NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY

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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.

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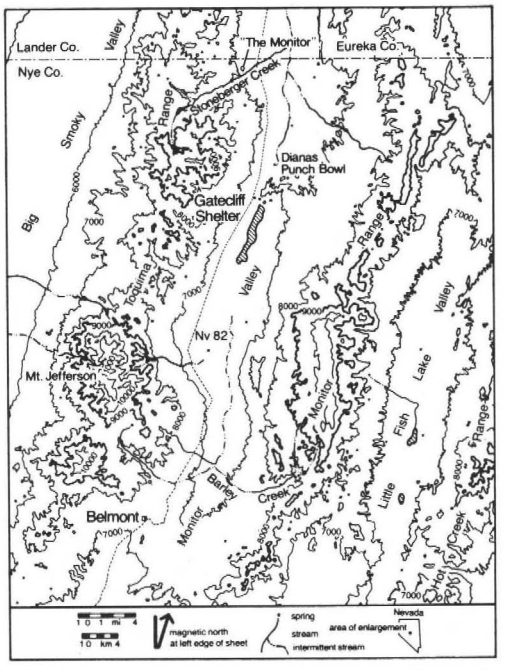

Figure 1. The major natural and cultural features in Monitor Valley, central Nevada. *(David Hurst Thomas)*

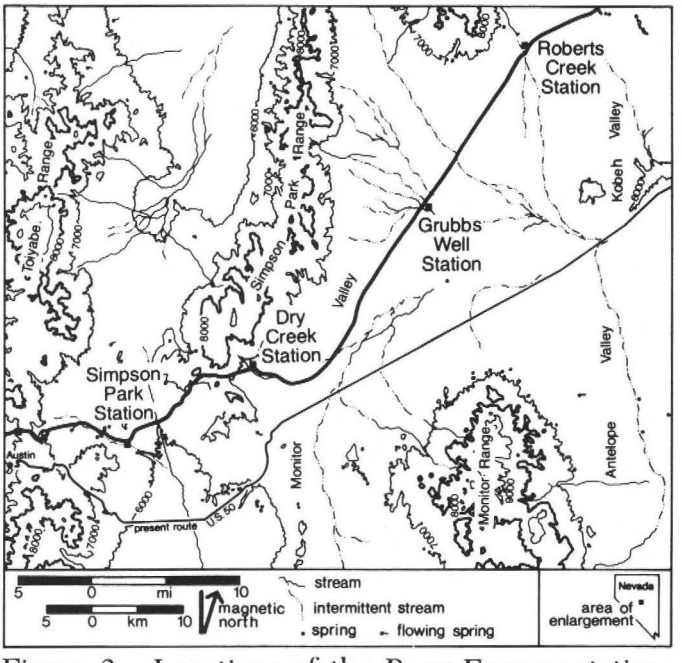

Figure 2. Locations of the Pony Express stations in and around Monitor Valley. *(David Hurst Thomas)*

The Colonization of Monitor Valley, Nevada

DAVID HURST THOMAS

WE WILL NEVER KNOW when the first human ventured into Monitor Valley. Recent archaeological excavations at Gatecliff Shelter and Triple T Shelter firmly established the presence of people in this area at least as early as 3500 B.C.[1] When the first white settlers arrived in the area, Monitor Valley was occupied by Western Shoshone people.[2] These Native Americans spoke Central Numic languages, a sub-branch of

[1] Since 1970, field crews from the University of California, Davis and the American Museum of Natural History have spent seven summers conducting fieldwork in this area. This research was focused on the excavation of Gatecliff Shelter, a forty foot deep rockshelter containing deposits spanning the last 7000 years. Nearly a dozen other prehistoric archaeological sites were located and mapped as part of this reconnaissance. These archaeological data are currently being analyzed at the American Museum of Natural History, and the results will be published shortly (Thomas, in preparation.)

In order to provide a historical baseline for the prehistoric research in Monitor Valley, we examined the relevent historic literature. As it turned out, very little historical research had been conducted in this area, and nowhere had the initial white settlement of Monitor Valley been documented. At the request of the editor of the *Nevada Historical Society Quarterly*, I have prepared the following manuscript which discusses in some detail the known history of Monitor Valley. No attempt is made in the present paper to reconstruct the prehistoric aboriginal occupation in Monitor Valley; interested readers are referred to the final published account of our Monitor Valley research (Thomas, in preparation).

I gratefully acknowledge the assistance of Mr. Guy Louis Rocha, former Curator of Manuscripts at the Nevada Historical Society and now the Nevada State Archivist; without Guy's strong interest and encouragement, this paper would have been considerably shorter and certainly less complete. I am also grateful to Mr. Bob Nylen, who generously allowed me to use his notes from Nye County Tax Rolls. I also thank Dr. Donald Hardesty, Dr. Catherine Fowler, Mr. Alvin McLane and Mr. Mont Lewis for helpful comments on earlier drafts of this paper. I thank Mr. Dennis O'Brien for preparing the artwork, and Ms. Judith Lee Silverstein for taking the photograph of "The Monitor," Ms. Jane Epstein and Ms. Margot Dembo for editorial assistance. Errors, of course, remain the sole responsibility of the author.

[2] Julian H. Steward, "Basin-Plateau Aboriginal Sociopolitical Groups," *Bureau of American Ethnology Bulletin* No. 120 (1938): 109-110; W.J. Hoffman, "Miscellaneous Ethnographic Observations on Indians Inhabiting Nevada, California, and Arizona" in F.V. Hayden, ed., *10th Annual Report of the U.S. Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories, Being a Report of Progress for the Year 1876* Part 3 (1878) pp. 461-478.

Numic, a division of the widespread Uto-Aztecan language family.[3] Unfortunately, ethnographers have rarely discussed the Monitor Valley Shoshone, and most of our knowledge about these people must come from the archaeological record. This scanty evidence can, on occasion, be supplemented by historical records, which provide an admittedly biased vision of the Monitor Valley Shoshone lifeway. These early explorers and settlers are universally quite negative toward the Shoshone, and the reader should be cautioned to keep these ethnocentric biases in mind when evaluating the historic sources.

The Great Basin was, of course, one of the last areas of North America to be influenced by white culture. By 1750, it was the only major region which still remained unknown to the white man.[4] A massive area of internal drainage, the Great Basin encompassed an almost impenetrable area of 210,000 square miles, measuring nearly 900 by 600 miles at its widest parts. Initial exploration was slow in developing, but once begun, settlements were rapidly established in the more favorable and accessible regions. This early colonization was sporadic, and the more remote portions of the Great Basin remained unexplored and unsettled for decades.

The Monitor Valley was one such backwater area. Situated well away from the initial settlements of the Great Basin, Monitor Valley was literally on the way to nowhere. The history of settlement in such remote areas is instructive, because it illustrates the processes by which many nineteenth century frontier settlements were established and maintained.[5] In a real sense, Monitor Valley can serve as a case study documenting the processes by which white settlers slowly expanded into the more peripheral areas of the American West.

A case can be made that the Monitor Valley was a cultural backwater even in prehistoric times. Like many of the upland valleys of central Nevada, Monitor Valley was probably not occupied before 4,000

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[3] Sydney M. Lamb, "Linguistic Prehistory in the Great Basin," *International Journal of American Linguistics* 24, No. 2 (1958): 95-100; Wick R. Miller "Anthropological Lingistics in the Great Basin" in Warren L. d'Azevedo et al., eds., "Current Status of Anthropological Research in the Great Basin: 1964," *Desert Research Institute Publications in the Soc. Sci.* No. 1 (1977) 75-112; C.S. Fowler, "Ecological Clues to Proto-Numic Homelands" in Don D. Fowler, ed., "Great Basin Cultural Ecology," *Desert Research Institute Publications in the Soc. Sci.* No. 8 (1972) 105-122.

[4] Gloria Griffen Cline, *Exploring the Great Basin* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1963).

[5] The concept of the *Frontier pattern* has been discussed in detail by Stanley South in *Method and Theory in Historical Archaeology* (New York: Academic Press, Inc., 1977) pp. 141-163; see also Donald L. Hardesty, *The Pony Express in Central Nevada: Archaeological and Documentary Perspectives*, Cultural Resources series, No. 1 (Nevada: Bureau of Land Management, 1979).

B.C.; and yet, not far away, much older human settlements are known.[6] The archaeological record of Monitor Valley shows an initial "settling in," followed by millennia of what appears to have been fairly sporadic occupation. The aboriginal population of Monitor Valley was never high, and it is doubtful that aboriginal groups lived there year round. Both archaeological and ethnographic evidence indicates that the prehistoric population density was much higher in areas such as the Reese River Valley, Owens Valley and probably also along the Humboldt to the north.

In short, the archaeological and historical records of Monitor Valley tell the story of a relatively isolated region which was almost begrudgingly colonized some 6,000 years ago by native Americans and then recolonized 130 years ago by white explorers and settlers. Such peripheral areas are often overlooked in the study of frontier adaptations, and this neglect is evidenced by the paucity of both archaeological and historical literature.

Early Exploration

The first white man known to have traveled across the Great Basin is mountain man Jedediah Strong Smith, whose journey took him directly through Monitor Valley. A native New Yorker, Smith and two partners purchased, in 1826, a controlling interest in the Missouri-based Rocky Mountain Fur Company. Smith set out during that summer to explore the territory west of the Great Salt Lake.[7] His exact route across the Great Basin has been debated for over fifty years, but the issue seems settled with the recent publication of his journal.[8] The route can also be traced from his letters and a map prepared in 1839 by David H. Burr, topographer to the U.S. Post Office.[9]

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[6] As for example near Pleistocene Lake Tonopah (Elizabeth W.C. Campbell and William H. Campbell, "A Folsom Complex in the Great Basin," *Masterkey*, 14:1 [1940] 7-11; Lorann S.A. Pendleton, "Lithic Technology in Early Nevada Assemblages" [Masters thesis, California State University, Long Beach, 1979]); at Mud Lake (Donald R. Tuohy, "Some Early Lithic Sites in Western Nevada" in Cynthia Irwin-Williams, ed., *Early Man in Western North America, Eastern New Mexico University Contributions in Anthropology*, 1 [4]:27-38; Donald R. Tuohy, "The Test Excavation of Hanging Rock Cave, Churchill County, Nevada," *Anthropological Papers of the Nevada State Museum* No. 14 [Carson City, 1969] 26-50.); Railroad Valley (Robert Elston, personal communication, 1980); and probably also along the Humboldt River (Robert Elston, personal communication, 1980).

[7] The documentary evidence is unclear as to what, precisely, was Smith's objective: see George R. Brooks, ed., *The Southwest Expedition of Jedediah S. Smith: His Personal Account of the Journey to California 1826-1827* (Glendale, Calif: The Arthur H. Clark Company, 1977) pp. 22-28.

[8] Ibid.

[9] Reprinted in Dale L. Morgan and Carl I. Wheat, *Jedediah Smith and His Maps of the American West*, California Historical Society, 1954.

Smith's early explorations began near Hyrum, Utah, in August of 1826. Leading a party of about a dozen men, Smith headed through southwestern Utah, crossed into Nevada (probably near the modern town of Bunkerville in Clark County), traveled across the Mojave Desert to the San Bernardino Mountains, and ultimately arrived at Mission San Gabriel on November 26.[10] Because Mexican law at the time forbade entrance of unauthorized foreigners into California, Smith was ordered to return east, following the same route by which he had just arrived.

Not anxious to repeat his unpleasant Mojave Desert crossing, Smith surreptitiously blazed a new route north from Mission San Gabriel. Skirting the northern edge of the Mojave Desert, Smith led his party into the San Joaquin Valley. He crossed the Sierra Nevada in May, 1827. The precise location of this crossing has been debated by historians;[11] but the most probable route seems to have been up the Stanislaus River (through modern-day Angels Camp and Murphys) and on through Ebbetts Pass.[12]

It was this second Great Basin crossing which apparently took Jedediah Smith through Monitor Valley. A notation on the 1839 Burr map reads simply, "Some Isolated Mountains rise from this Plain of Sand, to the regions of Perpetual Snow, the small streams that flow from these, all soon absorbed into the sand. It contains a few miserable Indians, but little Game." Elsewhere, Smith noted that he "found some Indians who appeared the most miserable of the human race having nothing to subsist on, (nor any clothing) except grass seed, grasshoppers, etc."[13]

Smith's small party skirted the south of Walker Lake on June 1, 1827, and proceeded to the east approximately following the route of modern U.S. Highway 6.[14] While at Walker Lake, he commented on "considerable horse sign," an interesting note since Smith is generally credited with being the first white man in the area.[15] After taking some fish from an abandoned village, he "went a little further where there

[10] See C. Hart Merriam, "Earliest Crossing of the Deserts of Utah and Nevada to Southern California: Route of Jedediah S. Smith in 1826," *Quarterly of the California Historical Society*, II, No. 2 (July 1923) 228-36; Dale L. Morgan, *Jedediah Smith and the Opening of the West* (New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc., 1953); Cline, *Exploring the Great Basin*, p. 155; Brooks, *Southwest Expedition of Jedediah S. Smith*, p. 38.

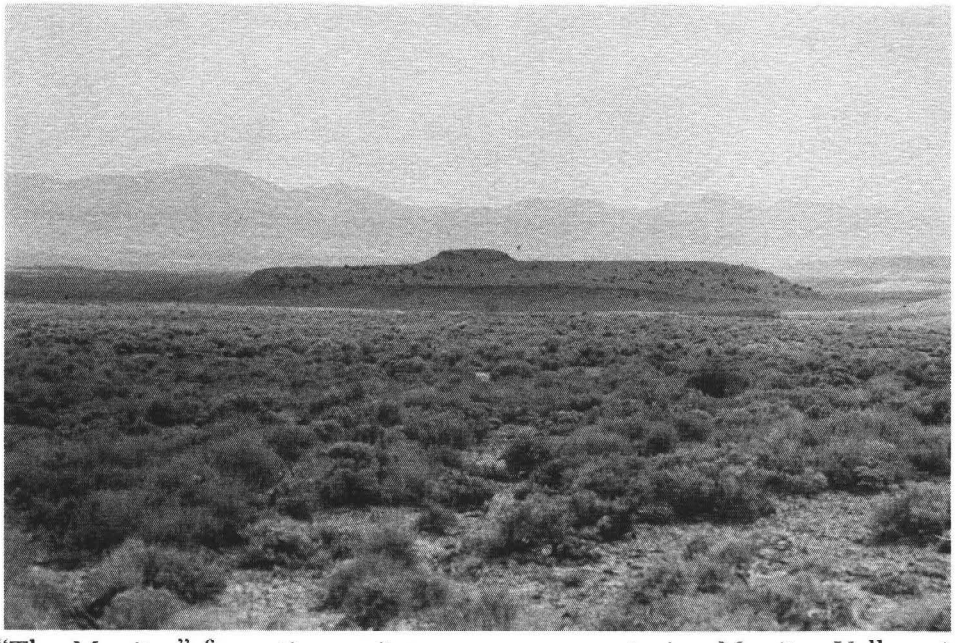
[11] Among them Morgan, *Jedediah Smith*, p. 207; Effie Mona Mack, *Nevada: A History of the State from the Earliest Times through the Civil War* (Glendale, Calif.: The Arthur H. Clark Company, 1936); Cline, *Exploring the Great Basin*, p. 157.

[12] Francis P. Farquhar, "Jedediah Smith and the First Crossing of the Sierra Nevada," *Sierra Club Bulletin*, 28 (1943) 36-53; Brooks, *Expedition of Jedediah S. Smith.*

[13] Cited in Morgan, *Jedediah Smith and the Opening of the West*, p. 210.

[14] Farquhar, "Jedediah Smith"; Morgan, *Jedediah Smith*, p. 418; Cline, *Exploring the Great Basin*, p. 158; Brooks, *Expedition of Jedediah S. Smith*, pp. 173-174.

[15] See Brooks, *Expedition of Jedediah S. Smith*, p. 174.



"The Monitor" formation as it appears upon entering Monitor Valley via Petes Summit; the photograph view is to the southeast. *(David Hurst Thomas)*

was several families encamped. They were fishing with nets very neatly made with fine meshes. . . about ten O Clock at night I was awakened by the sound of horses feet. I started up and 20 or 30 horsemen rode by at full speed to where the fishermen were encamped."[16]

Smith also observed several Indians in the vicinity of Walker Lake wearing buffalo robes and Spanish blankets. His journal notes that the Walker Lake Paiute deliberately deceived him about the availability of water to the east, in hopes of sending him "where I might perish for want of it."[17]

The Smith party left Walker Lake, moved between the Gabbs Valley and Pilot Ranges, around the southern end of the Shoshone and Toiyabe Ranges, and crossed Big Smoky Valley just south of Peavine Creek.[18] He followed a well-marked Indian trail across Big Smoky Valley on June 7, 1827, to find "water and good grass" in the area. Smith and his two

[16] Ibid.

[17] Ibid, p. 176.

[18] This portion of the journey is, incidentally, identical to the route taken two decades later by John Charles Frémont.

partners stopped for their midday meal just west of the modern town of Manhattan, then crossed the southern tip of the Toquima Range directly east from Manhattan along a route approximated by Highway 69.[19] They camped for two nights, June 7 and 8, near the site of Belmont.

On June 9 the Smith party traveled across Monitor Valley proper and passed into the Monitor Range via McCann Canyon. The next day Smith "found an Indian and 2 squaws who had no opportunity of running away. I endeavored to talk a little with them by signs but found them too stupid or wilful. They had a piece of a Buffalo robe and a Beaver skin which last I bought of them."[20] The trail took them east to Hot Creek, along the base of the Pancake Range, and finally into Utah south of Gandy.

This portion of Smith's return trip seems to have been as miserable as the earlier westward crossing of the Mojave Desert. In a letter to General William Clark (of Lewis and Clark fame), Smith noted:

> After traveling twenty days from the east side of Mountain Joseph, I struck the S.W. corner of the Great Salt Lake, traveling over a country completely barren and destitute of game. We frequently traveled without water sometimes for two days over sandy deserts, where there was no sign of vegetation, and when we found water in some of the rocky hills, we most generally found some Indians who appeared the most miserable of the human race.[21]

Smith arrived at the Salt Lake with only a single horse and one mule remaining, having eaten the rest. He ultimately joined his partners along the Utah-Idaho boundary at the great bend of the Bear River.[22]

Nearly two decades elapsed before another explorer, John Charles Frémont, saw the central Great Basin. Frémont's first expedition proceeded up the Platte River and explored the Wind River Mountain Chain. After his return, Frémont organized a second expedition, which, like the first, was under the direction of the Topographical Engineers Corps of the U.S Army. Frémont left St. Louis in May, 1843, traveled along the Oregon Trail, explored the Snake River, and ultimately arrived at Fort Vancouver. Equipped with provisions for three months, Frémont re-entered the States, headed through southeastern Oregon, and spent New Year's Day, 1844, camped on the western edge of the Black Rock Desert, north of Pyramid Lake. Because of heavy snow, the party

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[19] Brooks, *Expedition of Jedediah S. Smith*, p. 178.

[20] Ibid., pp. 179-180.

[21] In this quotation, Smith used the term "Mountain Joseph" to refer to the entire Sierra Nevada Range; see Maurice S. Sullivan, ed., *The Travels of Jedediah Smith* (Santa Ana, Calif.: 1934) p. 165 and also Brooks, *Expedition of Jedediah S. Smith*, p. 149.

[22] Mack, *Nevada: A History*, p. 66.

elected not to cross the Sierra Nevada there and continued south to the Walker River, crossing the mountains by what is now known as Carson Pass. Frémont arrived at Fort Sutter, Sacramento in March, 1844.

Frémont's group remained in Sacramento only two weeks, returning to the Great Basin by way of the Old Spanish Trail, through Las Vegas, and northward to the Oregon Trail; it then traveled east to the Missouri River, where Frémont prepared his final report.[23] In this report Frémont described the Great Basin as a massive land of internal drainage; his account provided the first official description of the Great Basin:

> The existence of the Great Basin is therefore an established fact in my own mind; its extent and contents are yet to be better ascertained. It cannot be less than four or five hundred miles each way. . . Of its interior but little is known. It is called a desert, and, from what I saw of it, sterility may be its prominent characteristic. . . The contents of the Great Basin are yet to be examined.[24]

Even while writing his report, Frémont was making plans to examine the "contents" of the Great Basin in some detail.

Little time passed before Frémont led a new party of sixty, leaving the Missouri River in August, 1845 and arriving at the Great Salt Lake in mid-October. He elected to cross the Great Salt Lake desert directly, apparently where no white man had previously ventured.[25] He camped at the base of Pilot Peak (north of Wendover) and then split his party; the larger group journeyed west to the Humboldt River, while Frémont led a small group to the southwest.

After crossing the South Fork of the Humboldt, Frémont continued a "tortuous course rendered unavoidable by the necessity of using just such passes as the mountains gave, and in searching for grass and water."[26] He and his party of ten men generally traveled along Indian trails which skirted the foot of the ridges: "When well marked showing use, these never failed to lead to water and the larger the trail the more abundant the water."[27]

Frémont's map showed that they passed through Diamond Valley, arriving at a stream he called Basils Creek (Kingston Creek), near the head of Big Smoky Valley. They traveled down the west side of Big Smoky Valley until they arrived at "Boiling Sp." (Darroughs Hot

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[23] Ibid., p. 97. Over 100,000 copies were distributed, and the report had a profound effect on later emigration to the Far West.

[24] John Charles Frémont, *Memoirs of My Life* (Chicago and New York: Belford, Clark & Co., 1887 [1886] pp. 391-392.

[25] Mack, *Nevada: A History*, p. 98.

[26] Frémont, *Memoirs*, pp. 434-435.

[27] Ibid., p. 435.

Springs), where they camped on November 16, 1845. The group traveled around the southern tip of the Toiyabe Range, adding "Moores Creek" to his map (Peavine Creek), and then to the eastern shore of Walker Lake, which Frémont named after Joe Walker, the guide of the northern party. They then crossed into California over Donner Pass.[28]

As the Carson Valley and Salt Lake City areas became more densely settled, there was a brief interest in exploring a more direct route across the Great Basin, or at least in finding better terrain through which to make the crossing.[29] On September 18, 1854, Lt. Col. Edward Jenner Steptoe led a government detachment to find such a route.[30] Steptoe was accompanied by John Reese, a pioneer Mormon settler and businessman in the Carson Valley, who almost every year since 1851 had made the crossing to Salt Lake City in order to acquire supplies and merchandise for his business.[31] When the Steptoe party reached the location of modern Battle Mountain, Reese and two companions apparently followed the Reese River for some distance to the south; Reese called this the "New River," but the name was later changed to Reese River in his honor.[32]

The next major white incursion into the central Great Basin occurred some fourteen years after Frémont passed through Big Smoky Valley. This expedition was under the command of Captain James H. Simpson, commissioned by the U.S. Army Topographical Corps to find a suitable military route between the Mormon settlements at Camp Floyd, Utah, and Genoa in the Carson Valley. The major route had previously

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[28] Frémont made a number of ethnographic observations, some of which are discussed by Carling Malouf, "Ethnohistory in the Great Basin," in *The Current Status of Anthropological Research in the Great Basin: 1964*, Warren L. d'Azevedo, et, al., eds. p. 13; Robert F. Heizer, M.A. Baumhoff and C.W. Clewlow, Jr., "Archaeology of South Fork Shelter (NV-EL-11), Elko County, Nevada," *University of California Archaeological Survey Reports*, No. 71 (Berkeley, 1968) p. 5; Ruth Hermann, *The Paiutes of Pyramid Lake*, (San Jose: Harlan-Young Press, 1972); Edward C. Johnson, *Walker River Paiutes: A Tribal History*, (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Printing Service, 1975) pp. 22-23; and the Inter-Tribal Council of Nevada in *Numa: A Northern Paiute History* (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Printing Service, 1976). Among other things, Frémont noted in his *Memoirs* (p. 436) that the Indians used a sinew-backed bow and arrows tipped with obsidian points. Frémont's party also happened upon an old abandoned "Digger woman," who was approximately eighty years old and left to die "because she was very old and could gather no more seeds and was no longer good for anything".

[29] Juanita Brooks, "The Mormons in Carson County, Utah Territory," *Nevada Historical Society Quarterly* 8 (Spring 1965), 15.

[30] Myron Angel, *History of Nevada with Illustrations and Biographical Sketches of Its Prominent Men and Pioneers*, (Oakland: Thompson & West Publisher, 1881) p. 37; W. Turrentine Jackson, *Wagon Roads West: A Study of Federal Road Surveys and Construction in the Trans-Mississippi West, 1846-1869* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1965).

[31] Brooks, "The Mormons in Carson County," p. 15.

[32] Captain J.H. Simpson, *Report of Explorations Across the Great Basin of the Territory of Utah for a Direct Wagon-Route from Camp Floyd to Genoa, in Carson Valley, in 1859* (Washington: Government Printing Office, 1876) p. 78.

been along the Humboldt River, and Simpson set out in early May, 1859 to find a short-cut. His party consisted of sixty four men including several scientists, guides, and military personnel. Unlike Smith and Frémont, Simpson kept detailed notes of his travels.[33] The present discussion is confined to the immediate vicinity of Monitor Valley.

While traveling down the *Pah-hun-hupe* (Diamond) Valley, Simpson noted "a couple of bush-fences or barriers converging to a narrow pass, and a large hole in this last portion. Pete [a Ute Indian] says they are to guide deer near the hole, in which the Indian hides himself, and shoots them as they pass with bows and arrows at night, a fire being used as a lure."[34]

On May 20, Simpson and his party entered the Kobah (Kobeh) Valley; "this Kobah Valley is the most extensive one we have seen, and, like the Great Salt Lake Desert, seems once to have been a lake. . . Streams run from the sides of the mountains, toward the valleys, but sink into the alluvion at their base. They are generally grassed, particularly in the cañons or rivines."[35] Simpson established camp on May 22 at *She-o-wi-te* near the modern Roberts Creek Ranch and the group rested, since eight were ill and "unfit for duty."

Three Western Shoshone, apparently grandfather, son, and grandson, visited Simpson's camp in northern Kobeh Valley. Simpson questioned them regarding local place names and inquired about the number of their people.

To this I could only get the answer there were very few of them. One of them is an old man of at least sixty years, and he as well as the others represent that they have always lived in this valley, and, never having gone far from it, cannot tell us of the water and mountains beyond their limited range. They say they

[33] In fact, Simpson was quite critical of the quality of Frémont's observations complaining that "the geographic memoir of Frémont. . .does not enter into the particulars of his exploration of 1845 and 1846, but only gives a general view of the Great Basin," (Ibid., p. 22). Aware of his predecessor's shortcomings, Simpson attempted to record "the particulars of each day's travel across the Great Basin, as well as a minute description of country traversed,". (Ibid., p. 27). Simpson subsequently published both an abbreviated and a full-length account of his exploration: J.H. Simpson, *The Shortest Route to California Illustrated by a History of Explorations of the Great Basin of Utah with Its Topographical and Geological Character and Some Account of the Indian Tribes* (Philadelphia: J.B. Lippincott & Co., 1869); and his *Report of Explorations Across the Great Basin.* Because of this care and planning, his journal provides the earliest ecologically and ethnographically relevant descriptions for the central Great Basin. A number of investigators have previously considered Simson's observations for other areas (e.g., Robert F. Heizer and M.A. Baumhoff, "The Archaelogy of Two Sites at Eastgate, Churchill County, Nevada," *University of California Anthropological Records,* 20 [Berkeley: 1961] 119-120; Robert F. Heizer and Martin A. Baumhoff, *Prehistoric Rock Art of Nevada and Eastern California* [Berkeley: University of California Press, 1962] p. 48; Malouf, "Ethnohistory in the Great Basin,". p. 20).

[34] Simpson, *Report of Explorations Across the Great Basin,* p. 70.

[35] Ibid., p. 73.

have no chief, though they speak the Sho-sho-nee language; are clothed with the rabbit-skin cape, similar to the Go-shoots, and represent that they wore no leggings, even in the winter. This is scarcely credible, cold as the winter must be in this region, but it seems to be a fact. They are very talkative and lively. Eat rats, lizards, grass-seeds, etc., like the Go-shoots. The guide says he saw them, after throwing rats in the fire, and thus roasting them, eat them, entrails and all, the children in particular being very fond of the juices, which they would lick in with their tongues and push into their mouths with their fingers. The old man represents that a number of his people died last winter from starvation and cold. . . [36]

Later that afternoon Simpson hiked up the creek to visit

A wick-e-up of the Diggers that have visited our camp. It had been reported to be about from one-eighth to one-fourth of a mile above our camp; but, with all the search we could give for about a mile up, we could see nothing of it. Returning on the other side of the creek, we at last got sight of it, it being only distinguished from the sage-bushes around it by the circular form given to its development, it being made of these bushes in their still growing state, and some few loose ones thrown in. To our surprise the inmates were gone. This we conceived strange, as they had come into our camp immediately on our arrival, and seemed to be very confident of protection and safety. What makes the matter more strange, it appears that in going off they shot an arrow into one of our beeves, which looks as if they had become offended at something.[37]

The next day Simpson discovered that his cook had indeed offended the visiting Shoshone by threatening him with his revolver.

On May 23 Simpson moved his group southward toward Monitor Valley. They passed the hot springs two miles north of the site of Bartine Ranch and made camp at what Simpson called Shelton's Spring, named after one of his dragoons. This stop, Camp No. 20, was on modern Clover Spring, just south of Highway 50. Simpson's party found several human bones while cleaning out the spring:

This is corroborative of the statement of my guide, last fall, that the Indians of this region bury their dead frequently in springs. It may be imagined that those who had drunk of the water did not feel very comfortable after the discovery.[38]

On May 24 the expedition moved seven miles to the southwest and stopped at *Wons-in-dam-me* or Antelope Creek (now known as Willow Creek, at the northern end of the Monitor Range). Simpson noted that the stream was about three feet wide and one foot deep, in good grass

[36] Ibid., pp. 71-72.
[37] Ibid., p. 72.
[38] Ibid., p. 73.

and abundant cedar timber. Simpson also recorded that the Kobeh and Monitor Valleys were dominated by bunchgrass and would provide ample fodder for wagon trains.

Simpson's party then continued westward, across Monitor Valley, crossing Stoneberger Creek, also said to be three feet wide and one foot deep. The Journal noted the "fine grass. . . .toward the mountains and many signs of sage-hen and antelope in the valley. A herd of the latter seen." To the west they observed the *Pah-re-ah* or Water Mountains (Simpson Park Mountains) remarking on the abundant streams which flowed into Monitor Valley.

While camped at the northern tip of the Toquima Range, they were visited by a party of fifteen or twenty Shoshone:

> They are the most lively, jocose Indians I have seen. Say two rats make a meal. Like rabbits better than rats, and antelope better than either, but cannot get latter. Have no guns; use bow and arrow. They occasionally amuse us very much in their attempts to ride our mules, which are, however, so much frightened at their rabbit-skin dress as to cause them to run off with them.[39]

Skirting the southern edge of the *Pah-re-ah* Mountains, the Simpson party passed through Hickison Summit, but made no mention of the conspicuous rock art there.[40] Big Smoky Valley, termed *Won-a-ho-nupe*, was "very thinly covered with *artemisia*" and more antelope were observed. Near his Camp No. 23, below Simpson Park Canyon, Simpson noticed

> under a cedar. . .a very large willow basket of conical shape, which would contain probably a bushel and a half. Concealed under the same cedar were a number of rolls of willow peeling nicely tied together; also faggots and bundles of peeled willow -- the stock in trade of some industrious Digger. Directed they should not be disturbed.

Simpson also noted along the western slope of the Pah-re-ah range a number of "columns of stone," which he reckoned were placed there by Indians "as landmarks to guide them over this trackless region." The expedition then crossed the Toiyabe Range through what is now known as Simpson Park Canyon, a few miles northeast of the present town of Austin. Once again Simpson commented on the "luxuriant" stands of willow and grass, "the stream in the cañon is quite pure, and I think

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[39] Ibid., p. 75.

[40] Described in Heizer and Baumhoff, *Prehistoric Rock Art of Nevada and Eastern California;* see also Trudy Thomas, "Petroglyph Distribution and the Hunting Hypothesis in the Central Great Basin," *Tebiwa* 18 (1976) 65-74.

there must be trout in it. . .there is a great deal of meadow along [the stream], and bunch-grass on the sides of the mountains."

Simpson's Camp 23 was situated on a lake "several acres in extant. Ducks frequent it. . .Should it ever become necessary to establish a post, say near the entrance of *Won-a-ho-nupe* (Simpson Park) Cañon the grass, water, and timber of this mountain-range would be amply sufficient."[41] On May 27, Simpson was visited by an old Shoshone, who

> represents that we are the first white persons he has ever seen. He says there is a large number of Indians living around, but they had run away from fear of us. . .He is at least sixty years old, and says he never had a chief. I asked him if his country was a good one. He said it was. He liked it a good deal better than any other. I asked him why. Because, he said, it had a great many rats. I asked him if they ever quarreled about their rat country. He said they did. So it would appear that civilized nations are not the only people who go to war about their domains.[42]

The next day Simpson led his party through a pass now bearing his name to a camp on the west side of the Toiyabe Mountains. The large river in this valley was known by the Indian name of *Pang-que-o-whoppe*, or Fish Creek. Simpson preferred to name it after his guide, Mr. John Reese, who had been there previously. During his visit the Reese River was ten feet wide, one and one-half feet deep, and contained trout weighing two and one-half pounds.

Simpson continued his journey across Central Nevada, arriving in Genoa on June 12, some 41 days after he had left Camp Floyd. Simpson lingered in the Carson Valley for a few days, then traveled across the Sierra Nevada to visit Placerville, Sacramento, and San Francisco. The return journey began from Genoa on June 24 and he reached the Reese River Valley on July 6. Simpson's Journal is more condensed for the return trip, but he still provides useful glimpses on both man and land in pristine central Nevada.

The lake in Simpson's Park had fallen considerably since his visit six weeks earlier,[43] but the grass in Reese River Valley "as well as everywhere nearly on the mountains [was] very abundant; more so than when we passed before. Hundreds of acres of good hay may be cut in Simpson's Park."

Seventeen Shoshone-speaking Indians visited Simpson's camp, "two of them riding hourses." One of them, who spoke a little English, told Simpson that the Toiyabe Mountains comprised the "dividing boundary

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[41] Simpson, *Report of Explorations Across the Great Basin*, p. 77.
[42] Ibid., p. 77.
[43] Ibid., p. 110.

between the Pi-Utes and the Diggers [Shoshone] proper." That night, two of Simpson's men returned to camp with ten brook trout caught in the Reese River, some weighing two and one-half pounds.

Amidst a thunderstorm Simpson moved his group eastward across Monitor Valley, camping on July 8 once again on the *Wons-in-dam-me Creek*, now Willow Creek. They were joined by several Shoshone, "each carrying his two rat-sticks. Several of them are entirely naked, except the breech-cloth. Quite a heavy shower of rain has been falling, but, although it came down cold and chilly, these Indians seemed to take it as if it were not an extraordinary occurrence."[44]

Before Simpson's party continued eastward the next day, they were "amused" with a dance performance by the visiting Shoshone: "The appearance of so many white men and wagons, in their country is quite an epoch in their lives, and they are correspondingly elated." Simpson ultimately returned to Camp Floyd, Utah, on August 4, 1859.

The Pony Express

Simpson successfully established a workable route between Salt Lake City and the Carson Valley, cutting off almost 300 miles from the Humboldt River route. His exploration had an immediate effect on the east-west mail system. The United States had initially attempted to establish mail service between California and Salt Lake City using a mule train in January, 1851;[45] this was the so-called "Jackass Express".[46] The first route followed the old Emigrant Trail, which generally paralleled the Humboldt River.

The results of Simpson's survey became known shortly after he returned to Camp Floyd in August, 1859, even though the official report was not published until seventeen years later. The Overland Mail followed much of Simpson's Central Route from Utah to Genoa. The operator, George Chorpenning, began constructing a new series of stage stations along the Central Route west from Jacob's Well (in western White Pine County). Because of the increased cost involved in relocating the mail, passenger, and express lines, Chorpenning lost his mail contract in April, 1860.[47]

The mail contract was immediately awarded to Jones, Russell and Company, which soon changed its name to Russell, Majors & Waddell.

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[44] Ibid., p. 111.

[45] Leroy R. Hafen, *The Overland Mail 1848-1869* (Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark, Co., 1926).

[46] Victor O. Goodwin, "The Humboldt--Nevada's Desert River and Thoroughfare of the American West," *Nevada Humboldt River Basin Survey, U.S.D.A., 1966.*

[47] Ibid.

The "Pony Express," as it was called, operated only from April 3, 1860 to October 28, 1861, and it continued Chorpenning's construction of stage stops, several of which were built in the vicinity of Monitor Valley.[48]

A Pony Express station was built at Simpson Park in the spring of 1860, apparently near where Simpson had camped on May 27, the previous year. It was quickly beset with problems, and the Simpson Park Station was attacked and burnt on May 20, 1860, presumably by local Indians. As part of his western travels, the British scholar, explorer, and erstwhile anthropologist, Sir Richard Burton stopped at the Simpson Park station on October 13 of that year, noting that the station house had already been rebuilt: "A hideous Pa-Uta and surly Shoshone, whom I sketched, loitered about the station. They were dressed in the usual rabbitskin cape, and carried little horn bows, with which they missed small marks at fifteen paces".[49] The station was probably also used by the Overland Mail and Stage Line until 1862 or 1863, when the run was changed to stop in Austin.

Another Pony Express station was established further east at Dry Creek, the site of Simpson's camp of May 26, 1859. Located at the head of Monitor Valley, the Dry Creek station was one of the last to be constructed. When the Simpson Park station was raided, Pony Express carrier William Streeper traveled there to investigate. On his return to Dry Creek, he found the scalped and mutilated body of Ralph Rosier, the station keeper.[50] By this time Si McCandless, a white man married to a Paiute, was operating a trading post in Monitor Valley, just across the road from the Dry Creek Pony Express station. According to McCandless,

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[48] For a first-rate example of how documentary and archaeological evidence can be combined, see Donald L. Hardesty, *The Pony Express in Central Nevada*, cited above, which deals with two central Nevada Great Basin Pony Express Stations.

[49] Richard Burton, *The City of the Saints, and Across the Rocky Mountains to California* (New York: Harper and Brothers, Publishers, 1862). Burton's brief visit to central Nevada might be termed the first anthropological study of the area. Richard Francis Burton (1821-1890) was one of the greatest British travelers of the nineteenth century, writing more than fifty books describing his journeys. He lived in India for seven years, and became proficient in five of the Indian vernaculars, as well as in Persian and Arabic. He achieved worldwide recognition for his accounts of the pilgrimages to Medina and Mecca in 1853, and later participated in expeditions which attempted to find the source of the Nile, discovering Lake Tanganyika, exploring the Gold Coast, Dahomey, and Benin.

Burton visited the United States only briefly, describing his experiences in *The City of Saints*. Unlike his predecessors Simpson and Frémont, his international travels fostered a more cross-cultural perspective, although his observations were by no means value-free. Burton was equally interested in observing white frontier life in the Americas, especially among the Mormons, and it is this interest which enlivens his accounts of experiences in the central Great Basin.

[50] Raymond W. Settle and Mary Lund Settle, *Saddles and Spurs: The Pony Express Saga* (Harrisburg: The Stackpole Co., 1955).

some of his wife's relatives may have been involved with the unpleasantries at Simpson's Park and Dry Creek.[51] It has been estimated that the 1860 hostilities cost the Pony Express about $75,000, and may have contributed to the financial failure of the enterprise.[52]

Unpleasantries occurred on both sides in those early days in Monitor Valley. C.W. Brewer, a soldier who traveled the Pony Express route in the summer of 1860 wrote:

> The Pony Express & Mail Route is well stocked with Brigham's Boys who themselves have excited the Indian troubles. At Dry Creek one of them shot down an Indian ruthlessly and in cold blood saying he would rather shoot a man than a dog.[53]

Richard Burton also reported on his stay at Dry Creek on October 11, 1860:

> . . .we found the station on a grassy bench at the foot of low rolling hills. It was a mere shell, with a substantial stone corral behind, and the inmates were speculating upon the possibility of roofing themselves in before the winter. Water is found in tolerable quantities below the station, but the place deserved its name, "Dry Creek".[54]

Burton also visited the graves of those killed in the May uprising.

The Grubbs Well station was situated to the east, in the northern end of Monitor Valley proper. Few accounts exist, but it was apparently in operation as early as August, 1861; it seems likely that this station was initially constructed for use in Butterfield's Overland Mail and Stage Express, and only incidentally used by the Pony Express.[55]

The Roberts Creek station was constructed at the spot of Simpson's May 21-22 camp, where Monitor and Antelope Valleys join to form Kobah Valley. It was constructed in the spring of 1860, being one of the initial stops for the Pony Express. As at nearby stations, conflicts quickly arose between the Shoshone and the whites. In fact, on the second trip of the Pony Express, the rider was delayed for six hours at Roberts Creek because the horses had been driven off by local Indians. Hostilities continued through May and June.

Richard Burton visited the Roberts Creek station on October 10, 1860, and made the following characteristic comments:

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[51] Ibid.

[52] Glenn D. Bradley, *The Story of the Pony Express* (Chicago: A.C. McClurg & Co., 1913), p. 174.

[53] Cited in Dorothy Mason, *The Pony Express in Nevada* (Reno: Harrah's Club, 1976), p. 30.

[54] Burton, *City of the Saints*, p. 483.

[55] Mason, *The Pony Express in Nevada*, p. 32.

From the hills rose the smokes of Indian fires: the lands belong to the Tusawichya or White Knives, a band of the Shoshones under an independent chief. This depression is known to the Yutas as Sheawit, or Willow Creek. . .

About the station loitered several Indians of the White-Knife tribe, which boasts. . . never to have stained its weapons with the blood of a white man. They may be a respectable race, but they are an ugly: they resembled the Diggers, and the children are not a little like juvenile baboons. The dress is the usual medley of rags and rabbit furs: they were streaked with vermillion; and their hair. . . was fastened into a frontal pigtail, to prevent it falling into the eyes. . . Mose Wright [a rider for the Pony Express] described the Indian arrow poison. The rattlesnake. . . is caught with a forked stick planted over its neck, and is allowed to fix its fangs in an antelope's liver. The meat, which turns green, is carried upon a skewer when wanted for use: the flint head of an arrow, made purposely to break in the wound, is thrust into the poison, and when withdrawn is covered with a thin coat of glue. Ammonia is considered a cure for it, and the Indians treat snake bites with actual cautery. . .[56]

The winter of 1861 was apparently a difficult one for the Shoshone, and Pony Express station keepers occasionally supplied them with food. The *Salt Lake City Deseret News* (Feb. 20, 1861) reported that the snow was very deep in the vicinity of the Roberts Creek station, and that the Indians were "in a destitute and starving condition. One Indian was recently found dead within a half mile of the station, who had perished of cold and starvation while on his way there for food. Another had fallen down nearby from exhaustion, badly frozen, who was seen taken to the station and resuscitated before it was too late to save his life." After the Pony Express ceased operation on October 28, 1861, the Roberts Creek station continued to operate as an Overland Stage station until 1869.

The Silver Boom

Myron Angel has suggested that prior to 1862 "the overland mail created all the civilized life in the central and eastern part of the Territory of Nevada".[57] But the character of the central Great Basin changed almost overnight when William Talcott discovered silver in Pony Canyon. Talcott, a former Pony Express rider, was working at the time hauling wood for the Overland Stage station at Jacob's Well, in the Reese River Valley.[58] The silver ore was quickly assayed in Virginia City and proved to be extremely rich. Word spread rapidly and the Reese River Mining District was established on May 10, 1862. The response to

[56] Burton, *City of the Saints*, pp. 481-482.
[57] Angel, *History of Nevada*, p. 461.
[58] Russell R. Elliott, *History of Nevada* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1973), p. 101.

the new boom was so great that by fall the territorial legislature was forced to create a new county, named Lander, from the eastern portions of Humboldt and Churchill counties. The original county seat was established at Jacob's Well (Jacobsville), but Austin rapidly won the contest for survival among the small rival communities and the county seat was offically moved there on September 21, 1863.[59]

The area reached its maximum population of 5000 to 6000 in the late 1860s.[60] The silver ore in Austin had been overrated and the production rate for the 1860s and 1870s was unimpressive. But Austin's true influence came not from actual silver ore production, but rather from its role as a "mother camp" to many discoveries in eastern Nevada.[61]

One of these ancillary booms occurred in the Toiyabe Range to the south of Austin. Nye County was established to accommodate this mining activity to the south, and Ione became the first county seat. But as prospecting continued, it became clear that the greatest potential for wealth, business, and population lay further east. In May 1867, the Nye County seat was moved to Belmont, a newly established community at the edge of Monitor Valley.

Located on an 8000 foot high plateau of the Toquima Range, Belmont had been long favored as an area of aboriginal settlement.[62] The area offered a fortunate combination of abundant spring water and plentiful piñon-juniper woodland. Silver was first discovered there in October, 1865, allegedly by a local Shoshone.[63] Belmont grew to almost 1500 inhabitants in 1866-1867; and during a second boom from 1873-1874, it became the largest town in central Nevada and at its peak it sported a ten-stamp mill, five local sawmills, a bank, a school, a telegraph service, two newspapers, and dozens of small shops.

As settlers poured into mining settlements like Belmont, the outlying valleys were rapidly explored and homesteaded as well. As one might expect, the details of the actual white settlement of Monitor Valley are incomplete. We do know that the Nye County Assessor, writing from Ione on November 4, 1865, did not mention white

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[59] The establishment of Austin is discussed in detail by Rodney Hendrickson Smith, "Austin, Nevada 1862-1881" (M.A. thesis, University of Nevada, Reno, 1963); see also Buster L. King, "The History of Lander County", (M.A. thesis, University of Nevada, Reno, 1954).

[60] Victor Goodwin, Appendix II, Section I, Historical Information, *Water and Related Land Resources, Humboldt River Basin, Nevada: Reese River Sub-Basin* (Report No. 8), U.S. Department of Agriculture (1964), p. 6; see also Angel, *History of Nevada*, pp. 461-469.

[61] Russell R. Elliott, *History of Nevada* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1973) p. 102.

[62] See Steward, "Basin-Plateau Aboriginal Sociopolitical Groups," p. 110; and also Hoffman, "Miscellaneous Observations on Indians."

[63] Angel, *History of Nevada*, p. 519.

settlement in Monitor Valley. But one year later, on November 14, 1866, explicit reference was made to agricultural interests in the Monitor Valley area.

Myron Angel, who lived in Austin during this time, claims that the first known white settlement in Monitor Valley took place in 1866 by Jacob and Samuel Stainenger.[64] Angel further reports that George and Thomas Andrews soon settled near the Stainengers and, in an ensuing confrontation, Thomas Andrews was killed by one of the Stainenger brothers. The *Territorial Enterprise* of January 22, 1867 carried a lengthy account of the shootout, reporting that "if Mark Twain had had as many homicides to record as have occurred [in Nye County] within the last few months, he would not have been under the necessity of inventing the cruel murder of Dutch Nick's, wherewith he created a sensation, and shocked the moral sense of many readers of the ENTERPRISE". According to this account, the Stainenger brothers took up two quarter sections on Mosquito Creek sometime during the summer of 1866. After setting up several boundary stakes, they traveled to Austin for provisions, intending to return as soon as possible to improve their ranch and to cut the native hay growing nearby. Apparently there was already great competition for good farm land, because when one of the Stainenger brothers returned from Austin, he found that the Andrews brothers had taken over their land and were in the process of cutting the hay. According to the *Enterprise* story, the Andrews brothers had already claimed the quarter sections entitled to them, and the new claim was made "for a friend of theirs who lived in Austin." Unable to get the Andrews brothers to give up the land, the Stainengers took possession of an adjoining tract of land "which was not considered to have much value, where they have resided ever since."

The actual shootout occurred in a dispute over the fenceline separating the Stainenger and Andrews ranches. Thomas Andrews died instantly from two shots in the back, and George Andrews was severely wounded with a buckshot immediately below the eye. No arrests were made over the incident, "the community looking on it as a free fight, in which it had no interest." The incident points up not only the historical details of the earliest settlement of Monitor Valley, but also underscores the high value placed on obtaining rights to water and choice agricultural land located near mining settlements like Belmont.

A minor mystery remains regarding the actual naming of Monitor Valley. Local tradition recounts that the valley was named for a distinctive rock formation which closely resembles the famed Civil War

[64] Also spelled Stainінger and Stininger. See Angel, *History of Nevada*, p. 515.

naval vessel. Despite a search for the relevant historical documents, we could find no verification for this suggestion. We do know that both Monitor Valley and Monitor Range were unnamed in 1845, when John C. Frémont passed through the neighboring Big Smoky Valley. Frémont's map showed Monitor Valley as simply "unexplored." Captain Simpson's map, documenting his crossing in 1859, primarily adopted native Shoshone terms, and Monitor Valley remained unnamed.

The ironclad warship the U.S.S. *Monitor* was commissioned in 1861, fought its historic battle with the *Merrimac* in March, 1862, and sank in a hurricane off the Carolina coast on December 31 of that same year. The local western newspapers of the time, such as the *Reese River Reveille,* carried whatever news was available from the eastern battlefront and it is probable that Monitor Valley was named by someone familiar with the famous warship.

Apparently the earliest published reference to Monitor Valley is in an editorial in the *Reese River Reveille* on December 3, 1864:

> For several months past the Indians of the country southeast of Smoky Valley have borne quite an enimical [sic] attitude, and occasionally made raids upon the isolated ranches in the neighborhood of the Boiling Springs, Twin Rivers [both in Big Smoky Valley] and Monitor Valley. . . They do not steal because they are in need of provisions, for they commenced their robberies last spring when they still had large supplies of pine nuts and other food in plenty . . . The Indians who have committed the depredations are from the third range of mountains southeast of Smoky Valley, a distance of some forty or fifty miles. Their section is entirely uninhabited by the white man.

Five months later, the *Reese River Reveille* of May 5, 1865 carried a front page story describing a band of 500 Indians massing in Monitor Valley, allegedly to attack Austin. Apparently the name was not widely known at the time, since the editor felt obliged to add that Monitor Valley "is situated south of the Smoky range."

A map is also available which records an early usage of the term "Monitor Valley." This map, on file at the Nevada Historical Society in Reno, is entitled "Map of the Reese River Mining District, showing exploration of D.E. Buel in 1864 and Joseph Todd in 1865," and includes the names "Smoky Valley," "Smoky Range",[65] "Monitor Valley," and "Monitor Mts." Published by the D. Van Nostrand Company of New York City, it contains a number of dated "endorsements": B.J. Burns (Editor of the *Reese River Reveille,* October 10, 1865), J.S. Slauson (Mayor of Austin, October 5, 1865) and M.J. Noyes (Lander County

[65] Now called the Toquima Range.

Supervisor, September 30, 1865). The map shows Monitor Valley as an empty and largely uninhabited space.

Belmont was the only significant population center in the area, and this small mountain community conditioned white settlement of the entire Monitor Valley. Because of its isolation, transportation became a major problem; not only was it necessary to freight out the silver ore but also tons of incoming supplies, lumber, and technical equipment were required to support the local population.

Additional information regarding early transportation systems in Monitor Valley is available in a manuscript collection housed at the Nevada Historical Society in Reno. The manuscripts consist of correspondence and reports written between 1864 and 1869 by a New York-based mining engineering and consulting firm.[66] This firm, established by Rossitor W. Raymond and Dr. Justus Adelburg in 1864, expanded to include a western branch in Austin a year later. Included in the collection is a series of over thirty-five, written (some in German) by Carl Stetefeldt, which details claims, ledges, and mines throughout the Reese River Mining District and other areas in Central Nevada.[67]

Writing in November, 1866, Carl Stetefeldt described the major toll road connecting Belmont with Austin. This road began in Austin, followed the Overland Trail, then turned down the Smoky Valley, and passed through Clipper Gap in the Toquima Range. After passing the site of an abandoned sawmill at Clipper Gap, the road narrowed considerably:

> at the summit . . . there is a steep ascent which, however, could be reduced if the trail will be enlarged to a road. Four miles beyond the summit, one reaches Stoneburger Ranch, a considerable piece of fertile land situated in a wide canyon . . . from the ranch to Austin you have to figure on 40 miles. From the ranch to Hot Creek there is the Stoneburger Toll Road, on which loaded wagons can cross.

This toll road continued east, across the Monitor, Hot Creek, and Reveille Ranges; a southward fork led down Monitor Valley and ultimately to Belmont.

This important road was further described in the *Reese River Reveille* of November 19, 1866:

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[66] The Adelberg and Raymond collection is briefly described in "NHS Archival Acquisitions," *Nevada Historical Society Quarterly*, Vol. 23, No. 1 (Spring, 1980) pp. 52-53.

[67] Carl A. Stetefeldt, "Report on the Mineral Deposits in the Reveille Mining District, Nye County," Manuscript MS. NC376 on file at the Nevada State Historical Society, Reno (1866), original in German.

We are informed by Mr. A. Stonebarger that he will keep his road open for travel as far as Hot Creek during the coming winter. Working parties will be kept upon it constantly, and should there be at any time a fall of snow sufficient to obstruct the passage of teams, a force will be at hand to accomplish its immediate removal. Mr. Stonebarger is also engaged in building a substantial hotel and barn for the accomodation of the travelling public, at his ranch in Clipper Gap, upon the eastern slope of the Smoky Valley range of mountains, about thirty miles distant from Austin. These are movements in the right direction, as this road . . . is destined to become one of the most important thoroughfares of the State, and stations along its line where teamsters and travelers can be accomodated will be much needed, and we doubt not, most liberally patronized. Teamsters can already procure forage at several points upon the road beyond Stonebarger's ranch, and stations are in course of construction at convenient intervals. The first place at which hay can be obtained after leaving Stonebarger's is Warm Springs, in Monitor Valley [probably at Diana's Punch Bowl or perhaps near Potts Ranch].

The recently published diary of Martha Gally also discusses a crossing over the Stonebarger Toll Road, enroute from Austin to Hot Creek.[68] After spending the night at an abandoned wood chopper's cabin near Clipper Gap, the Gally family traveled along Stonebarger's road into Monitor Valley on December 15, 1866. In her diary, Mrs. Gally observed with some pride that she "was the first white woman who had ever seen that valley which is called Monitor."[69] Accounts such as these make it clear that Monitor Valley was settled both from the north (as a wagon route from Austin) and simultaneously from the south, as a direct outgrowth of booming Belmont.

Other toll roads were quickly established linking Belmont with Austin, and the relative merits of these routes were commonly evaluated and debated in the newspapers of the time.[70] One could travel west from Belmont by means of the Jefferson Toll Road, a twelve mile route which crossed Jefferson summit and ultimately reached northward to Austin.[71] This route also allowed coaches, sleighs, and buckboards to carry mail and passengers into Big Smoky Valley. The Alatcona Toll Road progressed eastward from Belmont across the Hot Creek Range, and another toll road also crossed Pryor Pass, to the southeast. These roads were privately owned and maintained, a tax being paid to Nye County.

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[68] Marvin Lewis, *Martha and the Doctor: A Frontier Family in Central Nevada* (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 1977) pp. 87-88. "Stonebarger" is evidently the correct spelling, although some sources have variants. The 1875 Nevada State Census, for example, has it as "Stoneberger."

[69] Ibid., p. 91.

[70] See, e,g., *Territorial Enterprise*, June 20, 1868.

[71] *Belmont Courier*, March 14, 1874.

Stage service was available connecting Belmont with Austin almost from the initial settlement of Monitor Valley, late in 1866. An advertisement appearing in the *Territorial Enterprise* of February 19, 1867 noted that the stage ran three times weekly, took fifteen hours to travel the distance, and charged $15. The stage carried only passengers and Wells Fargo express matter. A "Fast Freight Line" operated twice weekly between Austin and Belmont. On May 1, 1868, stage service was scheduled on a daily basis from Austin, with the route passing through the center of Monitor Valley.[72]

The establishment of Belmont as a major mining community fostered rapid settlement in the southern Monitor Valley, primarily as an agricultural hinterland. The settlement pattern during the 1860s was in marked contrast to the aboriginal usage of the land. In prehistoric times, people lived primarily in the uplands, particularly on ridges and near high altitude springs. Although lowland springs and streams were exploited prehistorically, aboriginal settlements were situated at some distance from the actual water source, presumably to allow animals to water.[73] By contrast, the historic white settlers homesteaded these lowland water sources first, using the surrounding undeeded lands for grazing purposes. By 1870 fifteen homesteads appeared on the Nye County tax rolls, totaling 1680 deeded acres. These early settlements in Monitor Valley were, almost without exception, located on the flats near the mouth of one of the side canyons (Meadow Canyon, Pine Creek, Mosquito Creek, Pryors Canyon), as well as ranches near Stoneberger and Butler Canyons, to the north in Lander County.

In direct response to the economic development of Belmont, settlements continued to proliferate in Monitor Valley during the 1870s. During this period, the local papers carried repeated accounts extolling the agricultural productivity of the various Monitor Valley ranches. Meadow Canyon, for instance, produced an abundant harvest of native hay, grain, potatoes, Jerusalem artichokes, and onions, all of which were shipped to Belmont for sale.[74] Approximately 3000 head of cattle and a large number of sheep were grazing in Monitor Valley in the late 1870s between the Stonebarger Ranch in the north and the Sampson Ranch, located about eighteen miles northeast of Belmont.[75]

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[72] Lucille Rae Berg, "History of the South Central Part of Nevada, (M.A. thesis, University of Nevada, Reno 1941) p. 22.

[73] See David Hurst Thomas and Robert L. Bettinger, "Prehistoric Piñon Ecotone Settlements of the Upper Reese River Valley, Central Nevada," *American Museum of Natural History Anthropological Papers*, Vol. 53, part 3 (1976) pp. 263-266.

[74] *Belmont Courier*, July 13, 1878.

[75] Ibid., November 10, 1878.

The Nye County 1880 census records a total of twenty eight residents in Monitor Valley. Occupations were listed as rancher, farmer, miner, stage driver, laborer, and housekeeper. Interestingly enough, less than half of the twenty adults living in Monitor Valley at this time were born in the United States; countries of origin included Ireland, Italy, Sweden, England, Canada, and Germany.

A number of small-scale irrigation projects were initiated to improve the agricultural and grazing potential of the area. The 1870 Nye County Tax Rolls show, for instance, that water from Pine Creek was diverted by irrigation ditches and supplied to at least three ranches.

Monitor Valley agriculture supplemented the bland mining town diet with a number of welcome additions. Sage grouse from the Monitor Valley foothills and wild ducks from Mosquito and Barley Creeks were occasionally offered for sale in Belmont,[76] and turkeys were imported from the Corcoran Canyon Ranch for sale over the Christmas holidays in 1879.[77] By this time, a number of Monitor Valley farmers were spending their winters in Belmont.[78]

Timber, always in short supply, was necessary not only for construction in Belmont, but also for fuel at the silver stamp mills, mine shoring, hoisting, and fenceposts. Sawmills were soon established throughout the Toquima Range, and local stands of piñon and juniper were rapidly exhausted.[79] One sawmill was constructed at Clipper Gap, sometime in the mid-1860s, and was moved further up into the mountains as the available timber was exhausted. Another sawmill, about three miles south of the Stonebarger Ranch, was built about this same time and produced some 400,000 feet of timber annually.[80]

Sawmills such as these often used portable equipment, particularly at the higher elevations where limberpine was being timbered. One such portable sawmill was established in 1871 by Mr. J. Huey on Mt. Jefferson, at the head of Pine Creek (Nye County Tax Rolls, 1871). A wagon road was then constructed to allow the sawed logs to be transported for sale in Belmont.[81] This entire sawmill was moved five years later from Mt. Jefferson to the Reese River Valley.[82] Operations such as these generally felled and milled the timber during the summer

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[76] *Silver Bend Reporter*, November 16, 1867; *Belmont Courier*, December 12, 1874.

[77] *Belmont Courier*, December 27, 1879.

[78] *Belmont Courier*, February 1, 1979.

[79] See David Hurst Thomas, "Historic and Prehistoric Landuse Patterns at Reese River," *Nevada Historical Society Quarterly*, Vol. 14, No. 4 (1971) pp. 2-9.

[80] Stetefeldt, "Report on the Mineral Deposits in the Reveille Mining District".

[81] *Belmont Courier*, November 22, 1874.

[82] *Belmont Courier*, January 15, 1879.

and fall, and then transported the logs downhill on large sleds during the winter.[83]

The Belmont mines and mill flourished for about two decades, producing high grade silver chloride ore. But in the mid-1880s, the combination of depressed silver prices, added costs of pumping from greater depths, and a decrease in the silver content of the ore created a major decline in the Belmont mining activities.[84] Belmont gradually lost both economic potential and population, and the county seat was moved to Tonopah in 1905. A brief redevelopment occurred in 1915 when the Monitor-Belmont Company built an electrically-powered flotation mill to treat the old mine tailings, but the mill operated only two years.[85]

Although Belmont was Monitor Valley's major population center, a number of smaller mining communities were established in the area. Silver was discovered in East Northumberland Canyon in 1866. The ledge was nine feet thick and contained very rich ore; by December of that year a 180 foot tunnel had been completed. A small village, named Learville, quickly arose on the slopes overlooking Monitor Valley. A ten-stamp mill was installed and the operation continued until 1870.[86] Another mining operation, centering on the Monitor and Blue Bell mines, opened in 1879 and continued until 1891.[87]

Silver mining continued sporadically until gold was discovered in 1936, and a complete mining operation was begun by the Northumberland Mining Company. Established at Northumberland summit, it employed seventy men, and included an assay office and shops.[88] The large mill was moved to Northumberland from the played-out mines of the Weepah district. Major gold production ceased in 1942, but currently there is talk of reopening a large open pit gold mine in the early 1980s; East Northumberland Canyon is at the present time the site of two major barite mines.

The town of Jefferson, located in the Toquima Mountains about 12 miles north of Belmont, was established when silver was discovered in

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[83] As part of the archaeological reconnaissance on Mt. Jefferson in 1978, we had occasion to inspect the ruins of Huey's sawmill, located at an elevation of about 10,200 feet. A massive pile of mill ends is still present and large stumps of limberpine are all about; some of these trees reached four feet in diameter. One of the wrecked log sleds can still be seen near the South Pine Creek trail.

[84] Francis Church Lincoln, *Mining Districts and Mineral Resources of Nevada* (Reno: Nevada Newsletter Publishing Company, 1923); Victor E. Kral, "Mineral Resources of Nye County, Nevada," *University of Nevada Bulletin*, Vol. 45, No. 3 (1951) p. 19.

[85] Kral, "Mineral Resources of Nye County."

[86] *Silver Bend Reporter*, May 4, December 7, 1867; July 15, 1868; see also Lincoln, *Mining Districts and Mineral Resources.*

[87] Kral, "Mineral Resources of Nye County", p. 135.

[88] *Reno Evening Gazette*, July 5, 1941; see also Berg, "History of the South Central Part of Nevada."

1873; a toll road connected Jefferson to Belmont.[89] At its peak the town operated two stamp mills and had a population of 800. Both mills ceased operation by 1878, and only four miners were living in Jefferson in 1881.[90]

With the exception of these brief flurries of silver and gold mining, the white settlement of the Monitor Valley has focused on ranching and some limited farming. The population declined steadily during the late nineteenth century, a trend which has continued. The tendency in the present century has been toward the combination of several smaller ranches into large livestock operations. Currently two large ranching outfits control lands which had been originally homesteaded and farmed by literally dozens of small, independent ranchers during the nineteenth century. Indeed, the permanent population of Monitor Valley, including Belmont, is presently far below 100 individuals, and although ethnographic population figures are sketchy, it is probably safe to conclude that the contemporary population density of the area is less than half that of the aboriginal population.[91]

[89] *Belmont Courier*, March 4, 1875.

[90] Angel, *History of Nevada, p.* 525.

[91] During our archaeological research in Monitor Valley (which lasted from 1970 through 1979), the entire livestock industry of Monitor Valley was operated by fewer than one dozen full-time employees.

Copper Town King

JACK FLEMING

JOHN C. (JACK) KINNEAR ruled McGill, a company milltown in Eastern Nevada, with an iron fist and a soft heart: such is the enduring popular myth, one which actually underrates his true capabilities. In reality, he was a master craftsman in the gentle art of motivating human beings. The resourceful Scotsman from Massachusetts mainly used his innate talents to accomplish his primary mission -- to run a financially successful mining and milling operation. He attracted a following of capable artisans, assigned them difficult jobs and then shrewdly let their performance meter the degree of his interference. In McGill, Jack Kinnear still remains a legend. Many of the good things that happened in the milltown's early days are automatically credited to the "benevolent dictator," as he is so aptly described by Dr. Russell R. Elliott, Nevada historian and McGill native.[1]

Kinnear's love of his adopted state dated to 1907 when he and his bride, the former Bertha Clark of Peabody, Massachusetts, ventured West to the boom camp at Goldfield to follow his chosen career as a mining engineer. Actually, a promise of a mining job at Goldfield once he graduated from college provided sufficient incentive for the young couple to gamble on a future in faraway Central Nevada.[2]

Born in 1885 in Scotland, Kinnear migrated to Salem, Massachusetts, as a small boy. There his father, James, switched from teaching school to become a Yankee merchant trading in tea and coffee.[3] Young Kinnear's early life flowed ordinarily enough until his second year at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Then he determined on a mining career -- not so much for the thrills it offered in distant frontiers as to the influence of school chums. In his sophomore year, his world crumbled with the death of his father after a prolonged illness, a circumstance that forced the young Scot to work the rest of his way through school. His jobs ranged from bellhopping to waiting tables, until

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[1] Interview with Dr. Russell R. Elliott (retired Chairman of the University of Nevada, Reno History Department), April 1978.

[2] John C. Kinnear married Bertha Harvey Clark on June 20, 1907. Their only child, John C. Kinnear, Jr., was born in early November, 1914 in McGill, Nevada.

[3] *Fifty Years in Mining*, by J.C. (Jack) Kinnear, a private publication of the Kennecott Copper Corp., 1967.

he finally landed a summer assignment that served as a stepping stone to his future when he became a surveyor in the Catskill Mountains for the City of New York.[4]

When he arrived in Goldfield, Kinnear's knack of recognizing opportunities and making the most of them -- a lifetime trait -- surfaced immediately. It proved to be a characteristic as valuable, if not more so, as the diploma he received from the prestigious MIT only a few weeks before.[5] It also served as a matched companion for another Kinnear trait -- his uncanny luck to be at the right place at the right time with the right combination to solve a difficult problem.

Young Jack Kinnear learned quickly that a promised "engineering job" was meaningless and that college graduates were not accepted at face value in the remote, rugged mining camps; they had to perform better and work harder than other workers to prove their worth. Years later, he recalled the particular reaction of his first mine foreman on discovering his college background. "If I had known that, I ought to have fired you," was the half-serious comment. Kinnear tended to resist flaunting his book learning, preferring to proving himself by his accomplishments, not so much to demonstrate his educational background as to prove his ability to cope under stress.

His opportunity occurred soon after he started his back-breaking first job as an underground miner. Asked to prepare samples from rough rock, he did the job so proficiently that his supervisor continued to assign him technical work. He soon progressed to a better job as a mine sampler with the Mohawk Mine, a property of the Goldfield Consolidated Mining Company, for which George Wingfield served as the principal backer before becoming Nevada's banking czar. Kinnear's new assignment took him underground in the mornings to check stropes and drifts, then to the mining office afternoons to correlate the assay results for the shift foremen. During his Mohawk experience, Kinnear befriended old-time prospectors from Colorado, Alaska and Comstock mining properties and carefully gleaned bits of meaningful information, a habit that paid dividends in his on-going personal development.

The activities of organized labor made their mark on Kinnear in Goldfield, also, and hurried his decision to serve in the ranks of management. He had been working for only a few days when he was forced to join the Western Federation of Miners.[6] When the union strike

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[4] Ibid., p. 1.

[5] Graduates of mining engineering schools realized that to practice their newly-earned skills in the early 1900s they had to move to the source of the action, much of it in the West where mines proliferated.

[6] *Fifty Years in Mining*, p. 10.

closed the mines in 1907, mostly over the sticky issue of high-grading (stealing raw ore from the mines), Nevada nearly lost Kinnear to the University of North Dakota where, in desperation, he had located a post to teach assaying.[7] However, convinced prematurely that the strike would end soon, the Scotsman snubbed the academic opportunity. The misleading information led him into the role of a strikebreaker, and he crossed the picket line to earn wages. He decided to work rather than expose his family to hardship.

As a protection against labor agitators, Kinnear packed a pistol, but with the fervent hope it would never become necessary to use it. When threatened one night by two thugs near his home, he drew the gun, and was ever thankful the weapon frightened the assailants away before he pulled the trigger.[8]

The strike-breaking action helped set the stage for his future career by making him visible again to C.W. Geddes, a consulting engineer who had selected him earlier for the assay assignment before the union action closed the mines. Geddes urged the young Scot to join him in Diamondfield, a new mining camp he supervised some seven miles northeast of Goldfield. Kinnear's reaction was impulsive. He accepted the job on the spot, and then on his way home to tell Bertha, he hurled his lunchpail to the bottom of the nearest tailings dump in an impetuous write-off of his Goldfield experiences.

Although his own job went smoothly at Diamondfield, the ore streak "pinched out," and the financial backers from the East closed the mine – dubbed the Daisy – as unprofitable. Because his job had made him aware of untapped mineral wealth in the vicinity, Kinnear, with a miner friend, Howard Cochrane, decided to lease the property. The move proved profitable as a short-term investment. But faced with the need for more investment to continue, the two miners chose to quit. "We felt that we had accumulated an 'honest-to-God' stake," he declared later in explaining the decision that prompted his return to the East with not the slightest intention of ever seeing Nevada again.[9]

It meant farewell to the Silver State, the young couple decided as they returned to the land of their childhood, where hopefully they could expand their Nevada fortune into a lifetime of happiness. What they did not realize was that the lure of the adventurous West would prove too strong to resist; they had been bitten, and never from the moment of

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[7] Ibid., p. 16. (During his tenure as an administrator at McGill (1920-1945), there were no strikes by labor unions.)

[8] Ibid., p. 17.

[9] Ibid., p. 23. Kinnear and Cochrane were reunited some eighteen years later at McGill; Kinnear arranged a carpenter job for his former partner.

realization until their final days some sixty-five years later did the pair ever again claim anywhere but Nevada as home.

Kinnear decided to return to Goldfield, but upon his arrival for a Saturday afternoon stopover in Salt Lake City the unexpected occurred. Attracted to the nearly deserted financial district, he spotted a sign that read "Utah Copper Company." Although the building was silent as a mausoleum, his curiosity drew him to the company offices on the second floor. One door stood slightly ajar and as he slipped forward to open it, a wisp of frolicky wind caused it to bang against the wall. Kinnear made out the silhouette of a man backlighted in the gloom. "Well, young man," demanded the apparition, "What can I do for you?"[10] The embarrasing moment marked Jack Kinnear's first encounter with Daniel C. Jackling, one of his future mentors and the fabled "father of porphyry copper," and an engineering spark-plug behind the development of mining property in Nevada and Utah.

The incident proved fruitful because it led Kinnear to his first job, a shortlived one, in the copper industry as a surveyor in building the Bingham and Garfield Railroad, an assignment he attributed to his Catskills experience. Kinnear gave up the job, though, after a serious case of flu (considered pneumonia then) put him in St. Joseph's Hospital in Salt Lake City.

As he recovered, Kinnear, by then joined by Bertha, developed second thoughts about Goldfield and on an impulse wrote Constant Jaccard, an MIT friend, about prospects at McGill, the site of a new copper-reduction plant serving the Robinson Mining District of Eastern Nevada.[11] Assured that jobs were plentiful, the Kinnears chose a future in copper rather than silver or gold, a decision that framed the foundation of his productive life and brought to White Pine County and Nevada a dynamic individual with a penchant for getting impossible jobs done under adverse conditions.

Yet on his arrival he once again discovered that a college degree could be a handicap (although temporary) and did not automatically unlock the door to a good position. As at Goldfield, he started as a mucker.

The characteristics of the two camps were extremely different. In later years he wrote: "When we arrived in McGill, we found a town far removed in character and a far cry from the boistrous, rip-roaring, gun-

[10] Ibid., p. 25.

[11] Ibid., p. 26. (Kinnear did not explain his choice of McGill over Goldfield; he might have felt he had a sure job in White Pine County. Goldfield's boom peaked in 1910, the year of this incident.

toting town of Goldfield."[12] The McGill of October 1910 appeared primitive -- a huge copper-processing plant dominating a sloping hillside, surrounded by sagebrush and barren land and banked against a rustic mountain range virtually devoid of visible foliage. The only beauty spot, the tree-dotted ranch headquarters of the former owner (the pioneer cattle baron, William N. McGill), was slowly being smothered by a sea of waste from the mill, an avalanche as unstoppable as the flow of lava.

McGill still resembled a skeleton. The mammoth plant site contained a concentrator and a smelter, linked by twelve miles of interweaving, standard track and geographically separated about a mile by the shape of the bench at the foot of the Duck Creek range.[13] To attract and keep manpower, a company town was shaped within a restricted perimeter of territory abutting the plant site. The townsite developed gradually, the essential pieces first, until the community reached its full size, and today its basic structure and dimensions have undergone little change. But when the Kinnears arrived the townsite contained acres of sagebrush and its outer shape was just forming.[14]

Directly below the main plant entrance stood an imposing semicircle of stately houses, the palatial-like homes of top management, with

[12] Ibid., p. 27. Kinnear's life in Goldfield was not entwined with the ribald activities of the town although he was there during an exciting era. However, he did arrive too late to witness one of Goldfield's most dramatic events, the Joe Gans-Battling Nelson chanpionship fight in 1906.

[13] *Engineering and Mining Journal* (Mar. 16, 1907), p. 511. (In the beginning, the reduction plant at McGill operated under the title of the Steptoe Valley Smelter and Mining Company, but as the various operations were merged under one corporate structure, it became an official part of the parent company, the Nevada Consolidated Copper Company, in August, 1914. The merger also involved mining property at Ruth and the Nevada Northern Railway.

[14] As indicated in *The Company Town in the American West,* by James B. Allen, not all such communities fit into identical molds, least of all within the popular concept expressed in the demeaning phrase: "I owe my soul to the company store." He shows that company towns (whether in mining or lumber) reflected a paternalistic attitude; operators felt they had to insure the presence of constant manpower in particularly isolated or unattractive areas as a hedge against absenteeism and boredom. Although paternalism varied in degree, some companies furnished housing (homes for families and dormitories and dining facilities for single men), a commissary (company store), and arranged for "authorized" merchants to provide selected necessary services and supplies (everthing from work clothes to prescription drugs), and including entertainment (poolhall-beer parlor and theater). In addition, the company usually sponsored sports (baseball and basketball were favorites in Nevada camps), assured progressive schools (by offering top salaries to attract high-caliber educators), provided fire and police protection and maintained a range of health and community maintenance services. Banned from the town, naturally, were such vices as prostitution and professional gambling. Due to a number of reasons (particularly improved transportation and the influence of labor unions), paternalistic practices declined, and many companies, such as Kennecott Copper Corporation (the operator at McGill and Ruth) retired as landlords and disposed of the company houses. Kennecott sold its company town holdings to John W. Galbreath & Company of Columbus, Ohio, with the understanding that the existing tenants would receive the first opportunity to purchase the houses (and as it turned out at fabulously reasonable prices). In the two Robinson District communities, the transition took place around 1956.

nary a tree to shade them. The cluster of houses, pretentious in comparison to the rest of the town, came eventually to be dubbed popularly, if not snidely, as "the charmed circle." To the south of the plant complex were built about fifty simple houses, with outside toilet facilities, designed primarily for preferred workers, especially necessary craftsmen with families; here the Jack Kinnears established their first home in McGill. In a later description of the inconveniences, Kinnear wrote, "The toilets were out back, little buildings, like duplexes, joined together for neighborly convenience . . . It wasn't funny to run about 50 yards in the snow three feet deep, especially in the dead of winter." Company-supported boarding houses and tarpaper shacks provided quarters for the vast majority of single men attracted to the bright future that seemed promised by copper-industry jobs.

By 1910, McGill had developed into a segregated community with the immigrants from Southern Europe and Japan (the primary labor force for the copper industry) living in separate settlements in the milltown. The arrangement suited the workers (most of them Greeks and Slavs) and the company alike for a number of reasons, since the different languages and the traditional customs which had been transferred from native lands could be maintained.

Downtown McGill bore the stamp of company control. Only management-authorized establishments furnishing basic necessities existed. In a recollection of his first impression, Kinnear said, "McGill was a hundred percent company town, young and progressive -- one dusty business street (later a link in the Lincoln Highway), raised wooden sidewalks on one side and a few stores." For the more intimate pleasures, the millmen traveled to Ely or nearby parasite settlements where dance halls and "painted women" thrived as a buffer against the monotonous life in an isolated environment.

However, company management did act aggressively to relieve the temptations cultivated by idleness. Besides encouraging competitive sports, particularly baseball, by hiring players, the company supported the building of a clubhouse that offered recreational outlets for the entire town.[15]

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[15] *History of Nevada Mines Division, Kennecott Copper Corp.*, an unpublished study prepared by Dr. Russell R. Elliott, covering the period between 1900 and 1956. Elliott, a native of McGill and school friend of John Kinnear, Jr., gave the appropriate "parasite" description to the shack towns with booze, prostitutes and gambling centers that thrived during the early years near the restricted communities of McGill, Ruth and Kimberly (another company town in the district and sponsored by Consolidated Coppermines Corporation). For the clubhouse, see *Fifty Years in Mining*, p. 27; a credit to company-employee relations, the clubhouse was built through funds raised partly by rental fees paid into a canteen fund by the Copper Club, the town's lone saloon. The project, built a stage at a time, was completed in 1915.

The county seat, about midway between Ruth and McGill, became the hotbed for exciting entertainment -- the place to go on Saturday nights. For transportation before cars became common, the Nevada Northern Railway ran a suburban-like service, popularly called the ping-pong express, that linked the two communities, plus Kimberly, with Ely.[16]

Besides theaters, poolhalls, saloons and a plethora of brothels in a separated red-light section, Ely provided the district with a metropolitan trade center and a broader extension of the services available in the company towns, including religion. Fisticuffs were particularly popular and featured a number of exciting boxers, Jack Dempsey among them. His last bout in White Pine took place Oct. 7, 1916, less than three years before he captured the world-heavyweight crown.[17]

Kinnear's personal advancement up the adminstrative ladder roughly paralleled the growth of the milltown. Jack and Bertha entered the rugged setting early, and witnessed its growth into a maturing community. As a pick-and-shovel laborer, he struggled through the winter of 1910-11 until his first McGill opportunity emerged, and (as was his custom) he was ready when the offer for advancement materialized -- a temporary assignment as a surveyor. Again luck moved the Scotsman along when the regular surveyor did not return, setting Kinnear up for the next forward step. His supervisor urged Kinnear to respond to a request for a metallurgist by the smelter superintendent and chief engineer, Severin S. Sorensen. In his memoirs, Kinnear described the incident: "I was supposed to be a mining engineer, but I did know the fundamentals of metallurgy so was ready to take a chance."[18]

After preliminary inquiries, Sorensen -- described by Kinnear as a "huge, tall fellow with a long gray beard" -- asked about his origin. The casual inquiry unearthed the fortuitous fact that Sorensen's father, a wool exporter, had done business with Kinnear's grandfather, Charles, a woolen-mill operator in Forfar, Scotland. As it turned out, the combined circumstances of his natural ability to perform and the added weight of a remote ancestral tie placed Kinnear in line for his emergence as the kingpin in McGill.

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[16] *Ely Record*, Oct. 6, 1916. Shortly after the Ely fight, which he won in the 10th round, Dempsey went on to the East Coast where he captured the world heavyweight championship crown from Jess Willard on July 14, 1919.

[17] *Copper Ore* (McGill), April 7, 1914. The suburban train schedule advertised by Nevada Northern Railway Company lists two round trips daily between Ely's Murry Street station and McGill.

[18] *Fifty Years in Mining*, p. 35. (Elliott spells "Sorensen" with an "o" but Kinnear and *Mining and Scientific Press* use an "e.")

Kinnear counted his development under Sorensen as the most broadening experience in his career, particularly since he traveled everywhere over the widespread reduction plant in fulfilling missions for the chief engineer. Perhaps one of Kinnear's most endearing qualities, a Scotch-like grittiness to suffer out a nasty assignment without complaining, strengthened his position in Sorensen's eyes. On first joining the chief engineer's staff, Kinnear was advised, "I demand that anybody working for me do as he is told," an admonition that the youthful metallurgist accepted without challenge. An unplanned endurance test came early one morning when the engineer sent his assistant to the roaster operation on an errand and ordered: "Don't leave until I come." Kinnear waited and waited and waited -- through virtually three shifts -- before Sorensen arrived early the next morning.[19]

Sorensen must have recognized the capabilities of his assistant, and he followed a basic precept of good management by training Kinnear as replacement material. He assigned him to hard-knock jobs in all phases of the plant operation. Sorensen himself obtained a key assignment as manager for Branden Copper Co. at Rancagua, Chile, and was replaced by Ralph E.H. Pomeroy; the latter picked Kinnear over four competitors as his assistant -- primarily because of his invaluable experience.[20]

This turned out to be a sound selection because Kinnear proved his value many times over, including his alleviation of a crisis when Pomeroy went on vacation. Hardly had the superintendent left McGill when the dust chamber in the roaster collapsed and threatened a cessation of smelting operations. Kinnear moved quickly, and utilized the talents of the plant's "old heads" to overcome the emergency and then, as became his custom, gave them credit for salvaging the operation schedule.[21]

His absolute trust in the skill of smelter men under him forged an enviable link of loyalty that never diminished. Even years later, he was held in high regard by Kennecott retirees who had toiled under his administration. One smelter foreman, a bachelor who had accumulated a $70,000 estate, had become afflicted with a terminal disease and wanted to will his property to Kinnear. The Scotsman refused the offer, and persuaded the cancer victim to leave his estate to St. Mark's Hospital in Salt Lake City to outfit a ward for crippled children. The friendship was deeply rooted. The suffering man held onto life to the very last until Kinnear could return to his bedside at the moment of death.[22]

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[19] The concentrator and the smelter are separated by nearly a mile of sloping landscape. *Mining and Scientific Press* (Sept. 17, 1921), p. 393. The purpose of roasting is to "burn off" sulphur by heating the pulverized ore in the presence of an excess of air.

[20] *Fifty Years in Mining*, p. 36.

[21] Ibid., p. 37.

[22] *Ely Daily Times*, May 2, 1927.

Kinnear's close relationship with Cornelius B. Lakenan, since 1907 the general manager of the copper operation, gradually strengthened and climaxed when Pomeroy, in a bid for a higher (but then non-existent) position on the management scale, quit in a huff on being refused. In June 1920, Lakenan elevated Kinnear to the vacated smelter-superintendent post, then a short time later established the new job, and Kinnear became general superintendent of the entire McGill reduction plant. Two years later, Kinnear became assistant general manager, a role that extended his authority to the mining operations at Ruth, some twenty-two miles away. In effect, Kinnear became the absolute ruler of McGill and Ruth, even though Lakenan held the official position until his eventual retirement in 1928.[23]

Several incidents helped promote Kinnear as the heir apparent, but the most significant was not directly linked to the Nevada operations. He just happened to be available when Jackling needed an in-house metallurgist to inspect a Colorado plant operation. Assessments by outsiders had not satisfied Jackling, then president of Nevada Consolidated Copper Co. and rated as one of the nation's shrewdest mining engineers. Kinnear's re-evaluations eventually led to a series of off-site assignments, including the relocation of a smelter operation in Northern California, until a monstrous concentrator fire tied him permanently to McGill. In short, Kinnear became one of Jackling's key troubleshooters. His special assignments occurred early in the 1920s, when after World War I the copper industry suffered an economic slump, a recession that shut down the Nevada operations except for maintenance and remodeling at the McGill plant.

It also was during this period that Kinnear became assistant general manager, an appointment that possibly was granted in order to avert the chance that he might be pirated away by other mining companies seeking top talent. His reputation as a capable leader had been recognized in the industry and opportunities for relocation apparently were plentiful. For example, the general manager at the Granby Smelting and Mining Company plant in British Columbia wanted to bring Kinnear aboard as the assistant chief, an assignment he rejected: "It's a hell of a place, smoke all over the area and you can't get in and out unless you get on a ship. Every time you take a walk, you sink into the muck and mire of soft muskeg turf," he told Lakenan.[24] The Nevada manager assured Kinnear that he didn't have to move to get ahead since he had received Jackling's approval to offer the Scot the newly-created assistant-manager post.

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[23] *Fifty Years in Mining*, p. 39.

[24] Ibid., p. 38.

It is difficult to visualize the condition of the Nevada mining operations at the time. Virtually everything was shut down like a grizzly bear in hibernation. Morale stabilized at a minus zero and many of the miners and millmen moved from the Robinson District for lack of work. A feeling of ghostliness gripped the copper towns for a period until the demand for the red metal began to accelerate nationwide.

In Ruth, for instance, "the town was run over with cattle and chickens. Only a few families stayed during the period," one retiree recalled, and at McGill many families left and entered other fields; many stayed in the community since the milltown did serve as the Nevada Consolidated Copper Company's Robinson District headquarters, and some work was available at the plant.

Even so, some families, like the Carl Conrads, did leave the mining camp. In the Conrad's case, the family went to Metropolis (in Elko County) to try farming, only to return to McGill when mill operations were renewed.[25]

Just as the mines and reduction plant began to recover from the industry-wide 1921 depression, disaster struck when on Sunday, July 9, 1922 a tremendous fire destroyed the mammoth concentrator plant, stopping the flow of copper production. Company officials and community leaders (from the county seat at Ely), still suffering from the effects of the year-long shutdown, and stunned by the threat of a permanent closure caused by the devastating blaze, gathered at the Lakenan home while the fire still smouldered to ascertain the future of the mining district. The stricken community waited fearfully for a reply to Lakenan's wire to Jackling that detailed the immensity of the disaster and asked for direction. The company president responded tersely with two words: "Rebuild it!"[26]

With the assurance engendered by the two telegraphed words, Kinnear suddenly became the driving force at McGill as Lakenan, deferring to the younger man, withdrew from active participation. He told Kinnear: "Jack, I'm too old to take this job. It's up to you."[27] As with the roaster incident, Kinnear recruited mainly on-the-job craftsman to rebuild the concentrator, and he stimulated them into completing the entire reconstruction within a record 523 days.[28] Kinnear credited Walter L. Inwood, considered the "chief surgeon" on the recovery program, and Walter (Pop) Remington for the achievement. Inwood

[25] Interviews: concerning Ruth, Harlan Rowan in Carson City (May, 1980); for McGill, Henry Conrad, son of Carl, in McGill (May, 1979).

[26] *Fifty Years in Mining*, p. 39.

[27] Ibid., p. 39.

[28] Ibid., p. 40. Actually, the Kansas City Structural Steel Company, for which Jackling served as a member, Board of Directors, contracted the construction work and used local labor for manpower.

afterward was named chief engineer of the entire reduction plant, and Remington became construction superintendent.

Kinnear was the actual head of the company for nearly a decade before Lakenan formally retired. In a unique arrangement, his name appeared in all the traditional associations usually reserved for the company's top man -- from the Ely Rotary Club and Masonic Lodge to professional organizations throughout the region. He even held directorships on local banks at both Ely and McGill. Yet, on the company's mythical organization chart, he ranked only as assistant general manager. However, everyone -- at least everyone in McGill -- knew that Jack Kinnear was boss.

The plant town, like most classical company towns, developed into a model feudal estate with the hierarchy of management assuming control of its general welfare, from running the commissary to determining the housing arrangements (a checkerboard system that depended on the worker's position on the scale of jobs). To the community's good fortune, Jack Kinnear became personally concerned with its development -- physically and morally -- with an inner pride that is recalled even today whenever his name is mentioned. His attitude toward McGill extended to Ruth where Walter S. Larsh, eventually his successor as general manager, ran the mining operation.

Both communities served as model company towns in providing healthy environments for future generations through reasonable living accomodations and excellent educational opportunities.[29]

Theoretically, Kinnear became McGill's "mayor" when he was first named general superintendent. He automatically assumed responsibility for the milltown and he obviously continued the emperor role on his elevation to the new post of assistant general manager. In practice, the job of maintaining the community fell on administrative staff members who remained constantly in tune with Kinnear's wishes. This firmly-established practice persisted into the 1950s even after Kinnear's advancement into Kennecott's upper echelon of management. It came to a halt about 1956 when the corporation ended most of its paternalistic practices.

Ironically, Kinnear's son, John Jr., a McGill native, served as general manager of the Nevada Mines Division at the time. Regardless of his personal mixture of feelings, the younger Kinnear, as an effective company official, handled the transfer deftly in a formal statement. He wrote:

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[29] Interviews: Thelma (Brownie) Ireland in Reno; May McCubbin in Dayton (both in April, 1978).

. . . the attitude of the individual worker was far different then than it is today - he not only wanted, but expected a large company to take a paternalistic (father-son) attitude. The company provided him with housing and subtracted the rent from his paycheck -- the company provided him with facilities for purchasing groceries and clothing and subtracted the bill from his paycheck -- the company provided him with amusement. In fact the company did almost everything and the employee exercised little selection.

. . . now, the average employee has a more independent attitude. He would prefer to deal on a basis of partnership with his employer. The employer provides the capital and tools, the employee provides the labor and at the end of the working day each leads his own life. Fortunately, under modern conditions, this is possible and I think Kennecott has acted very wisely in removing one of the last vestiges of outmoded paternalism.[30]

Most McGill citizens worshipped the older Kinnear, not as an almighty deity but because he had a sincere, unsolicited concern for his fellow beings. He just did not make phony promises. From 1922 on, he took steps to shape McGill into a living oasis -- an attractive townsite on the desert for the workers who ran the reduction plant. It made no difference to Kinnear whether the worker was a mucker or an engineer. The betterment of the community stood out as a common cause for everyone. He obviously believed that a pleasant environment, coupled with an active community life and a stellar educational system, would make up in part for the extreme hardships inflicted by isolation in an unsophisticated atmosphere. His influence -- relayed through his administrative staff (usually the comptroller, Frank Huffer) -- extended from Austrian Town to upper townsite, and to everyone, from the merchant concessionaires to the powder monkey at the "lime quarry."[31]

It was during the latter half of the 1920s that Kinnear's desire in developing the "McGill oasis" truly flowered. To encourage a feeling of pride in McGill citizens, he fostered beautification and home-garden contests in which proud residents would compete for cash prizes. In 1927 for instance, 106 McGill residents competed in the garden yard-improvement program sponsored jointly by Nevada Con, the McGill Community League and the Agriculture Extension Service. Prizes donated by the company and employee organization totalled $200.[32]

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[30] *Kennevadan*, January, 1956. (The *Kennevadan* was an internal magazine printed primarily for employees of Kennecott's Nevada Mines Division.)

[31] Lime rock, an important ingredient in the smelting process, was quarried from a local source on the southern perimeter of the reduction plant.

[32] *Ely Daily Times*, Aug. 24, 1927. In his *History of Nevada Mines Division*, Elliott pinpoints 1925 as the beginning date for Kinnear's overt influence on McGill affairs. For the improvement program see the *History of Nevada Mines Division*, p. 180. The McGill Community League, an employee-participation program initiated by Kinnear, cost workers fifty cents a month with the company contributing an equal share for each contribution. Participation was not mandatory.

While segregation often was the rule socially, virtually everyone responded to the beautification effort as equals, reflecting a community pride that has carried over for many generations.

Kinnear's concern for his subjects extended everywhere and was particularly evident when McGill's sports teams competed with outsiders (especially against the miners from Ruth). Often Kinnear would sit among the rooters as an active, interested fan -- although usually from the advantageous viewpoint of the fifty yard line. His personal enthusiasm for McGill sports dated back to his earlier days when he held down baseball and football positions on the community teams (even at MIT he devoted his spare time to sports, and he served as captain of the varsity basketball squad during his senior year.) After the construction of the McGill Clubhouse -- a superb addition to the community that is now the home of the Mormon Church -- he vied for bowling honors as a member of the office team. His average score came to 136 pins in one match.[33]

Kinnear's gregarious personality eventually served as one of his greatest assets. He just liked people, a quality of commonness that came naturally and endeared his memory to generations of citizens. As a child, Beth Cottrell Wellman remembered his empathy toward children and his particular enjoyment in kidding them.[34]

He belonged to that age when personalized management counted. It was important for the big boss to circulate in the ranks and visit workers on the job. Because of his natural friendliness, Kinnear proved especially effective in one-to-one relationships and he rarely missed an opportunity to share his geniality with workmen in every area of the industrial complex. Even years later, plant workers long retired express respect for Jack Kinnear. For instance, Chet Winton, a foreman at the concentrator, and Clarence Slater, a tinshop foreman, both voiced similar praise by stating, "Jack Kinnear did a lot for McGill. He was a good man."[35]

Kinnear's open friendliness depended on the recipient's loyalty. He simply would not tolerate underhanded opposition, but would respect openness and documented evidence. Back-biting administrators could not survive long as a member of Kinnear's inner council. Arguments, which consisted mostly of reduction plant problems, were settled on merit, not favoritism. Once a course of action was established, all decisions moved in the defined direction.[36]

[33] *Copper Ore*, May 21, 1914.

[34] Interview with Beth Cottrell Wellman, at McGill, August, 1978.

[35] Interviews with Chet Winton at Reno, August, 1978; Clarence Slater at McGill, August, 1978.

[36] Interview with Ralph Crosser at Ely, May, 1979. Crosser replaced Frank Huffer, one of Kinnear's closest associates, as comptroller in 1948.

Whether it was his sincerity or naturalness, the Scot manager earned the trust of the immigrant elements that made up a large share of McGill's work force. For example, late in 1942, George Eliades, a veteran mine worker, was killed in a lime-quarry dynamite explosion. Kinnear interceded by employing his widow, Mary, as an office custodian so that she could stay in McGill and raise her children.[37] When Nick Youintukis, one of the "foreign" bachelors, joined the ranks of the wedded, he selected Jack Kinnear, not a fellow Greek, as his best man.[38]

Any dark moment in the community's life reached into the Kinnear home because of their personal involvement. His concern was plumbed to its deepest on Jan. 7, 1933, when four sons of McGill, all budding athletes with promising futures in high school, died, two instantly, as the result of one of White Pine's worst highway accidents. The Kinnears demonstrated their concern to the bereaving families with personal attention.[39]

The pattern that marked paternalism in a company town was fulfilled to the utmost under the Kinnear regime. Kinnear habitually inspected improvements as they developed, particularly in the planting of greenery and the creation of a park site. He took pride in the "desert oasis" that he groomed by authorizing the material and manpower to make it bloom. To establish a green belt was important to him, and so were other improvements, including 3.85 miles of oiled streets, 575 feet of concrete sidewalks and well illuminated roadways and parks. Kinnear obviously believed that contented workmen became better workmen, and the bottom line of the Nevada Mines Division ledger sheet apparently proved out his theory.[40]

During the period Kinnear was in control, from 1928 to 1945, the Nevada Con organization was the largest industrial complex in the state and produced more revenue than any other mining operation. In the

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[37] Interview with Sam Eliades, one of George's sons, in Reno, April, 1978.

[38] Crosser interview.

[39] Interview with John C. Kinnear, Jr., at Duck Creek, August, 1978. Duck Creek is the location of the Nevada Con reservoir, some nine miles from the McGill plant, where the younger Kinnear built his summer home. The accident victims were Christo Collis, Charles E. Eberle, Robert Baker and Joseph Monteloine.

[40] *Engineering and Mining Journal*, May 18, 1929, p. 818. An indication of the profit in this period is reflected in the article about Nevada Consolidated Copper Company's 1928 net income, up $9,457,374 from the previous year. The figures are somewhat misleading since they cover the entire Nevada Con network which included production totals from two basically independent operations -- at Ray, Ariz., and Chino, N.M. -- as well as the White Pine figures.

Robinson District, two major operations, Nevada Con and Consolidated Coppermines Corp., contributed to the total output.[41]

As an outdoorsman and sportsman, Kinnear assumed the part of an onlooker rather than an avid participant. He enjoyed deer-hunting trips into the Schell Creek Range and staying at the "private" Berry Creek Deer Lodge built by McGill sportsmen, but he didn't care much about killing the game.[42] He also established a company fish hatchery on the Nevada Con property at the Duck Creek reservoir. The facility eventually was turned over to the Nevada Fish and Game Department.[43]

Portly in stature, Jack Kinnear was a conservative in practice. He wore tweeds, a quiet tie and horn-rimmed glasses, and his general demeanor suggested a stately East Coast stuffiness. But his twinkling blue eyes and winsome smile belied his appearance and reflected a friendliness that disarmed strangers and cemented the trust of Nevada Con associates.[44]

Perhaps his most trying years fell in the 1930s when lean times, indeed a national depression, struck the nation and severely tested his mettle. At both McGill and Ruth, the Nevada conglomerate reduced its payroll by releasing single men (many were too embarrassed to stay on the job in deference to coworkers with families to support), and ran staggered shifts for the remaining production and maintenance crews. Under Kinnear's leadership, the company maintained its faith in the future and during the depression rebuilt the smelter into the "best in the world," providing employment on a limited basis in the process. The cutback formula applied mainly to routine jobs, not assignments involving vital skills, and did provide a worker with a certain assurance of action each month.[45]

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[41] Records of the U.S. Bureau of Mines show that from 1908 until 1978, when the Ruth area mines were closed, Eastern Nevada's Robinson District yearly ranked among the top fifteen copper producing areas in the United States. In 1928, when Kinnear officially became Nevada Con's general manager of White Pine operations, the district placed seventh on the scale with 70,985 short tons reported. White Pine ranked first among Nevada counties with 141,976,079 pounds of copper produced in 1928 and also led the field in gold production with 70,154.05 fine ounces. The leading producer in 1928 was Utah Copper Company's operation at Bingham with 143,843 short tons reported. Gradually through the years, Kennecott absorbed the holding at Bingham; these plus the Robinson District and the properties in Arizona and New Mexico made Kennecott the major U.S. supplier of copper. The last piece of Robinson property acquired involved the Consolidated Copper Co. holdings at Kimberly in February, 1958, after John C. Kinnear, Jr., had ascended to the general-managership of Kennecott's Nevada Mines Division. The Nevada State Inspector of Mines, in his annual reports, consistently listed the Nevada Con operation (before and after Kennecott) as "the largest industrial organization in Nevada."

[42] Interview with John C. Kinnear, Jr., at Duck Creek, August, 1978.

[43] Ibid.

[44] Interviews with John C. Kinnear, Jr., and Ralph Crosser.

[45] Interview with John C. Kinnear, Jr.

In 1930, 400 men at both the reduction plant and the mines were dismissed in one manpower reduction move. The year 1933 stood out as the worst depression period when the price of copper metal at the refinery hit an all-time low of 4.775 cents a pound.[46] It also was in 1933 that Kennecott Copper Corp. finally absorbed the Nevada Consolidated operations (including the Jackling properties in Arizona and New Mexico) through stock transactions, a process that had started some eighteen years earlier when the nation's largest producer had made its first purchase.[47] The changeover, more of a paperwork manipulation than a physical upheaval, barely caused a ripple in the Nevada establishment. And Kinnear continued as the reigning monarch.

As war clouds formed, the copper industry began to revive, and the Nevada Mines Division (a Kennecott designation) was ready with the manpower and machinery to expand production.

The prosperity that came with World War II did not change Kinnear's general outlook although he found less time to visit workers on the job as the pace of production intensified.

During the war, civil-defense organizations, made up partly of employee volunteers, guarded the copper operations against espionage. The Kinnear operation adhered to a strict discipline during wartime, and both the mining and reduction-plant organizations won recognition for their patriotic efforts, especially for establishing strong security systems.[48]

At both copper camps one of the major benefits of an isolated company town accrued to the younger generation. Many young men of various cultural backgrounds worked at the mill or the mines during the summer seasons on so-called "bull gangs" in order to earn dollars for their college educations.[49] The custom further endeared the name of Kinnear to many, since he received credit for a practice that he had inherited, encouraged and evidently refined. Many sons of Nevada operation employees earned college money, even in the depths of the depression. Although this practice was not a Nevada Con exclusive, many local recipients of the benefits were long under that impression because of their provincial isolation.

Kinnear's long life was filled with many honors and achievements, but two highlights especially stood out strongly in his personal estimation.[50] In June of 1949, he was presented with an honorary Doctor of

[46] *History of Nevada Mines Division*, p. 194.

[47] Ibid., p. 195.

[48] From *History of Nevada Mines Division*, Chapter 11, covering World War II period.

[49] Interviews with Sam Basta in Reno, May, 1979 (he served as dean of students at the University of Nevada, Reno, from 1957 until 1970); Sylan Morley in Burley, Idaho, May, 1979 (he owned and operated several drug stores in southern Idaho). Oral History Project interview with William Wallace White, p. 20; Getchell Library, University of Nevada, Reno.

[50] Interview with John C. Kinnear, Jr.

Law degree by the University of Nevada, Reno, at a graduation ceremony in which he delivered the commencement address. He told the class of 227 graduates, Nevada's largest until then and comprised largely of World War II veterans:

> Never in the history of this country has the nation needed such a driving force to lead it through the critical period created by war and the development of new weapons of destruction. . .For faith in the future made our nation great and that faith continues to keep this nation moving ever forward, never retrogressing. It is up to the graduates of today to keep the faith.[51]

Almost a year later he presented the dedication speech at the formal opening in McGill of the Kinnear Public Library, an institution that Bertha Kinnear had helped organize and nurture as an early-day book exchange in cooperation with other women volunteers. He told the audience crammed into the new building and composed mostly of McGill citizens and library board members:

> It is a source of deep personal pleasure to be honored in this manner, particularly so in as much as it comes from the heart of the community in which I spent the greater part of my working life.
>
> I consider this a far greater honor and it gives me a thrill far beyond the effect of a promotion of greater responsibility and far beyond that produced by the receipt of an honorary degree from the university of our great state.[52]

At that time, Kinnear was headquartered in New York as vice president of Kennecott, and the appointment of his son as general manager of the Nevada Mines Division would take place less than a month later; certainly these were high points in his distinguished career.[53]

His active autumn years, both in government (with the Office of Defense Mobilization from 1952 to 1957) and finally as a green-thumb

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[51] *Reno Evening Gazette,* June 6, 1949. Kinnear's honors can be attributed to his service to his adopted state. For twenty years, he served as a member of the State Board of Education, ten of them as chairman. He had been appointed by Gov. Fred Balzar whom he had met in Goldfield when both were young men. His other services included serving as president of the Nevada Mine Operators Association and the Mining and Metallurgical Society of America. He served many years as a volunteer executive for the Boy Scouts of America in Nevada and was active in the Masonic Lodge.

[52] *Ely Daily Times,* June 1, 1950. The Kinnear Library now is a branch of the White Pine County Library system.

[53] *Fifty Years in Mining,* p. 51-53. Kinnear had planned to retire in 1950 as the Kennecott officer in charge of the Western Mines Division, which included all of the property in the West. But due to an airplane crash that killed several top Kennecott administrators, he remained on the job until 1952 in an emergency position as the corporation's operations officer.

gardener at his last home in Los Gatos, California, never blocked out his Nevada dreams.

At the final curtain, both Jack Kinnear, the highlander from Forfarshire, Scotland, and Bertha Clark Kinnear, the pert lady with the gentle background from Peabody, Massachusetts were returned to their beloved adopted home in White Pine County, their final resting place.[54]

John Kinnear, Sr. (left) at Goldfield with an unidentified mining partner. *(Courtesy of John Kinnear, Jr.)*

[54] Mr. and Mrs. Kinnear are buried side by side in a corner of the Masonic section at the Ely City Cemetery. He died Sept. 28, 1975, and she died Oct. 14 of the same year.

Of Mice, Missiles, and Men: the Ecology of Lone Rock, Nevada

PATRICIA VREELAND, HAMILTON VREELAND, AND THOMAS LUGASKI

ONCE IT WAS A LAKE, in the center a rocky island. Primitive people gathered here invoking their gods, leaving symbols of a successful hunt carved upon the rock. Now only a barren playa remains; blowing alkali clouds the horizon. The rock is reduced to a pile of rubble. Bits of rusted metal, twisted auto bodies, shreds of nylon are the artifacts left by modern warriors. A future archeologist may wonder if this was the site of one of the world's great battles. He will be puzzled that all the artifacts originated in the same country. Did these people bring about their own demise from some unknown internal conflict? He will not know of the first warriors who passed this way. All traces of them have vanished. Will the modern warriors be as easily forgotten or will their impact on this remote area be longer lasting? These were some of my thoughts as I wandered among the shrapnel litter left by nearly forty years of practice bombing runs across an alkali playa in the Nevada desert.

The receding waters of prehistoric Lake Lahontan left many alkali-encrusted playas across northwestern Nevada. One of these, the Forty-Mile Desert, serves as a warning to those who attempt to exist in this hostile environment. California-bound emigrants of the last century left the landscape littered with their bones and belongings. A quote from the 1850 journal of E.S. Ingals describes the experience best.

> Imagine to yourself a vast plain of sand and clay; . . . the stinted sage, the salt lakes, cheating the thirsty traveler into the belief that water is near. Animal after animal drops down. Wagon after wagon is stopped . . . all hurry away, leaving behind wagons, property and animals that, too weak to travel, lie and broil in the sun. The desert! You must see it and feel it in an August day, when legions have crossed it before you, to realize it in all its horrors. But heaven save you from the experience.

The desert, however, can provide a place to live for a surprising number of plant and animal species uniquely adapted to the harsh environment. Temperatures in this area range between 120° in the summer to below zero in the winter months; daily fluctuations are as great as 70°. Annual

Lone Rock, the only topographic feature on the flat playa, was the primary military target. *(All photos courtesy of the authors.)*

Bomb fragments litter the sparsely vegetated landscape in the vicinity of Lone Rock.

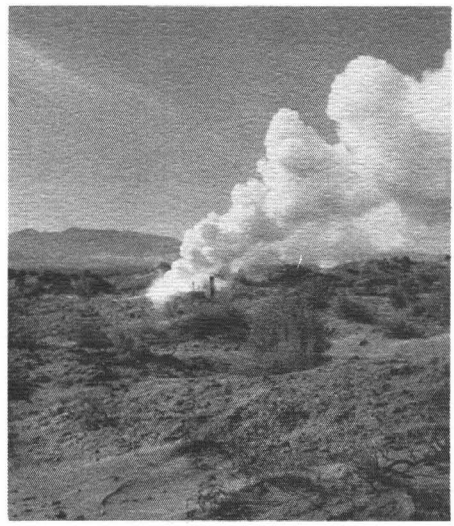
precipitation is less than five inches, mostly from sudden, violent storms. Survival mechanisms which have evolved over millennia can become detrimental to a population should conditions change. However, the considerable external pressures which had already been inflicted upon the biota of this area had created an artificial situation.

As a member of a research team, I was studying the impact of heavy artillery on the desert ecology. For safety reasons, the bombing range had to be expanded. Craters pock marking the alkali provided evidence that many bombs had exploded outside the posted area. Prior to extending these boundaries, the ecological implication had to be investigated.

The team embarked upon this research project somewhat skeptical of its worth, because whatever wildlife existed in a place subjected to daily bombing runs since World War II must be minimal. The only suitable habitat for small desert mammals was a rock promontory rising some 160 feet above the surrounding barren alkali playa. This topographic feature, Lone Rock, was the target area, and as such had been shelled into rubble by an average of 600 aircraft per month. The proposed expansion would enlarge the target to include 33¾ sections of the desolate playa known as the Carson Sink.

The Navy bombing practice was suspended and we were assigned to military escort for the research period. The study site was located at Lone Rock and the adjacent sand dune area to the northeast. To reach the site, we followed the escort around bomb fragments and unexploded ordnance across the alkali encrusted Carson Sink. We sensed the danger concealed beneath the dust: shrapnel that could shred the tires of our four-wheel drives; live bombs, their detonation devices corroded from years of exposure to the alkali. Our escorts, experts in demolition, were quick to point out the green trails of unignited napalm as we stepped gingerly over hundreds of rounds of unexploded ammunition. They explained that a gunner late in returning to base would often jettison unspent ammunition over the area rather than fire it. Shredded nylon parachutes which had slowed the descent of flares used in night bombing runs shrouded the shrubbery. The grotesquely twisted shapes of obsolete military vehicles used as supplemental targets stretched for miles across the shimmering alkali. Craters, often thirty feet in diameter and twenty feet deep, caused by the explosion of larger bombs, gave the impression that this desolate area was on another planet.

The sparse vegetation that struggled for existence further contributed to the lunar appearance of the landscape. It was the end of October, a time of year when darkness comes early, and with it a chill wind which can drop the temperature in the desert as much as 40° in an



Flares used to light the target area for night bombing practice were ignited by a demolition team accompanying the researchers.

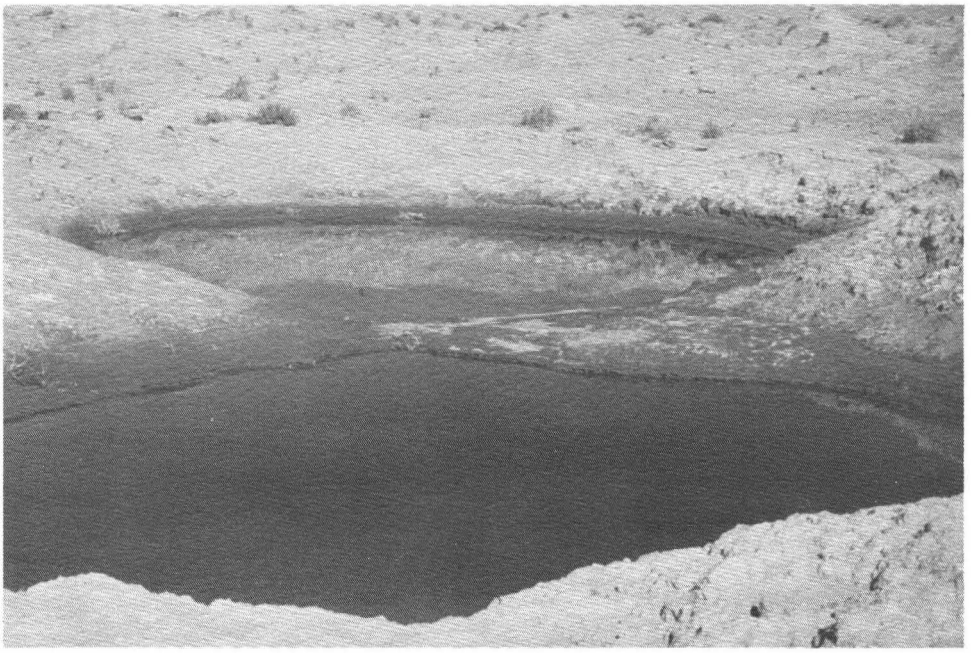
Obsolete military vehicles, twisted grotesquely by the force of the bombings, were used as supplemental targets.

hour. We set about our work at once, preparing and preserving plants for a voucher collection. Live traps were baited with oatmeal and 100 were set to capture any nocturnal rodents. As the sun set, we followed the dusty trail of our escort, our tire tracks sinking deep in the alkali crust; we would return the next morning to continue our investigation.

Generally in most ecosystems, diversity of animal species is directly correlated with the number of plant species present. Desert rodents feed upon the seeds and leaves of a variety of spiny shrubs and grasses. Frequently, vegetation provides the only source of water, and a number of desert species can exist on moisture obtained from eating the plants. The botanical collection numbered two species: greasewood *Sarcobatus vermiculatus)* and seep-weed *(Suaeda fruticosa).* Line intercept data showed that these plants covered an average of 6.47% of the ground; greasewood with 3.59% was dominant while seep-weed totalled 2.88%. Based upon this information, we expected the animal population to be limited not only in number but also in diversity. Much to our surprise, we captured eight animals belonging to three species: two nocturnal rodents, deer mouse *(Peromyscus maniculatus)* and desert kangaroo rat *(Dipodomys deserti),* and the diurnal antelope ground squirrel *(Ammospermophilus leucurus).* All captured animals appeared healthy, with shiny coats and bright eyes. In addition, numerous tracks and burrows of the kangaroo rat, a characteristic species in sand dune habitats in Nevada, California and Arizona deserts, were also found. Other mammals known to be present at Lone Rock include the black-tailed jackrabbit *(Lepus Californicus)* identified from its skeletal remains; and an active den, tracks and droppings of the kit fox *(Vulpes macrotis)* were observed.

Eight species of birds were identified, their activity along with that of the rodents often concentrated around bomb craters. Vegetation in these more heavily disturbed areas was nonexistent. A closer examination revealed that many of the craters had filled with water. The explosive force had broken through the alkali encrusted surface to the shallow water table below. We also found an actively flowing spring, its source one of the deeper craters. The forces designed to destroy life had created an enviroment in which animals survived and flourished compared with the natural hostilities of the surrounding desert.

Species diversity on Lone Rock is much greater than the surrounding wasteland. The brackish pools provide life-sustaining water. Once an island in the receding water of Lake Lahontan, today Lone Rock is an island in the ecological sense in that immigration and emigration are prevented by the waterless, barren expanse of alkali which marks the surrounding Carson Sink. Large predators are discouraged by



Brackish pools provide sufficient water to sustain a variety of animal life.

The desert kangaroo rat found at Lone Rock is a frequent inhabitant of sandy western desert areas.

the daily bombings. A self-sustaining community had developed here amid the devastation.

The final day of our research dawned gray and angry. We returned to Lone Rock to gather our equipment and take a few last photographs, mindful of the wind-whipped dust which filtered through the tightly closed truck windows. Dark clouds seemed to converge over our destination from all directions. The first storm of winter was building. The Forty-Mile Desert, shimmering in the summer heat, presented a life-claiming barrier to pioneers journeying westward, the Carson Sink would become an equally dangerous quagmire in the winter rains. We hurried with the last of our investigations, aware of the reduced visibility as the wind velocity increased. Then the rains came. Largely ignoring the bomb fragments, we raced across the alkali, hoping our eight-ply tires would withstand a puncture. Once again safe on a maintained roadway, we drove silently back to basecamp, each lost in his own thoughts. How fragile is man in this hostile environment? Would *Homo sapiens* survive the pressures exerted upon the populations at Lone Rock should the same destructive forces be released on him?

NOTES AND DOCUMENTS

Life at the Pebble Quarry, Nye County, Nevada, 1916-1919

CORA MARIS

INTRODUCTION AND EPILOGUE BY FAITH MARIS

The period of this diary — 1916-1918 — was a difficult time in the lives of Cora and Omer Maris.* They were living mainly at the Pebble Quarry, in the Toquima Range of southern Nevada, with a view across the desert of Ralston Valley.

Omer, resourceful and inventive, was always his own boss. Mining had been his passion for twenty years, and his experience in North Carolina, Alaska, Oregon, and Nevada had given him a varied background. But he had never, sad to say, "struck it rich" in a big way. Now, during the years of World War I, mining was at a low ebb and investment capital hard to come by. It was at this juncture that Omer conceived the idea of building a plant to manufacture the pebbles used in the mills to grind the ore. Before the war pebbles had been brought over from Scandinavian beaches as ballast in returning ships. This source of supply had been cut off, and when Omer discovered a vast deposit of chalcedony between Manhattan and Belmont, it occurred to him that this granite-like rock might be blasted out and used to produce pebbles. Omer's designs for a pebble mill were executed by the Campbell-Kelly foundry of Tonopah, 50 miles away, and after many mishaps and delays the large tumbling machine was brought to the site and installed. Meanwhile, Omer had built a little house and also a bunkhouse for any workmen who might be employed. Orders were solicited from the mills in the mining towns of the area and with the help of one or two miners operations were started.

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* This Notes and Documents selection was generously contributed by Sherwin Garside of Las Vegas, whose Grandmother, Cora Maris, was the author of these Diary extracts. Mr. Garside attended the University of Nevada, Reno, and received his Bachelor of Journalism degree from the University of Missouri; he was the proprietor of Bonanza Printers, which originally published the entire Diary, and for many years he worked as a reporter and column-writer for the *Las Vegas Evening Review - Journal.*

Other individuals mentioned in the Diary include the three daughters of Cora and Omer Maris--Beth, Mary and Faith - and Frank Garside, husband of Mary and father of Sherwin, and at that time publisher of the *Tonopah Daily Times.* Later, Frank Garside would move to Las Vegas and become the publisher of the *Evening Review - Journal.*

For Cora this project meant leaving her home in Manhattan, which was about ten miles away, over the summit of the Toquima range. At this time Mary and Beth were married, with young families of their own; Rob, the only son, was working here and there; and Faith was halfway through college at Reno. At the quarry, or pebble mine, Cora, who had been gently bred by New England parents, adapted to the hardships and hazards with courage, loyalty, and good humor. In her loneliness, she now began this diary, written in ink, with no corrections, in a ledger labeled "Toquima Copper Company Cash Book." A great deal of turquoise ore came out of the Toquima mine — some of which was shipped to San Francisco to be cut, polished, and given away — but not enough high-grade copper ore to make this property worth extensive development.

As for the Diary, it gives vivid evidence not only of the writer's character, but also of her natural gift for written expression, hitherto only revealed in letters to members of the family and to her many friends.

Feb. 2nd 1916

On January 16, Omer decided we could get into town in the little car by following a freight team that had loaded pebbles from the quarry that day. So we fixed for emergencies as best we could — taking a shovel, rope, bucket, matches, grub and started on the adventure. But there was no trouble — we ran right along to Spanish Springs and from there of course the road was well broken, but what we should have done if we met a team or auto happily needed not be settled. We expected to come back next day, but the snow came in buckets-full that day and the next, so it was goodbye to the car and hire a team for transporting us. Doc Blaker was the man, with four of his freight team as trail breakers and haulers.

The snow was 18 inches most of the way and never did horses sweat more in that 3½-hour trip. Charlie Tarash came back with us. That was Wednesday, January 20th. Gilbert walked out Saturday or Sunday and they worked when the weather was fit. But the worst storm of all began the 27th and by Friday the snow had drifted and was knee deep in the shallowest places. So the men, seeing they couldn't work for some time and fearing we would get out of food, decided to tramp into Manhattan. Omer tried to persuade them to wait a few days, saying we had grub for two weeks anyway and that they couldn't make it more than three miles the first day, but Gilbert was confident he could get clear through. It was a clear sunny, cold day. Omer was at work and could see them until 11 o'clock — they started at 8 and hadn't gone more than 1½ miles when they were lost to sight. Charlie didn't want to go — was anxious to do as Omer said, but decided he couldn't let Gilbert, his partner, go alone. I fixed them some lunch to eat at Percival's cabin.

That was all we knew until yesterday, Feb. 1st. We spoke of the men often and when Saturday's (Jan. 29) big storm was raging, wondered if the men had made East Manhattan, three miles from Manhattan, and were waiting there with shelter, but no food, for the storm's passing. When the mail carrier on skis

came yesterday, he told us of meeting Charlie on the summit in a dazed and utterly fagged condition. Said he'd lost his partner, but thought he could get in town as the balance of the road was broken by wood wagons. The mailman came on Gilbert's body — dead of exhaustion, we suppose. Under Omer's protest, he had carried a pack of 40 pounds that he clung to until the last. We think that, more than anything, was the cause of his death. But, it's so awful — we can't help feeling responsible — even if Omer did try to dissuade them. We can't sleep nor work to advantage thinking of the calamity. Poor Mrs. Gilbert — such a hard life always, and now she'll think it's going to be worse. Gilbert was fairly well educated — interesting to talk with, but one who would always get the heavy end to hold.

We've had no mail since Jan. 25th. It seems dreadful to wait for the news so long, but I couldn't go to any one of the folks no matter what the trouble was now, so I'm not trying to borrow trouble — hoping for the best and doing what I can to make Omer comfortable, I can't make him happy until his business affairs become less uncertain and that won't be my doing. What I mean is, no man can be happy when the wolf howls around the door no matter what his wife does to distract his attention, and I've not been distracting to any great extent — what with wearing my oldest clothes and curling my hair once a week. What I need to keep my attention focused on my appearance is a long looking glass. It would certainly start civilization in these quarters.

February 4. Snowing for a change — trying to make up for the melting of two days. Took an aspirin capsule last evening and helped my headache. There were only 4 capsules and hesitated some time thinking I might be worse off some time, but "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Did a little ironing today and put heavy pads on some overalls for Omer whose work in the quarry compels him to kneel, so that's where the pads were. Omer was asking the Italian mail carrier all about skis and I can see he is figuring on plans for making some if necessity arises. If snows continue we might have to get away in two or three weeks on account of food shortage. With due foresight and precautions, I'm sure we could do it, too — making Percival's one day Andrew's the next. Wouldn't that be a story to tell in later years? If we don't get mail tomorrow I shall be about ready to fly.

February 6. Sunday. The mail came yesterday — such richness! I had 8 letters to read and Omer galloped through 10 newspapers, trying to catch up with the events of the world for nearly two weeks. I had letters from Mary Nash; Mrs. Ray asking if we needed anything and that help would be gotten to us somehow. It touched me that friends should be troubled about us. Mary Garside heard we were suffering for food and was nearly wild until Frank had found out by telephoning Manhattan that all was well with us. She says baby Sherwin patty cakes, sits alone and says "daddy," besides other cute stunts. "A babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure," and I'm longing to see all my grand babies. I think Frank must be having a pretty hard time with his paper. Collections are bad and everyone seems hard up. A newspaper can eat up money faster than any other kind of business and so I worry a bit over the outcome of this venture. Mary says the Democrats are trying hard to get Frank off the Independent fence into the Democratic fold as a U.S. Senator will be up for election and a friendly newspaper is needed here.

Beth Steele's letter told of her husband Pete being nearly lost in the fog one morning near Manhattan when he started to town — of four coyotes circling around him and his return home to wait for a safer chance to make his trip. Also told of the many different kinds of birds they fed on their back porch each day. That will be so interesting to the little folks.

Warm and cloudy today — threatening to snow I fear, but the old snow is settling a good bit. Must do a little sewing just to keep my hand in practice. Chilblains giving me all sorts of grief — can't keep shoes on.

February 8. Mail time again. It's about the only excitement we have — watching twice a week for the man on skis. He brought me a box of things I had ordered from New York and I was glad to unpack them — a new pair of shoes $3.00, waist $1.00, handbag $1.20 and several lesser items. Omer has been sacking pebbles and running the mill today. Snow still retreating under the weather's influence, but clouds are gathering for I don't know what. The ski man made the trip from Manhattan in less than three hours today. Said it was fine going. Expect a sleigh to get through next time, but we don't need anything especially except we'd like a few nicknacks.

February 10. Snow still subsiding and no storm for two weeks. Had fried potatoes, peas and peach dumplings for lunch. I've finished my new-old petticoat — looks pretty. Hope to have occasion to wear it before long. Have cheesecloth cut ready to make some curtains. I'm nearly out of sewing, but can start more crocheting. If the sled comes Saturday, it will bring, besides groceries and meat, a load of magazines. We've been reduced to digging out old Populars and Blue Books and others of the like for lack of current magazines. I've just finished reading Franklin Lane's "The Nation's Pride" in the Geographic. He has the happy faculty of arousing one's patriotism and positively thrills with his eloquence. He's one of our big Americans and is from the West. That wretched cook stove gives me more trouble than anything. I come near swearing when working with it. The pipe chokes up with soot and I can never get it to bake on the bottom — have to turn the bread and biscuits upside down to finish baking and pies I set on top ot the stove to cook the under crust. Chilblains still keep me uneasy, but will gradually improve as weather gets warmer. I'm worried about Omer. He doesn't sleep, is so worn and thin. Of course, it's more mental anxiety than physical disability, but he may break down and what would become of us then? How I wish he could leave off his worries with his day garments as I do, but he mulls over and over the situation getting wider awake until nearly daylight, then falling asleep.

February 14. The mail came on the 12th by sleigh and an old white horse named Thomas and a driver named Brown. Both horse and man were played out and stayed here all night, going to Belmont on Sunday. The man said he had to walk from the summit on to lighten the sleigh — was 8 hours making 8 miles. Brought us some groceries and fresh meat, but no cigars or magazines. Hardly know which Omer misses the most, but think it's cigars. Weather still fine and melting snow a little every day. Now that the trail is broken there will likely be more passing — indeed two Belmonters stopped for lunch on their way to town today: Jack ..... somebody whom I met at Beth's last summer and one of the Hughes boys. Wasn't expecting extra folks for lunch, but got along with ham and hominy fritters, hash, coffee and apricot dumplings.

February 17. The mail came the 15th with another man at the helm. This time it was Ed Egan, who knows all about horses and had his fine big team of 4 taking parcel post and freight to Belmont. Had to sacrifice two cans of water for the horses, but guess my time is as well employed melting snow for the real workers as any other way I could devise. There came a box of candy and a nice letter from Beth, together with some snapshots of the little folks. Just pleased me all over to see the little scamps Betty and Ellen in trousers, or the modern equivalent for girls. David with his forward-drooping head. I wonder what that indicates. Isn't his head properly set on his neck? Beth says she thinks by middle March they can get over to leave the children with us for awhile. Speed the day! Then there was a sweet letter from Mary telling of their moving again, this time near their old neighbors. And Sherwin pulls his shoes off to chew on all the time and Virginia was proud of Grandma's valentine to her. But I guess the letter that lifted me a little the highest was the one from Florence. [Florence Lindsay McElwain was an old-time Kokomo friend.] We all love praise and even flattery is agreeable — no matter whether really deserved or not and that's why Florence's letter did me good. Here are a few sentences that I want to preserve: "One of my Christmas calendars has this motto: 'Blessed is he who has a friend, for he shall continually learn new lessons of faith, hope, and love.' So you are to me, dear girl, an inspiration, a tonic, a perpetual joy and such a help. You teach me patience, joy in service, gratitude for all blessings, and many virtues too numerous to mention. Your letters are a real treat. I will never cease to regret that you cannot use some of your leisure time in giving to the reading public — your friends, in particular — the benefit of your God-given talent. You are like unto the woman in the Bible who wrapped up the one talent in a napkin and did no helpful deed or service with it, and was reproved by our Lord. I believe in circulation not stagnation. Now of course that doesn't have a personal meaning. But I do think you are not using your creative powers as you could or should."

I was overwhelmed and still feel somewhat stunned. It must have been a lovely day and she was feeling fine and wanted to pass on the sunshine, for I certainly do not deserve her estimate. She reads my letters, impersonal parts, to her club members and says they are always delighted and asking for more. If I ever go back there I shall be afraid to face those well-cared-for ladies — me with rough hair, shriveled skin and general worn appearance. Egan stopped on his way to Spanish Springs yesterday to get our mail. He has broken a trail through now and maybe pebble teams can get in. There's a load of freight for Belmont on the flat that Egan will probably share in getting through. It was abandoned there some three weeks ago and the Belmont mill folks are wanting it badly. The days continue fair — tolerably warm for several hours and I suppose the snow melts, but there's an awful lot to go off yet.

We have reading matter to keep us satisfied for a while. Newspaper from Jan. 27 on to Feb. 14 — magazines too, and Faith sent a bundle from the University. Interesting ones that we are not in the habit of seeing. I'm trying to crochet some lace on a corset cover, but it's slow. My eyes tire so quickly. Here I've let the morning go and haven't put my hair in kids so I might be beautiful. I don't want to get too careless, but have always had an undercurrent of feeling that it was lost and wasted time to try to improve my appearance. Not that it couldn't be improved — oh no! But that it was not worth while. I've planned a thousand times I guess to brush my hair regularly, use cold cream, massage and

manicure my nails, go through a few limbering-up exercises — but, alas, the resolutions last about as long as snow in May, I go over the order once and then forget for ten days or more. I guess I'm too lazy and not interested in me as a beautifying proposition.

February 20. It's Sunday, but we don't know it as a rest day. Omer has been getting out stock as he calls it and I've been sewing and crocheting. It isn't the way to do, but while we're hard up, we can't cast aside conscience and convention in favor of getting ahead — but sometimes I wonder if we won't get along better and faster if we rest one day in seven.

February 23. First team took 4500 pounds of pebbles to the mill at Manhattan Monday and today, another one took 3 tons to Tonopah, which was an agreeable surprise. Both teamsters ate lunch here. The last one said he didn't take any "hooch" over at Belmont. Last winter when he was hauling mill machinery there, "they weakened the stuff so much, there wasn't a cross word in a whole barrel." Evidently he wants his with a kick in it. Omer was commenting on a universal habit of mule-skinners: When they arrive no matter who or how many are present, the skinner gets off the wagon and proceeds to cuss each and every horse fluently and personally, sometimes giving some of them a beating. There seems no particular reason for this procedure, but Omer says it's invariable. After this duty is performed, the skinner then affably greets whoever is present, and work can go forward. They are a picturesque note, especially an old timer, who resents auto trucks, railroads and any means of travel except his own kind. You can generally tell one afar off by his strong horse odor. Sleeping beneath the wagon when out on a trip and having horses mixed in every item of his work, it's no wonder they smell horsy.

Had a nice note from Mrs. Wist, The Manhattan Toiyabe Women's Club, which I helped organize, has five or more new members since I left town. I shall not feel acquainted when I go back if I ever do, She said the members liked the subject matter of the program. Pleased me, for I'm the lady that planned the work and they are using one of my books as a text — "Our Government" and another is "The United States." Another letter from Faith. This time, it was about the Y.W.C.A. Jubilee, celebrating 50 years of organization. Girls dressed in the periods described what had been accomplished in each 10 years. Then, three girls in gauze with dimmed lights danced, illustrating the liberty, freedom and beauty of the Y.W.C.A. future. Sixty girls were present at a private home for this party. But, the best word of all was a letter from my father telling of his swift improvement and lightening the anxiety tremendously. I love his letters. His rather involved sentences always repay studying out, and he says such good things to us. But, he can't write out his early life as I hoped, for he says he's always lived a day at a time, letting the failures be forgotten and those early days have faded from memory until only steady questioning could bring back anything I should like to hear. If ever I go back home, I mean to do that questioning myself, so many old men live altogether in the past — it's clearer to them than the present, so my father is exceptional in that as in many other things.

Have made Faith a writing board covered with cretonne. Hope it will be of use, but don't know. Have to take chances while she's away on what she'd like. She never, never says of course unless it slips out. Am afraid I can't get the corset cover done as it hurts my eyes to work steady, but I'll keep at it. I sent

her a check for $10 — the first since before Christmas. No doubt she could use ten times as much. That hungry man will be along soon. Had hash and lima beans for lunch. Guess it will be cold ham and something else for supper. He's fixing the mill for the 499th time.

February 27. Sunday. Rain, hail, wind, fog and snow — any variety of weather you want at ten-minute notice. Got a small bag of groceries yesterday including coal oil and jack cheese, raw apples and dried — paying 25¢ a pound for the last which is exorbitant. There also came another big roll of newspapers. Nanini arrived at four o'clock. Said he'd had two breakdowns with wagons and finally took Jack McCarthy's sled and four horses to get through. This mail contract must make him sweat at every pore both blood and money. $50 a month is all he gets and that's good enough through the nice weather, but it costs him all his profits and more to keep mail moving through January and February.

March 2. If it wasn't so pathetic it would be funny and if it wasn't funny it would be near tragic. Some day we may laugh over it. Soon after we came here, Omer had a small accident at the mill. A big piece of timber came down and hit him squarely on the top of the head, knocking him flat and stunning him for a minute. When he told about it, he said the top of his head was pretty sore, but the curious and unaccountable thing was that the blow cracked his false teeth. I noticed a sober intent look on Omer's face for several days before he mentioned that the crack was gradually growing larger and soon the plate would be in two pieces. With a dentist 50 miles away it might easily be inconvenient, to say the least. But Omer had had so much experience in repairs and is so resourceful, that this trick of fate only put his inventive mind to work. He took a two-bit piece, having no smaller coin, to make silver rivets to clamp the crack together. It was rough work, of course, but by using my nail file on projections, he got the repairs so that if eating wasn't altogether a pleasure, it was safer anyhow. This lasted until last week one day when one of the rivets broke out and then Omer tied the place up with silk thread. Last night after supper he was renewing the thread when he dropped the plate smash on the floor and it broke clear across. I was in despair and could see no alternative to a trip to Tonopah for a new plate, but again Omer wouldn't give up. So while I read aloud, he drilled a number of tiny holes in the plate and then I sewed his teeth together — I reckon the first time such a thing has been done. It isn't a very comfortable mouthful at that and the sewing will have to be renewed frequently, but it's better than "gumming it."

March 11 — Saturday morning alone. Omer finally had to walk to town. The mailman not bringing supplies ordered last Tuesday left us pretty short on grub — not that we'd suffer if left two weeks longer. I took occasion after he left to everlastingly clean up and change things around. I've fixed the middle room as a sitting room, but can only use it warm days as the stove remains in the so-called bedroom. I was so tired last night, couldn't sleep, or maybe it was because my sleeping partner was away. I wasn't a bit afraid, but it's the first time I've been so alone — nearest people six miles away. It's a lovely morning as I sit with the door open, I'm reminded of Riley's verses: "When early March seems middle May, the spring is getting round this way." I'm still at my regular

task of melting snow, but must go farther every day for the supply. I've filled a 100-gallon tank outdoors and have 12 gasoline cans full in the house. Omer thinks he can bring the car back, but the roads are dreadful except in early morning.

Charley Tarash came over horseback the other day. Looked as well as usual in spite of the tragedy of six weeks ago. His feet are still sore from the freeze and one thumb. He told us more in detail than we'd known of the trip. They (he and Gilbert) reached Percival's cabin at 3 o'clock — 7 hours going 3 miles. They stopped a half hour and Charley argued they'd better stay all night and then come back here next morning, but Gilbert insisted on going forward, though it was coming dusk and getting colder. About midnight, Gilbert said he was going to start a fire; he realized he was freezing, for both were wet to above their knees. Charley said there was no chance to start a fire in the snow, 2 or 3 feet deep and with hands too stiff to hold matches. He urged quite a while, but Gilbert sat still and finally Charley went on, calling to Gilbert several times and getting answers. Then he pressed on a mile farther to East Manhattan and got in Andrew Francis' cabin where he found wood and coal oil to start a fire. It was nearly morning then. He brought in snow and worked to thaw out feet and hands, dragged a mattress close to the stove and there he stayed until Monday afternoon. He was awful sick, he said, and his body all round black as the stove, I reckon from the tremendous exertion. Monday he got up to Fletcher's tent and found something to eat — oysters, a little flour and some coffee. All this time from Friday at 3 o'clock he'd been without food. Then, Tuesday morning, he started for town and the rest we heard from Lonie Bricca, the mail carrier. Charley said Gilbert's pack weighed 63 pounds and he begged over and over to have him leave it.

March 13—Omer came back Saturday at eleven after bucking snow, mud and frozen ruts from 6:30 on. Had to unload his groceries and feather bed several times and dig a way for the car. And the best thing he found, a little old-maid dentist had located in Manhattan, and so he will have a new chewing apparatus soon. The plate I mentioned sewing together broke again and he's been using an old set that gave him much grief and pain.

Mary sent a big box of green stuff, pie plant, lettuce, peppers, cauliflower, brussels sprouts, carrots, beets, turnips, greens and oranges—some feasting at this shack. The problem is to make it last as long as possible, yet not let anything spoil. So very good of Mary to send us this stuff.

Since the platform is full, the bins and mill ditto and no distillate, Omer is doing a little prospecting. He went over near Devil's Gap, where Charlie Humphrey has what he thinks are tungsten claims. Yesterday and today, he's gone over Silver Creek way taking lunch. The wind is strong and disagreeable, so expect him back early.

March 21—Saturday we went into town, starting at 6 o'clock and arriving somewhere near 8. Had only one bit of trouble — stuck in a mudhole — but when I got out Omer pulled through.

It was a strenuous day. I did the collecting (for Red Cross), making twelve or fourteen calls and talking 200 words to the minute each place. By 4 o'clock my voice failed, but we started home then, so it didn't matter. Two members were off the lists, Ray Steele and Beth. A number of others paid for two months, so my work dwindles.

It was a happy, full day. We ate at home, getting some things at grocery and meat market. Found the house undisturbed, but the roof badly damaged and wallpaper ditto from leaks. The whole thing needs repairing and maybe by staying here all summer I can earn enough to paper and carpet and generally fix the place up as I'd like. It was club day, but I couldn't find a minute to spare to say hello to the members.

Yesterday, Monday, it rained all day steady, and quite a stream was running alongside the house by afternoon. We could hear Silver Creek roaring, though a mile distant. Watching the sunset was thrilling. The cloud effects were indescribable but so beautiful. There was a hint of a rainbow over Hunt's Canyon and when the mists lifted we saw all the higher mountains over that way, covered with a drift of snow. Today is clear and pleasant, but it's been filled with visitors. The first was the prospector, who wrote some letters here then expected to take them to the lower road for Nanini, but later two Italians showed up who want to lease from Omer his placer holdings in Lower Manhattan gulch. After dickering a while they agreed on the terms: Omer to let them have 1,000 feet of ground at 12½% royalty, with the privilege of buying the ground at $2,000 after survey and investigation. I'd served lunch to Omer and Richey, then made fresh coffee for these men. Some time later Cryden and Willett came chugging up—just because the weather was nice and spring got into their bones. They all went over to Omer's claim and will not likely come in for supper. Percy Nash gave me a load of magazines, besides what we bought in town, so I'm flooded with reading matter. But it's 4 o'clock and my hair is uncombed!

I weigh 135 pounds—more than ever before in my life under normal conditions. That's what sitting around does.

April 8. The freight teams have been coming. Got off four loads since last I recorded—two to West End and two to Wittenberg. Also Omer has sold 10 tons to the Belmont mill folks. All of which is very encouraging after so many backsets and disappointments. One of the teamsters stayed overnight and we got an intimate expression of his opinion of the Wittenberg company root and branch.

I've opened books! Don't know the first thing about bookkeeping, but Omer hates that work, so with some instructions from him I'm to do it. We've sold to the West End $575 worth of pebbles and to Mushett-Wittenberg nearly 15 tons—but they go to pay a debt which is about cleaned up now.

April 18. The day after writing the above on Sunday the 9th, Ray came over this way showing the new man, Blalock, over his territory. Had supper here, and when he said he was going to Tonopah next morning I invited myself to go along. Rob also, so we motored in to town for the night and started at eight Monday, reaching Mary's before eleven. Found her in the middle of washing, but the men vanished down town so it wasn't so hard on her and I certainly enjoyed the short visit. Little Sherwin is divinely sweet with cheeks getting rosy and a constant good nature that inevitably induces neglect. Mary says he's gained 1½ lbs every month, but someway he seems little—guess it's because my own were always so big. We went down town after dinner and I met the *Times* force and saw the office. Also did a little bargain-hunting, but spent only a little over $2.00. Ray bought for Beth a silk crepe waist, two pairs of silk hose, and a lot of gingham. Took Mr. Baby home while Mary stayed at

the office. Won't forget that trip either. Baby went to sleep and had no upholstery for his dear sweet head—the wind blew a gale and I couldn't keep him covered. My hat blew off as did Virginia's. The bundles kept dropping out of the miserable little baby-cart and the way was mostly uphill. Only saw Frank a little bit, but met our old friend Lester Haworth who is helping Frank for a few weeks. Mary is working too hard, but will not listen to any letting down.

A letter from Faith had a most surprising statement but gratifying indeed. Miss Brown, Dean of Women, called her in, and after warning her about sarcasm, and being snippy and superior, asked suddenly if Faith would like to go to Vassar next year or the year after. Faith was amazed and could hardly answer. She says Miss Brown has influence at Vassar and an undergraduate scholarship is given to worthy girls all over the country. It would carry money enough for all expenses save carfare. Faith says it is all a beautiful dream, but she wanted us to know about the offer. I'm divided in my mind about it. Of course I want my girl to develop in all ways and the honor is unmistakable but—will she come back so far out of touch with her kin as to never feel at one with us? Will it unfit her for the commonplace life that the rest of us lead? I won't worry about it, but the fact that Miss Brown chose her is significant. I shall write her soon, as I have been planning to do for some time. (Diary breaks off, and was not resumed for nearly two years. The final entries were written at the Maris home in Manhattan.)

January 8, 1918. I've asked the Herds and Alice Marsh for dinner tomorrow. It's "wheatless" day so I plan to have a tamale pie and Indian meal pudding, which will be the main items in the meal. This was ironing day so I sat down and read a fool magazine only ironing a few pieces. I like to save my work so will always have some on hand! Went to the Red Cross sewing room this afternoon—partly made a hospital shirt, but the machine I used was a tough old bird and ran 'bout as easy as a "tank." Mrs. Humphrey, with Hazel and Alice—just enough as we have only four machines now. Mrs. H. was laughing about the afternoon some time ago when I put a neckband on wrong, then Mrs. Lawrence made the same mistake, and finally Mrs. H. herself did it. I remarked that was the usual result of following a poor leader. Mrs. Meisner has given a crocheted doily to be raffled for the Red Cross benefit. It's up to me to see her and invite her to come to the sewing room. I've put it off a long time.

War news a bit more encouraging today—but will likely change again tomorrow. Headlines say Germany is enveloped in political crisis, with peace parleys with Russia broken off.

Jan. 12th. There is a feeling underneath and sometimes coming to the surface of disgust with people we've known for years in regard to war service. I suppose we can't be quite fair, but we blame those seeming women of leisure who refuse or are indifferent to Red Cross work. If the war continues there will be a marked division in the social life of this small town. Those who give time and money and thought to their country's needs are bound to feel superior to the slackers. When I hear a woman say so emphatically, with no previous accusations, "I'm just as loyal as anyone in town and I don't consider myself a slacker when my husband has put his hand in pocket for every cause demanding money, and I'm going to sew when I get ready and learn to knit, too"—I just wonder if she isn't salving her conscience by that speech. Sat up till

11 last night writing items for The Maggot. [Manhattan's weekly newspaper, successor to the paper Frank Garside published there for several years.] Hope Mr. Gottwaldt will appreciate the work. We are getting milk every day from Seyler—20cts. a quart but it's lovely stuff. Omer brought a bottle of loganberry juice home last night. Don't know which liquid I like best but regard the berries highly as not fat-making—and when one is fifty and spreading out (140) it is well to have in mind and stomach that which will reduce flesh. Which is not clear writing, but you know what I mean.

Jan. 20th. Mrs. Herd related an incident involving patriotism the other day. She was in the dental office of Dr. Southworth who was working on a Mrs. Shideler. This lady announced in no uncertain voice and manner that she was "a Socialist and a pro-German." "In that case," Dr. Southworth said, "you get right out of that chair and go home. I don't doctor pro-Germans!" He is a little wisp of a man, about 65, I judge, and of an independence to give one joy. Hope the country is full of that sort.

Omer shipped 709 tons of pebbles last year—a turnover of $13,000—but we've no money in the bank and still have debts. My trip to Indiana cost over $300 though and Omer's little flyer in a silver prospect at Jefferson Canyon cost $500—so maybe the account will look better this year. Unless we lose the customers we now have. The Tonopah Extension and McNamara, also White Caps have lately bought 10 tons, and Silver Mines Co. of Hornsilver have bought some.

Got 1 doz. Palmolive soap last week—want to note how long it lasts. Also 10 lbs. of buckwheat.

Must write letters while the house is quiet.

Mar. 3rd. 1919. The above-mentioned soap is just gone. So it lasted over a year.

EPILOGUE

The year and a half that now passed before Cora's death was marked by a whole series of tragedies. With the end of the war, the pebble business declined; first, cheap Scandinavian pebbles could now be brought over, and second, the company that had made the machinery for Omer's project duplicated it from Omer's unpatented designs for one of the Tonopah mills and this mill started making their own pebbles from local waste rock. Omer turned back to mining and exploring, working chiefly on a prospect on Silver Creek. While there he suffered a fall in an incline shaft which resulted in a serious head injury. He remained unconscious and near death for 28 days and never completely recovered. To add to Cora's anguish over Omer's condition, her own health was failing. A painful malignancy developed. They were now living in the Manhattan house, but as her condition worsened she was taken to the hospital in Tonopah. An operation came too late, and she died in the hospital in September, 1920. Mary, Omer, and Rob were

with her. Beth, alerted, was en route from California when the end came. Faith was in New York City, where she had gone soon after graduation. She returned to Manhattan to stay with Omer through that first winter. Omer continued to search for a profitable mining property. His last years were spent in Tonopah, cared for by Mary and Frank, and helped by Beth. He died in 1940 at the age of 82. Cora and Omer are buried side by side in the Tonopah Cemetery Elks plot.

The two "places" central to Cora's diary have disappeared. The house in Manhattan, then empty, was destroyed by a fire which swept through the town one night. There wasn't very much of value in it. A friend reported seeing men trying to get the piano through the front door, then giving up the attempt as the fire swept up the hill where the house stood. As for the pebble quarry, the buildings, abandoned, returned to Mother Earth, and the site now reveals little trace of human activity.

Faith Maris
Mundelein, Illinois
December 1970

Book Reviews

Alfalfa Country: Nevada Land, Water & Politics in the 19th Century. By John M. Townley. (Reno: Agricultural Experiment Station, Max C. Fleischmann College of Agriculture, University of Nevada Reno, Helen Marye Thomas Memorial Series: No. 3, n.d. [1981]; 238 pp., map, illustrations, bibliography, index, $12.00)

THIS VOLUME is a slightly revised version of a Ph.D. dissertation completed in 1976 at the University of Nevada, Reno. The author was Director of the Nevada Historical Society from 1972 to 1980; he has written a number of monographs and articles on Nevada history, including *Turn This Water into Gold; The Story of the Newlands Project* (1977).

Alfalfa Country is at once a history of agriculture in Nevada in the nineteenth century, a study of federal land policies as they affected Nevada during that period, and -- perhaps most of all -- a history of water reclamation in the state. The author concentrates on the years after 1880 and ends his discussion with the passage of the Newlands Act in 1902.

Townley's thesis is that nothing was effectively done on state-sponsored irrigation projects within Nevada before 1902, and relatively little on privately-sponsored projects. "Favoritism and monopoly" typified reclamation at the time. Interest in reclamation rose and fell in Nevada. Downplayed with the prosperity of the Comstock, it rose when the long depression from 1880 to 1900 forced the state to search for economic alternatives to mining. Reclamation became a major issue when William Stewart made it one in his campaign in 1886 for election to the United States Senate. Stewart's plan called for the donation of the federal domain to the western states and territories, and the immediate transferral of unsold public lands to private ownership. Such land could be used for state irrigation programs "where they would be sold to provide construction capital." (pp. 9, 92) Reclamation, however, declined as an issue after 1886; the Silver issue rose in importance as a more convenient panacea for the state's economic ills. Even Francis G. Newlands (whose career Townley analyzes in some detail) downplayed reclamation for the decade after his election to the House of Representatives in 1892. It was not until the failure of the Silver issue, and more importantly, the accession of Theodore Roosevelt to the Presidency in

1901, that a more nationalized response to the reclamation problem was possible. Townley argues that Newlands was less influential in the drafting and enactment of the 1902 Reclamation Act than were President Roosevelt and Frederick H. Newell, chief hydrographer of the U.S. Geological Survey, who suggested specific provisions of the act. Townley also deprecates the motives of Newlands. "The idea that Newlands led an unwilling West onward and upward to well-watered prosperity is a fallacy: he followed the lead of Newell and the federal reclamation professionals because Nevada stood to gain a federally-funded storage system, his personal land investments made in 1889-91 would be redeemed, and first and foremost, the resulting public gratitude would insure his place in the Senate in 1903." (p. 202)

Townley has solidly researched his subject, using nineteenth century Nevada newspapers, Nevada and United States public documents, and such manuscript collections as the Stewart papers at the Nevada Historical Society and the Newlands papers at Yale University. The research, however, does not extend beyond that of his dissertation, nor has there been much rewriting of the previous work. It is written for the specialist, and although clear enough, its readability would have been enhanced with sharper editing. At times Townley shoots from the hip without giving the reader the evidence upon which he bases his assertions. For example, in his famous fight with Stewart, John Wesley Powell is accused of "misrepresentations and outright duplicity." (p. 102) This may well have been true, but not by any evidence submitted by Townley. He accuses Newlands of once offering "a thinly veiled bribe" to a justice on the California Supreme Court in the Sarah Althea Hill case. Again there is no submission of evidence or citation.

The physical layout of the book lacks professional finish, with poor spacing, an inadequate index, and the puzzling inclusion of all illustration and photograph captions at the end of the bibliography.(pp. 231-234)

Jerome E. Edwards
University of Nevada, Reno

The Unspiked Rail: Memoir of a Nevada Rebel. By Sally Springmeyer Zanjani. (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 1981; 401 pp., bibliography, index. $15.00).

BOTH KINDS OF HISTORY ADDICTS---those who like their product straight and those who enjoy it with a mixer---will find something to admire in this affectionate biography of Attorney George Springmeyer by his political scientist daughter. One of the busiest political activists of the first half of the

twentieth century, Springmeyer played a role in a large number of the state's memorable controversies during his eighty-five year career (1881-1966).

The son of German immigrants who had settled in the Carson Valley in the 1870s, Springmeyer bore the stamp of his Westphalian-Lutheran heritage all his life, according to Zanjani's analysis. Although he was unchurched and probably atheistic, he brought to his social relationships an unwavering integrity that guided him unsullied through the murky realms of Nevada politics. The history of the state is crowded with figures who manipulated their friends, betrayed the public trust, and corrupted the public institutions; here we are offered instead a man in a white hat, opposing the exploiters and rascals with moderate success.

Springmeyer left his Carson Valley home to attend the University of Nevada, where he was expelled for defying a presidential quarantine order and for exercising his freedom of speech. After finishing his legal education at Stanford and Harvard, he returned to Nevada in time for the Goldfield boom soon after the turn of the century. There, as assistant district attorney, he participated in significant legal cases and rubbed shoulders with the colorful money-managers and political bosses such as George Wingfield and George Nixon. He became a fighter against the railroad trust's efforts to manage Nevada politics, served on the battle-fields of France in the First World War, and ran unsuccessfully several times for attorney general --- usually to the discomfort of his fellow Republican ticket leaders. In the 1920s, as U.S. Attorney, he pursued and prosecuted bootleggers who were defying the Prohibition laws, much to the embarrassment of some of the state's prominent politicians, such as Senator Tasker Oddie. Near the end of his life, he became one of Reno's best-known divorce lawyers, and in a kind of symbolic finale to his reformer's career, he tried to resist the unconstitutional incarceration of Japanese-Americans during World War II.

At times, Zanjani allows her informed imagination to fill gaps where the evidence is incomplete. At times, her rhetoric is more ornate than it needs to be. But both the research and the writing are of high quality, and the University of Nevada Press has served the manuscript well with a good production job.

Even allowing for the unrestrained family- and father-worship that runs through this book, it is an admirable Nevada chronicle. Zanjani is not overwhelmed by trivia, as many biographers of local historical figures are; she is able to use the many anecdotes and oral testimonials that have come to her in nice harmony with the written record, which she has pursued industriously and professionally. The book is written with a

kind of candor and combativeness that is obviously inspired by Springmeyer's own moral code.

Would that we had more men like this on the Nevada political scene and more books like this one to place upon our local history shelves.

James W. Hulse
University of Nevada, Reno

The Southwest. By David Lavender. (New York: Harper & Row, 1980; 352 pp.; bibliography, index; $15.95)

DAVID LAVENDER ranks as perhaps the most successful popular historian of the West. In addition to the highly regarded *Bent's Fort* and the American Heritage volume on the West, he has written about the Oregon Trail, the Pacific Northwest, aspects of the Mexican War, California, the Rocky Mountain region and other topics. Two of his books, *The Rockies* and *California, Land of New Beginnings* are in Harper & Row's Regions of America series.

His books are carefully organized, based on adequate sources and well written. *The Southwest,* Lavender's new contribution to Harper & Row's series, is no exception. He had read the appropriate literature and has made use of extensive interviews; and is completely honest with his readers, acknowledging helpful informants and indicating those works upon which he relied most heavily, as well as others that he consulted and that might be of interest to those wishing to pursue specific topics.

Lavender's Southwest consists of New Mexico and Arizona with some coverage of adjacent regions. He has a good feel for the land and climate, describes pre-contact developments, and then concentrates on the Spanish and American periods. In general his sweeping coverage has good balance, although because of the growing importance of the region and the rush of population to these sunbelt states greater emphasis on recent developments might have strengthened the volume. That complaint aside, Lavender catches the flavor of the region, perhaps because he grew up in southern Colorado and has lived on the fringes of the area, and because he has traveled extensively and utilized interviews as a research tool. He has an appreciation for the region and its cultural mix, for the impact of the environment, and for the contributions of minority groups and for their aspirations.

Lavender describes the highlights of Southwestern history -- the Spanish conquest, Pueblo Revolt of 1680, American conquest in 1846,

Civil War, Lincoln County War, and other similar events. His emphasis is on the colorful and the dramatic and on forceful and distinctive individuals, although that approach occasionally overlooks more prosaic but important aspects of the region's history. However, as with Lavender's other books, the story is well told, providing readers with an interesting and very readable introduction to Southwestern history. It is the best general history of the region.

Richard N. Ellis
University of New Mexico

Law for the Elephant: Property and Social Behavior on the Overland Trail. By John Phillip Reid (San Marino, Calif.: The Huntington Library, 1980. 437 pp.)

WHEN THE MID-NINETEENTH CENTURY overland emigrants to Oregon and California crossed the frontier, they were presumably beyond the law, the police, and the courts; actually, the legal attitudes and values which they had learned "at home" governed their behavior on the trail. Perhaps this is not surprising if one accepts a subsidiary tenet of the author, a legal historian, namely that the social behavior of all Americans of that century was deeply rooted in the law and in a respect for the law. By a careful analysis of trail diaries, letters and memoirs, Reid demonstrates that passage into the wilderness did not suddenly alter legal concepts and behavior. Indeed, he poses the possibility that,"there may be no better material available for discovering to what degree average middle-class Americans understood legal principles governing the acquisition, control, and disposition of property than that furnished by our overland evidence" (p. 127). If he claims too much for this kind of evidence, he can take comfort that he is among a new group of historians who are analyzing trail experience for what it can reveal about life and relationships in the more established east. Using this method, John Mack Faragher, in a book published in 1979, attempted to show the interaction of women and men in a midwest farm setting whence so many of the emigrants came.

Reid is not concerned with homicide and related crimes, but confines his study to legal behavior on the trail as manifested by attitudes toward rights in property. Property dominated overland life; it was vital to survival, but too much could be a burden and lead to disaster. The trails were strewn with abandoned property, some left in natural condition for the use of later emigrants, some deliberately

destroyed so that others could not use it. In the case of the latter, contemporaries might condemn the morality of the conduct, but not the owners' right to do so. Abandoned property could be taken up, but the finder knew that possession did not affect another person's ownership and would readily surrender on a lawful claim, although he might exact a compensation for his "trouble." Nor did temporary possessors worry about charges of theft as it was a common practice among the emigrants to assist each other by taking up strays and other items.

Tangible property on the trail fell into five main categories, but the basic distinction was between private property and concurrently-owned, whether in a partnership or a company. Private property could be held within concurrent-property-holding organizations. Concurrent ownership could bind partners or a group together; it could also cause dissatisfaction and many a partnership and company divided the concurrently-owned property before the Pacific was reached. Sometimes a partner would accept less than his lawful portion to be rid of his obnoxious companion; sometimes there would be a division of stores into personal property in order to avoid quarrels about unequal consumption.

Presumably because labor was a factor in creating the property, suffering emigrants traveling down the Humboldt in 1850 did not question the right of individuals to capitalize on their desperate plight by selling water, hay and game taken from the public domain. Nor did they question the right of anyone to refuse water or food even if the possessor had a surplus. They paid reasonable charges at ferries, whether owned by Indians or whites, but they resisted the attempts of Indians to charge for passage through their country or for the use of wood, grass and water. They wrote of Indians "stealing" their cattle, but never thought to question the legality (or morality) of their appropriating the game, fish, and berries from the land and streams of the Indians, who sometimes led a very precarious existence.

Again and again Reid emphasizes that the respect for personal ownership in property was so strong that it overcame panic, desperation, and the craving for survival. Stealing and violence were extremely rare occurrences. The starving had no equitable claims upon the well-supplied, and the emigrants kept "legal rights," "pity," and "charity" neatly separated.

Several of the chapters in this volume appeared earlier as articles in legal journals and there is some duplication of ideas and materials within the book itself. However, the legal concepts are clearly stated and often illustrated by representative cases. The word "elephant" intrigues Reid, but he is inconsistent in its use, even as a metaphor. The title conveys the impression that "the elephant" is the overland traveler; the "Fore-

word" the ordeal of the trail experience: "to see the elephant." In the text, "the elephant" becomes property. The reader will find *Law for the Elephant* interesting and useful, demonstrating once more the richness of the overland diaries.

Mary Lee Spencer
University of Illinois
Urbana-Champaign

Vanguards of Expansion: Army Engineers in the Trans-Mississippi West, 1819-1879. By Frank N. N. Schubert. (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1980. xii + 160pp. Paper.)

IN THE PREFACE to *Vanguard of Expansion,* Frank N. Schubert states that "This study is not a definitive treatment of the subject. William H. Goetzmann's fine book . . .can more justly claim such a distinction . . .This publication seeks to reduce to a more convenient size the story of the diverse contributions of the Corps to Western development." (p. iv) If there is a contribution made in this study of the *Army Engineers in the Trans-Mississippi West, 1819-1879* it would be in the "convenient size" of the text. The book presents nothing new in the area of historical fact or interpretive insight. As one reads the one paragraph summary he is left wondering why the author took the time to condense the works of other historians and writers and yet failed to draw any worthwhile conclusions or make some attempt at interpretive history.

The text is divided into eight equally-sized chapters and contains an adequate index. Chapters One and Two deal in part with several expeditions penetrating across the Mississippi River directed by such notables as Stephen H. Long, Lewis Cass, Henry R. Schoolcraft, and Joseph N. Nicollet, plus the three Fremont expeditions including the 1842 trip to the Wind River Mountains and the 1843 and 1845 trips to California.

"The Mexican War Reconnaissance," the title of Chapter Three, examines the 1845 expedition of Stephen Watts Kearny to Fort Laramie over the Oregon Trail and Arkansas River route, plus James W. Abert and William G. Peck's survey of the Canadian River. The chapter also includes the 1846 account of the military movements of the Army of the West under Colonel Kearny from Fort Leavenworth to San Diego via Bent's Fort and Santa Fe and the accomplishments of George W. Hughes and Edmund Hardcastle in Mexico during the War.

The Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo in 1848 led to the Southwest

Boundary Survey (1848-1857) undertaken by John B. Weller, Andrew B. Gray, Amiel W. Wipple, Edmund Hardcastle and William H. Emory. Also included within Chapter Four is the Canadian Boundary Survey (1857-1875) undertaken by Archibald Campbell, John G. Parke and William J. Twining.

The Surveys of the Southwest (1848-1860) which include Texas, New Mexico, California, and the Great Basin, plus the investigation of the navigability of the Colorado River by such men as Joseph E. Johnston, William H. Echols, Randolph B. Marcy, James H. Simpson, George H. Derby, Howard Stansbury, John W. Gunnison, Joseph C. Ives, and John N. Macomb are contained in Chapter Five. The fieldwork to determine the route of the transcontinental railroad is presented in Chapter Six, and there is discussion of the surveys of Isaac I. Stevens, John W. Gunnison, Amiel W. Whipple, John Pope and John G. Parke. Closely tied in with the transcontinental survey was the work of Henry L. Abbot, and Robert S. Williamson's study of the mountain passes in California and Oregon. The Survey of the high plains, upper Missouri River and Yellowstone River (1855-1857) and the Yellowstone Country Expedition (1859) conducted by K. Warren and William F. Raynolds and the survey of Clarence King, John Wesley Powell, Ferdinand Hayden and George M. Wheeler are examined in Chapters Seven and Eight.

The book is well documented and contains a good bibliography. The pictures and reproductions of assorted maps drawn by various surveys add to the value of the text. However, the travels and labors of the men who mapped and surveyed the American West could be better understood if maps showing their routes accompanied the text.

The historical accuracy of the book is jeopardized in the introduction when the author states that the Lewis and Clark Expedition had "the intrepid Sacajawea as guide" (pp. vii-viii), and when Thomas Fitzpatrick is given credit for the discovery of South Pass. (p. 24) The myth of Sacajawea serving as the guide for Lewis and Clark was laid to rest many years ago. South Pass was founded by Robert Stuart in 1812 and rediscovered by Jedediah Smith in 1824. Thomas Fitzpatrick was a member of Smith's party. Also one wonders about the accuracy of the author's geography when he places "Camp Floyd at the South end of the Great Salt Lake." (p. 86) or has Clarence King traveling over the "windswept tableland south of Fort Bridger." (p. 138) Camp Floyd is forty-five miles south of the Great Salt Lake and the majestic Uinta Mountains of Utah, not Colorado, are south of Fort Bridger.

The author infers that the text is "for readers both inside and out of the Corps of Engineers," and he hopes "this narrative will provide an

adequate overview of a complex and fascinating subject." (p. iv) An overview is certainly provided, but the reader should be encouraged to take extra time needed to examine William H. Goetzmann's *Exploration and Empire.*

Fred R. Gowans
Brigham Young University

The Western: A Collection of Critical Essays. Edited by James K. Folsom. (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1979)

IT IS ALWAYS DIFFICULT to evaluate and review anthologies because they are by their nature not sharply focused as are works by individual scholars, which will have at least singular perspectives and viewpoints. What a good anthology can do, however, is offer a rich pluralism of perspectives, and in the process expose the reader to the series of focused ways in which a general topic can be approached and examined. James Folsom's *The Western* does precisely that.

An editor of such an anthology is always forced to deal with the tension between representing the established and in some cases "classic" perspectives which may be outdated or even superseded, and the more recent scholarship which may not be proven or adequately tested. *The Western* handles the tension nicely. A good introduction is followed by David Davis' 1954 *American Quarterly* essay, "Ten-Gallon Hero," which is given its own separate section heading. Unfortunately, the essay reads as more quaint than insightful given the scholarship which has followed it.

Part Two of the volume begins with the reprinting of W.H. Hutchinson's essay, "Virgins, Villains and Varmits," which does break new critical ground by combining analyses of the popular and the serious Western traditions. But the section is predominantly given over to essays such as J. Frank Dobie's classic, "Andy Adams, Cowboy Chronicler," David Mogen's more recent "Owen Wister's Cowboy Heroes," and Max Westbrook's "The Archetypal Ethic of the *Ox-Bow-Incident,*" and pays the expected homage to established Western writers. (In all fairness, it needs to be noted that J. Frank Dobie's essay was first published in 1926 and was responsible at least in part for helping to establish Adams as an important Western writer.) More interesting because of its attempt to get behind the Western writing scene is Vardis Fisher's "The Novelist And His Background," which effectively combines the sensitive with the scholarly. Unfortunately, that essay is followed by Vardis Fisher's co-authored essay with Opal Laurel Holmes,

"Fact or Fiction: The Blend of History and Legend," which reveals their misunderstanding of the popular imagination at work in American culture.

Part Three, "The Foreigner's Western," represents a needed direction for scholarship on Western fiction. S. Griswold Morley's 1946 essay, "Cowboy and Gaucho Fiction," reminds us of the close ties between the South American counterparts of the American cowboy and their respective traditions. James Folsom's essay, "English Westerns," details the similarities and especially the differences between the Western traditions in the American literature of the West and the West of the English literary imagination. If any aspect of Western literary studies can be said to be particularly deficient, it is the international perspective.

Part Four is given over to a reprinting of Richard Etulain's well-received 1976 essay, "The American Literary West and Its Interpreters: The Rise of a New Historiography," which provides a valuable overview of the development of Western literary studies within academia.

The Western would certainly be a welcome text in a course on American Western literature. Its major flaw, however, is its lack of serious attention to the popular Western tradition. While this tradition is touched upon in several places, it is not explored in any real detail. The editor apparently accepted the traditional approaches to the study of Western literature and chose not to explore the newer, less traveled critical paths. It is difficult to fault *The Western*, however; it does fulfill its intended function and does serve the scholarly need of collecting and making available in a convenient format some of the most important criticism available on Western literature.

Michael T. Marsden
Bowling Green State University

The Novel of the American West. By John Milton. (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1980. 341 pp., bibliography, index)

JOHN MILTON'S *The Novel of the American West* is a book that should have been published a long time ago; in other words, it fills a real need. Its introduction and first three chapters trace the origin and development of the Western novel, and later chapters offer in-depth discussions of such writers as Vardis Fisher, A.B. Guthrie, Fred Manfred, Walter Van Tilburg Clark, Harvey Fergusson, and Frank Waters. A final chapter discusses "Variations on Western Realism."

I know of no one who has done more for Western Literature than John Milton. For years he has battled the provincialism of Eastern critics

who assume that any writer who is not from the East can at best be labeled a "regionalist," a term that is frequently equated with "folksy local color." In his latest work, Milton continues the battle, and if he sometimes becomes over-enthusiastic, verging on the argumentative, I, for one, think he should be forgiven.

One of the major difficulties in any discussion of the Western novel is in defining just what that term means. Some readers may be disturbed by Milton's inclusiveness. In a parenthetical aside, for example, he refers to William Faulkner "in another part of the 'West.' " However, Milton builds a good case for considering as Western the literature of whatever has been regarded as "frontier." He writes:

> The Western novel is not a maverick literary form, not an instant mutation, and not a curiosity to be looked at only in terms of the facts and the myths of the Wild West. It has evolved quite naturally within the historical development of long narrative, even though it has taken a turn here and there because of its time and place.

Readers will also find quite useful Milton's excellent discussion of what the Western novel is *not* in a chapter entitled "The Popular or Formula Western."

Especially noteworthy is Milton's discussion of the function of landscape and total environment in novels of the West. He suggests that unlike urban novels (in which nature can be largely ignored), the novels of the West must take the land and the weather into consideration, each author employing the environment as an active force in the story. He writes:

> It is in the West that we are more conscious of this natural environment, where it is open enough to keep the sun and moon and stars within our range of perception, where it is open enough for the wind to affect almost everything in its unbroken sweep, where there are fewer people and we are therefore more conscious of animals and other creatures, where we are exposed to the seasons and their changes and cannot hide behind or beneath or within tons of concrete and steel.
> [The Western novel] must, it would seem, be a novel of the land, a novel in which the land actually becomes a character, a force to be reckoned with, part of the conflict as well as background.

Milton suggests that Western American novelists have successfully accomplished this task, citing specifically the works of William Eastlake and Frank Waters. And he concludes one section with "I am inclined to believe that the Western American novel is unified in a cultural and textual sense to a greater degree than is the fiction of any other region." Milton emphasizes the value of this larger, more inclusive point of view -

- one which looks outward rather than inward. In a later chapter he adds, "In a contemporary society which is losing sight of the individual, of wholeness, of integrity, and of the importance of the spirit, the Western novel may well be the last beacon in the night, the last warning."

The book will, perhaps, be best used as a reference work, by readers who wish more information on a particular writer. If it is read sequentially, that is cover to cover, it is inclined to be somewhat repetitious. Oddly enough, in an age where publication is largely predicted and controlled by computerization and hence truly great editors are fast disappearing, John Milton himself does stand out as a great editor. It is ironic, therefore, that this present book could have used some judicious editing.

In addition, much of *The Novel of the American West* consists of pieces previously published as separate articles. While this does not affect the validity of Milton's generalizations or his judgement, it does put an unfortunate time limitation on his point of view. In his final chapter, for example, when he is dealing with some of the relatively more recent writers, he includes only one work by Edward Abbey, his first (1956) publication. And one misses even mention of such recent fine writers as Rudolofo Anaya or Leslie Silko.

But readers will find this a valuable book nonetheless. Milton does an excellent job of defining the Western novel and of tracing its history and growth. One hopes there will be a second volume devoted to more recent developments.

Charles L. Adams
University of Nevada, Las Vegas

Adolph F. Bandelier's The Discovery of New Mexico by the Franciscan Monk, Friar Marcos de Niza in 1539. Translated and edited by Madeleine Turrell Rodack. (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1981; 135 pp., maps, bibliography, index.

ADOLPH BANDELIER'S INVESTIGATIONS of the Spanish Southwest have attracted increasing attention in recent years as scholars have come to recognize the sophistication of his methodology. Working in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, Bandelier was far ahead of his time in utilizing interdisciplinary techniques, and as an anthropologist he anticipated Claude Lévi-Strauss' structuralism. Madeleine Turrell Rodack,

an ethnohistorian at the University of Arizona, has contributed importantly to our awareness of Bandelier's advanced techniques and to our knowledge of Cabeza de Vaca, Marcos de Niza, and early Spanish exploration with her translation of Bandelier's account of Marcos' "discovery" of New Mexico. The work was not previously available in English.

This brief work reflects not only Bandelier's meticulous scholarship but also that of Madeleine Rodack. Bandelier's voluminous notes, with their extensive quotations, are included in English translation, and Rodack contributes a succinct, nicely documented sketch of Bandelier and a brief account of Marcos de Niza's search for Cibola. The translation itself is enhanced with skillfully written and enlightening annotations. A bibliography, bearing on Cabeza de Vaca, Marcos de Niza, and Bandelier himself, though not definitive, is complete enough to be of great value to those who wish to pursue those subjects further.

The book is divided into three parts. Following the introductory section on Bandelier and Marcos de Niza is the main body of the work, the translation of Bandelier's account of Cabeza de Vaca's journey, Marcos's search, and his description of Cibola. Each of these sections is followed by Bandelier's notes. The concluding part is the selected bibliography.

Rarely does one come across a work which so happily combines brevity with sound scholarship, its topic not only fascinating and exotic but also highly significant. General readers as well as scholars will be indebted to Madeleine Turrell Rodack for the gem-like quality of this book.

Gene Brack
New Mexico State University

NHS ACQUISITIONS

Patrick A. McCarran Collection

As a result of an agreement among Sister Margaret Patricia McCarran, the Nevada State Archives and the Nevada Historical Society, the Patrick A. McCarran Collection was transferred from the Archives to the Historical Society in October, 1981. Subsequently, the collection, the bulk of which had been on loan to the Archives since 1966, was donated by Sister Margaret to the Historical Society.

The donation consists of Patrick McCarran's senatorial papers (1933-1954), voluminous files and indexes compiled by Sister Margaret on all phases of her father's life and career, sound recordings, photographs, and hundreds of books and government publications. Included also are materials on English Fabianism written or compiled by Sister Margaret, a recognized authority on the subject.

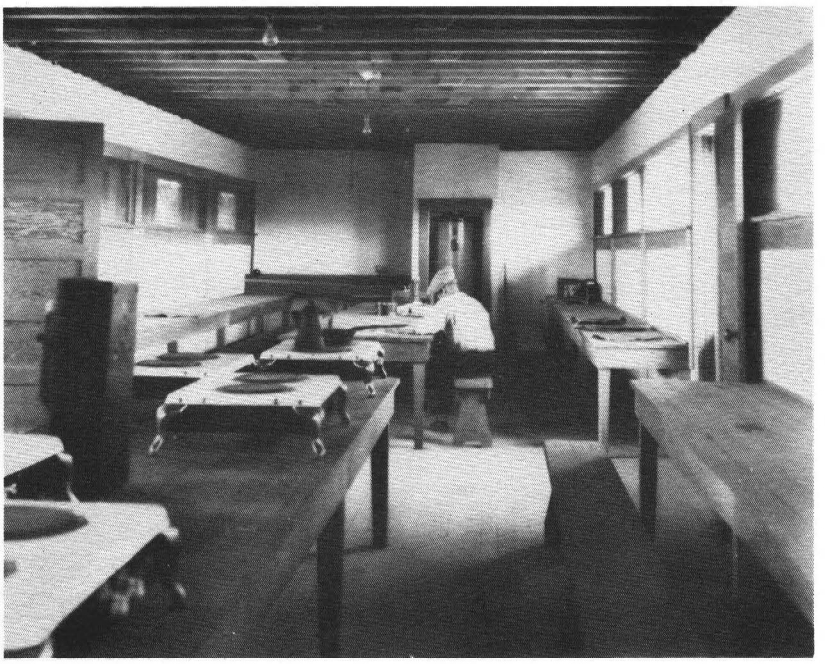
We are glad and certainly fortunate to be able to add this major political collection to our holdings, and to make it more accessible to researchers. We thank Sister Margaret for her generosity in donating the collection and allowing the Nevada Historical Society to provide it a permanent home.

Carpenters' Union Records

The society's largest and most significant collection of labor union manuscripts was acquired in 1981, when Local Union 971 of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America donated records from the first seventy-eight years of its existence. Established in 1902, Local Union 971 is the oldest carpenters' local in Nevada. It was originally organized among Reno craftsmen, but by the 1970s had consolidated with all other existing locals in the northern half of the state.

The bulk of the collection consists of records of Local 971, but there is also material from defunct locals in Hawthorne, Elko, Ely, Fallon and Reno. Dating from 1902, and occupying approximately fifty-five cubic feet, the accumulated items include records and correspondence of financial secretaries, minute books of local union meetings, membership records, stewards' reports, contracts, contractors' reports, and records of attendance at union meetings. An inventory of the collection is currently being prepared.

People's Market, Elko, 1933. *(M.F. Jukes collection, NHS)*



Elko Tourist Camp, 1920s. *(M.F. Jukes collection, NHS)*

We wish to thank the executive committee of Local Union 971, and especially financial secretary Donald E. Alford, for making a gift of the union's records. The collection adds significantly to the Society's labor union-related holdings, which include records of the Order of Railway Conductors and Brakemen (George Cornwall Division #94), the Gold Hill Miners' Union, and the Virginia City Retail Clerks' Association, as well as a large number of labor-related books, pamphlets, handbills and photographs.

Reno Soroptimist Records

Chartered in 1942, Soroptimist International of Reno (formerly the Soroptimist Club of Reno) has been an active service organization for forty years, sponsoring a variety of community activities.

Records detailing the club's work during its first four decades were recently donated to the Nevada Historical Society by the organization. These consist principally of treasurers' reports and other financial records, minutes of meetings, committee reports, membership rosters and applications, issues of club bulletins, a brief history of the club, and material regarding such undertakings as the sponsorship of youth programs and the staging of the Miss Reno and Miss Nevada pageants.

The Society thanks Soroptimists International of Reno and Norah Llewellyn for donating this significant group of records.

Elko County Photographs

Retail store interiors, sporting events, school activities, funerals and weddings, ranching, airmail planes, industrial equipment and machine shops — these are some of the subjects of photographs depicting Elko County in the 1920s and 1930s which have been acquired from Wendell Hammon. The several hundred prints and negatives by Elko photographer M.F. Jukes portray the social, cultural and economic activity of northeastern Nevada in fascinating detail, and provide memorable glimpses of a time and of ways of life that have largely disappeared.

Because many of the pictures were only partially identified at the time they were received, additional identification is being undertaken by Dorothy Nylen, supervisor of the Society's photograph preservation project. Copying of deteriorated negatives has also begun, and this valuable photograph set will soon be available for use by researchers.

Contributors

David Hurst Thomas received his Ph.D. in Anthropology from the University of California, Davis, in 1971; he is currently the Chairman of the Department of Anthropology at the American Museum of Natural History. Dr. Thomas has a long-standing interest in the prehistory and history of the Great Basin, and has led archaeological expeditions for the past thirteen summers. He has published approximately three dozen articles dealing with Great Basin archaeology, and his work at Gatecliff Shelter (in Monitor Valley) is featured in his recent textbook, *Archaeology.*

Jack Fleming was raised in McGill, Nevada, and currently resides in Seattle. He attended the University of Nevada, Reno, and for several years was a newspaperman, working for the *Reno Evening Gazette* and the *Humboldt Star.* Mr. Fleming edits a publication of the American Diabetes Association, and contributes a weekly column to the *Ely Daily Times.*

Patricia Vreeland, Hamilton Vreeland and Thomas Lugaski each received the Ph.D. in Biology from the University of Nevada, Reno. They are environmental analysts and consultants with their own research corporation, Western Analytical Biogeographers, Incorporated, in Reno. They have been conducting environmental research in the Great Basin since the early 1970s.

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NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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