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NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY

The *Quarterly* solicits contributions of scholarly or popular interest dealing with the following subjects: the general (e.g., the political, social, economic, constitutional) or the natural history of Nevada and the Great Basin; the literature, languages, anthropology, and archaeology of these areas; reprints of historic documents (concerning people, flora, fauna, historical or archaeological sites); reviews and essays concerning the historical literature of Nevada, the Great Basin, and the West.

Prospective authors should send their work to The Editor, *Nevada Historical Society Quarterly*, 1555 E. Flamingo, #238, Las Vegas, Nevada, 89109. Papers should be typed double-spaced and sent in duplicate. All manuscripts, whether articles, edited documents, or essays, should conform with the most recent edition of the University of Chicago Press *Manual of Style*. Footnotes should be typed double-spaced on separate pages and numbered consecutively. Correspondence concerning articles and essays is welcomed, and should be addressed to The Editor.

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KLANSMEN PARADE IN FULL REGALIA

Streets of Reno Packed With Spectators as KKK Stages Street Demonstration

One hundred and thirty-four white-robed klansmen, subjects of the Invisible Empire, solemnly and slowly walked two by two last night in the first public demonstration of the Ku Klux Klan in Reno. In the procession were 34 Ladies of Kamelia and six children.

For twenty minutes the slow, solemn white-clad figures walked between solid rows of tightly-packed spectators. Each individual in the parade strode with folded arms, eyes forward, with every now and then a quick glance at the throng through the peepholes in the red-tasseled white hood.

Every street corner was packed solidly with spectators. Up Virginia street from the railway tracks to the post-office, the crowd jostled and talked in lowered voices. On Commercial row and on Sierra street the spectators were packed four and five deep. The crowd patiently awaited the parade of the klan from shortly after 7 o'clock until 15 minutes past 8, when the parade left its headquarters on Sierra street, and proceeded on its line of march, headed by the officers of the Nevada Klavern of the Invisible Empire.

In front of the long procession was carried the American flag. The officers of the klan walked behind the flag, and before a band. Following were mounted klansmen, their steeds decked with pure white coverlets. One float in the parade was of the fiery cross, which, gave a blood red glow over figures of klansmen that sat about its base. Another float was a representation of a school house with "one school" painted on the side.

The only demonstration during the parade was when a ripe tomato and a piece of coal were thrown in the direction of the marchers. The coal hit an automobile and the tomato a bystander.

Fireworks and demonstrations made the program of the klan at Moana a drawing card for hundreds of citizens, who last night crowded the highway between Reno and the nearby resort.

RUNAWAY ACCIDENT IS CITED AS REASON FOR DIVORCE BY THIS WIFE

In an outburst of rage, during which he threatened to kill her, John Biglor struck his horses, causing them to run away, and the wagon passed over her body, Mrs. Julia Biglor testified yesterday in her suit for divorce before Judge Bartlett.

This and other instances of the cruelty of her husband on their North Dakota farm won Mrs. Biglor her decree. They were married in October, 1913.

Alma Columbaldo was granted a decree after 10 years of married life. She declared her husband was a habitual drunkard and had failed to provide for her support.

SHRINERS WILL GIVE EXHIBITION AT GAME

Football fans will be entertained at the Nevada-Pacific game this afternoon by the Ben Ali temple of the Mystic Shrine from Sacramento. The Ben Ali band, the Kerak band, the Egyptian and Arab patrols of Ben Ali and the Ben Ali chanters will all take part in a colorful drill and ceremony immediately before the opening gun for the game on Mackay field. The shrine bands will play during the halves and quarters of the game, and the Ben Ali chanters will aid the Nevada and Pacific rooters in the bleachers.

It is rumored that the Shriners will put on a "stunt" between the halves, and will give a grown-up imitation of a college soph-frosh brawl.

SIERRA CLUB FAVORS EXPOSITION PROPOSAL

Indorsement of the 1926 celebration was unanimously given by the Sierra Street Improvement club, representing 71 merchants, at a meeting Thursday night, and in taking the indorsement to Mayor E. E. Roberts the club stated that plans were now underway through which the Sierra Street club would be of material aid to the committee.

Arrangements were also completed for a free public dance which will be

An account in the *Nevada State Journal* of October 18, 1924, of a Ku Klux Klan parade in Reno on the previous day.

The Ku Klux Klan in Nevada During the 1920s

CRAIG F. SWALLOW

NEVADANS REFLECTED THE ANXIETY and tensions that characterized America in the postwar 1920s. Having made sacrifices during World War I, they briefly experienced feelings of optimism and euphoria following the armistice. However, their complacency soon turned to uncertainty and turmoil as social problems intensified during the decade. Nevadans had to grapple with economic dislocations, problems of law and order, prohibition, and growing American racist and nativist fears of Orientals, immigrants, Catholics and Jews. These nationwide issues were divisive and provocative, and reactionary elements proposed extraordinary measures to cope with them.[1]

One organization that emerged in response to these problems was the modern Ku Klux Klan. Organized in 1915 by William J. Simmons, it combined the appeal of the post Civil War Klan, as portrayed in a popular movie, *The Birth of a Nation*, together with the rituals and activities of fraternal organizations that were then fashionable. Beginning with thirty-four charter members in Atlanta, Georgia, the Klan by 1920 had grown to exceed 1000 Klansmen. However, its Klaverns had struggled because of wartime distractions and financial difficulties, and the national Klan mobilization did not mature until the mid-1920s.[2]

Utilizing an aggressive sales promotion based on the activities of recruiting Kleagles, the Klan increasingly focused on emotional issues such as white supremacy, nativism, anti-Catholicism, morality and patriotism. By 1921, the group had recruited nearly one million members and had expanded out of the South. In the Southwest, it created unusually strong organizations in Texas and Oklahoma; while in the North, Indiana and Illinois became major centers of activity. As the Ku Klux Klan moved west-

[1] Roderick Nash, *The Nervous Generation: American Thought, 1917–1930* (Chicago: Rand McNally, 1970), pp. 2, 142–146; Frederick Lewis Allen, *Only Yesterday: An Informal History of the 1920s* (New York: Harper and Row, 1931), pp. 18–19, 40–41, 52–56, 142–146, 204, 208–209, 215–218; *Las Vegas Review*, February 6, 1925, November 29, 1927; *Nevada State Journal* (Reno), January 24, 1924, May 8, 1924, September 16, 1925; *Elko Free Press*, January 11, 1924, March 14, 1924, July 16, 1924.

[2] Charles C. Alexander, *The Ku Klux Klan in the Southwest* (Lexington: University of Kentucky Press, 1965), pp. 2–3; Kenneth T. Jackson, *The Ku Klux Klan in the City: 1915–1930* (New York: Oxford, 1967), pp. 4–6.

ward, Colorado and California developed especially powerful units. By 1924, every state in the continental United States had chartered Klaverns and membership had reached a peak estimated at five million.[3]

Operating from the powerful Western headquarters in Los Angeles, California, the Ku Klux Klan sent organizers to proselytize the adjacent states, an area the organization labeled the Intermountain Region.[4] Successes, however, were spotty in these areas, which were very thinly settled, and where the isolation of scattered communities prevented unified and integrated statewide recruiting. Furthermore, the targets that the Klan had attacked so successfully in other regions of the country—particularly the Negro, Catholic and Jewish minorities—were not usually as conspicuous in the Intermountain Region.[5] Under such circumstances, it was difficult for the Klan to exploit intense minority prejudice.[6]

When the Ku Klux Klan entered Nevada, it encountered many of the same difficulties that characterized the other states of the Intermountain Region. Nevada had vast areas of unoccupied land with small, isolated communities. In the northwestern region of the state, these communities centered around Reno, while in northeastern Nevada, Ely and Elko were the dominant towns. Las Vegas was the major population center in southern Nevada. This geographic regionalism affected the Klan organizing strategies, because the demographic variations meant that agitational issues would have to be adapted to local characteristics. For example, northwestern Nevada was unique in having a substantial Japanese population and some Nevadans were concerned about the Oriental "menace" to the state. On the other hand, in southern Nevada, little attention was paid to the "Yellow Peril", and instead a concern for law and order was the overshadowing factor.[7]

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[3] David M. Chalmers, *Hooded Americanism: The First Century of the Ku Klux Klan, 1865–1965* (New York: Doubleday, 1965), pp. 39–42, 49, 110–111. 126, 162–63, 170, 183; Jackson, *Klan in the City*, pp. 10, 125–26, 144–45, 185–86, 228–230; Alexander, *Klan in the Southwest*, pp. 128–28, 199–200.

[4] The Intermountain Region included the states of Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, New Mexico, Montana, Arizona and Nevada.

[5] Less than 10% of the populations of the western states consisted of immigrants or racial minorities. This was also true of the religious minorities; there were very few Jews in the region, while many of the Catholic minority were entrenched and respected members of the communities. This was less true in Nevada where immigrants constituted 19.1% of the population. However, racial minorities were few; Orientals equaled 1.9% of the state's population, and Blacks constituted 0.4% Jackson, *Klan in the City*, pp. 185–86; Chalmers, *Hooded Americanism*, pp. 219–24; U. S. Bureau of Census, *The Fourteenth Census of the United States*, 1920, (1923), Volume 3, p. 612; R. B. Creager to Tasker Oddie, February 1, 1924, in the Nevada Historical Society MSS Collections, Reno, Nevada.

[6] Jackson, *Klan in the City*, pp. 185–86; Chalmers, *Hooded Americanism*, pp. 219-224.

[7] Chalmers, *Hooded Americanism*, p. 222; *Nevada State Journal*, March 19, 1924, April 13, 1924; *Churchill County Eagle*, (Fallon), March 5, 1921; A. E. Cahlan, "From Where I Sit," *Las Vegas Sun*, November 8, 1965; interview with John Sanford, Reno, Nevada, August 10, 1977.

However, despite the attitudinal and geographical problems faced by the organization in the state, there was a significant minority susceptible to recruitment by the Ku Klux Klan. Those who shared the anxieties of the era responded to conservative militancy concerning the patriotic and traditional patterns that characterized the United States before World War I. Troubled by the postwar moral laxity, and dismayed by the decline of the work ethic, numerous Nevadans were alarmed by the onset of new problems such as the rising crime rate, prohibition enforcement, and radical insurgency. Additionally, Nevadans reacted regionally to nativist and racist issues.[8]

Appealing for the support of these types, agents of the Klan initiated membership drives in Nevada. Often, both lecturers and Kleagles would work together in the larger communities. The most prominent lecturers were the Reverend E. E. Davidson and Dr. John Polly. Davidson, a former minister, campaigned in Reno and surrounding communities, while Polly, a former Chautauqua lecturer, toured the intermountain circuit from Salt Lake City to Reno. Journalists reported that both men could hold an audience's attention for over two hours.[9]

The Kleagles, as organizing agents, exploited the interest aroused by the lecturers. Playing on emotions stirred by the speeches, they recruited members and set up basic Klavern organizations. They also collected the klectokens, or initiation fees, rented hoods and robes, processed records, and acted as liaison with the state headquarters in Reno and the national headquarters in Atlanta, Georgia. Lee Wilson, the best known Kleagle in Nevada, ultimately became the Exalted Syclops of the Reno Klavern and Grand Dragon for the whole state.[10]

In the organizing of a community, the Ku Klux Klan followed systematic procedures. Advance men were sent to identify people with attitudes amenable to Klan philosophy; and, for those favorably disposed, an initial meeting was set up to enlist charter members. After the core group was established, a public demonstration announced the Klan's arrival in the city. The initial appearance could be a lecture (as in Reno), a uniformed church visitation (as in Elko), a fiery cross (Battle Mountain), or a solemn

[8] Russell Elliott, *History of Nevada* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1973), pp. 254–262; *Nevada State Journal*, June 4, 1923, April 13, 1924; *Reno Evening Gazette*, March 31 1924; *Churchill County Eagle*, March 5, 1921.

[9] *Nevada State Journal*, May 1, 1924, July 4, 1924; *Reno Evening Gazette*, October 13, 1924; *Fallon Standard*, May 7, 1924; *Humboldt Star*, (Winnemucca), December 19, 1924.

[10] Jackson, *Klan in the City*, p. 10; *Reno Evening Gazette*, October 1, 1924. Lee Wilson was a professional recruiter and organizer paid by the Ku Klux Klan. There is no evidence of Wilson residing in Reno before or after the existence of the Klavern, nor is there evidence of his taking other employment besides his Klan duties. Interview with John Sanford, Reno, Nevada, August 10, 1977.

parade (Las Vegas). If recruiting went well, a public initiation ceremony, with the dramatic burning cross, was staged.[11]

The membership drive was important to the Klan, for its power in a community depended on who and how many were recruited. Also, the number of initiation fees and the sale of robes were important to individual Kleagles whose jobs and continued salaries depended on the success of the Klavern. Membership applications and klectokens were often accepted at the conclusion of public lectures. Kleagles further recruited by visiting prospective members at their homes or businesses to solicit memberships. Once a nucleus of converts existed, intimidation occasionally supplemented the persuasive tactics. In Elko, for example, unaffiliated businessmen were threatened by the possible loss of business.[12]

Klan membership efforts also relied upon informal proselytizing. Local Klansmen informed their acquaintances of the organization and provided introductions to the visiting Kleagle. An effective variation utilized a place of business as a recruiting base. In Reno, Jake Wainwright's Standard Oil Station was a popular gathering place, and after the conversion of the proprietor, it was regarded as a center of recruiting activity.[13]

Utilizing such recruitment tactics, Klan efforts to organize Nevada intensified during the years 1924–1926. During that time, at least ten Klaverns were established throughout the state. In the northwestern region, there were units in Reno, Gardnerville, Carson City, and Fallon; in northeastern Nevada, the Klan was organized in Ely, Elko, Wells and Winnemucca; and in southern Nevada, the principal Klavern was in Las Vegas with another in Caliente.[14]

The Ku Klux Klan made its first major public appearance in Nevada on April 5, 1924, when a fiery cross was ignited to attract the attention of Reno citizens.[15] Prior to this, the Reno press had published news about the

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[11] *Nevada State Journal*, May 1, 1924; *Elko Free Press*, June 18, 1924, November 10, 1924; *Las Vegas Review*, May 8, 1925; *Reno Evening Gazette*, August 6, 1924; A. E. Cahlan, "From Where I Sit," *Las Vegas Sun*, November 8, 1965, August 21, 1967; Interview with John Cahlan, Las Vegas, Nevada, July 11, 1978.

[12] *Sparks Tribune*, February 9, 1925; Jackson, *Klan in the City*, p. 16; A. E. Cahlan, "From Where I Sit," *Las Vegas Sun*, November 8, 1965, August 21, 1967; Interview with John Cahlan, Las Vegas, Nevada, July 11, 1978.

[13] Interview with John Sanford, Reno, Nevada, August 10, 1977.

[14] *Nevada State Journal*, July 4, 1924; *Reno Evening Gazette*, September 7, 1925; *Churchill County Eagle*, September 6, 1924; *Sparks Tribune*, May 5, 1924; *Carson City Morning News*, October 15, 1924; *Humboldt Star*, December 17, 1924; *Elko Free Press*, June 18, 1924, September 5, 1924, November 10, 1924; *Nevada State Herald*, (Wells), January 2, 1925; *Las Vegas Review*, May 19, 1924, November 14, 1924, May 8, 1925.

[15] In 1921–1922, a Klavern was formed in Las Vegas. However, it never made any public appearances and disbanded in April, 1922. Three years later, after the Reno Klavern was established, the Las Vegas Klan reorganized. *Nevada State Journal*, April 30, 1922; *Las Vegas Review*, May 19, 1922.

national Klan, but most Renoites seemed apathetic about Klan issues. The cross burning advertised the coming of the Ku Klux Klan, and about a week later the Reverend E. E. Davidson, a professional Klan lecturer, arrived in Reno. He contacted people who were interested in forming a Klavern, and on April 30, 1924, delivered an organizational lecture at the Odd Fellows Hall to one hundred and fifty spectators. Only selected individuals were invited and tickets were required for admittance. Davidson spoke for over two hours about beliefs and principles of the organization, and also attempted to counter negative newspaper publicity. To enhance interest, he announced further plans for a statewide organizational drive.[16]

Two months elapsed before the Klan renewed its public agitation. On June 28, 1924, a second cross burned outside the city, and curious onlookers caused traffic jams trying to reach the site. As with the initial Reno cross burning, these citizens were disappointed to find only the debris of the cross and not a ritualist ceremony. The fiery cross advertised Davidson's second Klan lecture, with members of the general public invited. Newspapers carried paid advertisments, and, to encourage attendance, there was to be neither a collection nor an admission fee. In his address to a large audience on July 3, 1924, the Klan spokesman declared, "We will come to Reno, Nevada, to build a Klan; we will not build it out of the riff-raff, the wild-catters, the hijackers, safeblowers or gamblers. We will build it out of the best manhood of Reno. Or we will not build it at all." With this positive reassurance, Reverend Davidson proceeded with a strong two hour defense of Ku Klux Klan principles. At the end of the meeting, he busily accepted memberships at ten dollars each.[17]

The basis had now been established for the organization of a Reno Klavern. On August 5, the first initiation ceremony was held on Peavine Mountain.[18] A large class participated in the solemn ritual, and three ceremonial crosses were burned in celebration of the formation of the Reno organization. Hundreds of spectators watched. When non-members attempted to get a closer view of the ceremony, a hooded guard politely barred access. Growth continued during the next two years. Five supplementary public initiations added strength to the Klan, and the Klavern gained recognition by sponsoring varied public activities. Among these Reno events were a pageant with fireworks, numerous social conclaves, and even a Klan-solemnized wedding.[19]

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[16] *Nevada State Journal*, January 7, 1923, April 7, 1924, May 1, 1924; *Reno Evening Gazette*, September 15, 1923; Interviews with John Sanford, August 10, 1977, and Alice Terry, August 11, 1977, (Reno, Nevada).

[17] *Nevada State Journal*, June 29, 1924, July 1, 1924; *Reno Evening Gazette*, July 4, 1924.

[18] Peavine Mountain was three miles north of the Reno city limits during the 1920s.

[19] *Reno Evening Gazette*, July 4, 1924, August 6, 1924, September 17, 1924, June 26, 1925;

The most spectacular event sponsored by the Reno Klavern was the parade and pageant held on October 17, 1924. It was heavily publicized for two weeks prior to its occurence, and visitors were invited from California, Utah, Idaho, Oregon and Colorado. At noon on the day of the event, daylight fireworks, including the figures of animals and birds, were shot into the air. The exhibition came to a climax as a large American flag, six feet by four feet, drifted through the sky. The flag, buoyed by a parachute, floated for over an hour. This patriotic display was to advertise the "100% Americanism" event scheduled for that evening. Long before the time for the parade to begin, spectators began to line the parade route. Automobiles were jammed together along the streets, and individuals climbed on top of buildings or leaned out of windows to get a better view. Virginia Street, Commercial Row, and Sierra Street were packed four and five deep. Some Renoites remarked that it was the largest crowd ever assembled in the city at one time.[20]

At 8:15, the Klan cavalcade left the Klavern headquarters at the Sierra Garage. The American flag headed the parade, followed by officers of the organization, and then the Reno Shrine band which had been engaged for the evening. Four hooded "Night Hawks", or Klan sentinels, riding horses garbed in white coverlets followed. There were two floats, one with a fiery cross that gave off a "blood red" glow and the other representing a public schoolhouse with the words "One School" printed on its side. The procession of Klansmen followed, each wearing his full regalia. For twenty minutes, they marched solemnly two by two with arms folded and eyes straight ahead. The crowd was somewhat disappointed by the size of the proces-

Nevada State Journal, August 17, 1924, September 16 and 17, 1924; *Sparks Tribune*, September 17, 1924; Interviews with Tom Wilson, August 9, 1977, and John Sanford, August 10, 1977, (Reno, Nevada).

Initiation ceremonies were the most impressive events. On August 19, 1924, the Reno Klavern staged a ceremony on Peavine Hill. One hundred fifty robed Klansmen formed an honor guard encircling the hill. Two American flags were placed on each side of a small platform upon which three large crosses had been erected. One small electric light cast an eerie shadow on the unhooded faces of the Klan officers. There were two stages to the Reno event. First eighteen unmasked women went through the initiation. The leader of the Kamelians read the oath, and the recruits repeated her words, knelt in symbolic allegiance, and then joined the honor circle of the Ladies of Kamelia. Second, a similar ceremony initiated the male recruits. Twenty-six men marched to the platform, where the installing Kleagle awaited. The lights were extinguished and the names of the initiates were solemnly announced, and then the three huge crosses were ignited. The initiates then repeated the membership oath, and upon completion of the words, "so help me God," they joined the ranks of the hooded Klansmen.

Similar Reno initiation ceremonies occurred on August 5, September 16, and October 17, 1924, and on June 25, 1925. At the September ceremony, one hundred men and fifty women were initiated at the Moana Springs baseball park. The grandstand was full of spectators and the hooded honor guard surrounded the ballpark with one Klansman every ten feet.

[20] *Reno Evening Gazette*, October 16, 17, 18, 1924; *Sparks Tribune*, October 17, 1924; *Nevada State Journal*, October 18, 1924; interview with John Sanford, (Reno), August 10, 1977.

sion. Instead of the announced several thousand participants, only 134 marched, including 34 ladies of Kamelia and 6 children.[21]

The crowd, which included people of all faiths, was good-natured and festive, and did not take the parade very seriously. John Sanford, a former newspaper editor, recalled remarks such as "look at those clowns," while another Renoite, Alice Terry, remembered a University of Nevada professor publicly identifying the names of the hooded marchers as they passed his vantage point. A token protest developed when some "over-ripe tomatoes" and "plump juicy egg plants" were thrown wide of the mark at the marchers.[22]

After the parade, the Klansmen returned to the Klavern headquarters for the initiation of their recent recruits, after which a fireworks display at Moana Springs baseball park ended the program. Hundreds of citizens again crowded the highway and parked for miles around to see the spectacle[23]

Another event which gained the Reno Klavern some recognition in Klan circles was the marriage of two members during a Ku Klux Klan ceremony on November 25, 1925. This was reputed to be the first Klan wedding in the West. According to the *Nevada State Journal*, the service resembled a "tableau of some ancient rite." A cross flickered during the ceremony while the Klansmen lined up in a formation resembling a phalanx, and the wedding vows were repeated.[24]

Even as early as the fall of 1924, it was estimated that the Reno Klavern had 1800 members, but this figure may be quite unreliable. John Polly, a veteran Klan lecturer, stated that, on a per capita basis, it was one of the largest in the United States.[25] However, despite its potential, the Reno organization made little significant impact on the community, neither par-

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[21] *Nevada State Journal*, October 18, 1924; *Reno Evening Gazette*, October 18, 1924; *Sparks Tribune*, October 19, 1924; interview with John Sanford, (Reno), August 10, 1977.

[22] *Nevada State Journal*, October 18, 1924; *Reno Evening Gazette*, October 18, 1924; *Sparks Tribune*, October 19, 1924; interview with John Sanford, (Reno), August 10, 1977 and Alice Terry, (Reno), August 11, 1977. The only person hit by the "missiles" was the sheriff. who was struck directly in the back of his new overcoat; he was present only as an interested spectator.

[23] *Nevada State Journal*, October 18, 1924; *Reno Evening Gazette*, October 18, 1924; *Sparks Tribune*, October 19, 1924.

[24] *Nevada State Journal*, November 26, 1925. A similar Reno Klan ceremonial was the funeral memorial service for a former member, Samual Garrens, and for an air mail pilot, William Blanchfield, who was killed when his plane crashed as he flew over the funeral of Garrens attempting to drop a floral tribute to his deceased friend. In November, 1924, over three months after the deaths, one hundred and twenty-five hooded Klansmen participated while officials said eulogies over the graves of both men, an electrically lighted cross shining brightly throughout the memorial service. *Reno Evening Gazette*, August 2, 1924, November 22, 1924; interview with John Sanford, (Reno), August 10, 1977.

[25] *Reno Evening Gazette*, October 16, 1924; *Nevada State Journal*, August 20, 1924. The eighteen hundred membership total may be misleading, however, for the Klan did not delete "dropouts" from its rosters.

ticipating in political activities nor being involved in vigilante actions.[26] Indeed, with the exception of anti-Oriental rhetoric, traditional Klan issues received comparatively little attention, and the Klavern served primarily social and fraternal needs.[27]

After the Reno Klavern had been organized, Kleagles were sent to surrounding communities. The press reported recruiting activities in Gardnerville, Fallon, Carson City and Sparks.[28] Often these organizers met failure in their first efforts. If that happened, the Kleagles returned to try again. In Fallon, they returned three times before a chapter was finally established.[29] Generally, these small town Klaverns encountered difficulty in re-

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[26] Interviews with Tom Wilson, (Reno), August 9, 1977, John Sanford, (Reno). August 10, 1977, and Alice Terry, (Reno), August 11, 1977. J. E. "Doc" Martie recalled that the Klan was active during a Reno school election, but he could not remember which election or the results. Telephone interview with J. E. "Doc" Martie, (Reno), August 9, 1977.

[27] Many Reno residents shared the racial prejudices of the era, particularly fearing the Orientals. The Ku Klux Klan was quick to capitalize on the anti-Japanese emotions. In Reverend Davidson's widely attended Klan lecture, there was only polite reaction to his presentation of the organization's history and accomplishments. But when the lecturer started discussing white supremacy and Oriental exclusion, the audience responded warmly. Davidson warned against those who would "place a Jap on every foot of . . . soil for a dollar," and he was heartily applauded when he described Klan lobbying efforts to get Congressional passage of the Japanese Exclusion Act. The anti-Oriental issue was by far the most popular theme of his lecture. *Nevada State Journal,* January 9, 1921, May 1 and 8, 1924; *Reno Evening Gazette,* March 28 and 31, 1924.

[28] At about the same time the Reno Klavern was established, efforts were made to organize the Klan in the neighboring city of Sparks, which throughout most of the 1920s was second only to Reno in population in Nevada. With a strong working class population and a reputed hostility toward Mexicans, the community contained elements conducive to the organization of a strong Klavern. However, although Reverend Davidson addressed a meeting at Raines Hall in early May, 1924, and a cross was burned, there is little evidence that citizens of Sparks responded to the Klan appeals in terms of organizing a separate Klavern. No public initiations were held in the community and recruits were probably absorbed into the Reno Klavern. Reports of Sparks people attending Ku Klux Klan events in Reno were not uncommon. *Sparks Tribune,* May 5, 1924; *Nevada State Journal,* August 20, 1924.

[29] *Reno Evening Gazette,* September 1, 1924; *Sparks Tribune,* May 5, 1924; *Churchill County Eagle* (Fallon), September 7, 1925.

The initial Klan visit to Fallon occurred May 6, 1924. The Klan lecturer, Reverend E. E. Davidson, was scheduled to talk at an open meeting, but this was changed to a closed meeting at the Methodist Church. Despite the fact that an "advance man" had been in the area, only a dozen men attended. Even with this minimal enthusiasm, a Klavern charter was granted.

The Fallon organization did not thrive, and thus a renewed recruitment effort was made. A national Klan lecturer addressed a meeting on September 4, 1924, and he pledged that a cross burning would soon symbolize Ku Klux Klan strength. To supplement the zeal of the male Klan members, efforts were made to organize a women's auxiliary. The initial meeting of the Ladies of Kamelia was held at the home of Mrs. W. M. Bradley. Despite a temporary upsurge, the Fallon Klavern languished, and the cross burning was deferred indefinitely.

One year later, however, a fiery cross did appear, when the Klan sought to exploit an extraordinary circumstance in Fallon. The city was hosting both the State Fair and the American Legion Convention, and consequently there was a large assemblage drawn from across the state. To seize attention and publicize the Klan, a bombshell was exploded and, simultaneously, a symbolic cross burst into flames on Toych Hill. Thus, the Fallon Klavern demonstrated its existence, and also claimed statewide attention. *Fallon Standard,* May 7, 1924, September 7 and 12, 1925.

taining recruits beyond the initial stage. Once the emotional appeals of the lecturers and Kleagles had worn away, the loyalty of the new Klansmen tended to decline. When this occurred, social and fraternal needs were met by other less controversial organizations.[30]

In northeastern Nevada, the Ku Klux Klan attempted a pattern of organization similar to the one that had been successful in the northwestern region. Again, the strategy was to mobilize recruits in the population centers and create a network of Klaverns. The primary targets were the communities of Ely and Elko. From these bases, Klan organizers sought to expand first to Wells, and then to follow the railroad to Battle Mountain and Winnemucca.[31]

The major effort to organize Ely was undertaken in September, 1924. Although advance agents had visited the city in June, there had been no immediate successful response to these recruiting efforts. Subsequent efforts resulted in thirty-five converts, and in early September a cross was burned and an initiation ceremony staged in the mountains overlooking the community. The Ely Klavern was not conspicuously visible and the press reported only one further activity, a second cross burning in November.[32]

Elko differed from Ely in its receptivity to the Klan. In May, 1924, when Reverend Davidson announced that organizers would be in the region, the *Elko Free Press* expressed a favorable attitude. Since prevalent lawlessness and related violence had caused an adverse reaction in the community, many Elkoites felt that a Klan chapter could be a stabilizing and beneficial influence.[33]

The organizers were scheduled to arrive in May, 1924, but a four month delay ensued. In the interim, Klan literature was distributed through the mail and efforts to promote a favorable climate for the organization continued. Finally, in September, the Kleagles arrived from Ely. Recruiting developed very well, with fifteen prominent businessmen joining during the first three hours.[34]

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[30] Interview with John Sanford, (Reno), August 10, 1977.

[31] *Silver State*, (Winnemucca), June 17, 1924; *Elko Free Press*, May 2, 1924, September 5, 1924.

[32] *Elko Free Press*, June 18, 1924, September 5, 1924; *Carson City Daily Appeal*, November 7, 1924; interview with Dr. Russell Eliott, (Reno), August 10, 1977. Ely newspapers, the *Ely Daily Times* and the *Ely Record*, contain no mention of the Ely Klavern. Information on the Klan in that community was obtained from reprints in newspapers from other cities. Dr. Russell Elliott, at one time a resident of Ely, recalls that one of the city's papers was very conservative and thus might have avoided mention of the controversial organization. He did not know why the other paper did not report on the Klavern's activities. Interview with Dr. Russell Elliott, (Reno), August 10, 1977.

[33] *Elko Free Press*, May 2 and 7, 1924.

[34] *Elko Free Press*, June 18, 1924, September 5, 1924; A. E. Cahlen, "From Where I Sit", *Las Vegas Sun*, November 8, 1965.

But not everyone in Elko wanted the Ku Klux Klan and some people refused to join. Occasionally, the recruiters engaged in threats. The editor of the *Elko Free Press*, A. E. Cahlan, was approached by a two-man delegation from the Klan. They presented the basic principles of the organization and claimed that important people were joining and that he should also. The editor was warned that if he failed to join, he would lose all advertising from any merchants associated with the Klan. Cahlan reported that others were approached in a similar fashion.[35]

Despite Kleagle leadership problems and the negative attitudes of many of the residents of Elko, a Klavern was started, and by the end of October, it had grown to 125 members.[36] In November, the Klan made its first public appearance, a uniformed visitation to a church.[37] Further activities in Elko included cross burnings, initiation ceremonies; a solemn procession in Carlin, and public lectures by the Reverend B. B. Bess, a Methodist minister from Winnemucca, and John Polly, a professional Klan lecturer from Salt Lake City.[38]

Other northeastern Nevada communities reported Klan activities. A cross burning was reported in Battle Mountain, and the Wells Klavern, estimated at seventy members, hosted a talk by Polly. Furthermore, the Klan reached Winnemucca in October, 1924, when two "bombshells" exploded in the community and a cross was ignited on Winnemucca Mountain. The Winnemucca Klavern eventually recruited over one hundred members.[39]

The Ku Klux Klan generated considerable excitement in northeastern Nevada. In no other area were citizens so polarized over the organization of Klaverns. Many people, especially in Elko, thought there was a genuine

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35 A. E. Cahlan, "From Where I Sit," *Las Vegas Sun*, November 8, 1965.

36 The first Kleagle or organizer in Elko was replaced on October 8, 1924. Despite initial success, E. V. Stevens had failed to effectively organize the community. With a few angry words, Stevens left for San Francisco, not to return. Five days later, another Kleagle, M. R. Yant, arrived to finish the work of organizing the Klan. Yant was commissioned to work in Elko, Lander, Eureka and Humboldt Counties. *Elko Free Press*, October 8 and 13, 1924; *Carson City Daily Appeal*, May 9, 1925.

37 It was common practice for the Ku Klux Klan to make its first appearance in a community a visitation to a church. This was to symbolize the close ties between the organization and the Protestant religion. In Elko, the Klan made its first public appearance in November, 1924. Following a solemn march through the community, the Klansmen startled the congregation of the Presbyterian Church when they entered at the start of the service and approached the pulpit. The twelve men and two women, dressed in full regalia, then presented the Reverend J. M. Swander an envelope containing a considerable donation. Following this gesture, they silently departed. A similar ritual occurred in Winnemucca at the Baptist Church. *Elko Free Press*, November 10, 1924; *Humboldt Star*, (Winnemucca), February 16, 1925; *Sparks Tribune*, Fabruary 18, 1925.

38 *Elko Free Press*, November 10 and 28, 1924, December 26, 1924, October 23, 1925; *Carson City Daily Appeal*, December 2, 1924.

39 *Nevada State Herald*, (Wells), January 2, 1925; *Silver State*, (Winnemucca), June 17, 1924, October 21, 1924; *Humboldt Star*, (Winnemucca), October 20, 1964, December 17, 1924.

need for a Klavern. However, dissenters in both Elko and Ely actively opposed its formation. In Elko, where Klan organizers at first were successful in "high pressure" recruiting, a backlash soon developed, Klan tactics of intimidation led to counter-attacks by alienated Elkoites, and Klansmen found themselves on the defensive. Once the emotional momentum turned against the organization, citizens became vocal in their denunciations. Press reports quoted comments like "We have enough strife, discontent, and trouble as it is without adding another warring faction to our list," and "We have no use for religious and political strife which the Klan has repeatedly engendered in other communities."[40] Meanwhile, anti-Klan sentiment also became evident in Ely. In the early stages of recruitment, the Klan ignited a fiery cross on a hill west of town. Simultaneously, a flaming circle appeared on a hill opposite the Klan display. This indicated that the Knights of the Flaming Circle, an anti-Klan group, was counter-organizing in the community. Nothing further was heard of the Flaming Circle organization, but the symbolic protest indicated some development of an anti-Klan backlash in Ely.[41]

Despite the excitement generated, and the substantial membership recruited in the region, the organization did not prove functionally significant in northeastern Nevada. Most Klan activities tended to be social and fraternal; and apart from mutual reinforcement concerning Ku Klux Klan principles, they did not change community attitudes nor control political and "law and order" activity.[42]

The Ku Klux Klan that developed in southern Nevada was significantly different from the Klaverns of the North. The Southern area built a stable Klan membership without staging large membership drives. Furthermore, the Las Vegas Klavern was much quieter about its activities, and occasionally its efforts transcended the fraternal and social spheres.

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[40] A. E. Cahlan, "From Where I Sit," *Las Vegas Sun*, November 8, 1965; *Elko Independent*, May 3, 1924; *Humboldt Star*, October 23, 1924; *Silver State*, October 14 and 21, 1924. Two other incidents show antipathy towards the Klan. On December 30, 1924, at a lecture by John Polly, Ted Horner pulled a gun and threatened several Klansmen. Disarmed by deputies in the audience, he was later convicted of disturbing the peace. *Elko Free Press*, December 31, 1924; *Battle Mountain Scout*, January 3 and 10, 1925; *Nevada State Herald*, (Wells), January 2, 1925. In Winnemucca, on November 3, 1924, minor violence again occurred when a "small" man hit another man, giving him a black eye. The incident concerned Klan sentiments. *Silver State*, November 4, 1924.

[41] *Ely Times*, as quoted in the *Carson City Daily Appeal*, November 7, 1924.

[42] Perhaps the reason that the northeastern Nevada Ku Klux Klan followed restraint in law and order activities was that Elko, the major Klan center of the region, included the Sheriff, the District Attorney and a District Judge within the Klavern membership. With such chief law enforcement officers belonging to the Klavern, Klansmen might have encouraged individuals to work within normal legal channels. A. E. Cahlan, "From Where I Sit," *Las Vegas Sun*, August 21, 1967.

The first effort to mobilize the Klan in Las Vegas, although unsuccessful, occurred during 1921–1922. The initial interest seemingly emerged without instigation by outside elements, arising from local concern over "law and order" problems.[43] Contact with California Klansmen led to the affiliation of a Las Vegas Klavern in early 1922, but the Nevada members soon lost the protective cloak of secrecy. In April, the Los Angeles Police Department raided the Pacific Domain headquarters of the Klan, and obtained the names of Klansmen in many chapters in the Western states. The names of Las Vegas Klansmen were sent to Harley Harmon, the Las Vegas District Attorney, who conducted an investigation of the local organization. Though the membership roster was not publicly disclosed, the loss of anonymity was a deterrent action. The Las Vegas Klavern suspended activity and soon ceased to exist.[44]

The Klan remained dormant in Las Vegas for three years, but perceptions of continuing law and order problems led to a resurgence in 1925. On May 1, eighty to ninety Klansmen marched up Fremont Street and then on to the fairgrounds. This parade was followed by a public initiation ceremony which demonstrated that a new Klavern had formed. Initially the Las Vegas chapter followed the organizational trends of other Klaverns of the state. The organization sponsored a national Ku Klux Klan lecturer, held a membership drive, and established a women's branch, the Ladies of Kamelia.[45]

A unique and distinguishing feature of the Las Vegas Klavern was its effort to influence community politics. The 1925 Las Vegas election was one of the most polarizing in the community's history. There were three mayoral candidates, Fred Hesse, E. W. Griffith and W. C. German, and numerous candidates for the four city commission seats. The major issue was law and order, with German and Griffith taking a conservative stand for stronger law enforcement. Fred Hesse was considered liberal; he held that the law should be enforced, but not in the manner of a "blue law" regime. The Ku Klux Klan endorsed W. C. German for mayor and William B. Mundy, L. S. Oakes, James A. Haggard and George S. Day for the four commission seats. In a paid political advertisement in the *Las Vegas Review*, the Klan stated that these candidates were of "advanced racial, moral and intellectual standards" and were "worthy of American suffrage." The Las

[43] Las Vegans were particularly concerned about the rising crime rate. For example, in one week in January, 1922, the local court initiated proceedings concerning murder, bigamy, rape, forgery and numerous bootlegging charges, and that seems to have been typical in this community of 2300. *Las Vegas Review*, January 26, 1923, March 13, 1923, June 13, 1924.

[44] *Nevada State Journal*, April 30, 1922; *Las Vegas Review*, May 19, 1922.

[45] "Local," *Las Vegas Review*, April 30, 1926; See also the advertisements in the *Las Vegas Review*, May 8, 1925, April 9 and 16, 1926.

Vegas Klavern announced its duty to endorse such candidates when they could be found.[46]

The election developed into a struggle between liberal and conservative forces. German, the Klan-endorsed mayoral incumbent, was defeated by Hesse, and all of the Klan-sponsored city commission candidates were also defeated, with the exception of W. B. Mundy, who ran unopposed. Although the Las Vegas Klavern had attempted to strongly influence the city elections in 1925, the members were bitterly disappointed with the failure of their slate of candidates. Thereafter, the organization desisted from formal and public endorsements of politicians. As individuals, however, the Klansmen did try to exert a conservative influence.[47]

In mid-1926, the Las Vegas Klavern drastically changed its character and began to emphasize vigilante activities. Political frustration, combined with acute dissatisfaction with local law enforcement officials, caused the Klan to preempt civil authority and substitute secret tribunals of justice. Usual procedures involved issuance of warnings to alleged transgressors; unless there was prompt reform, they were arraigned before a Klan conclave. If found guilty, the victims were either flogged or ordered to leave town. These procedures were used against criminal elements, those who violated prohibition laws, and those who did not conform to Klan standards of morality.[48]

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[46] *Las Vegas Age*, April 25, 1925, May 1 and 2, 1925; *Las Vegas Review*, May 19, 1925.

[47] *Las Vegas Review*, May 8, 1925; *Carson City Daily Appeal*, May 6, 1925; Telephone interview with John Cahlan, (Las Vegas), July 11, 1978; A. E. Cahlan, "From Where I Sit," *Las Vegas Sun*, August 21, 1967.

The election results:

Mayor	W. C. German	440 votes
	Fred Hesse	478 votes
Commissioner, Class 1:	Wm. B. Mundy ran unopposed.	
Commissioner, Class 2:	Carroll, T. M.	162 votes
	Hammond, Chas. J.	325 votes
	Heaton, J. M.	39 votes
	Matzdorf, F. E.	41 votes
	Oakes, L. J.	311 votes
	Santonque, Van	31 votes
Commissioner, Class 3:	Haggard, J. A.	425 votes
	Smith, O. J.	467 votes
Commissioner, Class 4:	Day, Geo. S.	348 votes
	Elwell, W. H.	403 votes
	Woodard, J. W.	160 votes

[48] A. E. Cahlan, "From Where I Sit," *Las Vegas Sun*, November 8, 1965, August 21, 1967; Perry Kaufman, "The Mississippi of the West" (unpublished manuscript, 1970, University of Nevada, Las Vegas Special Collections Dept.), p. 4.

The Ku Klux Klan was tangibly involved in morality issues in southern Nevada. The Las Vegas Klavern emphasized conformity in behavior, holding secret trials and prescribing punishments for transgressors. A. E. Cahlan recalls that a prominent businessman was called before the Klan to account for his adulterous conduct. He was so intimidated that he packed up and

Such vigilante justice was a last resort on the part of a number of increasingly frustrated conservatives in Las Vegas. These men, including some prominent citizens of the community, rationalized their violent tactics as a necessary service. They did not consider themselves either violent or uncivilized. Nevertheless, Las Vegas Klavern extra-legal activities were reported until the early 1930s.[49]

The other southern Nevada Klavern was organized in Caliente in February, 1925. A Mr. Cortney, the Grand Titan of the Intermountain Region encompassing Nevada, Utah, and Idaho, presided over the initial meeting. He generated a high degree of enthusiasm in his sizeable audience, and most of those present signed membership cards. The Caliente Klavern announced a series of meetings and held a cross burning ritual in 1925.[50] Furthermore, the chapter recruited in outlying communities, and sponsored a meeting in Panaca that same year.[51]

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left town. After similar Klan morality trials, local observers noted a decline in extramarital affairs in Las Vegas. A. E. Cahlan, "From Where I Sit," *Las Vegas Sun*, August 21, 1967.

[49] A. E. Cahlan, "From Where I Sit," *Las Vegas Sun*, August 21, 1967; telephone interview with John Cahlan, (Las Vegas), July 11, 1978. Conservatives in Las Vegas had made a number of unsuccessful efforts to deal with the increasing criminal problems in the community before turning to extra-legal activities. In June, 1923, Mayor German had issued General Order Number One to the police department, commanding the law officials to manipulate the vagrancy laws to get rid of "undesirables." Offenders were told to leave town or be arrested, and many of the "undesirables" heeded the warning, concluding what, at that time, was the largest "cleanup" in the history of the community. In September, 1923, the Citizens Betterment Association was formed in response to attacks on Mayor German and his strong law and order policies. Fifty prominent conservative residents of Las Vegas organized to politically support the Mayor, and to call for increased efforts to rid the city of unsavory influences. In 1925, a new approach was implemented when community leaders decided to define the problems before devising strategies to improve law enforcement. In February, a Grand Jury investigation, the first since 1922, was called to investigate all aspects of the situation, and to recommend appropriate solutions. In May, 1925, the municipal elections also centered on law enforcement issues. When the liberals, led by Fred Hesse, won the election, conservatives were appalled, fearing that they would not take the necessary harsh actions required to repress the criminal element. In October, 1925, another effort was attempted to improve conditions. Feeling that the liberals had proved ineffective concerning the law and order problems, conservatives circulated a petition calling for the resignation of Mayor Hesse and the entire city council, and for the implementation of policies that would finally solve the community crime problem. Nothing worked, and the problems intensified. Increasingly, the conservative element of the community became alarmed. *Las Vegas Review*, June 15, 1923, September 21 and 28, 1923, June 15, 1923, May 1 and 8, 1925, October 9, 1925; *Las Vegas Age*, May 1 and 2, 1925.

[50] *The Pioche Record*, February 7, 1925; *Sparks Tribune*, February 9, 1925. After the Caliente Klavern was established, it sponsored a parade and cross burning in the community. Mary Edwards, a resident during the 1920s, remembered the unit marching in full regalia down Main Street to an open area near the Elementary School where it performed rituals and burned a large cross. Most of the community watched the event. Telephone interview with Mary Edwards, (Boulder City), August 11, 1980.

[51] The Caliente Klavern recruited members in nearby Panaca during the summer of 1925. The Kleagle, Mr. [?] Cortney, addressed a meeting in the "old Town Hall," which today is part of the L.D.S. chapel. The audience was seated in a semi-circle and the Klansmen, fully robed and masked, stood around the perimeter. Cortney appeared in street clothes stating that he never wore a mask, but stood openly behind Klan principles. He then delivered a "forceful,

Caliente was the exception to nativist passivity in Nevada. While most of the state had responded to certain immigrant and minority groups with varying degrees of prejudice, tangible hostility had seldom developed. Nevertheless, the Caliente Klavern departed from this approach. In 1925, Klansmen made plans to intimidate the Italians who worked in the Pioche mines. Sheriff Charlie Culverwell of Lincoln County, who had received notice of a raid, warned the Italians that Klan nightriders were coming and that he would not interfere should they consider retaliation. The Klan arrived, expecting timid and unorganized victims; instead they found angry immigrants waiting in ambush. In what was one of the worst street fights in Pioche history, the Klan suffered total defeat. The adverse results must have discouraged members of the Caliente Klavern.[52]

The Ku Klux Klan in southern Nevada had organized but two Klaverns. The Caliente organization had a fairly uninfluential lifespan. However, the Las Vegas Klansmen were both numerous and persistent. Indeed, for nearly a decade, the Las Vegas Klavern attempted to influence law and order and political conservatism in the region.

In its statewide context, the Ku Klux Klan lasted only a few years before its unspectacular demise. Generally, the Nevada Klaverns enjoyed peak years of activity in 1924–1926, followed by gradual decline which led to piecemeal disintegration. The pattern followed the trend that occurred in other states of the nation. As the enthusiasm of the Nevada Klaverns slackened, Klan activities failed to sustain interest. Gradually their loss of momentum resulted in erosion of the membership. When the Klaverns were no longer viable, either socially or financially, they usually ceased holding meetings. Eventually the records and regalia were dispersed and the Klaverns officially deactivated.[53] With the exception of the Las Vegas and Caliente Klaverns, by March, 1926, the Ku Klux Klan had ended public

fluent"discourse that was predominately anti-Catholic in tone. Despite his performance, only two Panacans showed any interest in the organization. Telephone interview with Elbert Edwards, (Boulder City), August 11, 1980.

[52] A. D. Hopkins, "He Tamed 'Em With Talk," *The Nevadan*, p. 4, in the *Las Vegas Review Journal*, July 30, 1978.

[53] There were many factors that contributed to the decline of the Ku Klux Klan, both locally and nationally. The mood of the country changed, and issues that had aroused citizens were defused. Newspapers also played a role, printing editorials attacking both Klan principles and activities. Fraternal groups like the Eagles and the American Legion censured the organization. Furthermore, certain influential individuals who had once been apathetic or intimidated spoke out against the Klan. However, probably the major reason for the Klan demise was that Nevadans had become neutral or indifferent, and to an organization that thrived on controversy and publicity, that was fatal. Interview with John Sanford, (Reno), August 10, 1977; *Nevada State Journal*, April 28, 1922, January 27, 1923; *Reno Evening Gazette*, September 15, 1923, October 18, 1923; *Carson City Daily Appeal*, July 30, 1924; *Elko Free Press*, May 5, 1925; *Humboldt Star*, (Winnemucca), October 23, 1924.

operations in Nevada.[54] The Las Vegas Klavern, responding to the issue of law and order, survived into the early 1930s.[55]

Despite the short span of the Ku Klux Klan mobilization, the Klaverns did have an impact on the state. In northwestern Nevada, the Klan served the fraternal and social needs of a membership which may have reached a temporary peak of 2,000.[56] In northeastern Nevada, the existence of the Ku Klux Klan polarized communities, and the legacy of conflicting attitudes remained even after the disappearance of the Klaverns. In southern Nevada, the Klan emphasized "law and order" and nativist issues, and its extra-legal activities helped to perpetuate a vigilante tradition.

Nevertheless, the Ku Klux Klan in Nevada did not achieve the prominence or impact that more powerful Klans did in other states. Although it made minor political overtures, it never developed the dominating power asserted by Klaverns in Indiana or Colorado. In Nevada, Klan political efforts remained regionalized and never attained statewide influence. Thus, although the Las Vegas Klavern entered politics because of law and order questions, and because it included enough prominent members to make it believe that it could be influential, it was unsuccessful in its overt political efforts in 1925. In contrast, the Reno Klavern, although numerically large, never became a political force. The Reno Klansmen must have recognized they would not prevail and political activity might generate a counter-reaction.

Nor did the Nevada Klan have any success in dealing with racial issues espoused by the national Ku Klux Klan during the 1920s. When the Klan arrived in Nevada in 1924, it deliberately incited bigotry in order to attract

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[54] The Caliente Klavern lasted at least until 1928. In 1926 it enjoyed a brief revival, and attracted new members to its Memorial Day services; in addition, it held a large initiation ceremony at Cathedral Gorge, and it hosted an appearance by L.A. Brown, a national lecturer from Atlanta, Georgia. On September 9, 1926, the Klavern received a new charter and the name was changed to the Klover Kreek Klan #3. Throughout 1926 and 1927 the organization held bi-monthly meetings, but in February, 1928 it discontinued advertising in the *Lincoln County Record*, and evidently sponsored no further public activities. See the *Lincoln County Record*, June 3, July 15, Sept. 2, 9, and 23, and October 21, 1926.

[55] Alexander, *Klan in the Southwest*, pp. 233–35, 241–42, 252; interviews with John Sanford, (Reno), August 10, 1977, and Alice Terry, (Reno), August 11, 1977.

Klaverns occasionally resorted to spectacular events in their efforts to rekindle interest. Such was the case when the Reno Klavern ignited four crosses at various locations in the community just to remind Renoites that the Ku Klux Klan was still active. A novel approach occurred when one of these crosses was ignited on a raft floating in the Truckee River. *Reno Evening Gazette*, October 26, 1925.

[56] John Polly estimated the Reno Klavern to have 1800 members; Klaverns in Fallon, Carson City and Gardnerville might have contained enough members to approach 2000 Klansmen in northwestern Nevada. *Reno Evening Gazette*, October 16, 1924; *Nevada State Journal*, August 20, 1924; *Churchill County Eagle*, (Fallon), September 6, 1924, September 12, 1925; *Carson City Daily Appeal*, May 10, 1924, September 29, 1924; *Carson City Morning News*, October 15, 1924; *Las Vegas Review*, November 14, 1924.

attention and support. Kleagles and lecturers attacked minority groups with the same intense rhetoric successful in other areas of the country. But most Nevadans refused to rally behind the cause, and the Klan platform encountered varied results. Thus, in Reno, the Klan attempted to capitalize on anti-Japanese emotions. A majority of Renoites felt that the Oriental stayed to himself and caused no trouble, but the racist elements were quick to welcome Klan "Yellow Peril" agitation.These men were among the first recruits of the Reno Klavern. However, Reno Klansmen never initated any overt activities concerning racism. They feared counter-reactions from more moderate residents of the city. This was true throughout the state. Although most communities had a share of racial bigots, not very many Nevadans became concerned about the issue and there are few recorded activities against minority groups, or even of legislation sponsored by the Klan.[57]

Religion was another topic exploited by the national Ku Klux Klan. Conspicuous minority groups—chiefly Catholics and Jews—were labeled as un-American, and in contradistinction, the Klansmen defined themselves as the true American ideal and as the defender of fundamentalist Protestantism. But Nevada responded apathetically, for anti-Semitism and anti-Catholic prejudice were relatively weak. Roman Catholics constituted a sizeable minority of the state's population, and were often influential and respected members of their community. And although there were only a few Jews living in Nevada, they were also generally respected. Thus, when Klan lecturers warned of Catholic and Jewish menaces to American Protestantism, their diatribes received little response.[58]

Klan operations in Nevada were characterized by regionalism and urbanism. There was little unification of the northwestern, northeastern and southern Klaverns in the state due to the vast areas of unpopulated territory. Distance and non-contiguity contributed to the lack of integration, and the Nevada hierarchy did not seriously aspire to statewide control. In general, the Ku Klux Klan achieved most of its limited successes in small cities like Reno, Las Vegas and Elko, where there was sufficient population to recruit sizable memberships. In rural communities such as Gardnerville, Winnemucca, and Caliente, the Klan initially could organize a Klavern, but rarely was there enough interest to sustain it for any protracted period.

The Ku Klux Klan in Nevada is best considered as a manifestation of the anxiety and nervousness that characterized the country during the 1920s. It developed as a reaction to the divisive issues of racism, immigration, radicalism, and religious prejudice, as well as "WASP" pressures for

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[57] *Reno Evening Gazette*, May 1, 1924, July 4, 1924; interviews with John Sanford, (Reno), August 10, 1977, and Alice Terry, (Reno), August 11, 1977.

[58] Ibid.

morality and "law and order." Later in the decade, as those issues diminished, the basis of Ku Klux Klan support also eroded. The Nevada Klan reflected the penetration of national tensions into the Nevada environment. In adapting to a small city, rural, and dispersed population, the Klan adapted and narrowed its appeal; it eventually failed to hold its momentum and membership, and quietly disintegrated. Even so, during the period of 1924–1926, the Nevada Klaverns enjoyed a brief prominence and vented frustrations generated by Nevada's social tensions.

Three Crises:
Senator Patrick McCarran in Mid-Career

VON V. PITTMAN, JR.

PATRICK A. MCCARRAN became Nevada's most important and renowned politician, his fame eclipsing that of even the colorful and celebrated Key Pittman. He began to make a name for himself in the 1930s as an advocate of high silver prices and for his pioneer work in aviation legislation. Then he became known as an outspoken isolationist until the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. However, McCarran is now remembered almost entirely for his activities and accomplishments during the last phase of his career, the years between the end of World War II and his death in September 1954.

In the 1945–54 period, McCarran lent his name to two of the most important pieces of Cold War legislation, the Internal Security Act of 1950 and the Immigration and Naturalization Act of 1952. He led investigations of dozens of public and private groups he suspected of being either outright communist organizations or communist fronts. In the area of foreign policy, he garnered headlines as a member of the Senate's "China lobby," as chairman of the Senate committee that acted as "watchdog" over Marshall Plan operations, and as Francisco Franco's chief American congressional advocate. In the latter role, McCarran profoundly influenced the decision-making process that led to Spain's transformation from a European outcast—an embarrassing survivor of fascism—to a western ally in the Cold War.

Although McCarran would gain his greatest fame and power during the Cold War, the World War II years—which came at the mid-point of his Senate career—were most crucial to his development as a power in Washington. During the war he began to acquire the positions of institutional power that would make his flamboyant postwar activities possible. However, during this critical period he faced three serious mid-career crises, each of which very nearly ended his political career.

In the early war years McCarran began to emerge as one of Washington's more interesting and controversial Senators, easily recognizable on the Senate floor because of: " . . . his huge square figure, his diamond ring, his perfectly tailored suits, his cynical face like one of Hans Holbein's, and

his shock of white hair swirling upward like a cockatoo's."[1] But by then McCarran was more than a colorful character; he was becoming a power. Keenly aware of the relative importance of the Senate's various committees, he always tried to trade up. In January 1943 he exchanged a seat on the Post Offices and Post Roads Committee for membership on the Commerce Committee. Aviation legislation originated there, and he wanted to take part in writing it.[2] The following year he made his most important trade, exchanging the chairmanship of the District of Columbia Committee for that of the Judiciary Committee, a post he had long desired.

Pete Petersen, Reno postmaster and McCarran's chief political lieutenant and confidant in Nevada, assured the senator that the Judiciary Committee chair would be an asset in his upcoming bid for re-election. McCarran concurred, adding up his new patronage and logrolling opportunities. He now chaired both the Judiciary Committee, which confirmed judicial appointments, and the Appropriations Committee's subcommittee which set the federal judiciary's budgets. The combination offered considerable leverage.[3] Of the Judiciary Committee specifically, he told Sister Margaret Patricia McCarran, his eldest daughter, "It is by far the most powerful and influential committee in the Senate and its verdict is looked to constantly in all matters of law."[4] While McCarran exaggerated the Judiciary Committee's importance, he would succeed in expanding its jurisdiction. Besides using it to command favors and dispense patronage, he would make it an important agency in internal security, immigration, and even foreign policy matters.

By the time McCarran assumed the Judiciary Committee chair, he had already faced and overcome one of the crises that threatened to terminate his career. In early 1943 he experienced a moody period of melancholy and suspicion, during which he seriously considered voluntary retirement. He told Pete Petersen that he was seriously contemplating not running for re-election in 1944, because "Some things have happened recently, and are continuing to happen, that makes [*sic*] me feel that I cannot, in justice to myself carry on here much longer."[5]

From his comments to Petersen it is clear that two serious problems prompted McCarran's appraisal of his political future, disillusionment with the Roosevelt administration and fear of rejection at the polls. He began

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[1] Allen Drury, *A Senate Journal, 1943–1945* (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., 1963), p. 28.

[2] Patrick A. McCarran to Pete Petersen, 19 April 1943, Pete Petersen Papers, reproduced in the Patrick A. McCarran Papers, hereafter cited as the McCarran Papers. The present author utilized these Papers when they were located at the College of the Holy Names in Oakland, California; they are now located at the Nevada State Archives, Carson City.

[3] Petersen to McCarran, 29 January 1944; McCarran to Petersen, 5 February 1944, Petersen Papers, in McCarran Papers.

[4] McCarran to Sister Margaret Patricia McCarran, 2 March 1944, McCarran Papers.

[5] McCarran to Petersen, 19 April 1943, Petersen Papers, in McCarran Papers.

to clash with the administration at the very beginning of his Senate tenure. Throughout the 1930s and into the 1940s he publicly differed with it on both domestic and foreign policy issues. By the early 1940s his dislike turned into outright enmity and extreme suspicion. McCarran's second problem was more practical. Fearing that the voters of Nevada might very well turn him out of office, he was not at all sure that he wanted to risk defeat.[6]

In the area of domestic policy, McCarran had initially criticized Roosevelt for his financial conservatism. Never a slave to the idea of a balanced budget, he subscribed to federal spending as a solution to the Depression; "pumping some money into the state" would best relieve the depression's effects on his constituents.[7] In spite of his clashes with the administration and his growing reputation as a maverick Democrat, McCarran voted for the final version of every New Deal recovery and relief program.[8] While often differing with the administration over the shape and direction of domestic legislation, he usually criticized it from the political left—not the right. Paradoxically, he would most often be remembered as a conservative opponent of the New Deal.[9]

Even as McCarran promoted federal spending, he feared and tried to inhibit the concomitant governmental centralization. In an obvious contradiction, he tried to be both a fiscal liberal and a political conservative. New Deal measures, he complained, were creating a shift in governmental power and philosophy which was destroying the proper executive-legislative balance.[10] McCarran's distaste for the executive branch's increasing political power took on a personal dimension over the matter of the federal government's role in Nevada. Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes, whose department administered 85 percent of the state's acreage, effectively denied McCarran and Key Pittman most of the federal patronage they considered rightfully theirs. And Ickes showed great glee in doing so. Only on a very few occasions did the senators manage to circumvent Ickes, Pittman by direct appeal to Roosevelt and McCarran by holding up administration appointments in the Judiciary Committee.[11] This rivalry over patronage

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[6] Ibid.

[7] Sister Margaret Patricia McCarran, "Patrick Anthony McCarran, 1876–1954," Part I, *Nevada Historical Society Quarterly*, 11 (Fall–Winter 1968): 7.

[8] Fred E. Whited, Jr., "The Rhetoric of Senator Patrick Anthony McCarran" (Ph.D. dissertation, University of Oregon, 1973), p. 78.

[9] Von V. Pittman, Jr., "Senator Patrick A. McCarran and the Politics of Containment" (Ph.D. dissertation, University of Georgia, 1979), pp. 20–22.

[10] See, for example: Patrick A. McCarran, "The Growth of Federal Executive Power," *American Bar Association Journal* 19 (October 1933): 59; and Pittman, "McCarran and the Politics of Containment," pp. 23–24.

[11] Gilman Ostrander, *Nevada: The Great Rotten Borough, 1859–1964* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 1966), p. 149; Sister Margaret Patricia McCarran, "Patrick Anthony McCarran," Part I, p. 47; idem., "Patrick Anthony McCarran, 1876–1954," Part II, *Nevada Historical Society Quarterly* 12 (Spring 1969): 36–37.

In 1939, during a Pittman–Ickes dispute, McCarran wrote to Roosevelt commending Ickes and recommending that he be retained as Secretary of the Interior. Fred L. Israel,

marked the beginning of an intense and prolonged feud between McCarran and Ickes.

Although he became increasingly disenchanted with the administration, McCarran was reluctant to make a public break because both Roosevelt and the New Deal enjoyed great popularity in Nevada. In 1937, however, after cautious deliberation, McCarran denounced the President's plan to "pack" the Supreme Court, and worked vigorously to defeat it. Thereafter, McCarran could no longer be labeled a maverick supporter of the New Deal. Roosevelt came to consider him an enemy and made a point of not supporting him in the 1938 elections. McCarran retaliated by opposing Roosevelt's nomination to run for a third presidential term in 1940.[12]

McCarran was totally at odds with the Roosevelt administration's domestic policies and politics by the early 1940s, and became an even more severe and outspoken critic of its direction of foreign policy. His record of opposition to the administration's foreign policy initiatives dated back to 1933, when Roosevelt had supported United States entry into the World Court. McCarran was among the strong minority of isolationist senators who managed to defeat the protocols.[13] In 1935 he began a long, losing fight with the State Department over its reciprocal tariff reduction policy. McCarran feared that mutual tariff reduction agreements with other nations would harm those western states—including Nevada—that competed in supplying raw materials for American industry. He opposed all reciprocal tariff agreements on constitutional grounds, claiming that they were treaties, and therefore required ratification by the Senate. Further, they deprived Congress of its right to levy all taxes.[14] This issue led to another personal feud between McCarran and a cabinet officer, this time Secretary of State Cordell Hull. Once, after the State Department announced a tariff agreement with the Soviet Union, McCarran called Hull "a prize dupe" and called for a cancellation of his authority to negotiate tariff agreements, "before he has given away our very country in these ridiculous sucker deals . . . ."[15]

McCarran's commitment to American neutrality in the 1930s became by far the most important factor in his criticism of Roosevelt administration foreign policy. With global tension increasing during the latter half of the

Nevada's Key Pittman (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1963), pp. 128–129. McCarran's antipathy toward Pittman, rather than any appreciation of Ickes, probably inspired the letter. McCarran and Ickes had already clashed several times by 1939. Over the years their relationship developed into a bitter feud.

12 James A. Farley, *Jim Farley's Story: The Roosevelt Years* (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., 1948), pp. 88, 123–124; Joseph Alsop and Turner Catledge, *The 168 Days* (New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., 1938), pp. 196–229; James M. Burns, *Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, and World, Inc., 1956), p. 431. See also: Pittman, "McCarran and the Politics of Containment," pp. 24–26.

13 Sister Margaret Patricia McCarran, "Patrick Anthony McCarran," Part I, p. 53.

14 For example, see: *Pioche Record*, 21 March 1935; *Reno Gazette*, 26 March 1940; *Washington Star*, 26 March 1940.

15 *Ely Times*, 15 July 1935.

Senator Patrick McCarran in his Washington office.

decade, he had with increasing determination opposed American involvement in foreign military and political struggles. As the European situation deteriorated through 1937 and 1938, McCarran spoke before isolationist rallies, repeating the basic pacifist and unilateralist themes of the day. From Roosevelt's attempt to repeal the embargo on the sale of American arms to belligerent nations in 1939, through the passage of the Lend-Lease bill in 1941, McCarran opposed all of Roosevelt's attempts to aid the Allies against the threat, and then the reality, of Nazi aggression.[16]

At the same time, McCarran came to realize that his isolationism was becoming quite unpopular in Nevada. Petersen warned him of the increasingly interventionist sentiment of Nevadans, and rival politicians began making public attacks upon him for opposing Roosevelt's policies. Still he persisted. As late as August 1941, he said that a negotiated settlement with Germany might still be possible.[17] Only after Pearl Harbor did he drop his isolationism.

Obviously McCarran became even more alienated from the Roosevelt

[16] Pittman, "McCarran and the Politics of Containment," pp. 45–51.

[17] Petersen to McCarran, 31 August 1940, Petersen Papers, in McCarran Papers; *Reno Gazette*, 17 February 1941; Petersen to McCarran, 3 March 1941, Petersen Papers, in McCarran Papers; *St. Paul Dispatch*, 27 August 1941.

administration as a result of his frequent and bitter attacks on its direction of foreign policy. Therefore, when he wrote to Petersen in early 1943 that he might not run for a third term in the Senate, the bitterness of ten years of opposition to the administration on both domestic and foreign policy issues boiled to the surface. And, foreshadowing his later career, McCarran began to reduce the very complex differences between himself and various members of the administration to a very simple explanation—communist sympathies on their parts. He told Petersen that he might not run in 1944 because:

> . . . it seems like heresy for one, who has belonged, during all his entire adult life to the Democratic Party, . . . to again ask for the nomination of that party, knowing, when he asks for that nomination that he cannot support those who in reality are nothing but communists to the very core. To give out to the public information that he is one who serves and supports the administration, when he knows that he cannot do so in his own conscience, is a false front that I cannot tolerate.
>
> In my judgment, to save this country from an intolerable condition, there must be a complete break from the present Administration; hence, I am wondering whether one in my position should carry on, or whether in entire justice to myself I should call my public service to an end at the close of my present term.[18]

An overtone of depression ran through McCarran's entire letter. Besides his concern about the Roosevelt administration's ideological coloration, he told Petersen that he was frankly worried about being turned out of office by the voters.[19] While he did not say so directly, it seems certain that McCarran realized his isolationist record would be a major liability if he should run again. He assured Petersen that he was quite serious; he wanted his friend to be prepared in case he should suddenly announce his retirement.[20] At any rate, McCarran did not give in to his depression and suspicions. By early 1944 he, for the time being, resolved his doubts about wanting to remain in the Senate.[21]

Once committed to running for re-election in 1944, McCarran faced his second crisis—a serious challenge for his party's nomination. In March he told Sister Margaret Patricia that although he hoped to run unopposed in the Democratic primary, he really expected opposition. The general election did not worry him nearly as much.[22] In April he told Petersen to get his organization moving immediately:

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18 McCarran to Petersen, 19 April 1943, Petersen Papers, in McCarran Papers.
19 Ibid.
20 Ibid.
21 McCarran to Sister Margaret Patricia McCarran, 2 March 1944, McCarran Papers.
22 Ibid.

. . . you and your Post Office people are not bound by, nor does the Hatch Act apply—nor does any other act apply—until after candidacy has been announced. A man may be damned or he may be praised by federal employees so long as he is not a candidate, although he may be in public life. I am not now a candidate. Hence now is the time to get in the words of praise, if there be any coming, before the Hatch Act or any other act applies.[23]

In May McCarran learned that his political opponents were urging Lieutenant Governor Vail Pittman, the late Key Pittman's brother, to enter the Democratic primary. Although McCarran took every election seriously, this time he had several good reasons to be concerned for his political survival. The family name was an important asset to Vail Pittman. McCarran had never approached Key Pittman's popularity, nor his margins at the polls. In addition, a patronage dispute between McCarran's supporters and those of the governor, E. P. "Ted" Carville, had split the state Democratic party.[24] A power struggle in the ranks of organized labor also contributed to the air of political uncertainty. Finally, McCarran's increasing anti-administration bias had become a political issue in Nevada, as he had feared.

The battle within the ranks of organized labor in Nevada became a crucial issue. In 1944 the Political Action Committee (PAC) of the Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO) campaigned against conservative incumbents throughout the country. In McCarran's case the PAC worked with particular zeal. The CIO had challenged the American Federation of Labor (AFL) to an election to determine which organization should have bargaining rights at Basic Magnesium Industries (BMI), a large defense production complex in Henderson, near Las Vegas. In Vail Pittman's opinion, the CIO probably would have won. But McCarran had supported legislation which prevented a new vote, and the AFL retained bargaining rights won in an earlier election. The CIO therefore eagerly looked for a challenger to support against McCarran in the Democratic primary.[25] In a letter to all members of the International Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers in Nevada, CIO National Vice President Ralph Rasmussen blasted McCarran's record. McCarran had become a very powerful senator, Rasmussen warned, who would continue to oppose the Roosevelt administration and the interests of

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[23] McCarran to Petersen, 19 April 1943, Petersen Papers, in McCarran Papers.

[24] Eric N. Moody, *Southern Gentleman of Nevada Politics: Vail M. Pittman*, Nevada Studies in History and Political Science No. 13 (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 1974), pp. 33–34.

[25] Vail Pittman to Mortimer J. P. Moore, 2 December 1944, Vail Pittman Papers, reproduced in McCarran Papers (hereafter cited as Vail Pittman Papers, in McCarran Papers); Moody, *Vail Pittman*, pp. 35–36.

labor. Because Republicans would surely vote for him in the general election, "McCarran must be eliminated in the primary."[26]

McCarran supporters reacted by taking the offensive. Throughout the state, newspaper advertisements appeared, featuring excerpts from the Rasmussen letter and asking the question, "Who will rule Nevada? The People or the CIO."[27] The pro-McCarran *Las Vegas Review Journal* thundered: "Nevada does not want and will not stand for a CIO Communist party dictatorship."[28] Pittman had not yet announced for the office, and McCarran's forces were not sure that he would.[29] Perhaps they hoped that by linking Pittman with communism they could intimidate him, and anyone else who might think about running.

Pittman finally announced his candidacy in late July at the State Federation of Labor convention. In a speech before the delegates he denied any connection with the CIO. He attacked McCarran for his record of opposition to the Roosevelt administration and especially for his prewar isolationism. Playing to the emotions of his audience, Pittman practically accused McCarran of responsibility for war casualties:

> Look what has happened in Guam in the last few days. We have lost hundreds of men out there in the vital and all essential effort to re-take the island—but Senator McCarran resisted every effort in Congress to fortify Guam so the Japs could not take it.[30]

The candidates argued over a variety of questions in the campaign, but two issues dominated. Pittman repeatedly attacked McCarran's prewar foreign policy record and his lack of support for the Roosevelt administration. McCarran's camp raised the specter of outside (primarily CIO) interference in Nevada's affairs. McCarran also tried to maximize the value of his seniority and experience and to call attention to the federal projects he had promoted for the state's benefit.

In his filing statement McCarran tried, as best he could, to identify himself with Roosevelt and the 1944 Democratic platform. He also advanced a formula for the conduct of postwar foreign policy. The United States should join an alliance to keep the peace, but with qualifications: "This nation must at all times maintain its place of leadership and freedom of action in any group or confederation."[31] Such an international organization

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[26] Ralph Rasmussen to Nevada Mill, Mine, and Smelter Workers, 21 June 1944, copy in McCarran Papers.

[27] *Nevada State Journal*, 19 July 1944; Moody, *Vail Pittman*, p. 36.

[28] Cited in Moody, *Vail Pittman*, p. 36.

[29] Petersen to McCarran, 14 July 1944, McCarran Papers.

[30] Cited in Moody, *Vail Pittman*, p. 37.

[31] McCarran to E. C. Mulcahy, Chairman, Democratic Central Committee, 29 June 1944, McCarran Papers.

was necessary now because the United States had not been able to escape the bloodshed of past wars. In effect, he admitted the futility of his own former isolationism. At the same time, he blamed the world wars upon the wickedness and greed of the old world, while stressing the moral superiority of the United States. "If this country is thus to be called upon to give its blood to win wars," he declared, "it should not hesitate to give its brain and courage to prevent war before the flame is lighted."[32]

In his attacks on Pittman, McCarran continued to exploit the power struggle within Nevada's labor organizations. He constantly warned that outsiders threatened Nevada's internal politics. His staff discreetly circulated copies of the Rasmussen–CIO letter in both Washington and Nevada.[33] For all of his denunciations of outside help, McCarran received more than his share. He was as popular with the AFL as he was unpopular with the CIO. The AFL had supported McCarran since early in his first term; his aid in preventing a second election at Basic Magnesium Industries had strengthened that bond. AFL President William F. Green assured McCarran that "It is our firm and determined purpose to drive with all the influence at our command to bring your re-election to the United States Senate."[34] He followed through by dispatching two full-time operatives to Nevada to work within the labor unions on McCarran's behalf.[35] Several other out-of-state sources of help became available. McCarran eagerly accepted Bernard Baruch's offer of financial assistance, noting that he anticipated a very tough fight. Endorsements from some Democratic party notables such as Harry Truman, Alben Barkley, and Harry Byrd graced his campaign literature. Pittman, in turn, denounced these endorsements as examples of external pressure upon Nevadans.[36]

On election day McCarran quickly fell behind in early returns, losing even Washoe, his home county. At one point he felt sure he had lost. However, in very late returns, Clark County votes turned the tide in the election. He won there by 1,528 votes, and carried the entire state by only 1,241 votes. His campaign workers finally broke out the champagne at daybreak. McCarran had survived the closest election of his career. Pittman's forces were shocked; they had expected their candidate to run strongest in Clark County. Curiously, for a state with a miniscule black population, the black vote had proven to be crucial. At the time of the 1940 census, only 664 Blacks lived in Nevada—a mere 0.6 percent of the population. During the war several thousand Blacks moved into Las Vegas area, primarily to take jobs at the

[32] Ibid.

[33] Eva Adams to McCarran, 14 August 1944, McCarran Papers.

[34] William F. Green to McCarran, 14 August 1944, McCarran Papers.

[35] McCarran to Frank K. Fenton, 25 September 1944, McCarran Papers.

[36] Bernard Baruch to McCarran, 3 August 1944; McCarran to Baruch, 4 August 1944, McCarran Papers.

BMI plant. Some of McCarran's people believed Roosevelt had sent them there to help defeat the senator in 1944. Pittman had considered them safely in his camp, but most voted for McCarran. Privately, the embittered Pittman claimed McCarran's organization had "bought" the last minute switch, arguing that about twenty-five black leaders—mostly ministers—controlled those votes. Apparently he believed that McCarran's workers had dealt with these men.[37] This theory has never been proven, but years later Norman Biltz, McCarran's close friend and political backer, stated simply: "We found a way to get the Negro vote."[38]

After the narrow primary win, McCarran and his staff turned their attention to the November general election and the Republican nominee, George "Molly" Malone. Lawrence Drake, an advisor, mapped out campaign strategy in a memorandum to McCarran. After studying the primary results and past general elections Drake concluded, "It is obvious, . . . that your campaign must be guided by the consideration that you must get nearly all who voted for Pittman to vote for you."[39] Drake advised McCarran to make several speeches designed to pacify Pittman's supporters, to work for the Roosevelt administration's support, and to drop his attacks upon the CIO.[40]

McCarran followed the advice contained in the strategy memorandum. He identified himself with Roosevelt and stressed partisan Democratic themes. Apparently he set aside his worries about the hypocrisy of such a position. Associating the Republican party with Herbert Hoover, McCarran warned that activist leadership would be needed at the end of the war in order to prevent another depression. In foreign policy, he continued to advocate the formation of an international organization. Republican critics of this idea, he said, either suffered from a misconception, or were part of "a deliberate attempt to sabotage world peace plans."[41] Like a posse in the Old West, all peace loving nations should band together because "In those early days whenever it became known that there were more citizens available for the posse than there were outlaws, and that they could ride faster and throw more lead, outlawry died out on the range. That principle will

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[37] Norman Biltz, "Memoirs of 'The Duke of Nevada'," Oral History Project, University of Nevada, Reno, pp. 42, 164 (hereafter cited as Biltz, Oral History); Thomas W. Miller, "The Memoirs of Thomas Woodnutt Miller, A Public Spirited Citizen of Delaware and Nevada," Oral History Project, University of Nevada, Reno, p. 177 (hereafter cited as Miller, Oral History); Moody, *Vail Pittman*, p. 42; Elmer R. Rusco, *Minority Groups in Nevada* (Reno: Bureau of Governmental Research, 1966), p. 8; Vail Pittman to Mortimer J. P. Moore, 2 December 1944; Vail Pittman to H. W. Buntin, 14 September 1944, Vail Pittman Papers, in McCarran Papers.

[38] Biltz, Oral History, p. 164, cited in Moody, *Vail Pittman*, p. 44.

[39] Lawrence Drake to McCarran, 16 September 1944, McCarran Papers.

[40] Ibid.

[41] Radio speech draft, 4 October 1944, McCarran Papers.

work out internationally."[42] He stated that the United States should be legally bound to the use of force to prevent the outbreak of future wars and that it should be prepared to advance material aid to the war-damaged European nations.[43] In accordance with the campaign strategy memorandum, he ceased his attacks against the CIO. Such verbal assaults could have alienated some segments of organized labor, while serving no purpose against the very conservative Malone. Even so, the alleged CIO-communist association remained a campaign issue. One newspaper noted that "communists" had marked McCarran for extinction. After the election, McCarran would return to this theme with a vengeance, claiming that his campaign had represented a fight against communism in Nevada.[44]

McCarran won the general election and thereby resolved his second crisis. Winning by nearly nine thousand votes, he easily topped Roosevelt's five thousand vote margin over Thomas Dewey in Nevada. The fact that many of the state's leading Republicans covertly aided McCarran, as they had done before in his re-election campaign, helps explain the difference.[45]

Only a few months later, McCarran faced his third political crisis. Shortly after expending so much energy to retain his office, he again seriously considered leaving it voluntarily. Having fought so fiercely to win the prize, he once more wondered about its worth. In February 1945 rumors began to circulate that McCarran might soon resign from the Senate in order to accept an appointment to the Federal bench in Nevada. The rumor soon became a topic of speculation in both Washington and Nevada, where his opponents and other aspirants to office considered the possibilities that might result from a Senate vacancy.[46] Newly elected Congressman Berkeley Bunker told Vail Pittman that Washington was full of rumors about Nevada politics, including speculation that McCarran might accept a judicial appointment. Because the state's junior senator, James Scrugham, was in very poor health, it appeared that either Nevada senator could leave office suddenly, according to Bunker. "If anything should happen," he told Pittman, "I am sure you and I could work together both in the interest of the state and politically."[47] Although he claimed to be skeptical about McCarran's consideration of the bench, Bunker did not limit "anything" to circumstances that might result from Scrugham's poor health. He was clearly speculating

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[42] Ibid.

[43] Ibid., *Pioche Record*, 26 October 1944.

[44] *Pueblo (Colo.) Chieftain*, 31 January 1945.

[45] John Koontz, Secretary of State of Nevada, *Political History of Nevada* (Carson City: State Printing Office, 1965), 5th ed., p. 199; McCarran to Petersen, 2 January 1945, Petersen Papers, in McCarran Papers; Petersen, Oral History, p. 57.

[46] *Nevada State Journal*, 8 February 1945.

[47] Berkeley L. Bunker to Vail Pittman, 10 February 1945, Vail Pittman Papers, in McCarran Papers.

about McCarran's retirement as well.[48] Pittman replied that he had heard reports from Washington that McCarran was indeed seriously considering accepting the judicial post, if it were offered. "The president would probably be glad to get rid of the senior Senator," Pittman added.[49]

McCarran did not publicly confirm the rumor, but Roosevelt—through the Justice Department—had offered him the seat of Frank Norcross, soon to retire from the U.S. District Court of Nevada. McCarran was considering it very seriously.[50] A judicial appointment offered advantages to both parties. It promised McCarran security and an end to grueling races like that of 1944. Roosevelt would have an opportunity to rid himself of a proven disruptive influence. In spite of McCarran's rhetorical identification with the President during his 1944 campaign, relations between the two men never really healed after the court packing fight and their prewar disagreement over foreign policy. One of McCarran's intimates claimed that Roosevelt had first begun to look for a federal judge's post for the Senator in 1938, in hopes of getting him out of Washington.[51]

An opportunity to be rid of McCarran must have seemed especially attractive to Roosevelt, his administration, and American liberals in general in 1945. Recalling the fate of the Treaty of Versailles after the First World War, the New York newspaper *PM* worried that major postwar decisions on international affairs would have to be cleared with the Senate. A number of prewar isolationists, including McCarran, had survived the 1944 elections. The constitutional provision requiring a two-thirds affirmative vote of the Senate to ratify treaties would give them an opportunity to disrupt the peacemaking process.[52] In McCarran's case, American liberals and the Roosevelt administration already had grounds for concern. Early in 1944 Senator Guy Gillette of Iowa had introduced a constitutional amendment to provide for treaty ratification by a simple majority vote of the Senate. McCarran had responded by declaring the time wrong for amending the constitution and burying Gillette's measure in the Judiciary Committee.[53] Apparently the Senate's Democratic leadership also perceived McCarran as a potential troublemaker. In January, when the new Congress convened, he had once again tried to trade up for a better committee seat, this time on the prestigious Foreign Relations Committee. With the Dumbarton Oaks (United Nations) treaty coming up for ratification, the Democratic Steering

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48 Ibid.

49 Vail Pittman to Berkeley L. Bunker, 26 February 1945, Vail Pittman Papers, in McCarran Papers.

50 McCarran to Sister Mary Mercy McCarran, 25 February 1945, McCarran Papers; Eva Adams to Petersen, 17 February 1945, Petersen Papers, in McCarran Papers.

51 Biltz, Oral History, p. 213.

52 *PM*, 10 November 1944.

53 Drury, *Senate Journal*, p. 111.

Committee had ignored McCarran's seniority and that of several other conservatives. It had named instead three reliable internationalists—Carl Hatch of New Mexico, Lister Hill of Alabama, and Scott Lucas of Illinois—to fill the vacancies in the Foreign Relations Committee. McCarran, who had seriously pursued the nomination, received only one out of a possible fourteen votes from the Steering Committee.[54]

McCarran, too, had good reasons to consider the bench. His age and precarious health provided ready arguments for a more sedentary position. The 1944 Senate race had been an ordeal. In particular, he felt some of his longtime supporters had betrayed him. "Those from whom I thought I deserved gratitude and who turned out to be cut-throats, have changed my view of life a great deal," he told Petersen. This sense of having been wronged, along with his near repudiation by the voters, must have made the security of an appointive post attractive. He waited for political intelligence and reactions to the rumors from Nevada as he considered the administration's offer.[55] Eva Adams, McCarran's administrative assistant, had no doubt about how she hoped the Senator would resolve the issue. In a letter to Petersen, she asked, "You wouldn't want him to take the judgeship would you? And forgive me if I suggest that you let him know what you do think!"[56] Petersen dutifully advised McCarran that as far as Nevada politics were concerned, it would be best that he remain in the Senate. But by the time he received Petersen's letter, McCarran had already decided not to take the position. On February 25 he told his second daughter, Sister Mary Mercy McCarran, "I have turned it over every way and have concluded *not* to take it [emphasis McCarran's]. I feel that I am more needed in the Senate for the next six years."[57]

In a letter to Norman Biltz, McCarran explained his reasons for rejecting the appointment. The bench offered security, prestige, and a lack of political pressure which he found appealing, he admitted. But other factors required him to stay in the Senate. He told Biltz "I thought for a long time that the threat to our way of life and to our form of government was in a section of the Democraitc party. But I come to a rude awakening when I find out this particular section runs through party lines."[58]

McCarran had discovered this bipartisan conspiracy, he said, in the fight over the confirmation of Henry Wallace—whom he considered an outright communist—as Secretary of Commerce. Not only Democrats, but

[54] McCarran to Petersen, 2 January 1945, Petersen Papers, in McCarran Papers.

[55] McCarran to Petersen, 2 January 1945; Eva Adams to Petersen, 17 February 1945, Petersen Papers, in McCarran Papers.

[56] Eva Adams to McCarran, 17 February 1945, Petersen Papers, in McCarran Papers.

[57] Petersen to McCarran, 3 March 1945, Petersen Papers, in McCarran Papers; McCarran to Sister Mary Mercy McCarran, 25 February 1945, McCarran Papers.

[58] McCarran to Norman Biltz, 21 February 1945, in Biltz, Oral History, pp. 213–217.

also several Republicans, had supported the nomination. Although the Senate had not yet confirmed Wallace, McCarran believed it would. He said, "I don't think this country was ever confronted with a greater threat to future democratic existence, than lies in the nomination of Henry Wallace."[59]

This threat, he told Biltz, compelled him to serve another term in the Senate. Besides, the current dismal lot of Nevada politicos made the selection of a worthy replacement unlikely. Therefore, it was his duty to deny his own selfish interests and to live up to the trust Nevada's voters had placed in him.[60] McCarran overdid the self-denial theme. From all indications, he enjoyed being a United States Senator. The give and take of legislative business, the power to dispense and withhold patronage, and the sense of national importance pleased him. On the other hand, as a Nevada Supreme Court Justice from 1913–1918, he had found service as a jurist distasteful[61]

The months preceding his 1944 election campaign, the contest itself, and the months immediately following, marked a pivotal phase in McCarran's career. First he wavered over whether or not to seek re-election. Then, having decided to run, he engaged in a bitterly contested race in which he resorted to the tactic of associating his opponent with communism. Having won the prize, he seriously questioned its worth. Yet during this rather extended mid-career crisis—or series of crises—he never ceased working to increase his institutional power within the Senate, and his political influence in Nevada. As he resolved the last of the crises, he seemed more determined than ever to remain a senator. In his letter to Biltz, McCarran revealed a growing sense of personal isolation and feelings of martyrdom. He pictured himself as a noble, self-sacrificing statesman, and as a Senate outsider trying to hold back the threat of communistic subversion. After 1945, this theme, developed in mid-career, would become increasingly important as McCarran emerged as a famous and powerful national figure.

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[59] Ibid.

[60] Ibid.

[61] Jerome E. Edwards, "Patrick A. McCarran: His Years on the Nevada Supreme Court, 1913–1918," *Nevada Historical Society Quarterly* 18 (Winter 1975): 202.

NOTES AND DOCUMENTS

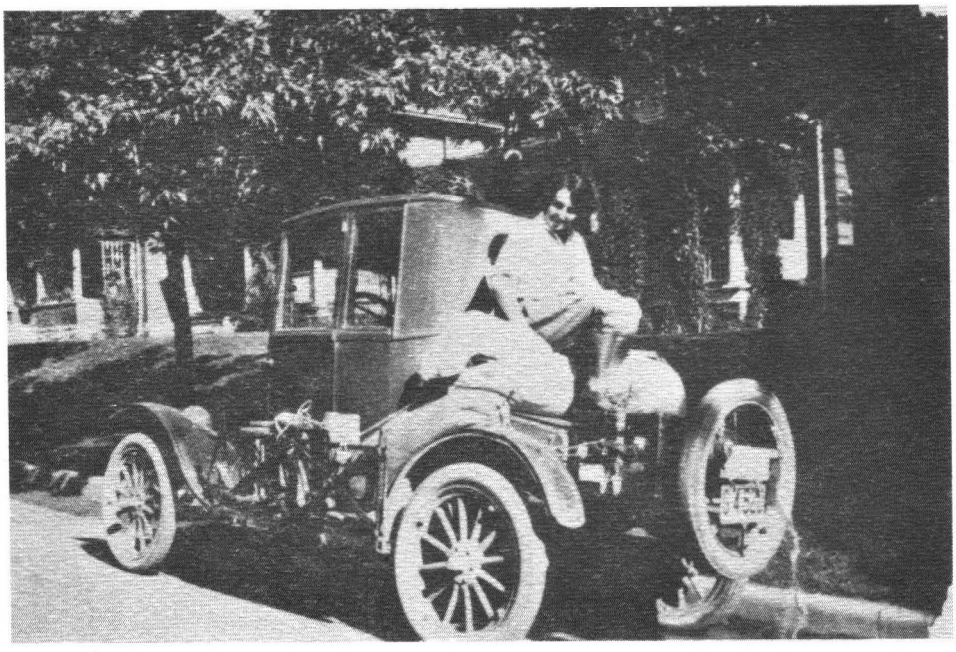
Letters from Nevada

BETTY VEYSEY

FOR THE PAST FEW DECADES it has been possible to cross America by automobile using any number of transcontinental highways, all generously dotted with well-equipped service stations, adequate to luxurious motels, trailer parks, state and private campgrounds, and an assortment of roadside cafes, good restaurants, small groceries and supermarkets, plus an abundance of Kentucky Fried Chicken and McDonald's. In the early 1920s, however, a cross-country trip by automobile was a relatively new idea, and involved weeks of arduous driving. Individuals would be at the mercy of primitive road conditions and extremes of weather.

In 1924, after a year of marriage, my husband Bob and I began tossing around the tantalizing idea of driving from Los Angeles to Boston in our 1922 Model T coupe; most of our friends dubbed us as "those crazy kids." Our families wavered between feeble attempts at enthusiasm and dire misgivings. Once this idea grabbed us, we couldn't shake loose from the prospect of pulling up stakes to seek our fortune in reverse fashion from those earlier pioneers who had pushed westward against enormously greater obstacles than we were about to face. Even in those early years, Southern Californians were addicted to their automobiles as the most popular way to get from one place to another.

At the time, Los Angeles was experiencing a slump in the building trade. Bob had made a fairly good living as a building contractor, but in the winter of 1924 his business came to a standstill. Only a few far-sighted people were convinced that the future growth of Southern California was inevitable. Bob, a Harvard graduate, had specialized in the field of research and development of new methods and materials of construction. He saw this as an opportunity to expand and apply his knowledge on the east coast. I was a second generation Californian, a native Angeleno, and had been raised from childhood on my New England grandparents' stories of "back east"; to discover what lay beyond the eastern border of my native state became an overwhelming desire.



Betty Veysey and the "Little Chariot," 1924.

The hard cold fact that our cash reserve amounted to very little and would only be increased by one or both of us earning money for the basic necessities of the trip scarcely dented our enthusiasm. The spirit of adventure soared high; we were ready to conquer all known and unknown challenges of the 3,000 mile journey ahead of us. Fortunately, neither one of us was without a streak of practicality. We planned our route to pass conveniently close to friends and relatives scattered across the country ready to welcome us and see first-hand how we were making out.

Weekend camping trips in "the Little Chariot," our pet name for our Ford coupe, had prepared us to a degree for the primitive conditions we expected to meet on the road. We had acquired necessary equipment: a water-proof umbrella tent, two army folding cots and campstools, a one-burner kerosene stove and lantern, adjustable running board racks, and most convenient of all, a cupboard with a door that let down to make a table. This was fastened to the door on the passenger side of the car. Bob was familiar with the hazards of driving in snow country, and wisely had installed a Ruxton axle for additional power and traction. We figured the trip might take about two months, and we would travel in June and July to escape the most intense heat of the desert.

To complete our equipment, an iron rack was fastened on the rear end to carry a small locker trunk holding our dress-up clothes. For Bob, these

included khaki pants and cotton shirts plus a leather jacket; for me, cotton dresses (never mind the ironing) and a pair of knickers modelled after men's golf knickers, quite sensational in the year 1924.

Our household goods were distributed among friends, neighbors, and families, and the large pieces of furniture stored in "grandma's basement." (A garage sale might have swelled our skinny bankroll.) On a beautiful day (smogless, of course) in early June, the Little Chariot headed up the coast on a paved, two-lane highway, its first objective being San Francisco. We had marked our route as far as Denver (each of us had a hospitable aunt there) so San Francisco was the happy starting point from which to turn east. Also, there were relatives *and* friends in that fascinating city where my Mother had been born.

After three days of enjoying the cable cars, those wonderful ferries (at that time had anyone foreseen the Golden Gate Bridge?), and then a farewell lunch at the Palace Hotel, we charted a course up into Northern California, already slightly varying the planned route over the High Sierra. A Berkeley friend had dropped the hint that there were plenty of jobs to be had in the large gold mine at Grass Valley in the Mother Lode country. It sounded worth looking into—and a bit romantic.

Bob had painted on the Little Chariot's rear window the words NO HASTE—YET NO DELAY. As we interpreted it, this cryptic saying meant we should not rule out any inviting detour, yet we would not linger too long in any one spot. We were not embarking primarily on a sight-seeing jaunt.

Grass Valley not only provided a job, but its greatest attraction for me was the tourist camp in a natural setting of trees and lush green grass. About a dozen separate cabins, like miniature houses, were sprinkled around an oval area, each cabin spotless and equipped for light housekeeping. We did not need to unload any of our camping equipment. My most vivid memory is that of sitting out on the tiny front porch in a bower of pink roses, in the long twilight of the balmy summer nights. I could have stayed forever! Bob had been hired as a carpenter in the gold mine, descending daily with the friendly miners into the mysterious depths of the earth. In two weeks time, he had earned more than enough to buy two heavy-duty tires for the rough trek across the state of Nevada.

Reno, Nev.
June 24, 1924

Dear Family,

My word! I could write a book as long as Wells' Outline of History if I had the time this morning.

Such a contrast between this camp and the one at Grass Valley. I who have been howling for the primitive life am now cast in the midst of it.

Reno's auto camp is nothing more than an old wheat field with an irrigation

ditch running down the middle; a stone wall surrounds us, and the rest of the equipment is all our own. The sun is blazing hot and I am dripping wet along with the most artistic washing which was done one piece at a time in the chipped enamel wash basin I almost left behind.

Bob has driven into town for new tires and grub, so here I sit on one of our canvas folding chairs, typewriter on the army cot, held firm by the one good suitcase, containing our dress-up outfits. I wonder *when* we'll be dressing-up?

Across the field to the west are the wooded slopes of the Sierra Nevada, a last reminder of my native California. Already I feel halfway across the continent, it is all so different in this northern part of the state. But we are not far at all. When we look at the map and see all those states yet to cross.

I'd better backtrack here because we detoured again, and only went as far as Truckee after leaving Grass Valley. It was a beautiful scenic highway up through the Yuba River Canyon, very narrow, winding roads between rugged gorges, and often we'd catch a glimpse of a covered snowshed over the tracks of the Union Pacific Railroad.

We had to stop for gas, water, and air in the tires at Truckee. One road sign pointed to Reno, the other to Lake Tahoe. We couldn't resist turning south first for a quick look at that famous lake. It was a thousand times worth doubling our tracks for those thirty extra miles, but of course, we more than doubled those miles after that first quick look. We kept on and on and finally came to a U.S. Forestry camp at the extreme southern end of the lake.

For the first time since waving goodbye to all of you at home we used our tent, pitching it in a nice woodsy spot with a marvelous view of the lake. It was sunset time and the lake was bathed in many shades of lavender, a delicate tint of azure blue in the sky, the whole effect more exquisite than a riot of brilliant colors. Only one other tent was visible in this inviting campground. It was still early in the season, awfully cold that night.

By noon the next day we reached the Nevada state line and what an unexpected sight met our eyes. A row of cars was lined up along a row of tents. It was the quarantine camp. Vague rumours had reached us while preparing for this coast-to-coast expedition, of an outbreak of Foot and Mouth Disease among the livestock on some of California's cattle ranches. These crude camps had been set up along the Arizona and Nevada borders for fumigating everything; all baggage, food and clothing, even people were subjected to this uncomfortable, unwelcome treatment.

We were told it would be at least an hour's wait, so we proceeded to clean out our cupboard and eat whatever we could rather than throw away our supplies except for the canned goods. We shared this roadside picnic with the people in the cars ahead and behind us. Most of them only going as far as Carson City without the need of anything with them except some fruit. Our Rye-Krisp spread heavily with peanut butter and honey, made a big hit. Of course, the disagreeable fumes drifting out from the fumigating tents were not at all to our liking, but for the most part everybody made the best of the situation.

When our turn came the Little Chariot had to be unloaded completely—nothing left but the body, the engine, the four wheels. We stowed all the luggage and the contents on shelves that sagged along the sides of a narrow shedlike building. In a nearby tent about a dozen of us women sat for an hour, wrapped in old

bathrobes, minus every stitch of clothing, being fumigated thoroughly; the men were in another tent, wrapped only in old blankets that Bob later described as being relics of the Civil War! The temperature in those tightly closed tents was close to 100°.

We all came out sputtering and choking, eyes burning from those deadly fumes but somehow we managed to grin and feebly chuckle. We accepted it as one of those hazards of traveling across state lines in that summer of 1924.

The task of re-loading that car was the hardest of all. We were so tempted to throw a lot of our equipment into the ditch. Thank goodness we resisted that urge for ahead of us we would need every bit of it. Right here in this poor makeshift of a campground in Reno, every single thing is being put to good use.

It was a mighty welcome sound when Bob cranked the engine and we knew we were on our way after that big delay.

Soon Lake Tahoe disappeared from view as we climbed higher and higher over perilous curves through a narrow pass where a marker at the summit read 7,600 ft. Several times we had to stop to let the radiator boil over, then refill it with water from the canvas bag that was never allowed to be empty on the entire trip.

We struck a paved highway from Carson City to Reno and felt positively dare-devilish speeding along at 30 miles per hour after two days of averaging only 12. On the many steep grades we kept encouraging the Little Chariot to make it with the help of that Ruxton axle and we'd hear a chug-chug of thanks—or was it our imagination?

Mother dear, your letter from Manhattan Beach was waiting for us at the General Delivery window of the Reno Post Office. How I miss those daily swims in the Pacific Ocean. It helped a bit to discover a community swimming pool within walking distance of this campground. Anyone who worries about the necessity of a daily hot bath should never even dream of a cross-country trip.

Ahead of us lie three or four days of no such a thing as paved roads, no route across Nevada one can dignify by calling it a highway. But we have two new tires, the best obtainable, the cupboard is re-stocked with non-perishable food, and a sack of oranges to quench our thirst. You'll hear from us out of the vast, open spaces somewhere in Nevada.

Austin, Nevada
June 26, 1924

Well, dear folks by the sea,

We are in the thick of things now, and that's for sure. What we've been yearning for as we sat so comfortably in Hollywood—a taste of the primitive life, the great open spaces, the challenges of the unknown—they are all here.

Only one day out of Reno, at least three more to go before we hit Salt Lake City. Frankly, Bob and I don't see how some people with no experience at all of any kind of desert driving retain their sanity going through this barren utterly forsaken country. Remember the last camping trip all of us took out to Palm Canyon and two cars got stuck in the sand? Bob learned then never to be without a shovel. It was midnight before we reached L.A. and that seemed pretty scary.

But out here we go miles and miles without passing another car. If we do, it is the natural thing to stop and compare maps and mileage and enjoy feeling sort of neighborly. There seem to be endless stretches of this bleak, empty desert country.

No sooner has the Little Chariot bravely crawled up a narrow pass with elevation close to 8,000 ft. than another looms up. This is sagebrush country for sure.

We wonder how many years will pass before all the ruts, bumps, jars, and jiggles of this forlorn little road might become a smooth two-lane highway? It is the most direct route across the state of Nevada and with Model T Fords multiplying like mad, improvement is bound to happen—but how soon? Our average speed is 15 miles per hour; when we manage to hit 25 it feels positively giddy.

This campsite in Austin is devoid of a single redeeming feature except that it is labelled as a town on the map. There is a garage of sorts where the Little Chariot is laid up in "sick bay" with none too serious ailments, but we knew it was wise to have them looked into.

Austin was once a prosperous mining town huddled in a narrow pass between bleak mountains surrounded by vast plains, very barren and scorching hot. Oh for the sight and smell of just one pine tree.

We are not the only weary campers making do along the main thoroughfare of this ghost-like town with nothing but empty, dilapidated buildings. We all compare notes and learn from people camping next to us, who are from Salt Lake City, that the roads ahead of us are pretty awful but could be worse. The most that can be said for them is "they are passable."

A car with a Massachusetts license and a big old Reo from Washington D.C. have sought shelter close together next to the one respectable building on this so-called Main St. The red bricks and green shutters seem oddly out of place. If it weren't so darned hot I'd be tempted to have a closer look. Down on the outer edge of this bit of civilization several cars from San Francisco, one a flashy Jewett, are lined up in a semi-circle as if expecting to be attacked by Indians.

There is a fine spirit of comradeship among all of us and we exchange tips freely of what to look out for and, most of all, we westerners caution those travelling west for the first time to carry plenty of extra gas and water. They will find no oasis between here and Reno.

The anticipation of a hot bath in a real bathtub is so great it is almost worth the wait. My stockings are all runs and grease spots. Those knickers are terribly unsatisfactory for this unbearable heat so I'm living in the coolest cotton dress I had been saving for Aunt Jenny's in Denver. The funny little hat I bought because Grandma urged me to is a life-saver. The wind never, never stops blowing.

I wish there was someway to put down my thoughts as we drive these endless miles. Most of the time Bob and I are silent but we do confess that we often hold inner conversations with different friends at home. The scenery is so monotonous, seldom anything that might be called spectacular or beautiful, except the sunsets. There is need for much patience (not exactly my long suit); actually a different brand of patience that can't be acquired in the everyday kind of life we were accustomed to in California. The real meaning of being a "good sport" is beginning to dawn on me by a rather painful process. It is absolutely impossible to give you a true picture of what we are going through. My spirit of high adventure is at low ebb tonight. I long for the comforts of Home!

Ruth, Nevada
June 29, 1924

"Home is where the heart is" —

Many times do I repeat that line to myself as I gaze around for some outer

sign of what a home is known by; finding no outer sign in these desolate surroundings, the truth of that line has taken root in my consciousness. It matters not what the external conditions may be, so long as the heart keeps close to a kind of indescribable inner harmony that can be felt, yet never seen, whether one is on a jammed city street or alone on a vast desert plain. The true blessings of life are not represented by money, but are to be found deep within the heart, where one is stripped down to the most meager necessities of daily living.

All this philosophising means that Bob and I are learning more about faith in ourselves, taking stock of that spirit of adventure that led us to undertake this cross country trip without facing realistically the possible hazards involved. A road map can only point the way; it simply can't warn you of what experiences may be encountered along the way.

A Model T Ford performs so reliably on city streets, on easy drives out into the country where roads are paved; even on those sandy roads around Palm Springs we often got stuck. It was all sort of a lark.

But pitted against these trackless desert roads in this relentless heat, we marvel that this sturdy but fragile little vehicle has the indomitable will to carry us over each rugged mile. It has taken us three days to cover the same distance as on that first day after leaving Reno.

Today, here in Ely, Bob and I have recovered that priceless commodity (entirely lost for at least 48 hours), a sense of humor. We are not trying to fool ourselves that all is well; we look at each other and know that all is not well. We made Ely against great odds. Our tire story alone sounds like a dirge of mighty bum luck. It has caused many delays, eaten up all but our last dollar, tested Bob's resourcefulness to the nth degree.

Here are the gruesome facts: In Reno, we bought two brand new tires and tubes, extra good ones. So we started out for Salt Lake City confident in the two faithful front tires, the two new rear tires, plus one worn spare.

A few hours out of Austin and bang went one of those brand new tires, inner tube shot to pieces . . . Put in a new tube and a few miles out into the sticks, all the air in that tube calmly wheezed out with all the heading on the casing pulled out. Definitely another defective tire that ruined another inner tube. We barely clumped along for several anxious miles mentally pushing the Little Chariot along until thankfully we reached Eureka, more sizeable than Austin, looking more alive with not one but actually two garages. Neither of them had the equipment to vulcanize the least damaged defective tire but with a shoe put in, we managed to gather up enough spunk to head for the next town on the map, which was Ely, the center of the copper mining industry in Nevada.

We hailed another Model T Ford with a Michigan license as we steered a wobbly course out of Eureka, dreading to leave behind even that much of a town. The two men from Detroit frankly told us we were faced with about 20 miles of very bad roads, the worst they had struggled over in their almost new Ford, a larger model than ours, but no more horsepower. The last 60 miles into Ely we would find fairly good roads, wide enough to pass another car without the risk of being stuck in the sand. We tried to digest this verdict with forced cheerfulness.

On the very worst stretches of the "bad roads" one of the faithful front tires died a noisy death. On went the spare. Those so-called good roads were so deeply gravelled we knew it was only a matter of time before that shoe would be cut to bits and pieces.

Fortunately each side of that road was littered with other bits and pieces of old tires, tubing and wire. Bob kept collecting everything that looked useable, most of the stuff so rotted from the constant barrage of heat it was a matter of on again, off again.

By nightfall our progress had been so snail-like we could only give up and pitch the tent off the road in that great silent desert of black nothingness, except for the brilliant stars overhead, our spirits totally unlighted as we ate crackers and jam, far too weary to build a fire.

Came the dawn without any fresh inspiration. Bob was confronted with a problem relating to methods and materials of construction not as applied to housing but to rebuilding automobile tires, without which no Model T Ford or any kind of automobile could travel. All of his creative abilities were challenged. The first step was to take off the patched up defective tire before it blew to pieces like the other one. Then the old spare, worn thin in numerous spots, was covered with an old casing found across the road from our campsite. This held together for a few miles before the gravel chewed it up. Every mile or so we got out to examine this peculiar looking double-decker created out of abandoned pieces of scrap lying along both sides of the road, forlorn evidence of others with similar tire troubles.

One last mishap completes this sad tale. Within sight of Ely, looming up on the eastern skyline like the Promised Land, the double-decker miraculously holding together, a horribly familiar wheezing sound struck our ears, as the one last unpatched tire sank to earth. A deep gash had cut clear through its outer casing.

Only one way to solve this hopeless fix and that was for Bob to carry this tire into Ely, leaving me to settle down in the little contraption that could not budge on three wheels. Luck was with us, the tire vulcanized and a ride out of Ely brought Bob back before I had completely melted in this murderous heat.

Ely, the largest town according to our map, between Reno and Salt Lake City, had not yet provided wayfarers with a designated campsite. We had to pitch the tent on a flat, barren field on the edge of town, across the railroad tracks that separated us from a dingy conglomeration of wind-bitten shacks.

If I felt cleaner myself, if anything in sight even looked clean, I might have grappled with this situation more cheerfully. The wind is like an enemy. It blows ceaselessly, covering everything with dust and dirt from the red-granite hills without one tree, one touch of green. The canteens are empty, the canvas waterbag is empty, our cupboard is bare, we are empty! Our last lonely dollar will buy a loaf of bread, a can of beans, and a can of fruit—hopefully peaches.

As Bob crossed the tracks on his way back from parting with that dollar, he made a joyful discovery: a well used by the railroad hands, pumped forth wonderful, cool, refreshing water. Canteens were filled, our hands and faces scrubbed clean, our spirits rose as "dinner is served."

A dramatic sunrise wakened us early and we finished that loaf of bread and what remained of those best-tasting canned peaches in the world. In the two-by-four market Bob had inquired about work, any kind of work to be had, and learned there was always a need of carpenters and miners in the nearby mining town of Ruth, seven miles up the road.

Not wanting to run the risk of more tire trouble, Bob set off on foot determined to tackle any kind of work he could find in Ruth. So here I am huddled in the shelter of a wind-blown tent, trying to forget my present surroundings by imagining being there with all of you in the cottage by the sea where cool

breezes blow all summer long, when you are about to sit down to our favorite meal, fresh fish, corn on the cob, and big slices of watermelon. Right? Why on earth did I turn my back on all those summer pleasures? I guess the chance to see what it is like "back east" was too tempting and also Bob wanted to seek his fortune on the east coast. But how I wish the Little Chariot had wings so we could leap over this miserable stretch of the trip. Why oh why did we have to be the victims of defective tires? No fair!

Later, much later, many dreary hours later it seemed to me in my grumbling state of mind, Bob returned from his search for work, any kind of work that would get us out of here on new tires. At Ruth,a tiny place that exists only for the convenience of the big copper mine at Kimberly, he learned that it would be easy to be taken on in the mines, that his experience as a carpenter in the gold mine at Grass Valley would practically assure him of a job.

We squandered our good luck piece of silver, two-bits worth, on a heavenly dish of ice cream at the Desert Rat Cafe. We fitted into the atmosphere as if we belonged.

Ruth, Nevada
July 4, 1924

More good news, dearest family,

A real cause for celebration on this Glorious Fourth. Bob was put on the payroll the very day we arrived and listen to this: now I am also on the payroll of the Kimberly Copper Mining Co. which has enormous open pits with lots of work going on. I am a waitress at the Men's Boarding House!

This didn't happen overnight. For three miserable, endless days of camping on another barren field with the wind blowing its head off day and night; not clean wind but thick with a sickly yellow grit that gets into everything, I got so full of despair I was ready to call it quits. Even the campstove refused to light. We kicked around the idea of driving into Ely to send a wire to you folks for help—with money for train fare to send me on to Aunt Jenny's in Denver. Much as I longed to escape, I just couldn't go along with that idea.

On the third day, while Bob was off working in the pits, the wind blew so fiercely, the tent collapsed with me under it. I wasn't hurt but I shed buckets of tears and felt mighty sorry for myself. When Bob saw what had happened, he decided to ask for help from one of the carpenters he works with. He is one of the few married men who is lucky enough to have a company house on the opposite side of the field where we had tried to camp. I had looked at that row of flimsy frame houses with great envy. They had protection with the high bank of tailings from the open pits.

Bob returned with the Trembaths, who insisted that we move all our stuff over to the rear of their house, which wasn't large enough to hold all four of us. But the best part of all was a hot bath in a real bathtub, followed by a wonderful supper. Mrs. Trembath has a weather-beaten face, a brusque manner but so honest and genuinely kind. She turned me from a dirty little outcast into a clean human being. Everything about her is spotlessly clean.

Over breakfast, after the men had gone off to the pits, she asked me what kind of work I had done in the past, rightly suspecting I was a city girl who had never been faced before with the rigors of a mining camp. When I told her that in my freshman year at Berkeley, I had worked as a waitress at the Faculty Club, she fairly pulled me out of the door and we climbed the steep hill to the Men's Boarding

House, a long, dingy, grey building, typical of its kind I guess, where she tracked down the manager, Mr. Inglekee, who agreed to try me out as a waitress. He only needed two to handle serving the men who ate there three times a day, averaging about 60 for each meal.

I found out later that there was one very good dependable waitress, Janie, and a very poor one, altogether too friendly with these rough miners. So the manager considered it a lucky break for someone to show up in this out of the way spot looking for honest work. He knew that my past experience as a waitress on a college campus was a far cry from the heavy, menial work he had to offer, but I guess he saw I was more than willing to try it.

The best news of all is that besides my pay of sixty-five dollars a month, I am entitled to free room and board and Bob can move in with me (naturally) with thirty-five dollars taken out of my pay for his board.

As a carpenter, Bob's pay of five-seventy-five per day, amounts to about one hundred and seventy-five dollars per month. Isn't that magnificent? We have struck gold at this copper mine.

We couldn't have been more excited as we drove the Little Chariot over to the B.H. and began to unload than if we were about to move into a luxurious apartment on Fifth Avenue. The pock-marked plastered walls of all the upstairs rooms are a ghastly sickening green, the cheap furniture battered and worn from years of use, and the ceiling slopes down at such an angle Bob has to be careful not to bump his head. But to us it's a palace!

Right next door to our room, a glorious sight met our eyes: a large bathroom with all the basic requirements, even hot and cold running water. The huge bathtub makes an ideal laundry tub, except that you kneel on the floor to scrub the clothes. Mrs. Trembath gave me a bar of Fels-Naptha soap that helps to dig out the dirt after hours of soaking. The water is extra hard. For the first time since leaving Grass Valley, we not only look clean but we feel clean.

Our upstairs neighbors consist of Janie, the other waitress, and Frenchy, her husband of two months; Dixie, the cook, jolly and good natured, not the temperamental kind I had to deal with at the Faculty Club; Pete, the baker, neat and well-scrubbed; at the far end in a small room under the eaves, in his favorite domain, resides Dad, the dishwasher who keeps to himself; nobody addresses him by his real name, that of Elmer. Janie warned me right away that if he takes a dislike to you he can be sort of mean and cranky. So you learn to keep out of his way. Bob and I fit in perfectly with this cast of characters.

Mrs. Trembath saved my life in yet another way by donating a faded pink house dress together with one of her old kitchen aprons, all that was needed to turn me into a waitress. My stockings, runs and all, survived the thorough washing I gave them and my shoes, though rather disgraceful looking, are comfortable. We miss that trunkful of spare clothes that was shipped to Salt Lake City from Reno, but that extra weight would have bogged us down for sure. Besides we expected to be across the state of Nevada within three days at the most. This is the beginning of our third week and we can't move on until two new tires arrive. Bob sent the two defective wrecks into Salt Lake City, C.O.D., determined to have a reckoning with the tire company.

I had my first go-around with old Dad the day I washed everything in sight and wanted to hang them out on the clotheslines. Janie had told me he regards that as his private line and you don't use it unless he gives his permission. If it's

yes, you hear a squeaky grunt, if it's no, he growls at you and you don't argue. You just put up a line over the bathtub.

Want to hear about how I'm earning $65.00 a month less that $35 for Bob's board? At six a.m. Janie and I tumble downstairs and lug enormous bowls of food from the kitchen onto long tables in the dining room. Each of us has eight tables that seat eight men. For breakfast, we don't always have the full quota but at the other two meals, the men all show up.

We keep a sharp watch on those bowls because the men yell at us if they are empty so we dash to the kitchen for refills. At every meal we keep pitchers of coffee, tea, milk, and water constantly filled to the brim. The men don't all come in on the dot as the bunk houses are scattered all around on the various level places suitable for a building of any kind.

When a new table fills up, we shout "Line" to the cook and he begins dishing up everything being served for that meal. Those ravenous miners consume gobs of bacon and eggs, toast and jam, stacks of hotcakes, mush, fried potatoes, canned fruit every single breakfast. When the serving bowls are emptied, which happens fast, we shout "Refill" and only when all the men at a table stop eating, do we carry the bowls back to the kitchen and say "Dead Line." The jargon is to the point, understood by one and all.

The hardest part comes after each meal, for we must first clear off the tables, then re-set them ready for the next meal. Janie has been doing this sort of thing all of her life, she can take a whole stack of these heavy plates in one hand, but my fingers are not practiced enough so I make lots of trips back and forth. We have the coffee, tea, and milk pitchers to clean and the whole dining room to sweep.

The exercise makes me almost as ravenous as the men and you wouldn't believe how much I get away with every single meal. By nine a.m. Janie and I are usually free until 12 noon, busy again with the same routine until 5 p.m. and usually all through by 7 p.m. The main thing is to be on time. I forgot to tell you that Janie and I take time out to eat before we finish cleaning up. The help has a little out-of-the-way corner in the kitchen and we can have all the food we want.

Bob comes back from the pits about 4 p.m. so there is about an hour for us to enjoy together, comparing notes of our suddenly busy lives. It does seem funny to slide a platter of food over my husband's shoulders as if he were just another boarder. He is making up for all those skimpy meals that we existed on and eats with real relish. You can't imagine the contrast in landing here with a roof over our heads, no more buffeting with those howling winds, no more food seasoned with grit. No more cooking for me, no more struggling to keep that smelly old campstove going. Camping in one spot, like we have done in the mountains with Dad making everything so convenient and comfortable is totally different from being on the move with one night makeshift camp sites. And we are only in Nevada. Well, we asked for it, didn't we?

Getting back to the present, I am really getting a kick out of this whole set-up. The atmosphere is generally harmonious in the kitchen, the language is pretty terrible and I have to get used to a certain amount of rough manners, but I am learning to take it all in stride. By the end of the month, we shall have quite a decent bank roll. Mrs. Trembath told me living is so high here, it takes fifty dollars easy just to feed two people. It's such a relief not to be cooking, especially in this hot climate. Today it is very muggy, a thunderstorm is gathering even though they say (just like in California) it never rains here in summer. The miners are cel-

ebrating this Fourth of July holiday, one of the few observed here, by going down to Ely and may look like drowned rats by the time they get back. There goes a big rip-snorting clap of thunder. Thank our lucky stars we aren't huddled out in a tent.

Janie got off today so she and Frenchy could have some fun. I felt a little shaky at first, handling all the tables alone, with twice as many men as Dixie had counted on. I was on the run every minute and must have done all right, because everybody gave me the glad hand for keeping up with the rush. I wrote to Jean yesterday and told her how many times I thought of our waitress days at the Faculty Club. She is spending the summer at Carmel, lucky gal, helping out with one of the professors and his family that we often waited on at the F.C. I think he was the one who got hot coffee spilled down his back when I was a complete novice.

No firecrackers or Roman candles for celebrating this Fourth of July, but a crate of fresh peaches and plums came in by truck and Dixie told me to help myself. He is not a watch-dog around the kitchen. Oh, the smell of rain is wonderful!

Kimberly, Nevada
July 16, 1924

Dear Family,

Well, this is the first time I have sat down to write a letter since the glorious Fourth when everything looked so rosy. It is no joke being a slave, a hasher, a hard-working waitress in a mining camp.

Great doings around here these days, the nice easy going atmosphere has vanished. The men are passing around a petition to have the manager ousted mainly because they don't like the food. Janie says they always kick about something, sooner or later, but I notice they keep right on gobbling up whatever is served. What kind of meals do they expect for thirty-five dollars a month? To top it all off, the cook is leaving tonight. He claims it is the high altitude of over 7,000 ft. elevation that is getting him down. Dixie has been so good-natured we are praying for another cook easy to get along with. Bob and I think the meals are first-rate, considering how far this place is from the railroad and not very adequate space or means of keeping things fresh. The refrigerator is as old as Methuselah, I swear.

Mr. Inglekee does look half-asleep most of the time, avoids stirring up any trouble, so from the viewpoint of the help, he is preferable by far to a manager who is nosey and inclined to worry about every little thing. His wife is a dear, always cheerful, long ago accepting the fact that she is married to a man without ambition, raising their two little children in this hole of a place, the closest school down in Ely without any regular means of getting there.

No matter what changes are in the offing, Janie and I know there is no danger of losing our jobs—we are entirely satisfactory and know it. Not that there is any thought of making this a career especially in a place without any tipping. I have never figured out why Janie has chosen this kind of a place. She is a whiz at it and I have picked up all the fine points just by watching her.

Two days later: can't remember what interrupted this letter but it is a relief to tell you all is calm sailing around here. The new cook, Roy by name, miraculously arrived when he said he would which was a very good sign, believe me. His old auto was held together by rope and wire. One more bump and we are sure it would have fallen apart. He knows how to get along with old Dad even tho he is much younger than Dixie and not quite so easy going. But right off the bat we knew—he was at home in preparing food for a big bunch of hungry men; there

was no grumbling at the tables, that petition has been forgotten. It looks like Mr. Inglekee is safe for the time being.

That precious box from home arrived on the loaded truck of supplies from Ely over seven miles of bumpy roads. It is a wonder the contents weren't strewn along the way. The wrapping looked like it had been chewed up by a dog. That green gingham dress fits me to perfection, so glad I warned you of all the extra pounds I'm putting on. You wouldn't believe all the hotcakes I put away at a single sitting.

Another piece of mail was a notice from that tire company in Salt Lake about the tires to replace the defective ones that were guaranteed. They lived up to their word and we can breathe easy on that score. Bob drove into Ely right after work. Frenchy hopped in with him and Janie told them not to hurry back. They took all our canteens to be filled with good water at the Springs, a stopping-place just this side of Ruth. The drinking water here is so vile tasting we've been making lemonade whenever fresh lemons are plentiful.

Halfway through the dinner shift Janie whispered to me to speed up the last serving of pie so we could walk down the road and get to the Springs in time to ride back with our husbands. So off we went just as the sun was setting and the moon, almost full, was poking its brilliantly lighted head over the rocky buttes on each side of a narrow, winding canyon. It was a bit spooky and we didn't want to be caught out in the dark. This road is almost deserted except on Saturday night when all the boys head for the bright lights of Ely, coming back broke and quite drunk. They have no other pleasures.

It was a nice surprise to get a lift halfway to the Springs from one of the "safe" old bachelors who had his canteens ready to be filled with that good water. Ephraim (isn't that a Bible character name for you) urged us to ride back with him, feeling sort of responsible for two wives out on their own with darkness creeping in. But Janie and I were determined to stick it out until our husbands appeared. We were sure they would hurry back and be completely sober.

No sooner had old Ephraim rounded the bend than here came a rattle-trap old Ford touring car with one door missing and pieces of its top flapping in the breeze. Two rough looking characters began throwing tin cans at nothing in particular, getting out to drink at the Springs, which is like a watering-hole for the whole population nearby. Janie quickly sized them up as a pair of boozed-up cowboys. I tried to act brave and nonchalant but I was praying hard for that Little Chariot to come to the rescue. Once they started to drive off singing (more like bellowing) off-key at the top of their lungs. Janie and I had been hiding behind big clumps of sagebrush and giggled with relief at not being spotted. But as that eerie moon came out from behind a jagged peak they did discover us and circled back, got out and built a bonfire, then serenaded us with a harmonica. Imagine if you can, dear folks, hearing their rendition of Al Jolson's tune that goes something like this: "How in the hell did the ole folks know—Ain't gonna rain no more," followed by scrambled snatches of "Jesus, Lover of my Soul!" It was pretty weird! Our hiding-place got unbearable. We kept shifting around on the sharp rocks and our hind legs were so stiff we longed to stand up straight and stretch. We didn't dare because we didn't really know what they were up to. This went on for almost an hour but at last those crazy cowboys, harmless at least, too full of booze to hunt for two gals cowering in the sagebrush, drove off into the night.

Where oh where were our husbands? What could have happened? At this altitude there is a real chill in the night air so Janie and I began scurrying around for more wood to keep that bonfire burning. It gave us a feeling of protection, too. But as the night wore on we admitted it was better to be on the move so we set out up the road for Kimberly, first having to get back to the main road, the Springs being a little off on a short side road.

We had gone only a little way when headlights bore down on us and there was Bob but no Frenchy. Being famous for his one track mind, Bob had forgotten all about turning off at the road to the Springs. Luckily something made me leave a note on the bureau telling him where Janie and I would be waiting. So Bob dumped Frenchy out and drove as fast as he dared back to the Springs, full of concern. Those two erring husbands had taken in a movie, a terribly thrilling melodrama, never dreaming their wives were waiting at the well.

Good news from the tire company except they only shipped one vacuum cup tire claiming that they were not sure the second one was also defective. We are more than sure so will just go on working here until we have four good tires and inner tubes for the journey across the rest of Nevada, with no paved roads until we are close to Salt Lake City. We are going by way of the great Salt Lake so we can have a swim in that famous salty pond. It is over 500 miles away.

We are saving almost every cent we earn and it looks big but never again do we want to find ourselves down to our last dollar. Our spirit of adventure is toned down by good old common sense which, as you well know, has never been my long suit.

By the way, thanks for that generous supply of stamps in your last letter. It is a thrill to read every word from home. I can follow you mentally as you close the beach house and pack up for a short spell at Barton Flats. No summer is complete without the smell of those big pine trees.

Kimberly, Nevada
August 6, 1924

Dearest dears in California,

One last letter from me before pulling up stakes and shoving on. The tire company generously shipped that other tire, free of charge, so we decided, with a little hesitation, to give notice to Mr. Inglekee that one carpenter and one waitress would be out of the green room in the Men's Boarding House by the end of the week, which is tomorrow. Our bankroll has zoomed from zero to over two hundred dollars. Isn't that great? We feel RICH!

In order to keep more of this desert dirt and grit out of the cupboard, Bob has lined it with oilcloth. From now on our grub (as old Dad says) will taste like it should. I'll never be able to duplicate these meals I've been serving and eating here, even without any fresh vegetables or salads, they are mighty good and substantial. Breakfast on the road will never have bacon and eggs and hotcakes! Bob is so easy to please; I shudder to think what this trip would be like with a fussy husband. Aren't I fortunate?

We are starting out with a sack of Utah peaches presented by Roy, the cook, with the kitchen crew looking on and a loaf of freshly-baked bread shyly handed to us by Pete, who knows his dough. The whole Inglekee family lined up to wish us good luck and goodbye, Mr. I. resigned to losing another waitress without any replacement in sight. Ephraim, who no longer puts in a full days at the pits, has

volunteered to give Janie a hand. I owe an awful lot to Janie and tried to tell her so in a tearful hug, promising to write. She never made me feel nervous even when I handled those stacks of thick platters so awkwardly that I got dark looks from some of the men who must have thought they were doomed to have a barrage of food fall in their laps. But for the most part, they tolerated me good-naturedly. This contact with other human beings from such a different background as mine has made me realize, as nothing else could, not to judge another person by the outer layers of his personality. To rub elbows with uneducated human beings is to know them in a special way that never happens on a purely social level. One finds out a lot about oneself, believe me.

At Ely our route takes us way up north to a town called Wendover on the edge of the great Salt Lake desert. To get there we have to climb several high passes so it won't be easy going and may take a couple of nights. Expect to hear from us when we reach Salt Lake. We'll do the usual tourist things there and then head for Denver, confident in the Little Chariot to get us over the Rockies. We hear that those Colorado roads are wonderful, entirely different soil there that makes them hard and practically dust-free. We'll never make Boston by the first of September but we are on our way.

Farewell, Nevada.*

* Mrs. Veysey informed the Editor that after saying farewell to Nevada, two more months of travel ensued before she and her husband arrived in Boston, "with exactly $5.00 on hand." Her husband *did* secure work, so the trip proved worthwhile.

Frank Waters' "Prelude to Change"

CHARLES L. ADAMS

IN THE SUMMER OF 1978, when I wrote "The Return of Frank Waters" for the *Nevada Historical Society Quarterly*, I inadvertently used a title that would, perhaps, have been much better suited to this present report. On May 23, 1981, shortly after having delivered a highly successful lecture at Stanford University, Frank Waters returned once more to Las Vegas, this time to present the major address at the annual University of Nevada, Las Vegas commencement and to receive from UNLV an honorary Doctorate of Humane Letters. An audience of over a thousand graduates and between three and four thousand friends and relatives, in the rotunda of the Las Vegas Convention Center, heard Mr. Waters' address, which he titled "Prelude to Change."

The audience responded with an enthusiasm which, in my experience, was unprecedented at a commencement address, interrupting his speech four times with spontaneous cheers, whistles and applause (indicated hereafter in the text of the speech). Some of the points that were applauded might strike a reader as strange: two of them are references to the approaching end of the Piscean Age (our present Age) and to the coming Age of Aquarius. A possible partial explanation for the audience's enthusiastic response may be reflected in a newly-formed group of UNLV students, faculty and administrators, along with interested townspeople, called "The Aquarian Network." Members of this group describe themselves as "sharing an ideal and a hope for a happier world, and a desire to help realize this goal in our lifetimes"—essentially a major point in Mr. Waters' address.*

The Chairman of the University of Nevada Board of Regents, Mr. Robert A. Cashell, presented Mr. Waters to UNLV's president, Leonard E. Goodall, with the following remarks:

Frank Waters, writer, editor, teacher, we are extremely pleased to add another honor to the long list already bestowed upon you. At 78, you have devoted your

* This group sponsored an "Aquarian Earth Fair" on the UNLV campus on September 24–27, 1981, at which time Marilyn Ferguson, author of *The Aquarian Conspiracy* spoke. Readers interested in the connection with Mr. Waters' work are referred to his *Mexico Mystique: The Coming Sixth World of Consciousness* (Swallow Press, 1975), and to his "The Fifth World—The Ninth Planet," in *Voices from the Southwest, A Gathering in Honor of Lawrence Clark Powell* (Northland Press, 1976).

career to chronicling the Southwest and its people. You have received formal schooling—at Colorado College—and, perhaps more important, informal schooling as an oil field roustabout in Wyoming, a bilingual weekly newspaper editor in New Mexico, an information specialist for the atomic research program at Los Alamos, New Mexico, and at Yucca and Frenchman Flats north of Las Vegas in the Nevada desert. A man whose pen has recorded the broad vistas and minute details of his Southwestern home, you were the first director of the New Mexico Arts Commission. Your extensive writing includes twenty fiction and nonfiction books, certain of which have been translated into French, German, Dutch, Swedish and Japanese—a testament to the international interest in your portraits of the Southwest. You are no stranger to the faculty and students of the University of Nevada, Las Vegas. The English Department offers a course on your work; you collaborated with one of our professors in editing the posthumous book of Tibetan Buddhist scholar Dr. W. Y. Evans-Wentz. Your insight has added to several projects undertaken by the UNLV faculty, and in turn, faculty members have aided you in your work. Your writings have been the subject of numerous masters' theses and at least two doctoral dissertations, attesting to the academic as well as popular interest in your work. Three of your writings have been accepted as original sources by the C. G. Jung Foundation in Zurich, Switzerland; you have received honorary membership in the National Honor Society of Phi Kappa Phi; and, with this presentation, you hold six honorary doctorates. We are proud to have with us today a man whose five decades of work have enriched American letters in the fields of biography, history, anthropology, Indian myth and religion, and fiction. You honor us by accepting this Honorary Doctorate of Humane Letters.

After being invested with his doctoral hood and receiving his diploma from President Goodall, Mr. Waters presented the following, rather unusual, commencement address:

President Goodall, Faculty, Graduates, Students and Guests of UNLV:

It is a great pleasure to receive an honorary doctorate from the University of Nevada, Las Vegas. I would like to acknowledge it, if I may, on behalf of the many books written under my name. For it seems to me that they did not come from me individually as much as through me from the powers that somehow direct the efforts and activities of all of us in our respective fields.

Meeting with you here this afternoon is an added pleasure. Las Vegas has been familiar and dear to me for many years. I lived and worked here thirty years ago—during the early atomic test series at Yucca and Frenchman's Flats, while I was associated with the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory. I have also enjoyed a continuing relationship with this University through Dr. Adams' teaching courses on my work and Dr. Fiero's preparation of his audio-visual presentation of my book *The Colorado.* I must also acknowledge the help and encouragement given me by Dr. Craig Walton of the Department of Philosophy, Rita Deanin Abbey of the Art Department, Dr. Patricia Geuder and many other friends.

So it seems to me that all of us here are strangely interrelated by our common dependence upon one universal creative force manifesting itself in many different ways.

However, ours is a time which has lost sight of this inherent unity of all aspects of life. We are concerned only with its diversities—their contradictory

aims and practices, their opposing modes of thought. We live today in a fragmented world.

Just how long ago we got into such a confusing world mess, no one seems to know. But about the turn of the century there were signs that an invisible tempest was brewing which, as Kazantzakis, the great Greek novelist wrote, was picked up by sensitive fingertips. H. G. Wells' *War in the Air,* and Jack London's superb *Iron Heel,* for example, were both published in 1908, and both predicted the outbreak of a world war, World War I, in 1913, missing it by only one year.

It was followed by World War II, the wars in Korea, Viet Nam, Cambodia, hot and cold wars and revolutions throughout the world. Fragmentation—the disease of our time, as Wendell Perry calls it. Fragmentation into separate and warring nationalities, races and racial minorities, political entities, religious creeds and sects.

More tragic is what has happened to us here in the richest and most powerful nation on earth. Excessively rationalistic and materialistic, we are dedicated to Progress at any Price, to constantly increasing the Gross National Product. We are destroying the land, poisoning rivers, lakes and the oceans, polluting the very air we breathe. In doing so, we have alienated ourselves from our Mother Earth and all the forces of nature. This has resulted in the fragmentation of our own natures—a rupture between our conscious and unconscious selves, our minds and hearts. Spiritually bankrupt, we are no longer in harmony with the source of life.

Clearly, what has been good for General Motors has *not* been good for us. [applause] The price we have paid for Progress has been increased mental illness, crime, vandalism, delinquency, drug addiction and alcoholism. I don't need to elaborate this negative, dreary picture. Authorities in every field present the documented facts, and you are well aware of what is happening here in the Land of the Hard-Way Eight.

It is impossible for anyone to foresee the end of this cultural decline. The most pessimistic herald a complete, disastrous collapse. The most optimistic believe that political, economic and ecological measures will halt our present suicidal course. The majority of us look on helplessly, knowing that federal and state governments, multinational and agri-business developers, will not do an about-face overnight. And we are too apathetic to rock the boat of our comfortable lives, to change inwardly.

But if at the beginning of this century, sensitive fingertips picked up the signs of a brewing, invisible tempest, so now many other fingertips are detecting a change in the wind. The signs of change may not be easily discernible, but they are everywhere. More and more families are moving upon small farms to grow their own food and live simply. Young people are rejecting the doctrines of the outmoded Establishment. Western scientists are becoming more receptive to the ancient religious beliefs of the East. Paranormal experiences of every kind are becoming common. The earth itself is erupting with signs of inner unrest.

Notable, too, I think, is the recent widespread interest being taken in the religious beliefs of our American Indians after a century of neglect. In their ages-long reverence for Mother Earth as a living entity, and their respect for all her other children—the four-legged and the winged, the pine and the stalk of corn. Theirs is a spiritual ecology we have not yet achieved by realizing that man

is an inalienable part of a universal unity that cannot remain fragmented if he is to endure.

And he will endure despite all trials and tempests. Like the American Indian. Like the coyote who has not been obliterated despite the guns, traps and poisons of State Game Departments. Like the ocotillo and greasewood which survive months of terrific heat on waterless deserts.

Behind all these signs of change, we can believe there lies a new pattern about to unfold, dictated by the cosmic powers that govern the life of mankind, all nature, the universe itself. The governing higher powers and their transcendental laws are beyond our comprehension. But we can vaguely perceive that their thrust is generally creative, always toward establishing unity of the self and its harmony with the whole.

There seems to have been in the past a marked correspondence between zodiacal cycles and the changes in earth and mankind. Former civilizations have risen and vanished in great cycles of birth, death and transformation. But man alone does not control the destinies of peoples and nations by legislation or armed might. Forces outside him help influence events. As Schwaller de Lubicz records, a new period is always preceded by preparatory events—seismic movements, climatic changes and finally by the spirit that animates man, giving birth to a new state of thought.

These expansions of human consciousness appear to follow the organic pattern of all Creation. They do not take place gradually, but periodically in cycles that coincide with such great cosmic cycles. For man's evolution comprises more than the physical evolution of his bodily form, more than his own evolution of material means to supply his daily needs and desires for food, comfort and entertainment. The only true measure of his evolution is the enlargement of his consciousness.

Hence we can, I believe, view this negative era of fragmentation as a period preliminary to the unfolding of a large pattern of creativity. Another expansion of our own ever-evolving consciousness.

How fortunate, how exciting it seems to me, that we are living today! Experiencing the last phase of our dominating rationalistic and materialistic Western culture. And standing on the threshold of the most drastic change since the beginning of the Christian era. The stars above assure us this is so, auguring a still greater universal change. They herald the end of our present 2,000-year Age of Pisces—the twelfth and last age in the Zodiacal cycle. And with this, the end of the greater 26,000-year cycle of the Precession of the Equinoxes, the World Clock, as it's called. [applause]

Since earliest times, man has been aware of the drastic changes accompanying these astronomical cycles. It may be interesting to note that the ancient Mayas of Mexico believed that there had existed four previous worlds. Each had been sucessively destroyed and replaced by another. The lifetime of each the Mayas astronomically and mathematically computed to be 5200 years. Hence the duration of the four previous worlds and their current Fifth World totalled 26,000—the exact length of the Precession of the Equinoxes, which I have just mentioned. More curiously still, the Mayas projected the beginning of their Fifth World—which is also the world or era we are living in today—back to 3113 B.C. And its end they projected to 2011 A.D.

What an astounding prediction to have been made by a supposedly uncivilized people a thousand years before Columbus' alleged discovery of the New World!

I have not pulled this out of the hat as a strange, amusing oddity of ancient human thought. For it is echoed today by our contemporary Indian pueblos in the Southwest. The Hopi Prophecy has lately gained wide notoriety. It predicts our world will soon be destroyed because of the very evils now besetting us—crime, corrupt materialism and violation of our earth. And still more curiously, many current scientists are predicting cataclysmic changes about 2000 A.D. [applause]

Personally, I don't believe a dire catastrophe will overtake this planet. I prefer to regard the successive mythical worlds of the Mayas and Hopis—the Zunis and Navajos also—as dramatic allegories for successive states of mankind's everexpanding consciousness. Symbols of conscious changes taking place in rhythmic cycles which relate the inner life of man to his material outer world.

If this is true, this pivotal hour on the World Clock will mark not only the death, but the transformation and expansion of our current limited beliefs. The change will not be completed overnight, perhaps not even in a century. But it is already under way within us.

The individual—each one of us—is supremely important as the *Net* National Product, the enduring human capital remaining after the transient profits of the Gross National Product have been squandered. [applause] So I hope that especially those of you who are graduating from this University today will leave with a sense of partaking in this growing inner evolution of mind and heart—this prelude to change which will be manifested in outer material form.

Mr. Waters' most recent works are a collection of essays, *Mountain Dialogues*, and the editing, with this writer, of the W. Y. Evans–Wentz's *Cuchama and Sacred Mountains*, both of which are scheduled to be released this month by Swallow Press/University of Ohio Press. He is presently finishing an additional volume of essays, which we can expect to see published next year. With such a display of productivity, perhaps Las Vegas can look forward again to still another "Return of Frank Waters."

Blacks and the Boulder Dam Project

ROOSEVELT FITZGERALD

IN THE YEARS 1930 and 1931, the United States moved ever deeper into the throes of the worst depression in its history. At the same time, however, the small city of Las Vegas not only experienced a period of expansion and prosperity, but also inexorably moved into a transition period in its history which laid the groundwork for the emergence of an entirely new basis for its economic development.

The Boulder Dam Project, begun in late 1930, was the key to this economic boom. Although there were other areas in the country which managed to avoid the worst hardships of the Great Depression, southern Nevada was among the most conspicuous.[1] By the time the actual construction of the dam itself started in 1931, approximately seven million Americans were out of work (the figure would continue to increase), and those who remained employed generally were earning less and less. Many of the unemployed attempted to follow up leads (and rumors) of work available. When Congress actually appropriated funds for the Boulder Dam Project, interest in southern Nevada increased; as the depression worsened and the various construction projects got underway this interest quickened. Over a year and one-half before work on the dam started, letters of inquiry were arriving.[2] Local newspapers were reporting on the deluge of prospective workers arriving, and the attendant housing problems, in late 1930 and early 1931.[3]

Local labor groups were concerned about job protection for Las Vegans. Crafts in the city were unionized and therefore had some protection against outsiders, and they urged that men hired by the Six Companies, Incorporated be "bona fide" citizens of Nevada.[4] The project would bring about

[1] Brief accounts of the Boulder Dam Project and its economic impact on the Clark County area are to be found in Russell Elliott, *History of Nevada* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1973), pp. 275–277; James Hulse, *The Nevada Adventure* (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 1978), pp. 226–229; C. Gregory Crampton, *The Complete Las Vegas* (Salt Lake City: Peregrine Smith, 1976), pp. 45–51. A standard account is Paul L. Kleinsorge, *The Boulder Canyon Project* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1941).

[2] *Las Vegas Age*, January 2, 1930, p. 2.

[3] Kleinsorge, p. 301.

[4] Telegram from H. C. Gardett to Leonard Blood, July 9, 1931; Blood File, Special Collections Department, Dickinson Library, University of Nevada, Las Vegas.

major changes in terms of the labor market in the entire area; not only would thousands of new jobs be created, but also there would be acute competition for the available jobs because of the influx of outsiders.

Unfortunately, a portion of the local labor market was not even considered: the Black residents of Las Vegas. Numbering 143 out of a population of 5,165 in 1930, according to Bureau of the Census figures, Blacks generally could not become union members in a union-oriented city. It appears from the evidence available that discriminatory hiring practices were followed from the very beginnings of the project. Local Blacks responded by forming the Colored Citizens Labor and Protective Association of Las Vegas on May 5, 1931. This group reportedly had 247 members as early as September, 1931, thus indicating a rapid increase in the number of Blacks in the immediate area. Nye Wilson, the Secretary of the Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce, spoke before the group on September 18, 1931:

> Wilson gave a brief outline of the unemployment situation in Las Vegas, suggested means of alleviating much of the suffering, told of charitable organization work, and stressed the need of organization among the labor groups to aid in combating the situation.[5]

In December of the same year, at an open meeting in which Blacks discussed their plight, the following was reported in a local newspaper:

> Specific instances were cited by various speakers in which building programs and construction work was under progress with no Negro labor whatsoever. It was charged that on some of these jobs there were foreigners working while Negro American citizens were denied employment.[6]

It was charged that while Blacks were expected to fulfill their responsibilities as citizens of the United States, their rights as citizens were ignored and not protected: "When the call to arms came in the Great War our government called for American citizens, regardless of color. There are many ex-servicemen among the local Negro settlement. Many of them are unable to obtain work."[7]

The Six Companies, however, did not feel obligated to function with any limitations on hiring, except for the restriction against Mongolians.[8] Following an investigation in which charges that Clark County residents were being denied jobs, a report was filed by investigator T. L. Wilcox:

> With reference to men employed on Boulder Dam, the Six Companies are not

[5] *Las Vegas Age*, September 19, 1931, p. 1.
[6] Ibid., December 19, 1931, p. 3.
[7] Ibid.
[8] Kleinsorge, p. 204.

required by contract or special provision to regard local preference, but can hire citizens of the United States from any state providing veterans are given preference.[9]

In spite of any alleged protective devices, local Blacks received no benefit in the form of jobs. The early stages of the dam construction centered on the diversion of the waters of the Colorado River through man-made tunnels. Local newspapers reported that between 1,139 and 1,350 men were at work on these tunnels by late 1931 and early 1932.[10] The work involved some blasting, but primarily consisted of excavation. Common laborers were used exclusively, since only minimal skills were required. Mr. Joe Kine, a long-time resident of Boulder City, had this to say about his background in construction before coming to Nevada:

I came to Nevada in 1931 from Missouri. I was looking for work just like everybody else. At that time people were living in tents out here at the dam. I went out there and went to work. I had never done this kind of work before. From what I could see nobody had. We just learned as we went along. When I started off they were still digging the tunnels. I worked there for awhile. After that I became a high scaler and that's what I did until I retired in 1974.[11]

When the question of "experience" is considered, it is apparent that the matter of whether the worker was a Black or a white was far more decisive in obtaining employment. O. B. Allbritton, a member of the CCLPA, in a letter written to the *Las Vegas Age* stated that "There have been since the creation of this association many, many colored overseas soldiers and citizens who have applied in person, with their discharge papers, for work on the Hoover Dam Project . . ." and he reported all such applications had been denied:

The answers were: We have no provisions; I don't know. We now appeal to the just and fairminded citizens.

First to the Las Vegans; to the various congressmen; and to the press, for assistance.

The leaders of the association are law abiding citizens; standing for justice. Is it patriotic on the part of the white community to stand by and see the eagle torn down from its lofty perch and the flag used as a dish-rag? 'Union and liberty are inseparable.'[12]

Two weeks later, the January 20 issue of the *Las Vegas Age* carried yet another letter written by a member of the CCLPA, J. P. Liddell, who

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9 "Investigation Regarding Discrimination Against Clark County Residents," Blood File.

10 *Las Vegas Age*, December 20, 1931, p. 5; *Las Vegas Evening Review Journal*, January 8, 1932, p. 4; Kleinsorge, p. 301.

11 Author's interview with Mr. Joe Kine, December 2, 1975, in Boulder City.

12 *Las Vegas Age*, January 7, 1932, p. 2.

stressed the "harmonious" purposes of the organization, asked that "ability to meet the requirements in demand" should be the hiring test, and emphasized the need of putting into practice the 13th and 14th Amendments to the Constitution.[13] But the same newspaper on February 3 printed a telling description of the anticipated work force:

> When the Hoover Dam has been completed, an average number of nearly 4,000 employees will have rolled up the stupendous number of 71,500,000 man-days worked by the typical dam worker of 37 years of age, white, American born, and representing every state in the union.[14]

Efforts by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People focused some attention on the hiring situation at the Project. William Pickins, Field Secretary of the NAACP, investigated on more than one occasion. His visit in May, 1932, led to an open meeting attended by some influential whites—Nye Wilson, Mayor Ernie Cragin, and Leonard Blood. Pickins' address extolled the contributions Blacks had made in the historical development of the United States; once again, the thrust of a meeting was to indicate to white members of the community that Blacks were citizens of both the community and the nation, and their rights should be protected.[15]

The position of the Six Companies remained unchanged, however. W. A. Bechtel, its President, seemed to be using the "experience" excuse as a full-fledged reason for not hiring Blacks. In presenting an explanation for the absence of Blacks, he stated "he had never heard of any refusal to employ colored people and that he would take the matter up immediately on his return to Boulder City, and see that provision was made for their employment on the work when and if they had the necessary experience."[16] It does seem evident, however, that Blacks were being required to have experience and whites were not; in addition, Mr. Bechtel was either not cognizant of the absence of Blacks from the work force, or it did not matter to him. At a meeting between representatives of the NCAAP, the CCLPA, representatives of the Six Companies, Senator Tasker Oddie, and Senator Wilbur of the Department of Interior, it was agreed that there would be "no further discrimination against the employment of Colored labor on the Hoover Dam."[17] Thus it was finally admitted that discrimination had been practised in hiring.

Walter White, the Executive Secretary of the NAACP, in writing to

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[13] Ibid., January 20, 1932, p. 2.
[14] Ibid., February 3, 1932, p. 8.
[15] Ibid., May 11, 1932, p. 2.
[16] Ibid., June 18, 1932, p. 4.
[17] Ibid.

Arthur McCrants, the President of the local chapter of the NAACP, said that he had been notified by Secretary Wilbur that "When additions to the force are made the company will arrange to give employment to Negro labor."[18] The comment "When additions to the force are made . . ." deserves discussion, since additions were being made *constantly*. During the first year of construction on the project, thousands of men had been employed, and there was a constant turnover in the labor force. Thousands of different men appeared on the roster of workers. An example of the high rate of change may be shown by reference to just one month: "During the first fifteen days of December the labor turnover averaged thirteen per day . . . There were three-hundred thirty-nine men hired during this period."[19] None of those hired were Black, and that trend generally continued.

Quite a bit of confusion existed in the entire hiring process. Preference was to be given to Nevada residents who were also veterans, but newcomers to the area quickly fulfilled residency requirements. The local Chamber of Commerce became involved in a program of identification. It stated that it "is not registering men who have lived here less than one year," and that it had "checked the references and approved of 138 white men and 37 colored men who have been residents a year and longer."[20] According to this tabulation there were a total of 175 men who were bonafide residents who had been checked. Whether the Chamber's report was exhaustive or all-inclusive is not very important; what is important is the consideration that such a small number of local Blacks should not have presented a problem as far as employment was concerned, had not discrimination been the policy. With over 4000 workers needed, it would appear that the 37 Blacks who qualified would have had at least some representation on the work force from the very beginning. But the hiring practices of the local office of the Nevada Office of Labor in Las Vegas must be considered. Mr. Leonard Blood, Deputy Director of that agency on the state level, suggested Blacks should not be hired on the project because their presence would cause tension with the white workers.[21] In addition, he thought there would be "difficulties of housing and feeding 'colored labor' and the cost of providing separate facilities for them. . . ."[22]

Approximately a month after the June meeting at which the promise was made to end discrimination on the project, the first 10 Blacks were hired at the Hoover Dam construction site. The percentage of Blacks in the work

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18 Ibid.

19 Ibid., December 20, 1931, p. 5.

20 Ibid., August 23, 1932, p. 1.

21 Statement in the Blood File.

22 James Kluger, "Elwood Mead, Irrigation Engineer and Social Planner" (Ph.D. dissertation, University of Arizona, 1970), p. 205.

force was miniscule, but the impression created in the newspapers suggested the contrary:

> The Colored people of Las Vegas have made a persistent campaign to obtain the just treatment in this matter which the Constitution of the United States guarantees to them. When the matter finally came to the attention of the Secretary of the Interior through the National Bar Association measures were taken to assure the Colored people of their just proportion of the work on this project. It is gratifying, not alone to the people of African descent, but to all lovers of fair play that this question of Negro labor on Hoover Dam has been settled with justice and fairness.[23]

By September, the local labor office reported there were twenty-five Blacks working on the dam at that point.[24] In the later months and years of work on the project, the number of Blacks allowed to work on the project fluctuated, but always remained infinitesimal in terms of the total number of workers employed. About one year later, for example, ". . . a report by Mead revealed that 65 had been hired, mostly for road work."[25] The total work force, which was only 1300 in the late summer of 1931, grew to 4,200 by April, 1932, and then peaked at 5,251 in July, 1934. By the spring of that year, there were 11 Blacks on the work force.[26]

Despite the lack of opportunity for economic advancement by means of fair and consistent employment practices on the dam project, these were by no means wasted or lost years for the Black community of Las Vegas. Blacks in Clark County became better organized and more vocal in the assertion of their rights than ever before; evidence of this is to be found in the organization of a separate VFW post, the CCLPA, and a local chapter of the NAACP, and other groups, some political in their orientation. Eventually, local whites modified to some extent their perceptions of Blacks; for example, during the 1935 mayorality campaign in Las Vegas, the winning candidate, Leonard Arnett, appealed to local Black organizations for their support, and the *Las Vegas Age* reports his request was answered.[27]

Blacks continued their fight for jobs on the project throughout the duration of the construction of the dam. But the evidence is clear that results were meagre, although after pressure was applied token gestures were made. In this respect, then, even the New Deal itself, as it operated in Nevada on the Boulder Dam Project, proved to be virtually the same "old deal" for Blacks.

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23 *Las Vegas Age*, July 8, 1932, p. 4.
24 Blood to Royal, September 3, 1932, Blood File.
25 Kluger, p. 205.
26 Ibid.; Kleinsorge, p. 301.
27 *Las Vegas Age*, April 26, 1935, p. 12.

Book Reviews

Buckaroos in Paradise: Cowboy Life in Northern Nevada. By Howard W. Marshall and Richard E. Ahlborn. (Washington D.C.: Smithsonian Institution, 1980. 96 pp., photographs, exhibition catalogue, selected readings. $7.95)

BUCKAROOS IN PARADISE, subtitled "Cowboy Life in Northern Nevada," is an intriguing, large sized book-catalogue which originated out of an exhibition at the National Museum of History and Technology in Washington and is issued by the American Folklife Center. I say the book is intriguing because it is a primary indication of the increased attention now being focused on the regional distinctions which once characterized the American cow ranges.

For decades, much of what delineated these differences has been smothered under the generic image of *cowboy,* which—to the east which supported and bolstered the image of the western American folk hero—was anyone who wore a big hat, boots, and lived way out West.

Yet regional differences, characterized by ranching techniques and equipment for working cattle and horses, styles of working dress by riders, and a lingo, did prevail when a man could ride from the Powder River in Oregon to the Powder River in Wyoming, or from Texas to Kansas, and hardly see a fence. Moreover, before the raising of beeves passed from open range conditions to an occupation requiring more farming chores than range riding, the cowmen's west consisted of four, broad geographic and cultural regions: Southwest, Far Southwest, Northwest and Far Northwest. Although these distinctions are simply stated (and will suffice for purposes here) the various regions nurtured horsemen and cowmen who differed in dress, equipment, and working styles and methods, because climate, flora, fauna, national origins, local customs and relative isolation prescribed and described styles throughout the American West.

Climate is an example: cowmen of the southern ranges had little concern for blizzards" with temperatures at zero, snow fine as flour and blowing forty miles an hour," and all that was incumbent upon riders managing stock in the northern regions of the cow country. But southwest cowmen did have to contend with drought, dried ranges and water shortages. The plains of the Rockies and mountain pastures or hilly and desert landscapes west of the Rockies were influencing factors in creating styles of riding and working cattle, and the equipment of the working rider.

After the heyday of the open range ended about 1890 change occurred rapidly. By then the buffalo had given way to the cow virtually everywhere on the plains, the Indian to the settler, and the local saddle and bit maker was himself being supplanted by the mass produced riding equipment offered by the Sears catalogue.

Certainly by the turn of the century cows were riding the rails rather than being herded over the old trails, and the likes of Beedle and Adam were mass producing tales of cowboy excitement for eastern readers. Soon, too, some riders would exchange range dust for grease paint for the fledgling motion pictures. The cowboy and the fabricated excitements and action of his life lent themselves aptly to the mute cameras.

It was the Texan who gained the reputation of moving more beeves, and who emerged as the typical rugged western folk hero, and the prototype of the American cowboy. For the most part other regional designations of western riders such as *vaquero,* buckaroo, cowpuncher, or cowhand, faded away as synonyms of cowboy. With this attitude, at least in the popular imagination, also went even the remotest idea that other ways of being a rider in the West once did prevail. But the buckaroo style was in several respects distinct.

But before the buckaroo, and even before the Texan trailed his stock to northern markets, cattle herders in the Far West, California, had been in the cow business. They were called *vaqueros.* During the rancho and mission period (before the gold rush) the *vaquero* developed distinct customs and styles of livestock management (especially in training the cow horse); these were later utilized beyond the Sierra Nevada, and northward into the Oregon country. The methods and equipment of the *vaqueros* came to be known as the California style; and California horses, California saddles, California bits, spurs, hats, etc., became well known beyond the desert and mountain barriers of California. The *vaquero's* reputation, moreover, was unsurpassed when he swung wide loops and threw long *reatas* from his high horned, single-rig saddle, heeled calves to be marked and branded, and hollered "fish" if a Texas-styled roper "lassoed" the *becerros* around the neck.

The California system continued to exert influence for years after the Mother Lode strike, but in diminishing degrees as outsiders came to outnumber the native sons and daughters of the Far West. By then, however, California cattle, horses and horsemen had made many trips into Nevada territory following the strike on the Comstock. These influenced the ranching industry then developing along the Humboldt, Carson and Truckee rivers, and created the buckaroo way.

Buckaroo is an Anglicized Spanish word and stems from the name of the Spanish-California horseman, *vaquero*—va-QUERO. To Anglo ears *vaquero* sounded like BAH-ker-ro, particularly because of the tendency of

English speakers to move accents to the first syllables of words. This tendency, coupled with a misunderstanding of Spanish b's and v's, soon altered *vaquero* into BAH-KER-ro, then buck-ER-ro, and, finally, BUCKeroo.

Other lingo adaptations or corruptions include the rawhide halter, *La Jaquima,* (Hah-KEE-mah) into hackamore; the horse-hair reins of the hackamore, *mecate,* (me-CAH-teh,) into McCarthy; lazo, (LA-zo,) into lasso, *chaparreras* (shap-AR-RAy-as,) into chaps, to name only a few anglicisizations. One prominent nationwide corruption is the Spanish *rodeo* (roh-DAY-oh) into ro-DEE-o.

Equipment, too, was modified as buckaroos adopted the Spanish ways to the high desert country, winter conditions and anglo temperament. But *no se apure,* don't be in a hurry (in training horses) was hardly ever a virtue of the anglo. Local saddle and bit and spur makers (especially Garcia's saddle shop in Elko) who knew their riders, the land, and the equipment which best suited the working rider responded with further modifications.

Buckaroos in Paradise is therefore excellent in recording what still remains of the remnants of this rider's style of ranch life in Nevada. This cannot have been an easy task since the entire idea of the buckaroo is not a concept neatly packaged. And unless one is acquainted with numerous subtleties, errors will become manifest.

One, listed in the pictorial part of the book, describes what is called the Santa Barbara spade bit. A spade bit is indeed of ancient origin (probably Arab) and was used long before a place name called Santa Barbara became a mission on the king's highway. The name *Santa Barbara* applied to the spade bit popular with *vaqueros* was apparently coined in the 1920s or 1930s, in saddle catalogues, which then were catering as much to dudes as horsemen, and was a sales pitch giving a distinction to a California piece of equipment.

I mention this only to alert the ardent student of the American western rider that saddle catalogues depicting regionalisms must be looked at warily. Catalogues after the 1920s frequently slanted their wares, and name-giving, to titillate the follower of the dude ranch circuit and amateur cowboys.

Still, *Buckaroos in Paradise* appears well-researched. There is an excellent rendering of the background history of Paradise Valley. And the photographs, black and white, have been exposed with a sensitivity to the faces and expressions of buckaroos, rancher's wives, and youngsters, and they suggest much more than the images themselves. Another section about line camps and bunkhouses, with floor plans, is a delight.

Now that the California *vaquero* and the buckaroo are rarer than the California Condor, this volume is a worthy addition to the literature of the range industry, and particularly to the Nevada range history. May I suggest that the team of writers and photographers under the same supervision

of Howard W. Marshall of the American Folklife Center, and Richard E. Ahlborn of the Smithsonian Institute, head to California and record the *vaquero* tradition? The vaqueros are the inheritors of horse mounted traditions from Iberia and North Africa, and the transmitters who created another shading called the buckaroo. For the story of the American cowboy is indeed a long one.

ANTHONY AMARAL
Carson City, Nev.

Ghost Towns of Nevada. By Donald C. Miller. (Boulder, Colorado: Pruett Publishing Company, 1979; 182 pp., illus., notes, index, $18.95)

FOR A MYRIAD OF REASONS, it seems that popular fascination with the decayed and almost forgotten remnants of the mining west never ceases. The reviewer is thus tempted to dismiss this book as merely another spurious attempt to cater to popular notions about the nature of history, but the volume, one of a series on western ghost towns, is at least worthy of some consideration.

Some 500 towns are included, about 30 of which are still viable communities. The major omission in this respect is Manhattan, the state's third leading producer of precious metals during Nevada's Twentieth–Century Mining Boom. There are probably another 500 out there somewhere which would also qualify, but Miller seems to have picked up the major ones.

Like all writers who do not go to the basic sources, Miller is inclined to be too vague about dates—too many "early 1870's," "in the early years of this century," but when he is specific, he is often wrong. He is not, of course, writing for scholars and historical purists, but he could have been more accurate with a little extra effort.

In a work of this type, specific dates, exact names of individuals and mining companies, and accurate mine production figures are too often of less importance to the reader than a little background, a few standard anecdotes and some directions on "how to get there." But an additional problem with "ghost town books" in general is the manner in which they influence popular views of history. Beyond those old crumbling walls and decaying false front buildings was life itself—the very substance of history—not only mines, mills and saloons, but churches, homes, schools, businesses and, heaven help us, real people. Forgotten are the hopes and dreams which brought those who settled these camps, the manner in which they organized their lives and built their communities, and the boom and bust cycle of most camps and what it meant in terms of wasted efforts, disrupted lives and uneconomical use of scarce technological, human and financial resources.

Miller should not be faulted for failing to do something he did not set out to do in the first place, but the reader should realize there is something

more to history than "ghosttowning." If we only had 500 writers compiling works of the quality of W. Turrentine Jackson's *Treasure Hill* or Hugh Shamberger's monographs on Nevada's twentieth–century camps, this reviewer would feel better about such books as Miller's.

On the positive side, the book reads well, has an attractive format and is liberally illustrated with historic and contemporary photographs. One saving grace is Miller's vagueness in presenting directions to the locations of the camps. Wonder, for example, is described as being located ". . . on the western slope of the Augusta Mountains in mid-eastern Churchill County." In this case, even the designation of the mountain is wrong. According to the reviewer's maps, the Louderback Mountains lie just to the west of Wonder and the Clan Alpine Range is located to the east. Miller is vague and erroneous with Wonder, a major mining area and he is equally so (or worse) with more obscure camps. Those of us who feel that ghost town books do little more than promote vandalism of historic sites have little to fear from Miller's book. If you use it as a guide for an excursion, take along a good map.

PHILLIP I. EARL
Nevada Historical Society

The Wages of Sin. By Gerald Haslam. (Fallon, Nevada: Duck Down Press, 1980. 87 pp., $4.00)

NOT ALL THE SMALL PRESSES have been gobbled by large publishing houses and giant corporations. Duck Down Press of Fallon, Nevada, for example, not only issues four numbers each year of *Scree*, a "little mag" of poetry, prose and graphics, but also lists a number of volumes of poems, novels and short stories in its 1981 catalogue. One of these is Gerald Haslam's latest collection of fictional snapshots, *The Wages of Sin*, fourteen brief glimpses of life in the contemporary West.

Haslam's imagination ranges wide in these short, short stories. His settings move from a mountain trout stream to a series of redneck bars to a Berkeley apartment building, with stops in between, and his characterizations shift mercurially to fit the changing scenes. Variable, too, are the moods of the tales, for some strike the reader as hilarious and others seem frightfully sobering. One of the funniest is "The Great Kern County Gator Hunt," a modern tall-tale of drinking buddies absurdly searching for California alligators. Of course they never find such beasts—only bicycle reflectors gleaming in the dusk–but the laughter engendered along the way is genuinely funny. In fact, most of the good-old-boy tales in *The Wages of Sin* are equally humorous, affectionate looks at a redneck way of life. Counterbalancing them are the city stories which focus on more sophisticated

characters and communicate a more intensely tragic vision. "A Prison of Words," "Walls," "Happily Ever After," "Heat"—each of these extends a single dimension of contemporary emotional experience in order to expose a single human being trapped by his surroundings and by him (or her) self.

Two characteristics mark all the tales, funny or sad, in *The Wages of Sin.* First of all, Haslam *hears* his creations talk, and thus the rhythm of his prose reproduces the rhythms of their speech. Whether country boy or city slicker, each sounds as if his voice had been caught on tape. "If you think we drove fast headin out of town, you shoulda flew back with us, and that's how I told how worried ol Wesley Gene was, him drivin so hard, straight ahead, hands tight on the wheel, right foot pushin that throttle damn near through the floor board till we was about a block from Cow Country, then he slowed er down." Second, Haslam not only hears them, he knows and cares about them. Real human beings breathe—live and die—through his pages. The macho young bully/coward, the "King of Skateland," who backs down in humiliation when confronted by an enemy stronger than he, is as sharply defined as the aging Uncle Fate Newby of "Sweet Reason," who not only comprehends but exemplifies what manhood is all about.

What Haslam has written, then, is the verbal equivalent of an album of daguerrotypes, each picture in it sharply focused and then quickly snapped to catch the earthy tones of brown, beige and tan. Rather than pose his characters for the camera, however, he has caught them in anecdotal motion, exposing their human strengths and frailties in slanting shades of light and dark. Both the author and Duck Down Press should be mightily pleased with their recent publication, an accomplishment dimmed only by a single shadow:

> "Looky there," Raymond nodded at the wall underneath where somebody'd wrote years ago "The wages of sin is death!" There was this new writin. It said: "They don't pay to good in the oilfield neither."
>
> "That a fact," I said.

"They don't pay too good in small presses neither"—Nevada readers would do well to support such a welcome artistic enterprise.

Ann Ronald
University of Nevada, Reno

The War, The West, and The Wilderness. By Kevin Brownlow. (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1979. 602 pp., illus., notes, film sources, index)

Despite an enticing, alliterative title, this is a book that promises far more

than it delivers. Author Kevin Brownlow, a British filmmaker and writer, offers a disorganized and impressionistic history of silent movies (mostly American) that portray either World War I, the American frontier, or foreign exploration.

While the hundreds of films described are ostensibly related by their use of location footage instead of studio backgrounds, in reality they are a motley group. Brownlow makes no serious attempt to justify his selection of the three major topics, and the book thus includes everything from British war propaganda footage to western classics like "The Covered Wagon" and Robert Flaherty's renowned early documentary, "Nanook of the North."

The book's flaws stem from the author's obvious failure to conceive it as a whole. Brownlow seems to have collected quantities of disparate facts about various silent films, without any comprehensive plan to relate or organize them. The division by topic is awkward, and appears to have been an afterthought, perhaps suggested by the publisher. In a brief introduction, Brownlow argues that Theodore Roosevelt—with his experience as a soldier, cowboy, and explorer—might serve as a unifying symbol for the book. This rather tenuous metaphor is mercifully abandoned in the rest of the text, however, leaving the reader to reject or revel in the mass of individual facts.

Some of the detail is fascinating. Brownlow has interviewed many of the people who made these movies, and it is largely their stories that he tells. The Nevada reader, for instance, will learn with delight of the 1923 filming of "The Iron Horse" near Wadsworth. The film company, housed in Pullman cars at Dodge Flats, attracted its own resident madam and bootlegger, and ran out of food when enterprising cooks learned of the profits to be made by selling the supplies to local residents instead. Tales like these abound in the book, and are often enhanced by stunning photographs from the movies in question.

Still, the reader finds out a great deal more about the actors and makers of these silent films than about the films themselves. For example, Brownlow writes at length about "The Winning of Barbara Worth," a classic western filmed in 1926 on Nevada's Black Rock Desert. The reader is told of the trials of recreating three complete towns, and about the colorful locals who served as extras, but scarcely anything about the plot of the movie. In some cases, circumstances have dictated this approach; many of the silent, non-feature films have been allowed to decay or are preserved only in truncated form. In the case of "The Winning of Barbara Worth," however, a complete print does exist, but Brownlow dwells instead on the anecdotes.

In the final analysis, then, this book is much less useful as a history of silent movie making than it might have been, given greater attention to organization and theme. However, it does remain a useful reference volume.

The War, The West, and the Wilderness presents a great deal of information not collected elsewhere, and it lists the locations and conditions of all the approximately 250 films discussed. Future historians of silent films will find this book a good place to begin. In the meantime, the reader will find it a book to be dipped into selectively rather than read cover-to-cover.

ELIZABETH RAYMOND
Nevada Historical Society

Interstate: Express Highway Politics, 1941–1956. By Mark H. Rose. (Lawrence, Kansas: The Regents Press of Kansas, 1979. xii + 169 pp., preface, notes, bibliography and index. $14.00)

WHILE RAILROADS, STREETCARS, tunnels, bridges and other forms of public works have traditionally drawn the interest of historians, interstate highways have been largely neglected. True, there are many histories of famous wagon roads and trails, but relatively few accounts deal with state and federal road construction. Mark Rose, however, has attempted to remedy this oversight. While his book is excessively brief and his coverage of events is somewhat less than thorough, the author nevertheless provides a decent introduction to the subject of federal highway development.

In general, he finds that prior to World War II state and local governments funded most of the farm and intercity routes. But, as traffic gradually worsened around America's largest cities, increased federal aid became vital. Congress, however, delayed a firm response because the "highway lobby" was bitterly divided: farm groups insisted on more rural mileage; truckers preferred toll-free urban bypasses; engineers wanted to eliminate bottleneck areas and chambers of commerce joined with city planners in seeking the revitalization of downtown areas. Most agreed that only a national system of limited access roads could solve the problem, but the routing, funding and function of the network provoked disagreement. Moreover, by 1940 expressways were becoming expensive to build; indeed, as more powerful motors propelled cars and trucks to faster speeds, engineers were forced to provide thicker pavements, more lanes and wider curves with stronger guardrails and better lighting. So, as construction costs spiraled, local politicians clamored for more federal help. Congress, in turn, supported the program, hoping that highway building would promote regional growth, move traffic and reduce unemployment. But because of the war, group conflicts and a host of other factors, the interstate system (first approved in 1944) languished until 1956 when Congressmen Hale Boggs and George Fallon final-

ly introduced legislation which eased the burden on local governments by raising federal contributions from 50 to 90 percent of the cost.

Following this breakthrough, highway engineers began the process of blueprinting routes. In describing this story Rose is particularly effective when relating freeways to urban planning. He is especially critical of "planners" and "road engineers" who failed to use expressways to promote economic renewal of depressed city neighbohoods. He notes that in the few towns where planners tried to use freeways to redirect trade toward the old downtown districts, budget-conscious highway departments usually vetoed these schemes in favor of low-cost, peripheral routes designed merely to eliminate traffic bottlenecks. Supporting the engineers were the powerful trucking associations who pressured metropolitan governments to emphasize traffic, not planning problems. Compounding the matter was the fact that throughout the 1950s federal authorities provided the money, but usually allowed local officials to control routing. As a result, virtually every city witnessed a battle between "city-wide planners" and "highway enthusiasts" with the eventual victor (usually the latter) controlling construction policies. Rose argues that, to some extent, this pattern also held true for the interstate highway construction program in the years after 1956. Even after a 1962 revision of the act "mandated consideration of urban transportation as well as the city as a holistic package," engineers continued to circumvent the law and build roads "largely as they wished." Only in those cities and counties where "urban leaders were committed to a unified program of revival were expressways built as part of some wider plan." More often though it was the "traffic pattern of motorists and truckers and the decisions of engineers which determined the outlines of interstate construction."

While Rose generally handles his story well, there are weaknesses in the narrative. Prose is at times a problem; there are too many vague references to "urban businessmen," "planners," "truckers," "farm spokesmen," and so forth. In key sections specific men or groups are not identified. Then too, one can argue that Rose overemphasizes that faction of the planning profession which advocated using freeways to revitalize downtown areas. As Mark Foster and others have recently shown, cities like Los Angeles deliberately built their highway systems to encourage the spread of population outward and away from downtown congestion. In addition, Rose ignores the politics behind what the historian Richard Wade has called the "Suburban Strategy." Indeed, Wade contends that the Interstate Highway Act of 1956 was part of a Republican plan to promote economic development in the suburbs and farmbelt at the expense of the nation's inner cities.

Despite these factors, the book makes a real contribution to public works history. And while Rose does not specifically discuss Nevada, his find-

ings are clearly applicable to road building in our region. Hopefully, Rose's work will spawn some good case histories of freeway construction in key states and cities throughout the west.

EUGENE P. MOEHRING
University of Nevada, Las Vegas

Energy, Economic Growth, and Regionalism in the West. By Lynton R. Hayes. (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico, 1980. 238 pp., index)

LYNTON R. HAYES HAS UNDERTAKEN the challenging task of describing and analyzing institutional response to changing circumstances. His project unintentionally coincides with a period of rampant suspicion of public institutions. He addresses a national problem for which the nation has not yet adopted an agenda. Given the scope of these questions, and the absence of an agreed-upon set of facts, Professor Hayes has good reason to be proud of his accomplishment. His book offers a useful exploration of one problem-solving process in the area of public administration.

Professor Hayes' primary focus is upon multi-state responses to regional issues. He begins by describing the difficulties inherent in institutional response to rapid change, followed by a discussion of energy resource development and management during the remainder of this century. Next, he offers a succinct outline of the historical context of regional problems in the American West, followed by a discussion of the emergent conflict between that region's priorities and national needs. Then he moves on to explore in depth the efforts of western state governors to formulate and proclaim regional policies and to lobby for their adoption by the federal government. The governors of ten states (Alaska, Arizona, Colorado, Montana, Nebraska, New Mexico, North Dakota, South Dakota, Utah, and Wyoming) have, in the wake of the post–1973 energy crunch and the inception of Project Independence, hastened their efforts to find agreed-upon policies. As an outgrowth of earlier efforts at cooperation, there evolved the present Western Governors Policy Council and its operating arm, the Western Governors Policy Office (Westpo), headquartered in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Given the conflicts of ideas, personalities, and long run goals, it is remarkable that this office has been established.

Regional consensus is an elusive goal. The history of the American West is one of isolated development by independent spirits, who looked for help from the Federal government while scorning its directives whenever these proved to be restrictive to local decision-making. Moreover, some subregions continue to favor rapid growth and industrialization while others

take the opposite stance. Prompted by conflicting agendas, the governors have utilized the creation of each new regional organization as a vehicle for individual aggrandizement. Each governor, it should be noted, represents a plethora of constituencies, many having no interest in advancing cooperative arrangements beyond state borders.

Westpo has its own staff, which deals with regional economic issues. It supports other "cooperative, productive" multi-state organizations, but not challenges to gubernatorial pressures for accountability, as exemplified by the Western Interstate Commission for Higher Education (WICHE), which is characterized by Professor Hayes as a "renegade fifedom" (pp. 181–182). Headquartered in Boulder, Colorado, WICHE is called a "legislators tool", even though, like Westpo, it was developed in the 1950s to foster cooperation and has only recently moved into the accountability arena. In commenting on conflicts between the often "duplicative" multi-state organizations, Hayes attributes much of the difficulty to the lack of compatibility between the western rim states and the Rocky Mountain States. He perceives Westpo's role as that of policy enunciation, coordination, and staff support for a potent regional block. (p. 185)

Hayes concludes his study with an essay offering an interpretation of interstate cooperation among the Western states from 1972 to 1979. He believes noteworthy progress was made through MSO's, particularly Westpo, and he expects continued advances despite differences of opinion over energy production specifically and the rate of economic growth generally. An appendix carries his discussion of regionalism and sectionalism as vehicles useful for political analysis.

This is a thorough and carefully prepared study worthy of attention by specialists and generalists alike.

JOHN A. BRENNAN
University of Colorado, Boulder

The American West: New Perspectives, New Dimensions. Jerome O. Steffen, ed. (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1979. ix + 238 pp.)

GIVEN THE OUTCOME of the election of 1980, and the massive population shift to the "Sunbelt," the West as a region has assumed a new importance in American life. And yet the West remains an enigma to most people, a region so new in history that it lacks roots, identity, and any real sense of the past. Since Frederick Jackson Turner's landmark essay in 1893, scholars have tried to deal with the frontier thesis, extracting as much as possible out of it; but in recent years the frontier has lost some of its momentum as the main

vehicle for interpreting the western past. Race relations remains the lens through which scholars view the South, and Yankee Puritanism still serves the needs of New England. But in the resource-rich West, where agribusiness, sprawling cities, and conservative politics grow more common each year, the frontier seems more and more distant, less and less able to function as an ideological and philosophical force binding society together.

In *The American West: New Perspectives, New Dimensions,* Jerome O. Steffen has compiled a series of essays suggesting new ways of approaching the history of the West. Two of the essays concentrate on environmental issues as the focus for western history. John Opie, in "Frontier History In Environmental Perspective," calls on historians and ecologists to join forces in studying the development of the ecosystem over time, particularly man's influence on it. Only then will the environment survive in the future. In a less useful essay, psychologist Roger Barker maintains that the frontier environment, because it was "undermanned, new, and unfinished," created a hardworking, pragmatic, and reality-oriented civilization. For all the jargon, he says little more than Turner did ninety years ago. John C. Hudson, in "The Study of Western Frontier Populations," argues that historians need to employ demographic techniques to understand the origins and migration patterns of western settlers. Only then can assimilation and settlement processes be understood. In his essay "Western Fiction and History: A Reinterpretation," Richard Etulain does little reinterpretation at all, spending much of his time analyzing the fictional works of Vardis Fisher, A. B. Guthrie, Jr., and Wallace Stegner. Jerome O. Steffen, in his own contribution to the book, calls on historians to cease analyzing the West as if it had existed in a vacuum. The frontier experience can only be understood by comparing the mining, ranching, agriculture, and urban frontiers with one another and with eastern society.

The three most useful essays in the collection deal directly with the roots of contemporary western problems. In "Recent Trends and New Directions in Native American History," Reginald Horsman argues that the wide methodological gaps between historians and anthropologists must be narrowed and that both groups must move away from an emphasis on white values and attitudes in portraying Native American history. Ronald Davis's "Western Urban Development" calls for a new synthesis of western urban history based on the idea that since western cities are basically post-industrial centers, they are standardized, functional, and contrived, marked by a democratic opportunism and structural similarity not found in other parts of the country. Finally, Gene Gressley writes in "Regionalism and the 20th Century West" that the temporal and spatial isolation, rampant individualism, and states rights values so common in the West prevented the emergence of western regionalism. But if the West is to protect its natural

resources from eastern colonialism in the future, the states must overcome the competitive suspicions of the past and begin planning together as a unified economic unit.

James S. Olson
Sam Houston State University

A Fragment: The Autobiography of Mary Jane Mount Tanner. Edited with an introduction by Margery W. Ward in cooperation with George S. Tanner. (Tanner Trust Fund, University of Utah Library, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1980)

Students of western history owe their appreciation to the Tanner family for its efforts to create, preserve and now publish a number of outstanding manuscripts documenting the role of women in early Utah. Those acquainted with Annie Clark Tanner's fine memoir, *A Mormon Mother* (1969), are sure to welcome this collection of writings by her mother-in-law, Mary Jane Mount Tanner (1837–1890), who emigrated to Utah from Nauvoo in 1846–47.

A Fragment is significant for several reasons. First, it covers a broad time span. Beginning with her birth in Ohio, Mary Jane traces her family's conversion to Mormonism, the arrival of the Saints in the Great Basin, and four decades of pioneering marked by continuing tensions between Mormons and Gentiles. Thanks to Margery Ward's careful editing of this volume —complete with Mary Jane's autobiography, diary extracts, and selected correspondence—we may take an in-depth look at one family and how it met the challenges of homebuilding and childrearing on the Mormon frontier.

Even more important, this book reminds us of the importance of personal testimony in examining that complex process which historians call social mobility. Each generation defines its own concept of success, and Mary Jane Mount Tanner longed for nothing more than the freedom to carve out a creative life of her own. Although her opportunities for education were limited, she took pride in her writing and even found the wherewithal to publish a volume of poetry despite the objections of her husband, Myron Tanner, who thought it was "a foolish idea."

"It is said," she writes, "that woman to write successfully must have an experience of her own. What experience can I have, bound down and hedged in by weakness and helplessness." Considering that her poems were written in moments snatched from the busy routine of a Relief Society president, mother, and wife of a Provo bishop, one can scarcely fail to empathize with Mary Jane's frequent complaints of fatigue, her disdain for house-

work, or her efforts to reconcile squabbles between various members of her extended, polygamous clan. All in all, her writings yield a none-too-glamorous portrayal of high infant mortality, prevalent ill health, and frequent relocations as she and her relatives married or remarried, and tried their hands at farming, ranching, prospecting, and storekeeping. They encountered more than their share of personal problems, including alcoholism and divorce, and the account is all the more poignant when told in the words of one who was deeply devoted to her faith.

For much of her life, Mary Jane Tanner suffered from poor health, but her emotional make-up was far from fragile. Nowhere is her feistiness more apparent than in a collection of sixteen letters written to her mother's sister, Mary Bessac Hunt, between 1856 and 1883. Part narrative, part gossip, and part polemic, these letters reflect what must have been a common tendency for Mormon lay folk to interpret the political situation in Utah to non-Mormon relatives back east. According to Mary Jane, polygamy "interferes with no one, except as it throws protection around the females, which no doubt is where the shoe pinches." She tells her aunt that "we are a kind of happy-go-lucky sort" but that "You will not find more well read and intelligent men and women, deep thinkers and sound reasoners . . . Than are in this Church." From there she goes on to refute other popular misconceptions: that most Mormons are foreigners, that they are poorly educated, and that they are ill-informed about national affairs. Yet few things brought more cheer to this pioneer housewife than the accomplishments of her children, or such homely pleasures as acquiring a new sewing machine.

We are told that Mary Jane Mount Tanner was a remarkable woman, as indeed she must have been. If there were any one criticism that might be made, however, it would be the lack of comparative comments which would give readers an idea of how representative her experience was. Neither the introduction nor the annotations provide enough of a framework with which to compare Mary Jane's experiences with those of other Mormon women, or to suggest how her writings complement the portrayals one finds in such works as *Mormon Sisters* (1976) or *Sister Saints* (1978), in either the activities they document or the kinds of conclusions they might lead to. One does not have to read very far in the literature to learn that there were *many* remarkable Mormon women. Perhaps it is not too much to ask whether their manuscripts might also be searched for and published in volumes as attractive as this one.

Gail Farr Casterline
Chicago Historical Society

NHS ACQUISITIONS

Territorial Enterprise Records

THROUGHOUT THE COMSTOCK ERA of the nineteenth century, Virginia City's *Territorial Enterprise* was Nevada's foremost newspaper. It enjoyed a regional reputation for excellence in news reporting and the liveliness of its writing, and also for a colorful staff of journalists which included Mark Twain, Dan DeQuille, Rollan Daggett and Joseph Goodman. It was, without doubt, Nevada's most influential newspaper during the 1860s and 1870s.

In many respects, the history of the *Enterprise* itself is as fascinating as the events it recorded, for, besides nurturing a notable crop of literary personalities and figuring prominently in the political life of the state, the newspaper embodied mining frontier journalism in its purest form. A number of Comstock journalists, Dan DeQuille, Alf Doten and Joseph Goodman among them, wrote accounts of the *Enterprise,* but missing issues of the paper (for most of the early 1860s) and a lack of company records have made it difficult to chart the internal development of the *Enterprise* operation.

The recent acquisition by the Society of corporate records for the years 1875–1893 and 1911–1912 has shed new light on the workings of the Territorial Enterprise Publishing Company during the period of the "Big Bonanza" and the long mining depression that followed. As it appears that all records kept prior to 1875 were destroyed in the great Virginia City fire of that year, the newly-acquired volume of reports of trustees' and stockholders' meetings probably constitutes the earliest surviving corporate records of the newspaper. When joined with a smaller collection of *Territorial Enterprise* records already held by the Society, and with the index of the newspaper currently being prepared by Victor Schliebs, these records will go far toward finally making possible an authoritative study of what was one of the most famous—if not *the* most famous—of mining frontier newspapers.

Manhattan Silver Mining Company Records

Paul A. Richards of Reno has given the Society a letterbook of the Manhattan Silver Mining Company of Austin, Nevada. The volume contains correspondence of H. Augustus Taylor, company president, Morgan L. Ogden, secretary, Allan A. Curtis, agent at Austin, and other company officials during the years 1867–1875. Included in the correspondence, which extends to the dissolution of the company, are summaries of assay reports and mill-

ing accounts. We thank Mr. Richards for his gift, which not only increases substantially our Manhattan Silver Mining Company record holdings, but expands our knowledge of nineteenth century central Nevada mining operations.

Order of Railway Conductors and Brakemen Records

Records of the George Cornwall Division #94 of the Order of Railway Conductors (later the Order of Railway Conductors and Brakemen) have been received from Russell I. Winkel of Sparks. Included are membership registers, minutes of meetings, attendance rolls, ritual handbooks and other items pertaining to the division which was located, successively, at Wadsworth, Winnemucca and Sparks. The bulk of the material is for the period 1889–1936, with records of a women's auxiliary (Tahoe Division #173) extending to 1963. Some additional items carry the closing date of the collection to 1970, when the Order of Railway Conductors and Brakemen and the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen were consolidated in the United Transportation Union. The Society wishes to thank Mr. Winkel, a former officer of the Order of Railway Conductors and Brakemen in Sparks, for donating a valuable group of Nevada labor union records.

NHS NEWS AND DEVELOPMENTS

Director's Column

THE NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY has had a very productive summer, and I would like to report to you some of the progress we have made. Construction of our new storage building finished in July, and we have spent the balance of the summer transferring our library and manuscript collections into it from the west wing of the old building and bringing in our material artifacts from dead storage. Using the Society's private funds, we have installed carpeting and painted the west wing, creating a much larger and more comfortable reference area. Funds from the Fleischmann Grant have provided the new furniture. A grant from the Nevada Humanities Committee to mount an exhibition on the Union Movement in Nevada and to celebrate the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners' centennial has given us the means to build a changing gallery in the front of the west wing. We now have the ability to showcase some of our own collections, as well as to exhibit traveling shows.

On the administrative side we also have been making progress. Dr. Malcolm Greenlees, our accountant, has completely reorganized our accounting procedures for our private funds and given us the flexibility to seek the largest possible return on our investments and to make the best possible use of our resources for research projects and improvements. In particular, all of our membership records are now computerized, which makes our handling of your account much more efficient than ever before. Also in regard to administration, at the last meeting of the Nevada Historical Society Board of Trustees, Mr. Russell McDonald graciously offered $2000 as a match against additional funds to be raised to help purchase a much needed new copying machine. We are very appreciative of his contribution.

With these substantial changes in our facilities, we are now ready to turn our attention to improving our programs. In the near future we expect to begin a series of guided tours to many of the fascinating historic areas in Nevada. Members of our staff and noted experts will be leading these tours. With a variety of exhibitions scheduled in our new gallery, look for news of special programs and receptions to come in our Reno museum. We are also planning seminars and workshops for Society members, in both northern and southern Nevada, dealing with the research of local history and the conservation and preservation of family papers, photographs and heirlooms.

And once the Department of Museums and History has its new facility in Las Vegas's Lorenzi Park, we will have another center for our programs and events. More will be forthcoming on these plans later.

PETER L. BANDURRAGA

Membership

At its last meeting, on May 30, The Nevada Historical Society Board of Trustees voted to raise membership dues to the following levels as of September 1, 1981: Annual $15, Student $5, Annual Sustaining $50, Life $500, and Corporate Patron $100. The Board acted with reluctance, but felt the economics of the situation demanded action. Membership dues generated about $4000 in 1980–81, while the publication costs of the *Quarterly* amounted to over $10,000. At the same time, however, there is no intention to dilute the quality of the *Quarterly*. In fact, in its annual meeting on May 30 the Editorial Board decided on the expanded use of photographs and other illustrations and the inclusion of new features, such as a "Research in Progress" section.

This increase is the first since the summer of 1975, when the Annual category was raised from $5 to $7.50, also to offset increased *Quarterly* costs. Even at the new prices, members will be receiving excellent value in our fine *Quarterly* and in our expanded programs. One added benefit for the Society is that any additional funds generated in our membership campaign will be used as a match against our NEH Challenge Grant.

You will soon be receiving news of our fall membership drive. We want to bring the benefit of membership in our Society to new friends throughout Nevada. We have also instituted a new membership category, the Corporate Patron, in the hope that the business community will want to join us in preserving our heritage. Please help us. The more of us there are who care about Nevada's past, the more we can do.

Moody Appointed Curator

Eric Moody has recently been appointed the new Curator of Manuscripts of the Society. Well-known for his publications, which include a biography of Vail Pittman *(A Southern Gentleman of Nevada Politics)*, an *Index to the Publications of the Nevada Historical Society*, and *Western Carpetbagger: The Extraordinary Memoirs of Senator Thomas Fitch*, in addition to a number of articles and reviews, Mr. Moody was most recently employed by the Society as the head of its photo preservation project.

Mr. Moody replaces Guy Louis Rocha, who resigned after several years of service as Curator, from December, 1976 to January, 1981. The Society was rendered invaluable service by Mr. Rocha in many respects, not the least of which were his organization of collections, and his considerable expertise in assisting researchers. In addition, Mr. Rocha served the Society as the Acting Director during the last months of 1980 during an important transitional period.

NHS Honors Harris and Mulcahy

At its annual meeting on May 29, which this year was held in conjunction with the annual awards banquet of the Nevada State Museum, the NHS Board of Trustees presented awards to Dr. Everett Harris and to Walt Mulcahy. Dr. Harris, Professor Emeritus of Mechanical Engineering at the University of Nevada, Reno, has long been interested in, and has contributed to, the study of the history and the trails of his native state. The author of a number of books and articles, he has been one of the most active members of the Nevada Emigrant Trail Marking Committee. Mr. Mulcahy has for many years been recognized as one of the foremost experts on Nevada's trails, lore, and geography, and has photographed thousands of historic sites throughout the state.

Department of Museums and History

Readers of the *Quarterly* will note that for the first time in its history, there is no listing in its pages of the NHS Board of Trustees. That institution ceased to exist as of June 30, 1981, as a result of legislation passed by the 1979 State Legislature. In 1979, the new Department of Museums and History was created, and a Joint Board came into being at that time, also; the legislation provided for the eventual phasing out of both the Historical Society and State Museum Boards, and that has occurred.

Another important development to be noted is that the 1981 Legislature has provided for an expansion of the Joint Board, which now has a membership of eleven. Of these, five are ex-members of the NHS Board: Elbert Edwards, Mary Laub, Russell McDonald, Edna Patterson, and Wilbur Shepperson. The complete membership of this policy-making body is listed on the inside back cover of this issue. Jack E. Porter, the original appointee as Administrator of the Department, continues in that post.

Contributors

CRAIG F. SWALLOW received his M.A. degree in History at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, and teaches at Chaparral High School (Las Vegas), as well as courses in Nevada History on a part-time basis for the Clark County Community College. He is a native-born resident, and is currently researching the impact of the Chinese in the mining communities of eastern Nevada.

VON V. PITTMAN, JR. received his M.Ed. in Adult Education and Ph.D. in American History from the University of Georgia, where his dissertation was entitled "Senator Patrick A. McCarran and the Politics of Containment." Currently he is a program coordinator in the Office of Continuing University Studies at Washington State University.

BETTY VEYSEY resides in Los Angeles, where she is retired. She attended the University of California, Berkeley, and majored in English Literature. For many years she worked for the Glendale Public Library.

CHARLES L. ADAMS received his Ph.D. from the University of Oregon and has been associated with the University of Nevada, Las Vegas since 1960. He is a Professor of English, and served for several years as Graduate Dean. After leaving administrative work, he became one of the foremost scholars of Frank Waters' work. He is currently working on *The Frank Waters Reader* to be published by Swallow Press/University of Ohio Press in 1982.

ROOSEVELT FITZGERALD received his M.A. degree from the University of Notre Dame, and has been the Coordinator of Ethnic Studies at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas since 1971. He specializes in the history and culture of minorities in Nevada; his research has resulted in the publication of a series, "History of Blacks in Las Vegas," which appears in the *Las Vegas Sentinel.*

NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

FOUNDED IN 1904, the Nevada Historical Society seeks to advance the study of the heritage of Nevada. The Society publishes scholarly studies, indexes, guidebooks, bibliographies, and the *Nevada Historical Society Quarterly*; it collects manuscripts, rare books, artifacts, and historical photographs and maps, and makes its collections available for research; it maintains a museum at its Reno facility; and it is engaged in the development and publication of educational materials for use in the public schools.