, who assumed the position in December, is a specialist in Nevada's labor movements, and also in various phases of Nevada social and cultural history. He is pursuing his doctoral studies at the University of Nevada, Reno, on a part-time basis, and received his B.A. from Syracuse University and the M.A. from San Diego State University. Mr. Rocha is the author of "Radical Labor Struggles in the Tonopah-Goldfield Mining District, 1901–1922," which appeared in the Spring, 1977, issue of the NHS *Quarterly*.

New Resource Materials

Recent Acquisitions of the Getchell Library

THE SPECIAL COLLECTIONS DEPARTMENT of the University of Nevada, Reno, Library has recently received the official papers of former U.S. Senator Alan Bible. The collection is composed of 320 boxes and additional materials and photographs gathered over the Senator's twenty years in the congress. Topics covered in particular detail include Public Lands, outdoor recreation, and National Parks. There is also some political correspondence with Nevada constituents. Senator Bible was particularly active with legislation dealing with land and water use, and was a member of several special committees on National Parks. The entire collection is organized and arranged for research, but is not fully catalogued.

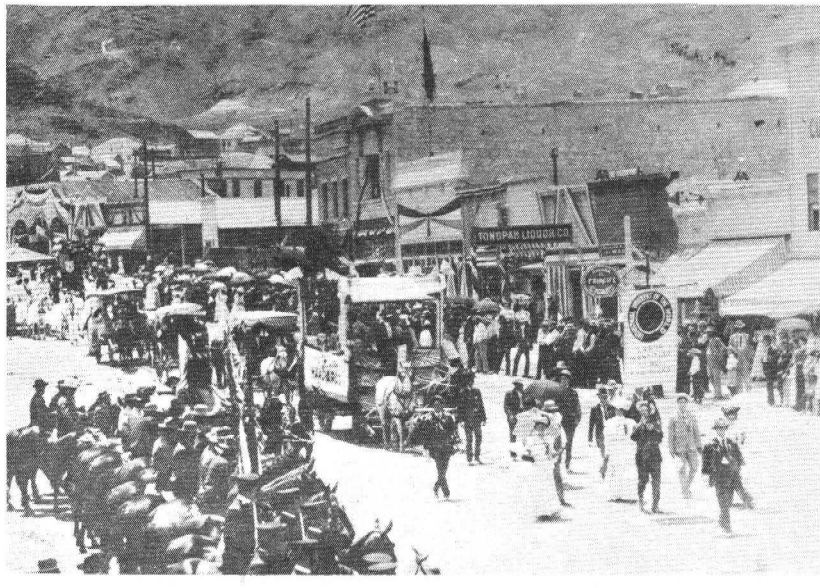
The Department has also acquired eighty contact print photographs by Edward S. Curtis. The prints, 11 x 14, are made directly from the original glass negatives. Subjects in the photos include fifteen pictures from the Harriman expedition to Alaska in 1899, with the balance mainly from the Northwest Coast representing tribes from Idaho, Washington, and Nevada. Especially important is a series taken at the 1906 Nez Perce annual gathering in Idaho. The entire time period covered in the collection is 1899–1906.

A manuscript autobiography of Thomas Norcross, Nevada pioneer, has also been received. Norcross came to Nevada in the 1850s and fathered a family that included a Federal District judge and a University of Nevada faculty member. The manuscript is composed of about fifty pencil-written pages.

The Department was recently allowed to microfilm a collection of Industrial Workers of the World papers from Tonopah, for the years 1906–1907. The records include membership rosters, expense books, minute books, and other materials. Particularly interesting in the collection is the reflection of the numbers of women involved in the Wobbly movement at Tonopah and Goldfield.

Two life histories were recently completed by the University of Nevada, Reno Oral History Project. Alice M. Terry was secretary to various administrators at the University of Nevada, completing her career a few years ago after having served with seven presidents or acting presidents of the institution. Her oral history reflects her long acquaintance with the University from a special perspective. The memoir of 399 pages is open for research in the Special Collections Department of the University Library. Robbins E. Cahill's 1600 page oral history is especially important to the history of Nevada politics, business, and finance. Mr. Cahill

was the first state agency head to have charge of gambling regulation. As secretary of the state Tax Commission from 1945, when the state took over regulation of the industry from local government, until 1960, when he became the first County Manager of Clark County, Mr. Cahill had close contact with gaming in all its aspects. When he finished his tenure as Clark County Manager, Cahill became manager of the Nevada Resort Hotel Association—the trade association for southern Nevada gaming interests. The memoir, through Mr. Cahill's great generosity, is open for research at the University libraries. Nevada historians believe that no future writings on gambling will be complete without recourse to this oral history.



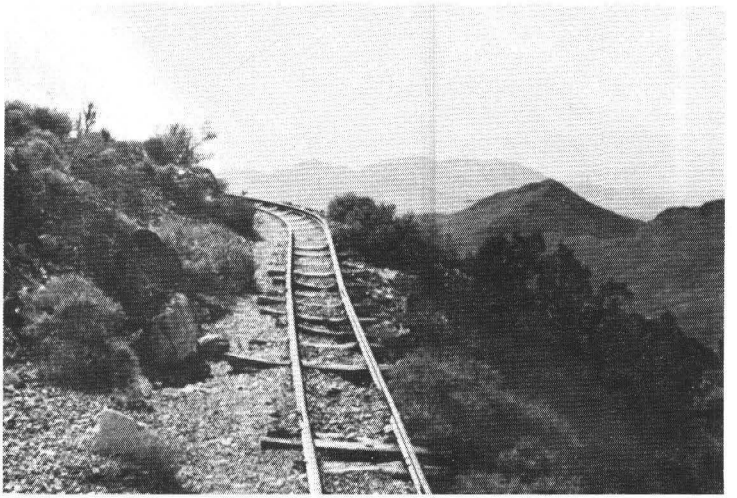
IWW Local No. 325 of the Restaurant and Hotel Workers on parade in Tonopah, July 4, 1906. Note the three women marching in the union contingent. A number of women were officials in Local No. 325, and working women composed as much as twenty-five percent of the radical union's rank and file.

NEW FROM NEVADA . . .

An Index to the Publications of the Nevada Historical Society 1907-1972

by

Eric N. Moody



Potosi Mine Railroad lodging across Pahrump Valley, 1956

This long-needed finding aid to more than sixty years of Society publications will greatly simplify reference inquiries into the various *Papers, Reports* and the *Quarterly*. A must for any western library. **Hardbound. $12.50 postpaid.**

SPO, Carson City, Nevada, 1977

Books on Nevada

A GUIDE TO THE MANUSCRIPT COLLECTIONS AT THE NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

L. James Higgins

After more than seventy years of collecting, the Society has published its first guide to the non-print collections. An alphabetical list of the individual holdings occupies over 200 pages. A unique "name, place and thing" index guides the reader to collections containing items on a particular person or place. For the convenience of researchers interested in a specific chronological range, collections are indexed by five year periods in the concluding section of the book. $8 postpaid.

YOUR GUIDE TO WESTERN NEVADA

Al and Mary Ellen Glass

This first of a series of guidebooks to major sections of Nevada offers five self-guiding tours of the most fascinating portions of the Comstock country. Maps and detailed instructions guide the reader to Virginia City, Lake Tahoe, Alpine County, CA, Carson Valley, the Newlands Project and Humboldt Sink. Historic sites, mining districts and ghost towns abound as well as an opportunity to join in the Pyramid Lake Indian War of 1860. $2.50 postpaid.

YOUR GUIDE TO SOUTHERN NEVADA

Maryellen V. Sadovich

Take six self-guiding tours in your own automobile. Simple directions to southern Nevada's back country and historic sites. Explore the Colorado River, Muddy Valley, Eldorado Canyon, Goodsprings and Searchlight. Search for Breyfogle's lost gold in the valleys where near-pure gold lay exposed. Follow detailed maps and enjoy the old photographs of Nevada's picturesque southern bonanza camps. $2.50 postpaid.

THE OVERLAND EMIGRANT TRAIL TO CALIFORNIA

Nevada Emigrant Trail Marking Committee, Inc.

Follow over eighty trail markers down the Humboldt River and across the Sierra Nevada with the pioneers. Each major campsite and station on the Carson and Truckee River routes is carefully described in this valuable work that guides the reader to each trail location. Detailed maps show present markers and direct the tourist to sites by roads passable for the family automobile. Many photographs. $3 postpaid.

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