NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY

Volume XXV Summer 1982 Number 2

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

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

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Eureka, Nevada in the 1880s. *(Nevada Historical Society)*

The Jewish Community of Eureka, Nevada

NORTON B. STERN

At the peak of its prosperity in the 1870s and early 1880s, Eureka, Nevada featured a complex and even cosmopolitan social and cultural life. Historians of the state and its immigrant groups long have stressed the contributions of Welsh, Slavs, and Germans; and its Italian population has received special attention because of the "Charcoal Burners' War." Unfortunately, the history of one of the major groups involved in the economic and religious life of Eureka, its Jewish community, has been almost totally neglected. Yet, as will be illustrated, this was a widely-known and respected group, and one which made vital contributions to business development and to the varied cultural life of a mining area which has been characterized as being "by far the most productive mining district outside the Comstock area in the years 1859 through 1881."[1]

Although silver-bearing ores were discovered in 1864, it was impossible at first to process them because of the presence of lead. The real boom years in Eureka began in the early 1870s, and lasted well over a decade; indeed, the area was temporarily the most important mining center in Nevada in the early 1880s as the Comstock declined. The city emerged as the most important urban area in central Nevada; the Nevada legislature responded to economic realities by splitting Lander County in 1873, and Eureka became the county seat of newly-established Eureka County. The county boasted a population of over 7,000 in 1880, with 4,207 residing in the city. Approximately 60% of the population at that point consisted of immigrants.[2]

One of the biggest events in the early history of Eureka, and one

[1] Russell Elliott, *History of Nevada* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1973), p.106. See the short account of Eureka in Wilbur Shepperson, *Restless Strangers* (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 1970), pp. 121-126.

[2] General accounts with some data concerning Eureka can be found in Elliott, *History of Nevada*, pp. 105-107; James W. Hulse, *The Nevada Adventure* (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 1978), pp. 142-144; and Elbert B. Edwards, *200 Years in Nevada* (Salt Lake City: Publishers Press, 1978), pp. 176-177.

which led to considerable optimism about its future, was the arrival of the railroad in October of 1875. The transcontinental railroad crossed Nevada just eighty-four miles to the north, at Palisade; a narrow gauge line was constructed from that point to Eureka, thus connecting the mining town to the rest of the country. The resulting celebration attracted the entire population of the area. The long-awaited connection with the outside world stimulated ore production, and attracted more business entrepreneurs.[3]

By that same year of 1875, there were a substantial number of fraternal and social groups organized, including a Masonic lodge, two Odd Fellows lodges and one of the Knights of Pythias, a Miners' Protective Union, four churches, one Chinese joss house, and an assortment of other groups. The Jewish organizations began during the next year, although temporary arrangements for the fall Holy Days had been made each year, beginning in either 1870 or 1871. Eureka also had an "excellent public school," two banks, two telegraph offices, one express office, and an "excellent daily paper, the *Eureka Sentinel*." The principal silver mines at the time included the Richmond Manufacturing Company with four smelting furnaces, Eureka Consolidated with two, the Atlas with two, and the K.K. Consolidated Mines with one furnace. A number of other mines sold the ore they extracted to one of the firms possessing smelters.[4]

The beginnings of the Jewish community of Eureka can be traced to 1870, when "Nathan and Harrison brought the first goods for a store" to town, and "opened in the old Tannehill log house. [5] By 1871, Harrison was a partner of Max Oberfelder in a general merchandise store, and they and Soloman Nathan and his general store were listed in the first directory that included Eureka. Thus the first business establishment of this type was Jewish-owned. A few of the other Jewish merchants of Eureka in 1871 were D. Cohn and Morris Cohn, who operated separate cigar and tobacco stores, Freidenberg and Co. (saloon and retail liquors), E.W. Harris (boots and shoes), and Louis Lowenthal (general merchandise).[6]

By the summer of 1875 when Samuel Goldstone wrote his first letter from Eureka, there were exactly 100 Jews in town. He explained that these included 16 families and that three-quarters of the Jewish popula-

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[3] *Eureka Daily Sentinel*, Oct. 23, 1875, p. 3; Edwards, pp. 232-233; Elliott, p. 106.

[4] *The American Israelite*, Sept. 3, 1875, pp. 5-6; *Eureka Daily Sentinel*, Febr. 13, 1879, p. 3.

[5] Myron Angel (ed.), *History of Nevada* (Oakland, Calif.: Thompson and West, 1881), p. 439. The first post office opened in 1870, probably in the Nathan and Harrison store.

[6] *Pacific Coast Directory, 1871-1873* (San Francisco, 1871), pp. 352-353, 727, 729, 731, 738, 741.

tion were adults, which means that there were then forty-three single males in the total of 100.[7] Almost four years later, in a letter written on April 1, 1879, Goldstone reviewed the Jewish population, which had risen to 113. This included 17 families with seventy men, women and children, plus 43 bachelors or single men. Of the 113, 82 were adults and 31 were under eighteen years of age. This was almost certainly the high point of Jewish population in Eureka. Forty-eight had been born in the United States, including all of the 31 children; 43 had been born in Prussian Poland, 6 in Bavaria, 6 in Bohemia, 2 in England, 1 in France and 7 in Russia.[8] Once again we see evidence of the predominance of Polish Jewry in the pioneer West, since of the 82 adults, 50 were from Russian or Prussian-controlled Poland. With the Bohemian Jews from what is now Czechoslovakia, plus the 2 English Jews, who were almost all of recent Polish origin, it means that apart from the 17 adults born in America, only 7 were of Western European origin, from Bavaria and France.[9]

In terms of a gentile's view of Jewish numbers in town, in the fall of 1880 a local editor noted that "they are comparatively strong in Eureka."[10] The same writer, in the fall of the previous year, had an interesting comment relating to the proportion of merchants who were Jewish. He referred to the "deserted appearance" of the business district on Yom Kippur, September 27, 1879, and then explained:

> Some idea of the number of merchants in Eureka who belong to the Jewish faith could have been formed between dark on Friday and the appearance of the stars last night, that period embracing their Day of Atonement. Main Street, usually dull at this season of the year, presented an almost deserted appearance, and one calculated to give even a callous reporter the blue devils.[11]

When the Jewish residents of Eureka came to the attention of the greater American Jewish community in 1875 through the first letter sent by Samuel Goldstone, it was said that Christian friends had asked local Jews why they hadn't organized a congregation that would conduct regular Sabbath and other religious observances. Goldstone's answer was that a lack of Jewish leadership was the cause. But as it developed, there was more Jewish leadership in Eureka than had been believed,

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[7] *The American Israelite*, September 3, 1875, p. 5: Goldstone was a local businessman.

[8] *The Hebrew Sabbath School Visitor*, Cincinnati, May 2, 1879, p. 143, copied from the *Hebrew Observer*, San Francisco. Goldstone was then using the pen name of "Quartz Rock."

[9] See Norton B. Stern and William M. Kramer, "The Major Role of Polish Jews in the Pioneer West," *Western States Jewish Historical Quarterly*, July 1976, pp. 326-344, especially p. 335 and note 32.

[10] *Eureka Daily Sentinel*, September 7, 1880, p. 3.

[11] Ibid., September 28, 1879, p. 3.

and when it manifested itself in 1876, one of the prime movers was Goldstone himself. Prior to that year Eureka Jewry had regularly sent to San Francisco for a so-called "Reverend Doctor" to officiate for the High Holy Day services, but these "rabbis" were far from satisfactory and in addition were expensive. The man brought from San Francisco for the fall Holy Days of 1874 took it upon himself to place a notice in the local newspaper announcing that all were invited to attend his lecture on Rosh Hashanah morning. This attracted the attendance of a number of Christian ministers and other interested Christians. But the Rosh Hashanah sermon turned out to be such "a rhapsody of unintelligible English, intermixed with Polish-german[Yiddish]" that "the Jews were utterly confounded with shame," and "were exceedingly glad when the Christian portion of our audience left the room - in disgust."[12]

Finally, after conducting High Holy Day services on a temporary basis for a number of years, local Jewry organized the Hebrew Congregation of Eureka. The event took place on Sunday, August 13, 1876, and Goldstone proudly wrote that Eureka Jewry had thus organized the first Jewish congregation in Nevada.[13] J. Levin, operator of a cigar, tobacco and stationery store, was elected president; O. Dunkel, proprietor of a dry goods store, became vice president; Samuel Goldstone, partner in a general merchandise firm, was secretary; and Solomon Ashim, who with his brother had a general merchandise store, was elected treasurer. Forty men of the community attended the meeting, which resulted in the organization of the new congregation. They also decided to offer Cantor A. Altman of Nashville, Tennessee, $225 in gold to come to Eureka to officiate for the High Holy Days that fall.[14]

Altman declined the offer, so the new congregation "had to forego the luxury of listening to the sweet warblings of a first-class *chasan*," but the "home talent" was such that they "got along just as well," and were thereby enabled to devote the $225 to the fencing of the Jewish cemetery which had been established at the same time as the congregation.[15] The 1876 High Holy Day observances were held in the Odd

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[12] *The American Israelite,* September 3, 1875, p. 6.

[13] Even though the Jewish population of the Virginia City area was much larger, consisting of several hundred Jewish residents from the early 1860s, they were apparently satisfied with the temporary High Holy Day arrangements made each year by the local Hebrew benevolent society, which also had established the Jewish cemetery there, and did not organize a congregation. Myron Angel, *op. cit.* p. 587.

[14] *The American Israelite,* August 25, 1876, pp. 5-6. Goldstone's letter was written from Eureka on August 15, 1876. See also Ibid., December 8, 1876, pp. 2-3.

[15] Only a few of the posts of that cemetery fence were still in place in the fall of 1977, 101 years after the fence was erected. Photograph of Jewish cemetery of Eureka, Nevada, October 1977, courtesy of Trina L. Machacek of Eureka, in the archives of the author.

Fellows Hall, and A. Rosenthal and L. Banner, both of whom were later members of the local B'nai B'rith lodge, conducted the services. In addition, a "splendid Jewish quartet" provided music. Mrs. Ben C. Levy was the soprano; Mr. Ben C. Levy, superintendent of K.K. Consolidated Mines, sang tenor; Max J. Franklin, partner in a dry goods store, was the baritone; and Philip Harris, who operated a cigar and tobacco store with a brother, sang bass. Following these services the Hebrew Congregation gave its first ball to celebrate Simchat Torah, and "our Christian townspeople demonstrated their appreciation of their Jewish neighbors by crowding the ballroom to its utmost capacity. . . . "[16]

This Simchat Torah ball, on October 11, 1876, was given fine publicity by the principal local newspaper:

> The first annual ball of the Hebrew Congregation of Eureka will take place at Bigelow's Hall tonight. A large number of tickets have been sold . . . and the management have made extensive preparations to secure to their guests a full enjoyment of the pleasures of the social dance. The best procurable music will be on hand, and nothing will be left undone that ought to be done to make the affair pass off pleasantly to all who attend. The ladies have gotten up and will serve to the guests of the ball an elegant supper, in which will be included every luxury afforded by the Eureka market suitable for the table of a ball supper.[17]

On Tuesday evening, February 27, 1877, the Hebrew Congregation of Eureka gave their second affair for the community, which they termed their "First Annual Purim Ball." It too was held at Bigelow's Hall and received much attention in the local press, which included a full explanation of the Jewish holiday of Purim.[18]

When the congregation was formed, Goldstone had written that he expected that it would soon "ask admission as a humble member" of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations.[19] This was accomplished in February, 1877, and the Nevada congregation was promptly admitted to the Union, and just as promptly sent in dues of $14.50 to the national body.[20] It is interesting to note that the first synagogue of California to

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[16] *The American Israelite,* December 8, 1876, pp. 2-3, letter by Samuel Goldstone, written on November 20, 1876.

[17] *Eureka Daily Sentinel,* October 11, 1876, p. 3. A profit of $400 was realized for the congregation from the Simchat Torah ball. *The American Israelite,* December 8, 1876, p. 3.

[18] *Eureka Daily Sentinel,* February 11, 1877, p. 3, February 13, 1877, p. 2, February 27, 1877, p. 3. The Purim Ball committees consisted of a number of prominent Jewish citizens. Solomon Ashim, S. Rosenthal, Philip Harris and Jacob Schiller (a tailor) were the arrangements committee. Max Oberfelder (general merchandiser) was the floor director. Samuel Goldstone, Philip Harris and Solomon Ashim were the floor managers. David Lesser (dry goods and clothing) and David Rosenberg (saloon proprietor) constituted the reception committee.

[19] *The American Israelite,* August 25, 1876, p. 6.

[20] Ibid., March 2, 1877, p. 6; *Jewish Record,* Philadelphia, March 2, 1877, p. 3; *Jewish Messenger,* New York, March 16, 1877, p. 2.

join the U.A.H.C. was congregation Emanu-El of San Francisco, which joined in October, 1877, eight months after the small congregation at Eureka.[21] At the monthly meeting in May, the congregation "selected Mr. Samuel Goldstone to represent them" at the U.A.H.C. convention at Philadelphia in July.[22]

By far the biggest event in 1877 for the Jewish community of Eureka was the visit of Rabbi Isaac Mayer Wise. Indeed, the visit of the best known rabbinic leader in America to this remote mining town with only a little over 100 Jewish residents can be considered the highlight of its religious history. Someone, probably Samuel Goldstone, learned from *The American Israelite* that Wise was going to visit the West in the summer, and wrote to request him to deliver a lecture at Eureka. The Cincinnati rabbi agreed to do so. He arrived by the Union Pacific Railroad at Palisade, Nevada on the Humboldt River at 10:00 A.M. on Monday, July 9, 1877, and he had to wait until 4:00 P.M.for the departure of the narrow-gauge railroad to Eureka, eighty-four miles to the south. Travel on this branch line cost the rabbi eight dollars in gold each way, and it proceeded to its destination at the rate of twelve to thirteen miles per hour. Arriving at 11:00 P.M. that evening, Wise was met by a committee consisting of Dr. Morris Rockman (the only Jewish physician in Eureka and the first doctor to settle in town[23]), Samuel Goldstone and Ben C. Levy. They took him to a hotel and the next morning escorted him to Moch's restaurant. Wise's lecture that evening (Tuesday, July 10), had been announced in the local press on the preceding Sunday. It was stated that the lecture would be given at the Methodist Church of Reverend J.A. Gray, who had "courteously tendered" its facilities to him.[24]

Early Tuesday evening Wise officiated at the marriage of Joseph Hausman to Miss E. Boas, the affair being held at the home of the Solomon Ashims. In attendance was the second president of the Eureka congregation, Mr. Pepi Steler, a watchmaker and jeweler.[25] Wise commented on the unusual event of his performing the wedding ceremony

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[21] Edgar M. Kahn, "The Saga of the First Fifty Years of Congregation Emanu-El, San Francisco," *Western States Jewish Historical Quarterly,* April 1971, p. 145.

[22] *Eureka Daily Sentinel,* May 15, 1877, p. 3. See also *The American Israelite,* July 20, 1877 for a report of Goldstone's presence at the U.A.H.C. convention. Goldstone's appreciation for the work and the purposes of the U.A.H.C. was expressed in his letter of August 20, 1875. Ibid., September 3, 1875, p. 6.

[23] Myron Angel, *op. cit.,* p. 439.

[24] *Eureka Daily Sentinel,* July 8, 1877, p. 3. Isaac M. Wise, letter of July 14, 1877 in *The American Israelite* of July 27, 1877, p. 6; reprinted in "The Western Journal of Isaac Mayer Wise," edited by William M. Kramer, *Western States Jewish Historical Quarterly,* July 1972, pp. 202, 211-212.

[25] Ibid., p. 214; *Eureka Daily Sentinel,* September 6, 1877, p. 3. Steler's first name was never revealed in any publication during his Eureka years. Only his initial "P." was used. It was revealed to stand for "Pepi" in the *Los Angeles City Directory 1890,* p. 673, after he had moved to Southern California.

in such a remote place,[26] but he failed to mention the most unusual aspect of the affair: the groom was a convert to Judaism! Both the bride and groom "are well and favorably known in Eureka," the local reporter stated, and "the groom is, indeed, a pioneer in this section. He is a German, but embraced Judaism in the fullest sense to marry the lady of his choice."[27] The groom was a gunsmith with his own shop on Main Street in Eureka. He became a member of Eureka's Silver State Lodge of B'nai B'rith, in the 1880s.[28]

After the usual cake and wine at the Ashim home, Rabbi Wise was taken to the house of Reverend Gray, the Methodist minister, whom he termed a "clever gentleman." Then at 8:30 P.M. all proceeded to the Methodist Church for the lecture. Wise wrote that a large crowd of well-cultivated people listened attentively to his speech, and that people and the local newspaper "said it was an excellent lecture."[29] The newspaper report was as follows:

> The lecture of Rabbi Wise at the Methodist Church last evening was well attended, our Jewish population, of course, forming the greater portion of the audience. His discourse was listened to with the greatest attention, and his demonstration of the influence of the Jewish race upon civilization and progress was eloquent and masterly. At the conclusion of the lecture he was entertained at a grand banquet at the establishment of Mrs. Moch. It was an elegant affair and much enjoyed by those who were so fortunate as to be present on the occasion. The rabbi departed on this morning's train, favorably impressed with the town, its overflowing hospitalities and generous people.[30]

Rabbi Wise commented on the banquet following his lecture, observing that, "the table set by Mrs. Moch was far superior to anything we have seen outside of the largest cities. A company of about forty-five people sat around the table, all well dressed, ladies of beauty, gentlemen of wit and humor."[31] And promptly at 3 A.M. in the morning, July 11, Wise was taken to the railroad depot to meet the train which would take him back to Palisade, and then on to San Francisco.[32]

Interestingly enough, five days after Wise's Tuesday night lecture at

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[26] Isaac M. Wise, *op. cit.*, p. 214.

[27] Eureka Daily Sentinel, July 11, 1877, p. 3. This was the customary way of implying that circumcision accompanied and completed the conversion. It is likely that the conversion took place in San Francisco.

[28] *McKenney's Pacific Coast Directory for 1886-7; Proceedings of the Twenty-fourth Session of the District Grand Lodge No. 4, I.O.B.B.* (San Francisco, 1887), pp. 156-157.

[29] Isaac M. Wise, *op. cit.*, pp. 214-215.

[30] *Eureka Daily Sentinel*, July 11, 1877, p. 3.

[31] Isaac M. Wise, *op. cit.*, p. 215.

[32] Ibid.

the Methodist Church, his message was repeated by the minister of that church at his Sunday morning worship service. In a letter from a Jew in Eureka to a New York Jewish weekly newspaper, we learn:

> On Sunday, July 15, Rev. J.A. Gray, pastor of the Methodist Church of Eureka, Nev., delivered an eloquent sermon on "The Relation of the Jews to Civilization," wherein he warmly eulogized our coreligionists, and acknowledged their beneficial influence on morals, philosophy, literature and art.[33]

The High Holy Day services of 1877 were held by the congregation under the presidency of Pepi Steler at the Odd Fellows Hall. Dr. Morris Rockman and Mr. L. Banner were appointed to conduct the ritual, assisted by Samuel Goldstone. The choir, as in 1876, consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Ben C. Levy, Max Franklin and Philip Harris. The practice of making social calls on Rosh Hashanah afternoon was followed by members of the Eureka Jewish community.[34]

The third set of officers of the Hebrew Congregation of Eureka, elected after the High Holy Days of 1877, were Samuel Goldstone, president; Pepi Steler, vice president; and Morris Calisher, owner of a books and stationery store, secretary. The congregation also resolved to incorporate, and filed the required certificate of incorporation with the county clerk on October 29, 1877.[35] Monthly meetings of the congregation on the second Sunday evening of the month continued during this period, usually held at the store of one of the members.[36] In reporting the news of Jewish religious observances in 1878, a local writer was told that Simchat Torah, scheduled for October 20 that year, was "the most enjoyable of all the Jewish holidays."[37] But the big news in the Jewish religious life of Eureka in 1878 occurred near the end of the year when Rabbi Aron J. Messing of Congregation Beth Israel, San Francisco, came to town.

Rabbi Messing, who had been born in the same Polish province of Posen from which most of the adult Jewish residents of Eureka had come, was making a series of trips all over the West seeking donations for his San Francisco congregation, which needed additional funds to construct a new synagogue. But, as he himself explained the situation,

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[33] *Jewish Messenger,* New York, July 27, 1877, p. 2.

[34] *Eureka Daily Sentinel,* September 6, 1877, p. 3, September 8, 1877, p. 3, September 16, 1877, p. 3.

[35] Ibid., November 2, 1877, p. 3.

[36] Ibid., January 13, 1878, p. 2. The meeting of January 13, 1878 was held at the store of Solomon Ashim & Bros.

[37] Ibid., October 17, 1878, p. 3.

My collecting expeditions and travels differed in one respect from all similar, undertaken by others. I was firmly resolved to give to the givers, and not take their gifts for nothing. For this purpose I traveled all over the states of California, Nevada, Oregon and Washington. Wherever the number of Israelites seemed to require it, I remained some length of time, establishing religious schools, societies or congregations. . . .[38]

Messing came to Eureka accompanied by the president of his congregation, Samuel Zemansky. This worthy came along on these trips to collect all the donations, so that no suspicion or slander could be directed to the rabbi by any who might feel that he was gathering funds for his own personal use. Arriving in late November, 1878, Rabbi Messing organized a religious school for the Jewish children of the community. Dr. Morris Rockman became its superintendent, and Ben C. Levy its president.[39] Messing's work in organizing the religious education of the children was deeply appreciated, and a report in a San Francisco Jewish newspaper made special mention of his efforts there:

In Eureka, Nevada, especially, his endeavors have been crowned by happy results. A public entertainment was tendered him and most active aid given him and Mr. Zemansky in their work by the Israelites residing at that place.[40]

An enthusiastic evaluation of the newly-established religious school of the Hebrew Congregation of Eureka by Samuel Goldstone (then using the pen name "Quartz Rock"), written on April 1, 1879, was sent to one of the Jewish weekly papers of San Francisco, the *Hebrew Observer*, and reprinted in the Cincinnati Jewish children's paper which had a national circulation.

Dr. [Morris] Rockman deserves a laurel wreath for his unremitting kindness to the children, and his constant efforts in behalf of their religious training. Mind you, we have a Hebrew Sunday School, inaugurated some months ago by Doctor Messing, and that step alone will make his memory dear to us, and the reverend gentleman may feel an honest pride in the good results of his mission to this place. The progress of the entire little school is gratifying, but the progress of some of those little ones is prodigious.

It may seem incredible that in twelve consecutive Sundays, or rather in twelve lessons, each lesson not exceeding ten minutes in duration, children who had never before as much as seen a Hebrew alphabet, should be able to read Hebrew fluently. Yet such is a positive fact. We have one little miss of nine

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[38] Aron J. Messing, *A Farewell Gift to His Friends* (San Francisco, 1890), p. 26. See Norton B. Stern, "Mission to San Bernardino in 1879," *Western States Jewish Historical Quarterly*, April 1978, pp. 227-233, for details on Rabbi Messing's background and his fund-raising efforts.

[39] *The American Israelite*, January 31, 1879, p. 5.

[40] *The Hebrew*, San Francisco, December 13, 1878, p. 4.

golden summers, and two lads of eight and nine years respectively, whose proficiency in Hebrew reading is really wonderful. Nor are these children less proficient in the other branches taught.

Primarily we have to thank Dr. Messing, next Doctor Rockman, no less for his zeal than for his generous distribution of candies among the children, and last, but not least, Mesdames [Solomon] Ashim, [Pepi] Steler and [Ben C.] Levy are entitled to our grateful acknowledgments for the faithful manner with which they discharged the self-imposed task of giving instruction to all the children parents wish to send.[41]

By the time this glowing report was written, the organizer of the religious school, Rabbi Messing, had written a letter expressing his regret that the superintendent, Dr. Rockman, had left the town of Eureka "where he has taken so prominent a part in opening the Sabbath school." Dr. Rockman had moved back to San Francisco where he had practiced medicine prior to moving to Eureka. But Messing observed that the "young institution is in the hands of excellent ladies who will successfully fill the vacancy."[42]

The big event for Eureka Jewry in 1879 was the Purim ball of March 6, and the local editor felt that the affair was of similar importance for the total Eureka population, as indicated by his headline: "The Purim Ball. An Event Never Equaled in the Social History of Eureka." He explained: "Certainly, no one who attended last night's ball will ever say that the Hebrews do anything in a half-way manner, and there was but one sentiment expressed, namely, that never before has there been a social gathering in Eureka that surpassed or even equaled that of last evening." The orchestra was that of Professor Wedeles, and the contest for the best costumes worn by a man and a woman included 109 entrants. Mrs. Lambert Molinelli won the prize of a lady's gold watch for her costume as a Chinese woman. The male prize was also won by a woman, Mrs. John Gillespie, whose costume as a Ruby Hill miner was so clever that no one imagined that she was not a man. Her prize was a diamond pin. The judges of the contest were the editors of the *Sentinel* and the *Leader*.[43]

The Hebrew Congregation conducted High Holy Day services in 1879, 1880, 1881 and well into the 1880s, as long as there was enough of a community to produce a *minyan* (religious quorum of ten men needed for worship services).[44] In 1880 another successful Purim ball

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[41] *The Hebrew Sabbath School Visitor*, May 2, 1879, p. 143.

[42] Ibid., March 14, 1879, p. 88.

[43] *Eureka Daily Sentinel*, March 7, 1879, p. 3. The arrangements committee consisted of Ben C. Levy, L. Banner, M.J. Franklin, Solomon Ashim and David Lesser. Ibid., February 27, 1879, p. 3.

[44] Ibid., September 19, 1879, p. 3; September 28, 1879, p. 3; September 7, 1880, p. 3; September 16, 1880, p. 3; September 24, 1881, p. 3; October 2, 1881, p. 3.

was held on March 4, and "our best society were in attendance."[45] In the fall of 1881 the local press told of the "Festival of Booths, or Succoth Festival, which lasts eight days."[46]

As elsewhere in the pioneer West the Jews of Eureka were heavily involved in the numerous fraternal orders which were so important a part of the civic scene. There can be little doubt that the process of integration of early Western Jewry, who were largely foreign born, was greatly facilitated by their avid participation in the various fraternal movements.[47] By the summer of 1875 a member of the Eureka Jewish community could affirm that "there is scarcely a Jew in this place but what is a member of either the Masonic or Odd Fellows societies."[48] Samuel Goldstone was the Deputy District Grand Master of the Odd Fellows, and as such installed the new officers of Mountain Lodge No. 27, I.O.O.F., of Eureka, in January of 1876. Two of those he installed as officers of the lodge were active members of the Jewish community, Morris Calisher and Ben Levy.[49]

Ben C. Levy, who was superintendent of one of Eureka's silver mines, was installed as the Noble Grand (president) of the lodge. Levy had been born in France in 1846 and brought to America as a one-year-old. After serving three years in the Union Army during the Civil War, he came to California in 1865 and to Eureka in 1869, at the beginning of its development.[50] In addition to his involvement in the Odd Fellows order, Levy was installed as the president of the local lodge of the Independent Order of Foresters in 1880.[51] Morris Calisher became the secretary of the Odd Fellows in 1878.[52] Another fraternal group with Jewish members was the Order of Chosen Friends. Its Eureka members included H.M. Levy, M.J. Schiller and Dr. Morris Rockman.[53] In December of 1881 Dr. Rockman traveled to the town of Cherry Creek in eastern Nevada, for the purpose of organizing a new lodge of the Chosen Friends.[54]

The one Jewish fraternal order to gain a foothold in Eureka was B'nai B'rith. Silver State Lodge No. 296 of B'nai B'rith was instituted on April

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[45] Ibid., March 5, 1880, p. 3.

[46] Ibid., September 17, 1880, p. 3.

[47] For more on this subject see Norton B. Stern and William M. Kramer, "Jewish Padre to the Pueblo," *Western States Jewish Historical Quarterly*, July 1971, pp. 196-199; Norton B. Stern, "The Masonic Career of Benjamin D. Hyam," Ibid., April 1975, pp. 251-263.

[48] *The American Israelite*, September 3, 1875, p. 5.

[49] *Eureka Daily Sentinel*, January 9, 1876, p. 3, January 16, 1876, p. 1.

[50] Ibid., January 5, 1879, p. 3.

[51] Ibid., January 13, 1880, p. 3.

[52] Ibid., January 6, 1878, p. 3.

[53] Ibid., December 22, 1881, p. 3, December 28, 1881, p. 3.

[54] Ibid., December 22, 1881, p. 3.

14, 1878 by William Saalburg, the president of District Grand Lodge No. 4, headquartered in San Francisco. Saalburg was the editor-publisher of the *Hebrew Observer* of San Francisco, the senior Jewish weekly of the Pacific States, which had been founded in January, 1857 by Rabbi Julius Eckman under the title of *The Weekly Gleaner.* In his annual report to the District Grand Lodge rendered in January, 1879, Saalburg told of his trip to Eureka to institute the new lodge after receiving a petition from the Nevada town. He observed: "My sojourn among the brethren of the Silver State afforded me great pleasure indeed. I found among them brethren who in years gone by, were wont to be props of their former lodges. . . ."[55]

For a time the B'nai B'rith lodge met every Sunday evening at 7:30 P.M. at the Odd Fellows Hall.[56] Later, in the mid-1880s, the meetings were held on the first and third Sundays of each month. Silver State Lodge was the third B'nai B'rith lodge to be organized in Nevada, the first having been the Nevada Lodge, Virginia City, 1864, and the second was the Carson Lodge, 1876.[57] The Eureka lodge provided its members, many of whom were bachelors, with a good deal of social life and fraternal associations. Its membership hovered around twenty to twenty-three at its peak, and by the end of 1885 it had fallen to eighteen as the town's population continued to drop.[58]

An occupational survey of the business directories of 1878 and 1880 covering the most prosperous period in the history of Eureka has yielded a rough economic portrait.[59] (It is likely that most of the known Jewish individuals whose occupations were not found worked for those whose businesses were listed.) There is a certain amount of overlapping, since brothers operating one firm were listed twice, and a few were in a line of endeavor at one time and tried another field later. The results reveal similarities to those discovered by researchers of other Western towns. In Eureka there were seventeen dry goods and clothing firms; nine, food and groceries; seven stores selling tobacco, stationery and

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[55] *Proceedings of District Grand Lodge, No. 4, I.O.B.B.* (San Francisco, 1879), p. 17. The founding officers (and probably its prime organizers) of the B'nai B'rith lodge in Eureka, were: Samuel Goldstone, president; Solomon Ashim, vice president; Ben C. Levy, secretary; Pepi Steler, treasurer; M.J. Franklin, monitor; Gus Abrams, assistant monitor; H. Myers, inside guardian; David Rosenberg, outside guardian; and the trustees were Julius Lesser (proprietor of the New York Store), Morris Calisher and J.H. Michel (stationery, tobacco and liquor store). Dr. Morris Rockman was appointed the deputy district installing officer. *Eureka Daily Sentinel,* April 18, 1878, p. 3, April 9, 1878, p. 3.

[56] Ibid., June 23, 1878, p. 3.

[57] *Annual Report of the Secretary of District Grand Lodge No. 4, I.O.B.B.,* December 31, 1885.

[58] *Proceedings of District Grand Lodge, No. 4, I.O.B.B.* (San Francisco, January 1886), p. 161.

[59] *Business Directory of the Pacific States and Territories for 1878,* pp. 417-436, 601; *Pacific Coast Directory for 1880-81,* pp. 175ff. Only the names of known Jews of Eureka, or those very likely to be Jewish, were used in this survey.

books; five, general merchandise; five tailors; three restaurants; three saloons; three jewelers and watchmakers; two feed and flour mills; two liquor stores; two furniture and crockery stores; and one each of the following: bakery, steam bath, barber shop, pawnbroking establishment, gun shop, and fire insurance agency. And there was one Jewish physician, Dr. Morris Rockman.[60] But there were at least two unusual features about the economic activities of the Jews of Eureka. One concerned the number of women who were in business; the other had to do with the mining industry.

We found at least six Jewish women of Eureka who operated businesses under their own names. This is a very high proportion of female entrepreneurs, considering that in many Western communities with much larger Jewish populations, few Jewish women in business have been found. In Los Angeles in 1870, for example, with a Jewish population over three times that of Eureka, there was only one Jewish businesswoman, Ernestine Greenbaum, who ran a boarding house.[61] And the husbands of most of the Jewish businesswomen of Eureka operated their own separate businesses, indicating that the ladies were not merely fronting for their spouses because of a previous bankruptcy. In Eureka, Mrs. M.A. Ashim had a grocery store which also stocked crockery and dishes and featured oysters, fish and poultry; Mrs. S. Leventhal also operated a grocery store; Mrs. John A. Moch ran a restaurant and boarding house, which she continued after her husband's tragic death in 1879; Mrs. David Lesser had a fruit and varieties store; Mrs. Solomon Ashim operated a grocery store for a number of years and also a restaurant; and Sarah (Mrs. Joseph) Loryea had a millinery establishment.[62]

Though there were not many Jewish residents who had a direct interest or involvement in the mining industry of Eureka, there was a greater proportion than has been noted elsewhere. The opinion of Samuel Goldstone, a partner in a general merchandise store of Eureka, is instructive with respect to Jewish attitudes toward mining:

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[60] Dr. Rockman's actual given name was Moses, a fact which is shown in *The San Francisco Directory for the Year Commencing April, 1879*, p. 748.

[61] Norton B. Stern, "Jews in the 1870 Census of Los Angeles," *Western States Jewish Historical Quarterly*, October 1976, p. 79.

[62] These businesses were listed in the business directories, and in advertising and news accounts in the *Eureka Daily Sentinel*, from 1875 to 1881. Mrs. Loryea had previously had a millinery store in San Jose, California, and apparently was attracted to Eureka by the opportunities which the Nevada town offered. *Eureka Daily Sentinel*, December 5, 1877, p. 2; Stephen D. Kinsey, "The Development of the Jewish Community of San Jose, California, *Western States Jewish Historical Quarterly*, January 1975, pp. 178-179.

Under the combined influences of muscle and "giant powder," our mountains yield up their hidden treasures. The lurid glare of eight smelting furnaces is like sunshine to our hopes, and their fumes more precious to our nostrils than the combined laboratories of "Maria Theresa farina," and 'Lubin," with "Florida Water" thrown in.[63]

Perhaps the most important Jewish citizen in mining was Ben C. Levy, who also operated a fire insurance agency in Eureka. Levy, who was very active in Jewish and fraternal life as detailed above, was the superintendent of the K.K. Consolidated Mines, one of the major companies, and in 1879 he became an executive of the Phoenix Mining Company. By 1881 he was also running the Bowman Mine as its superintendent.[64] Another major company was the Atlas Mine and Smelting Works, "one of the principal owners" of which was Hermann Heynemann of San Francisco, who operated the Pioneer Woolen Mills of that city.[65] David Lesser, who was a partner in a Eureka dry goods and clothing store, and whose wife had her own business as mentioned above, was the owner of the Ford Mine.[66] Morris H. Joseph, a commission agent and operator of a general merchandise store, became the superintendent of the Golden Rule Consolidated Mining Company in 1881.[67] And Aaron Berg, brother of Bernhard Berg, was announced as a major shareholder in the Philip Sheridan Mine in an 1879 news item.[68]

The Jews of Eureka participated fully in the general civic, political and social life of the total community.[69] Ben C. Levy was elected county recorder on November 5, 1878.[70] O. Dunkel ran for the office of county treasurer in the fall of 1880.[71] One M. Borowsky, who was probably Jewish, had been public administrator of Eureka County, and violated his trust by using funds "belonging to the estate of deceased persons." He was convicted in January, 1876 and sentenced to a term of 1,000

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[63] *The American Israelite,* August 25, 1876, p. 5.

[64] *Eureka Daily Sentinel,* January 5, 1879, p. 3, June 28, 1881, p. 3.

[65] Ibid., September 3, 1875, p. 3. On Hermann Heynemann, see Nan Friedlander, Introduction, "Memories of a Then Eight-Year-old," by Paul Heyneman, *Western States Jewish Historical Quarterly,* April 1981, p. 262.

[66] *Eureka Daily Sentinel,* January 28, 1879, p. 3.

[67] Ibid., December 13, 1881, p. 3.

[68] Ibid., February 14, 1879, p. 3.

[69] For example, in precinct number one of Eureka Township the following were registered voters: L. Cohn, I. Cohn, A.M. Cohn, Jonas Cohn, O. Dunkel, Conrad Fuchs, N. Freidenberg, Frank Feldman, Samuel Goldstone, Joseph Kind, Julius Lesser, Jacob Loewenthal, James Morris, M. Rockman, Samuel Raphael, J. Shainlanker and David M. Steindler. Precinct number two included: Solomon Ashim, J.B. Ashim, L. Banner, Samuel Friedman, M.J. Franklin, Joseph Hausman, Philip Harris, Henry Kind, Ben C. Levy, John A. Moch, J.H. Michel, Albert Rosenheim and B. Rothschild. Ibid., October 20, 1878, p. 3.

[70] Myron Angel, *op. cit.,* p. 428. See also *Eureka Daily Sentinel,* January 5, 1879, p. 3.

[71] Ibid., September 24, 1880, p. 3.

days in the county jail. He was pardoned the following October.[72] J. Levin, the founding president of the Hebrew Congregation, served on the grand jury in 1876.[73] The Democrats elected David Manheim, Samuel Goldstone and Ben C. Levy as delegates from Eureka to the county convention in the spring of 1876.[74]

In the fall of 1877, the Eureka press carried a list of the major taxpayers in town, those who were "assessed at $5,000 and upwards." Included were Myers and Franklin (dry goods) assessed at $33,850, who paid a tax of $938; David Manheim (general merchandise) $27,185, $745; O. Dunkel & Co. (dry goods) $25,800, $709; Ashim Brothers (general merchandise) $15,000, $412; Samuel Goldstone (general merchandise) $10,875, $208; Henry Kind (wholesale liquors) $5,025, $138; and A. Berwin (clothing) $5,000, $137.[75]

A number of somewhat unique activities of a few of Eureka's Jewish citizens are worthy of mention. Max Oberfelder erected a gas works and brought in piping to supply gas for illuminating the city's homes and stores, as well as its streets, in the spring of 1877. Shortly before the piping arrived the local editor observed that, "It looks as if we are to have light on the subject in the near future."[76] Ike Leventhal, probably the son of Jacob and Mrs. S. Leventhal, had the job of delivering letters for Wells Fargo & Co. This same young man was the catcher for the merchants' baseball team.[77] The volunteer fire department of Eureka, known as the Hook and Ladder Company, elected new officers in the summer of 1879, and included were Max J. Franklin, vice president; Ed. Leventhal, secretary; and Samuel Raphael, foreman.[78] Since the businessmen were the heaviest losers in cases of fire, it is not surprising that they took a major role in fire fighting units. Following the disastrous fire of April 18, 1879, which destroyed "the best portion of our town,"[79] a new opera house was built to replace the one lost in the fire. The treasurer of the "Eureka Hall Company" which erected the new opera house was O. Dunkel.[80] And as a part of the subsequent ceremonies Mrs. Moch announced that "she is preparing a superb supper for those who attend the dedication ball of the new Opera House."[81] Even the new

[72] Ibid., January 16, 1876, p. 3, October 11, 1876, p. 3.
[73] Ibid., March 24, 1876, p. 3.
[74] Ibid., April 30, 1876, p. 3.
[75] Ibid., October 25, 1877, p. 3.
[76] Ibid., April 24, 1877, p. 3.
[77] Ibid., February 13, 1879, p. 3, July 6, 1879, p. 3.
[78] Ibid., July 8, 1879, p. 3.
[79] Ibid., April 19, 1879, p. 3.
[80] Ibid., October 3, 1879, p. 3.
[81] Ibid., September, 30, 1879, p. 3.

carpet on the courtroom floor and the fine matting laid down in the halls of the courthouse by the dry goods firm of Max J. Franklin & Company, did not escape the eagle eye or facile pen of the local editor, who pronounced them "a decided improvement."[82]

The remoteness of Eureka and the nature of the mining economy tended to attract single men to the area, with a comparatively smaller proportion of families with children. This was true of the Jewish community as well as for the general population; in 1879, out of a total of 113 Jewish individuals, there were only 17 family units, and 31 children under the age of eighteen.[83]

It is clear that though the Jewish community of Eureka was geographically isolated and remote, it was not actually so in social, economic or cultural terms. It received a good deal of attention from such well-known figures as Rabbi Aron J. Messing and William Saalburg of San Francisco, and Rabbi Isaac Mayer Wise of Cincinnati, perhaps the most important rabbinic figure in nineteenth-century America. The membership of the Hebrew Congregation in the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, and the activities of the Silver State Lodge of B'nai B'rith, kept many members of the community abreast of the latest developments in Jewish life on a national level. And since most of

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[82] Ibid., June 11, 1880, p. 3.

[83] *The Hebrew Sabbath School Visitor,* May 2, 1879, p. 143. Perhaps the scarcity of families in Eureka and the modest number of children insured their receiving a good deal of attention in the public press. A surprising number of Jewish children were mentioned in various accounts in the peak years of the town. In reports of the progress of students in the public schools we noted Arnold and Isidore Goodriend, Gussie Manheim, Ada Manheim, Alma Manheim, Tillie Steler, Percy Goldstone, Jacob Schiller, Louis Goldstone, Mamie Steler, Fannie Steler, Gussie Moch, Esther Leventhal, Lillie Berg and Sammy Leventhal. In the spring of 1879 there was a glowing report about young Moses Moch's progress at a private school at Placerville, California. One of his parents shared his report card with the local editor, who commented on the "excellent showing" Moses had made in "all branches," namely in reading, spelling, writing, geography, grammar, drawing, arithmetic and deportment. But a year later Moses Moch, having lost his father, was enrolled in the Eureka public school, and he was a co-editor of the *Gem,* the school paper. *Eureka Daily Sentinel,* January 11, 1876, p. 4; October 27, 1877, p. 3; June 29, 1878, p. 3; March 4, 1879, p. 3; February 7, 1880, p. 3. One youngster, Master Mitchell Banner, achieved local fame as a violinist, and subsequently left Eureka to receive advanced instruction. Early in 1880 he gave a well-attended concert in Eureka which received a long review in the press. He was assisted by Professor Wedeles at the piano and Max Moeller on flute. Young Banner was eleven years old and was said to be very talented. His parents, the L. Banners, intended to have Mitchell study at the French Conservatory of Music in Paris. A few days later he gave another concert at Eureka Hall in order to raise additional funds for his musical education. Then notice of the departure of the family appeared, with Mitchell scheduled to give concerts in Chicago and at Steinway's Hall in New York. We next hear of the young musician under the name of Michael Banner (apparently his real given name), the "young violinist," who at the age of thirteen, twenty-one months after he left Eureka, celebrated his bar mitzvah at the Mound Street Temple in Cincinnati. The famed Rabbi Max Lilienthal, officiated. Michael Banner was then attending a "College of Music" in Cincinnati. *Eureka Daily Sentinel,* February 22, 26, and 27, 1880; *The Hebrew Sabbath School Visitor,* Nov. 11, 1881, p. 356.

Eureka's Jews were merchants, they made regular trips to their principal locale of wholesale supply, San Francisco. The community in Eureka received considerable attention in the Jewish press of the nation. The *Jewish Messenger* of New York, *The American Israelite* of Cincinnati, *The Hebrew* and the *Hebrew Observer* of San Francisco, and *The Hebrew Sabbath School Visitor* of Cincinnati, all of which have been noted gave space to Jewish news from faraway Eureka. But the very fact that this news was sent to these papers, means that local Jews subscribed to these publications, and were thus kept informed of events affecting Jewish life in the United States and abroad.[84]

The president of District Grand Lodge No. 4 of B'nai B'rith (the Silver State Lodge was a member) made an annual visit to all of the lodges of the district. From the 1878 founding of the lodge in Eureka, there was a regular visit from the San Francisco headquarters of the Grand Lodge, and these annual calls were important social events in the life of the community.[85] San Francisco was the great center of commerce and cultural leadership for the West in the nineteenth century, and many Jewish people of the region felt themselves a part of the Jewish institutional framework of that city as an aspect of their ethnic commitment. Thus it is not surprising that we find a number of contributors to the Pacific Hebrew Orphan Asylum and Home Society in the period just before the decline in the mining economy had seriously depleted the general population, and that of the Jewish community as well. The annual report of 1880-1881 of the orphanage and senior citizens home, located in San Francisco, showed nine contributors who were residents of Eureka: Henry Barman, Mrs. Henry Barman, Morris Calisher,[86] Henry Cohn, [87] Samuel Friedman, Henry Kind, Ben C. Levy, William Rockman, J. Shainlanker and David M. Steindler.[88]

It is difficult to date precisely the peak of Eureka's mining activities and the beginning of its decline. A leading historian of Nevada writes that "the production of Eureka mines, which had been only $5,932 in 1869, jumped to slightly over $2 million in 1872 and continued near or

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[84] The seven Jewish-owned tobacco, stationery and book stores of Eureka were among the main sources of information about the outside world for the total community. For example, Friedman Loewy, and before him J.H. Michel, were two of the Jewish businessmen who carried "all the Eastern papers, periodicals....." *Eureka Daily Sentinel*, January 9, p. 1. Loewy left Eureka in July 1877, and died in Berlin, Germany on December 26, 1877. Ibid., January 29, 1878, p. 3.

[85] See David A. D'Ancona, *A California-Nevada Travel Diary of 1876*, edited by William M. Kramer (Santa Monica, 1976), pp. 9-10.

[86] Morris Calisher was later a merchant of Tombstone, Arizona. See *Western States Jewish Historical Quarterly*, January 1979, p. 152.

[87] Henry Cohn operated a tobacco and stationery store.

[88] *Tenth Annual Report of the Pacific Hebrew Orphan and Home Society* (San Francisco, 1880), p. 28.

above that mark for each of the years through 1885."[89] In spite of the continuing productivity of the mines during the early 1880s, many prominent Jewish individuals and families left. An event which seems to have hastened this process was the disastrous fire of April 18, 1879, which adversely affected many of the businessmen of the area, and which did not affect the resident miners in terms of disastrous losses of buildings and merchandise. The fire left "the best portion of our town in ashes," and burned the area from the Opera House to Moch's restaurant. The only fatality was John A. Moch, who with his wife and family had lived in Eureka for several years.[90]

Samuel Goldstone, the owner of a general merchandise store, lost everything in the fire and was not covered by insurance; a few months later he left Eureka to visit his family in Richmond, Virginia and later settled in San Francisco.[91] Mrs. Moch, however, is an example of those who chose to stay in Eureka and rebuild. Only a little more than a month had passed since the fire when she advertised: "Again to the Front! Mrs. Moch's New Restaurant, Board reduced to $9 per week. Single Meals 75 cents."[92] The evidence indicates that the Jewish community was split; many followed the example of Goldstone, and others that of Mrs. Moch.[93]

Quite a number of Jewish residents remained in Eureka in the mid-1880s as the activity of the town slowly lessened. By the end of 1885, the Silver State B'nai B'rith Lodge had eighteen members on its rolls, though some of these may have already left and retained their membership for reasons of nostalgia or the insurance benefits. By the late 1890s there were only five Jewish families left in Eureka, including those of Bernhard Berg, Samuel Raphael, Henry Kind and Morris Karsky. This

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[89] Elliott, *History of Nevada*, p. 106.

[90] *Eureka Daily Sentinel*, April 19, 1879. Moch and his wife operated a restaurant and hotel in Virginia City before coming to Eureka; Mr. Moch had been installed as president of Nevada Lodge No. 52, B'nai B'rith, in Virginia City in July, 1865. *The Hebrew*, Jan. 6, 1865, p. 4; Febr. 17, 1865, p. 4; Nov. 4, 1865, p. 6; July 21, 1865, p. 4.

[91] *Eureka Daily Sentinel*, April 23, 1879, p. 3; January 8, 1880, p. 3; Oct. 2, 1881, p. 3.

[92] Ibid., July 1, 1879, advertisement dated May 26.

[93] In mid-January, 1880, Max Oberfelder left town to settle in San Francisco. H. Myers and Max J. Franklin, who had had the biggest stock and paid the largest tax of any of the Jewish merchants in 1877, sold out to H. Kayser, a former employee, in late January, 1880, and left town. J.H. Michel sold his stock of tobacco, cigars and stationery to Albert Rosenheim in the spring of 1880, and departed. The Elias brothers, one of whom had been a B'nai B'rith member, had left Eureka by June, 1880. In the fall, M. Davids, "a Eureka merchant for the past six years," left to make his home in Denver. Sam Friedman's wife moved to San Francisco in October 1880, and he joined her there later. Julius Lesser left for New York, "where he expects to take a lucrative situation." *Eureka Daily Sentinel*, January 13, 1880, p. 3; January 25, 1880, p. 3; April 21, 1880, p. 3; May 16, 1880, p. 3; June 11, 1880, p. 3; September 26, 1880, p. 3; October 15, 1880, p. 3; November 11, 1880, p. 3.

information came from the sixth and youngest daughter of the Bernhard Bergs, Julia, who was born in Eureka in 1889. She and her family left Eureka in 1900. By that time the mines at Eureka "had given out," and the town was "down and out." Following a fire which burned out her father's store, the family relocated in San Francisco.[94]

The Jewish citizens who left Eureka scattered far and wide, although as might be expected, a larger number settled in San Francisco than in any other locale. Over fifteen families or individual adult men have been traced to the Bay area, and many of them pursued occupations quite different from those they had followed in Eureka. Samuel Goldstone, who had provided so much vital data on Eureka Jewry through his letters to the national Jewish press, opened a cigar and tobacco stand at the Grand Hotel Cafe, at the corner of Market and New Montgomery in San Francisco. Two of his sons, Edwin and Samuel F., worked for their father. Another son, Percy, became a journalist, and Louis was an attorney-at-law with offices in the Chronicle Building in 1898. The fifth son, Abraham, worked for an uncle.[95] Gus Abrams sold cigars from a stand at 210 Kearney; William Ash lived at 1410 Buchanan; the Henry Barmans resided at 1937 O'Farrell; the Bernhard Bergs operated a store at 645 McAllister which featured "delicacies"; Meyer Davidson, who had a clothing store in Eureka, operated a draying business in San Francisco; J.D. Farmer, who had been a partner in a dry goods business, got a job as a car starter for the Sutter Street Railroad; Max J. Franklin, also a former dry goods merchant, became a salesman for The Germania Life Insurance Company and later the district manager of that firm; Jacob Greenwood opened a store at 1501½ Market; Sarah Leventhal lived at 48 Clara; and Max Oberfelder, who had operated a general merchandise store, became an executive for Dallemand & Company, wholesale wine and liquor merchants of San Francisco. Moses Moch, son of the John A. Mochs, whose schoolboy achievements have been mentioned, became a salesman in San Francisco by the turn of the century.[96]

Two of the former Jewish families of Eureka settled in Los Angeles. The David Lessers opened a grocery store at the southwest corner of Washington andd Hoover, choosing to follow the line of business which Mrs. Lesser had pursued in Eureka. And Pepi Steler, called "our popular jeweler" in Nevada, established his watch repair and jewelry store at 138½ South Spring Street.[97]

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[94] Julia Scharlach, interview, September 17, 1977, by the writer. Mrs. Scharlach, a resident of San Francisco, still remembered her brother Jacob's death in 1892. He was the only son born to the Bernhard Bergs.

[95] *San Francisco City Directory 1898,* pp. 709-710; Ibid., 1902, p. 762.

[96] Ibid., 1898 and 1902.

[97] *Los Angeles City Directory 1890,* pp. 441, 673.

The Jewish community of Eureka, which existed for about two decades and which functioned as an organized community for about half of that time, exhibited many of the characteristics typical of Jewry in small city Western America, with a few variations. Most of the Jewish population made their living as merchants, and these were concentrated in dry goods and clothing, plus tailoring, general merchandise, tobacco and stationery, food and groceries, and restaurants. Variations included a greater proportion of women operating their own businesses, and a substantial involvement with mining itself. The Jews of Eureka were among the elite in the area, and this was repeatedly made evident by the prominent part they played in the civic, social and fraternal affairs of the total community. The editor of the leading newspaper in town, the *Eureka Daily Sentinel*, frequently made clear his appreciation of the civic worth of the local Jewish citizens. In one long discussion of the Jewish people in Europe, Palestine and America, he strongly affirmed that the Jews of America are Americans.[98] There is no evidence of anti-Semitism in Eureka in the local press, nor was there any reported or even hinted at by those Jewish correspondents who sent in news to the Jewish press from Eureka. One important Nevada historian noted that "no ethnic group in Nevada adapted more readily, more completely, and more successfully" than the Jews.[99]

Another aspect of Eureka Jewry worthy of note was the excellent quality of Jewish leadership, which manifested itself in the organization of the first Jewish congregation in Nevada, a B'nai B'rith lodge, and other social and religious activities. And that leadership saw to it that the community was represented on the national level with the Union of American Hebrew Congregations. Though the community was small and consisted of only a modest number of family groups, it was able to attract Jewish visitors of renown. As in many other Western locales, Jews were among the very first to arrive and establish the stores which made the area a town. Although many left when the mining economy would no longer support the population that Eureka enjoyed at its peak, there were some who remained until the town was "down and out."

[98] *Eureka Daily Sentinel*, February 16, 1879, p. 3.

[99] Wilbur S. Shepperson, *Restless Strangers: Nevada's Immigrants and Their Interpreters* (Reno, 1970), p. 75. Shepperson did not include anything in his study on the Jewish community of Eureka, and did not emphasize that Nevada pioneer Jews were mainly of Polish origin from that part of Poland then occupied by Prussia.

Today there are over 400 people living in Eureka, and the remnants of the Jewish cemetery are all that remain to physically remind anyone that a Jewish community ever existed there. But does a Jewish community that was once a vibrant reality ever completely disappear? We think not, so long as we can bring it to life from the historical tracks it has left.[100]

[100] The author's sincere gratitude is extended to Mrs. Marcia Elliott, president of the Eureka Historical Society; Trina L. Machacek, secretary of the Society; Tamara J. Robison, registrar of The Northeastern Nevada Museum, Elko; and Mary Ellen Glass, Oral History Project, University of Nevada, Reno Library.

Themes in the Italian Settlement of Nevada

ALBIN J. COFONE

HAD FREDERICK JACKSON TURNER looked at Nevada and reflected upon its Italian population, he might well have gathered some of the empirical data necessary to support his assessment of the role of the West in American History. In his essay, *The Significance of the Frontier in American History,* Turner argued that the influence of free land and the surrounding wilderness resulted in the frontier community being more tolerant of diverse populations and their accompanying values. This position was maintained not so much by systematic research into all aspects of the question as by Turner's masterly ability as an interpreter and teacher.[1] Recent investigation of the Italian population of Nevada suggests that an analysis of this group's pattern of settlement might well have provided Turner with a useful data base to support his views.

There can be little dispute that the Italian impact upon the cultural and economic structure of Nevada has been substantial. Originally attracted to the state by wage labor opportunities generated by the Eureka and Comstock booms, Italians eventually found economic and social levels that would have been unavailable to them in either their homeland or, more significantly in terms of this essay, in the American East. When in 1900 the overall population of Italians in the United States was .02 percent, in Nevada they represented 3 percent of the state's population.[2] By 1910, when the foreign born population of the state was recorded as 17,999, Italians represented 2,831 of that block, making them the single largest foreign born group in Nevada.[3] Their influence upon the culture and politics of the state had been profound.

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[1] Frederick Jackson Turner, "The Significance of the Frontier in American History" in George Rogers Taylor, ed., *The Turner Thesis Concerning the Role of the Frontier in American History* (Boston: D.C. Heath and Co., 1949).

[2] Wilbur S. Shepperson, *Restless Strangers: Nevada's Immigrants and Their Interpreters* (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 1970), p. 14.

[3] *Thirteenth Census of the United States,* Vol. III, Population, 1910 (Washington, D.C., 1913), p. 83.

At the turn of the century there existed in the Reno-Sparks area three Italian language newspapers: *Bollettino del Nevada, Corriere Di Nevada,* and the *Italian French Colony News.* Yet by the end of World War II the last of the three papers *(Bollettino del Nevada)* had ceased publication. This suggests that extensive assimilation of the Italian population into the overall culture of the state had occurred, and that the need for ethnic newspapers to provide an element of group cohesion in an alien environment was no longer a factor. Even prejudice, when it did occur against the group, appears to have reflected the realities of Italian political and economic clout in the region. When in 1883 Reno business man H.H. Beck was alleged to have called Italians "macaronies," he promptly denied the charge and did so publicly.[4] Apparently there was little to be gained from alienating Italians in Nevada. This message was also not lost on many of Nevada's political leaders. In 1937, for example, Senator Patrick McCarran introduced the first of eight Pyramid Lake bills in the Senate. The intent of the bill was to resolve the status of disputed ranch and farm lands around Pyramid Lake. It appeared on the surface to be a classic Western conflict between Indians and settlers over land rights, with McCarran's bill giving support to the settlers. What is interesting from a political point of view is that the five parties who ultimately benefited were all Italian.[5]

Other factors, including the past and present activities of the Sons of Italy and the Italian Benevolent Society, buildings, place names, and an ethnic festival all continue to serve as reminders of the group's presence in the region. On Lake Street in Reno, between Second and Commerical Row stand three former popular hotels, the Colombo, Toscano, and Pincolini. Although all have seen better days, they are reflective of the vibrant turn-of-the-century Italian life in the city. In Humboldt County, Paradise Valley reflects the Italian Mediterranean style of the community's chief architect and entrepreneur, A. Pasquale.[6] Although Paradise Valley has changed over the years, Pasquale's ethnic Italian imprint can be seen in the construction of the Catholic Church, Auditorium Hotel, Pasquale General Store, Grotto Bar, Micca House, and the water tower. In addition, the use of concrete hitching posts and benches in front of business buildings is reflective of the laborer-construction background of many Italians throughout the United States. Place names

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[4] *Nevada State Journal,* October 9, 1884.

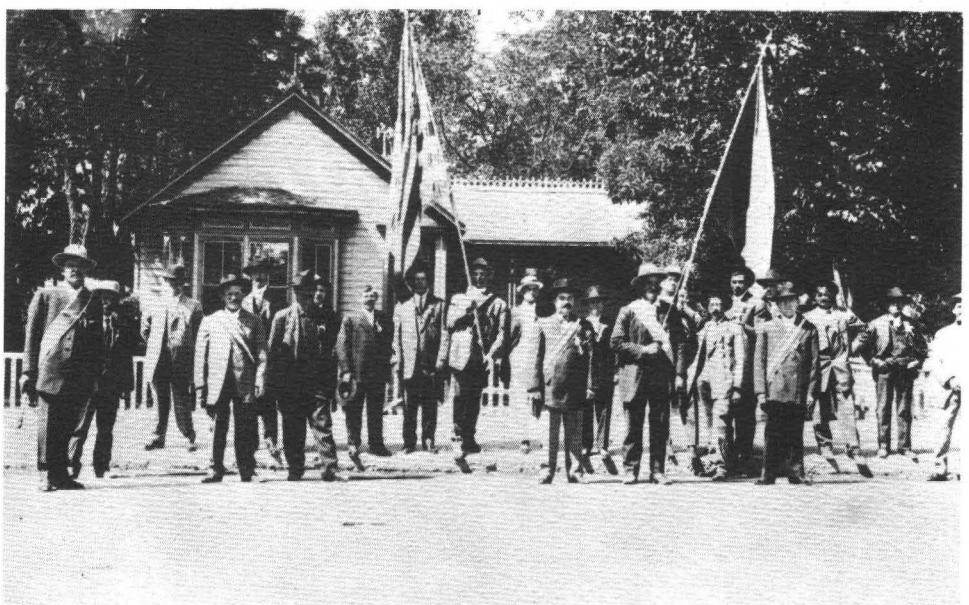
[5] A.J. Liebling, "The Lake of the Cui-Ui Eaters," *The New Yorker* XXX (January 8, 1955), pp. 33-56. The five Italians who benefited from McCarran's bill were J.A. Ceresola, W.J. Ceresola, Domenico Ceresola, M.P. De Paoli and a number of Garaventas incorporated under the name of the Garaventa Land and Livestock Co.

[6] Adell Jones and Geraldine Boggio, "An April Visit to Paradise Valley," *Nevada History and Parks,* XVI (April 1956).

that mark the influence of Italians can be found in several areas of northern Nevada. These include Italian Creek and Italian Canyon in Lander County, Italian Spring Canyon in Elko County, and Verdi in Washoe County. [7]

Another example of the group's enduring presence is the revival of the Feast of Santa Maria at Dayton in 1976.[8] After starting the festival with a parade in which a priest blessed the day and an image of Saint Mary was carried through the streets, the remainder of the celebration was given over to bicycle races, egg throwing contests, a greased pole climb, and a spaghetti dinner. While today the tone of the celebration is more secular than religious, the festival is still a reminder of the once almost exclusively Italian population of Dayton.

One of the first organizations to recognize the significance of the Italian impact upon Nevada was the Italian Government itself. In 1952 the Italian Consulate Office in San Francisco requested the assistance of the Nevada Historical Society in preparing an exhibit on the Italian



Reno's Italian Benevolent Society, circa 1910. *(Nevada Historical Society)*

[7] Helen Carlson, *Nevada Place Names* (Reno: University of Nevada Press, 1974), pp. 143 and 238.

[8] *Nevada State Journal,* August 9, 1976.

presence in the state for the Overseas World Exhibit to be held in Naples.[9] Much that previously had been left to reside in attics came to life, and offered valuable insights concerning the Italian perception of life in Nevada. Nevada Italians were not only shown to be pleased with their new land, but were also shown to have maintained a record of achievement and settlement noticeably different from their countrymen in the East. This difference, however, has long been unrecognized or ignored.[10]

For the most part the Italian in America has been described as clannish, inward looking, and reluctant to leave the tightly-knit ethnic enclaves of the urban East. Herbert Gans observed this in his study of Italian residential patterns in Boston in which he described Italians as "urban villagers".[11] These were people who had come from poor peasant backgrounds, and who simply sought to reconstruct their ancestral village intact in America. The idea was not to become American per se, but to establish an Italian cultural beachhead that would protect the residents from an indifferent world. Daniel Moynihan, in his analysis of Italian voting patterns in New York City, also voiced a similar theme.[12] Considering family more important than the outside world, and believing themselves helpless to influence any event outside of their own community, Italians have often consistently failed to vote either as a bloc or in significant numbers. This is quite unlike the Irish and Jews of New York, whose influence upon the politics of the city has been keenly felt. Without an understanding of Italian culture this might be difficult to assess, for in terms of numbers Italians have for decades been the largest single ethnic group in New York and surely could have made more of their influence felt. As if to explain this phenomenon from an historical perspective, the Italian author Carlo Levi in his novel, *Christ Stopped at Eboli,* writes of a small Italian mountain town perceived as so beyond the pale of civilization by its citizens that their traditional anti-clericalism gives way to the idea that even Christ is hostile to them.[13] For centuries their impoverished village had suffered so consistently that any hope of redemption and salvation had been forgotten. If there was any meaning to life, it was only from within the family and a few carefully chosen

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[9] *Nevada State Journal,* July 6, 1952.

[10] An interesting exception to this is a brief M.A. thesis by John R. Gottardi, "Gl'Italiani Di Nevada," (Department of Modern Languages, University of Nevada, 1926). Although focusing on Italian dialects in Nevada, Gottardi still makes a point of the Nevada experience being unique and that Italians in the Reno area were different from those who settled in the East.

[11] Herbert J. Gans, *The Urban Villagers* (New York: Macmillan, 1962).

[12] Daniel Moynihan and Nathan Glazer, *Beyond the Melting Pot* (Cambridge: MIT Press, 1964).

[13] Carlo Levi, *Christ Stopped at Eboli* (New York: Grosset and Dunlop, 1959).

friends. As for Christ, his influence never made it beyond the distant neighboring town of Eboli.

The critical point, however, is that this inward looking view of Italian culture has not been addressed from the perspective of Nevada. The dominant perspective has been that of the group's experience in the East, and perhaps most important in terms of this essay, from a Southern Italian point of view. While these assessments are accurate in terms of what they seek to describe, they do not appear appropriate in terms of the Italian settlement of Nevada.

The Italian settlement of Nevada was dominated by Northern Italians. The majority came from Genoa, but the neighboring provinces of Tuscany, Lucca and Umbria also contributed. Many also came from Ticino, the ethnic Italian canton of Switzerland. Although technically from Switzerland, the migrants from this area felt comfortable with their Italian ethnic identity and usually kept it. While the Nevada State Census of 1875 does distinguish between Italian and Swiss, it is in reality a political, and not a cultural distinction when applied to Ticino. For instance, in Washoe County, out of a total population of 5,363, 57 people are identified as Italian. However this number can be increased by 4 if one uses ethnicity, as opposed to nationality, as the criterion for cultural identity. (The list would include D.G. Angello, Louis Togui, P. Rodona, and Angelo Guseati.[14]) Antone Maestretti of Lander County clearly illustrates this point. Born in Switzerland, Maestretti was nonetheless quite pleased to be identified by his Italian cultural roots. As a reporter for the *Nevada State Journal* wrote: "Maestretti took up a ranch on what was called Italian Canyon, because of the name "the Italian" by which he was commonly known and is still proud."[15]

There is no doubt that the Italian migrants from the north of Italy and Switzerland were poor, but a great distrust and suspicion of the outside world was not as much a part of their heritage as it was of their southern countrymen. In the American East it was possible for boatloads of Southern Italians to migrate en masse and to re-establish their homeland communities reasonably intact. Hence areas of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia contained neighborhoods of Italians that were almost exclusively populated by people from Bari, Naples, and Calabria. In these neighborhoods, one's regional identity was an important factor in relating to a countryman. To Southern Italians, being from another province, or in some cases another village, easily qualified one as a foreigner.

The cultural inbreeding of the East brought with it a slowing of the process of participation in American society. Women of the immigrant

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[14] *Census of the Inhabitants of the State of Nevada,* Vol II, Washoe County, (Carson City, 1875).
[15] *Nevada State Journal,* June 19, 1932.

A.T. Dormio (far right) and his wife Lena (sitting) inside their store in Reno, circa 1910 *(Nevada Historical Society)*

generation seldom learned to speak more than a minimal amount of English. The husband would make whatever contacts necessary with the outside world and see to his family's need. Higher education, while admired, was not deemed essential, as one could still function in the community without it. If one did go to college a practical course of study was advised – business, teaching, engineering, or law. But occupational mobility outside of the community presented a dilemma. While success was applauded, if it meant moving away from family and kin it was discouraged. The end result was that most Italians remained in their tightly knit ethnic neighborhood.

But in Nevada the patterns of Italian settlement that appeared in the East were not possible. Given the isolation of the state and its limited resources, there could not have been the type of value system that was sustained in the East. To come to Nevada meant one took his chances alone, or with a few friends, but not with a surrogate village structure from the ancestral land. The Northern Italians, who had not developed the same mistrust of the world were, simply, more willing to go it alone. They of course had their fears and uncertainties, but unlike the

Southerners had more of a belief in the control of their own destinies. This is not to say that the Northerners were all rugged individuals and that the Southerners were unduly suspicious, but rather that each group came from a different set of historical circumstances that mandated their respective adjustments to American life.

For example, the differences between Northerners and Southerners were not missed by a government inspector at Bingham Canyon, Utah. Although outside of Nevada, Bingham Canyon was typical of the large corporate mining operation that attracted European immigrants to the Great Basin region in the late nineteenth century. When it came time for the inspector to record the nationality of ethnic groups working at the mine, he wrote: Northern Italians 402, Southern Italians 237. While all European ethnic groups working at the mine were counted and recorded (the largest was Greek) the Italians were the only ones for which a regional breakdown was given.[16]

The fact of course that one was Northern Italian as opposed to Southern Italian in and of itself would have been meaningless to those who might have been anti-Italian on the Nevada frontier. The Northerners saw themselves as hardworking and industrious (cold and uncaring people to the Southerners); the Southerners saw themselves as loving and able to enjoy life (lazy to the Northerners). This was (and still is today) a national stereotype that doesn't translate well outside Italy. The heart of the matter is not that the Southerner would have had a harder time succeeding in Nevada, but that the Northerner actually came to Nevada. Given his historic background, it would have been unlikely for any Southerner to go to a place like Nevada, but had Southerners gone to the state and adapted themselves to its realities, it is doubtful that their success would have been different from that of Northerners. In order to better understand the Northern Italian pattern in Nevada, two elements should receive particular attention: agricultural opportunities generated by mining booms, and a strong anti-clerical sentiment.

The Agricultural Theme

By far one of the most critical elements in the Italian settlement of the region has been agriculture. A land ethic has always been part of peasant life in Italy, and in Nevada it was able to flourish. Historical records are unclear whether the limited agricultural potential of Nevada

[16] Helen Zeese Papankolas, "Life and Labor Among the Immigrants of Bingham Canyon," *Utah Historical Quarterly*, XXX (Fall 1965), pp. 289-315.

was understood at the time of migration from Italy; however, once in the state it was the siren call of high wages in the mines of Virginia City, Eureka and other boom towns that held forth the promise of the newcomer being able to save enough to buy land. At Treasure City, in the White Pine mining district, the ability of Italians to save dollars from discretionary income earned in mining is supported by information given to a census taker in 1870.[17] While the Italians may not have been saving huge amounts (a couple of hundred dollars in most cases), they evidently were saving significantly more than most miners from other ethnic backgrounds working in the same district.

One must carefully consider the poverty of the Italian immigrant in order to perceive the attraction of Nevada's mines. Having no capital, and not much chance of raising any, the individual or partnership operations of the placer fields of California were largely impossible to consider. However, the corporate mines of Nevada employed many workers. If one had strength and tolerance, there was a good chance of a job paying relatively high wages. The historian Elliot Lord noted that:

> In the mining fields west of the Mississippi the labor and social conditions have commonly been much more satisfactory [than in the East] and the openings for the extension of Italian labor are undoubtedly more promising.[18]

Work conditions in Virginia City reflected Lord's assessment. Angelo Ferretto, who arrived in Virginia City in 1866, first worked in the mines, then at loading wood from the timber belt onto camels.[19] After saving some money, he purchased agricultural land and then parlayed that investment into one of the largest freight hauling operations on the Comstock. Similar patterns of success can be seen in the lives of Antone Maestretti and Frank Bacigalupi. Maestretti arrived in California in 1854. After moving to Nevada he worked hard in the mines of Virginia City and Gold Hill and saved enough to buy land near Austin.[20] Then, like Ferretto, he invested his earnings from agriculture and ranching into a successful mercantile business. In an article in the *Reese River Reveille and the Austin Sun* congratulating him on his ninety-eighth birthday it was observed that "He is an outstanding example of a successful life of industry as well as of the clean and reasonable living that leads to a comfortable and contented old age.[21]

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[17] Manuscript Census of 1870, Treasure City, White Pine County, Nevada, 1870 Census Population Schedules, Washington, D.C., microfilm number 211.

[18] Elliot Lord, *The Italians in America* (New York: B.F. Buck 1905), p. 107.

[19] This is noted in a family monograph from the Nevada Historical Society's *Early Nevada Families Collection.*

[20] *Reese River Reveille and the Austin Sun,* August 26, 1939.

[21] *Reese River Reveille and the Austin Sun,* December 25, 1937.

For Bacigalupi, who arrived in the area in 1860, the results were the same.[22] Bacigalupi earned a stake, bought a ranch, and was the first to haul green vegetables into Virginia City. The small scale agricultural skills that he had learned in his native Italy served him well, for prior to his business venture most vegetables for the Comstock had to be hauled in from California at considerably greater expense. Interestingly enough, the patterns of social mobility shown by Ferretto, Maestretti, and Bacigalupi were almost exclusively Italian. As one resident of Dayton observed:

> A marked change has taken place in the farm life of this community. When I came to Dayton and for a long time thereafter all the ranches along the Carson River belonged to Americans and were worked by them. Now all the old ranches with the exception of Bucklands belong to our Italian citizens.[23]

The desire to own land, to farm or garden, is a deeply-rooted tradition in the Italian migration to America. It is common to both Northerner and Southerner, with the scenario for the Nevada pattern of agriculture also observable in the East. Although the result of different circumstances, Italian farms in both Nevada and the East were shaped by a proximity to urban centers. In the case of Nevada there was plenty of available land, but it was limited in its potential for agriculture. Those plots that were sought had to be irrigated and within marketing distance of the communities east of the Sierra. In the East, however, the limiting factor was not water, but the late arrival of Italians (from the 1880s on, as opposed to Italians coming to Nevada in the 1860s) into an already settled region. This resulted in higher land prices which limited the size of the parcel that could be purchased within a short marketing distance from a major city. In both Nevada and the East, Italians had little chance of acquiring large amounts of land, a pattern quite different from the extensive agricultural opportunities in the American Midwest. However this was not a handicap, since farming in Italy was rarely a large scale operation. The truck crops planted in the homeland were easily adapted to the economic realities of Nevada and the East. The result was that the success of Italian farmers in Nevada was not just based on an ecological and economic situation for which they were uniquely suited, but on a deeply rooted agrarian heritage which emphasized the personal tending of one's own land as a source of social position and pride. In an article written in 1909, Alberto Pecorini sought to call attention to this, and to the value of having Italians obtain still more available land in the West:

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[22] *Nevada State Journal,* August 10, 1952.

[23] Fanny G. Hazlett, "Historical Sketches and Reminiscences of Dayton, Nevada," *Nevada Historical Society Papers,* (1921-22), pp. 82-83.

Colonization companies and railroads, which want to develop healthy and fertile regions in the South, Southwest and West should understand that in developing these lands it will pay them to extend to the Italians the greatest and most sympathetic assistance and give them an opportunity to become prosperous in the shortest amount of time.[24]

He concluded by observing that Italians were most successful when it came to providing meat and vegetables for urban areas.

Annie Estelle Prouty, a Nevada observer, reflected Pecorini's optimistic views when she discussed Italians in the Reno area:

The Truckee Meadows always green in the memory of the overland traveler, are still noted for hay, livestock and garden products, especially onions and potatoes. Many ranches are owned by Italians who are excellent gardeners, thrifty and make good citizens.[25]

For Alice Frances Trout, another observer of the times and a regional historian, Italian farmers appeared to be without peer:

Our sturdy Anglo-Saxon rural settlers are being rapidly replaced by Italians, particularly in the Truckee Meadows. Four-fifths of the land is now owned by Italians. Ten years ago every ranch around Dayton was owned and operated by Anglo-Saxons, but not one is now so operated in that whole section. The few remaining original owners have leased to Italians. The reason is not far to seek.... As a people the latter are content to begin on a small scale, live below our standard until their financial condition will warrant a home and an automobile. A resident of Reno relates in how the last twenty years different Italians have rented her five acre tract and always at the end of five years wanted to buy the place at a cash price. It may be that our blue skys and sunshine, mild winters, and rolling valleys remind the Italian of his native land, or perhaps he naturally takes to strenuous work better than our own people. At all events he succeeds, builds up a bank account, and often sends his children abroad. [26]

Not surprisingly, Trout's assessment of the group's contribution to Nevada agriculture is mirrored in a statement by a member of Reno's

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[24] Alberto Pecorini, "The Italian as Agricultural Laborer," *Annals*, XXXIII (January-June 1909), p. 390.

[25] Annie Estelle Prouty, "The Development of Reno," *Nevada Historical Society Papers*, (1924), p. 123. Prouty received her M.A. from the University of Nevada in 1917. This essay was based upon her research.

[26] Alice Frances Trout, "Religious Development in Nevada," *Nevada Historical Society Papers* (1917), p. 148. Trout received her M.A. from the University of Nevada in 1916. Her comments concerning Italians are based upon interviews with both non-Italian residents of the Truckee Meadows and local Catholic clergy, and provide an interesting insight into the dominant society's view of local Italians.

Italian community: "The Italians were the first to realize the enormous potential for agriculture in the Truckee Meadows. Through hard work and irrigation they took land that others had failed at and made it a success."[27]

Perhaps the most intriguing Italian agricultural success story in the Reno area was that of Leopoldo Pietro Saturno.[28] Saturno migrated to Nevada from the town of San Marco near Genoa and settled on a small farm by the Truckee River. He prospered, invested in Reno real estate, and left a sizeable fortune to his four children. His sons, Joseph and Victor, remembering their father's talk of the poverty of Italy, decided to do something about it; all the residents of San Marco were to be given twenty-five shares of Bank America stock. In 1959, the value of that stock was approximately $1,200 not including dividends. Soon after the announcement, a Bank of America officer was dispatched to San Marco to prepare a list of the residents and to distribute stock. Although the Saturnos were not looking for publicity it soon came their way. Many Europeans, not just Italians, were so taken by their generosity that the Saturnos were barraged by unsolicited letters requesting financial assistance. By then the brothers were so well known that letters could be addressed "Saturno Brothers, U.S.A.," or "Angels of Reno, Nevada," and be received.[29] Ironically by 1975 Victor, the still surviving brother, had so depleted his financial resources that he was obliged to go to a veteran's hospital for treatment of his ailments since he could not afford private care.[30]

One of course could argue that the Saturnos were not the typical Nevada Italian success story, but they were representative of a theme that was often repeated by the group. Italian farmers moved rapidly into middle class positions in the state. Unlike in the East where three generations of settlement were often required for a middle class life style, in Nevada it was usually secured in two generations, and not infrequently in the immigrant generation itself.

The Anti-Clerical Theme

Another distinctive element of Italian life in Nevada was anti-clericalism. In Italy, the Catholic Church loomed large in all walks of life, but among Nevada's Italian population it was a presence that was easily abandoned. Anti-clericalism among Italians is hardly unknown, North or

[27] Gottardi, p. 4.
[28] *Time,* November 23, 1959.
[29] *Los Angeles Times,* May 7, 1961.
[30] *Nevada State Journal,* September 21, 1975.

South, but what is interesting in the case of Nevada is that once free of Italy there was little attempt to reconstruct the Church upon arrival in Nevada. Indeed, there appears to have been a conscious effort to avoid the building of strong church ties.

In the East, however, matters were different. Large Italian settlements allowed for the rapid construction of churches, and priests were promptly imported from Italy to oversee matters. In Nevada it did not work that way. A Church history shows that by 1939 there had been only one priest in the state with an Italian surname, and that no church had been clearly established in honor of an Italian saint.[31] One must keep in mind the significance of this, given that by 1910 Italians were the largest single Catholic ethnic group in the state.

While the isolation of Nevada may have been a factor in the weakness of Italian Catholicism, it was not the decisive one. It is true that the state had an overall low Italian Catholic population density; however their group was not scattered over the entire state. Rather, Italians were concentrated in two areas, those in the Reno-Virginia City-Carson City area, and those in Eureka. In addition, the proximity of San Francisco with its large Italian population made the matter of a supply of ethnic priests, particularly for those communities just east of the Sierra, a distinct possibility. Given the demographic distribution, there should have been little difficulty in organizing Italian parishes, but one gets the feeling that the reason for the weakness of Catholicism among Nevada's Italians was a result of the Italians' own propensities.

Frederick Jackson Turner's idea of a new society emerging in the West, free of European impediments, may have some validity at least in the case of the Italians of Nevada. It seems that in Nevada, the historic anti-clerical emotions of Italy had a chance to express themselves. It was apparently an opportunity not to be missed. Often the anti-clerical feelings of Italians were quite explicit:

> My father was anti-religious, anti-catholic particularly; he had no use for priests. I think that goes back to his early life in those towns in Italy, where the priests dominated all the thinking and activities. He was very displeased with the despotic attitude of the Catholic priests, and the influence that the Catholic priest exerted on the community.[32]

Still another son was to assess his Italian-born father's attitude towards priests in a similar way:

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[31] Thomas K. Gorman, *75 Years of Catholic Life in Nevada*, (Reno: Journal Press, 1935).

[32] Louie Gardella, "Just Passing Through: My Work in Nevada, *Agriculture, Agricultural Extension and Western Water Resources,*" (Reno: University of Nevada Oral History), p. 14.

My father was a very - I guess you would call him a devout Mason (as my mother was a devout Catholic), even though my father had been raised in a Catholic family. One of the things that turned him from the Church was the fact that the local parish priest [in Italy] had been a witness at the altercation in which my grandfather had been killed. And he had lied and went to the defense of the other man, and that just soured my father on the whole situation.[33]

At other times the dislike of the clergy appears to break down into a male-female role distinction reflecting an inherent paradoxical theme in Italian Catholicism – that celibate priests are not real men or, incongruously, that they *are* men and likely to stray, making them unworthy of trust. The result was that men often played down the need for church going and left active participation to the women. As a funeral director observed: They'd go to church, but the men didn't go on the inside; they sit and visit. Not many of them go in.[34]

At other times, the lapse in support of the Church is apparent but not entirely explained. Lambert Molinelli, an author and a prominent business leader in the Eureka of the 1870s, became an Episcopalian after his arrival in Nevada. Although records are unclear why he changed religion, one factor stands out – his divorce.[35] This is especially interesting, for although Molinelli lived in Eureka during prosperous and tempting times, there is no evidence that he succumbed to greed or vice, or was in any way a poor husband. Although he was active in Eureka's infamous "Italian War," he appears to have been a force for reason and concerned only with the well-being of all parties involved.[36] In the end, his marriage may have simply given in to the stress of living in a boom town environment. Molinelli seems to have survived the

[33] Edwin Semenza, "On Stage and Backstage With Players from the World of Theater, Education, Business and Politics," (Reno: University of Nevada Oral History, 1972), p. 7.

[34] Silas E. Ross, "Recollections of Life at Glendale, Nevada: Work at the University of Nevada and Western Funeral Practice," (Reno: University of Nevada Oral History, 1971), p. 564.

[35] This is noted in a correspondence to the writer from Molinelli's grandson, Lambert F. Molinelli, June 22, 1980.

[36] Philip I. Earl, "Nevada's Italian War," *Nevada Historical Society Quarterly,* XII (Summer, 1969): 47-87. While this event is usually referred to as the "Italian War," it is more accurately referred to as Earl has it in his subtitle, "Charcoal-Burners War." The critical fact in this conflict was that the Italians controlled the charcoal necessary for operating the mine and smelters. Without it the mine owners would have gone bankrupt. While the burner's ethnicity did get involved in the situation it was in reality an economic battle and not an arbitrary outbreak of ethnic hatred. Had another group controlled the charcoal and gone on strike, one might reasonably assume that the response of the mine owners would have been the same. Also see Frank Grazeola, "The Charcoal Burner's War of 1879: A Study of the Italian Immigrant in Nevada," (Department of History, University of Nevada, Reno, 1969). Grazeola notes that at the time of the conflict there were 594 charcoal burners in Eureka. This means that Molinelli, who attempted to be a voice of reason between the two factions, may have had considerable pressure put on him to bring in a resolution favorable to the burners. His ability to see both sides may have been his downfall.

breakup of his marriage rather well, moving on to Salt Lake City and Montana where he continued to prosper. The divorce itself is significant. Whatever the guilt and conformist pressure of his Italian Catholic background, Molinelli seems to have been free of it in Nevada. He took a chance, and succeeded in defying Church authority. One can also conclude that even in death Molinelli continued to defy the Church, since he was buried in a Catholic cemetery, a privilege that for centuries was reserved only for the faithful. Thus an anti-clerical factor, seldom addressed as an element in the Italian settlement of the state, appears and reappears, sometimes obliquely, sometimes obviously, as an aspect of life in early Nevada.

Alice Frances Trout, who had no difficulty in stating why Italians make good farmers, also had no difficulty in observing anti-clerical attitudes in the Truckee Meadows. What perhaps is even more significant is that, while not noting a direct connection, she still correspondingly discusses the importance of Italians in the secular affairs of the community.

> From a religious point of view these transplanted sons and daughters of Italy present a serious problem. In leaving Europe with its yoke of industrial and religious tyranny they often leave their faith and habits of church attendance. The children are not taught in the home their father's beliefs; no priest can look after the individual needs of these scattered communities. the Protestant Churches take it for granted that they are good Catholics, and meanwhile they are ignored by both. Thus in the religious growth of the community they count for very little, though in the social, educational and political life they may be of great importance.[37]

What then is the sum of this analysis? Not that anti-clericalism was necessarily the road to success in Nevada, but that as a factor it was one of several, and when expressed in a frontier environment it contributed to the group's economic and social mobility. The opportunity for good wages in mining, the chance to save money, to buy a farm, and the inherent nature of a frontier society all contributed. The uniqueness of the Nevada experience in matters of Italians and their religion was that it provided for a situation beyond the arm of Church influence where criticism could be openly expressed and where few historic antecedents for the re-establishment of a strong Church existed. By casting off or playing down a significant part of their heritage, the Italians could more easily deal with the predominantly Protestant frontier value system. The prejudiced may have disliked Italians because they were not Anglo-

[37] Trout, p. 149.

Saxon or Northern European, but to rail against them for "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" would have been difficult.

The continued study of the Italian community in Nevada should prove to be of value both in terms of the uniqueness of the region's ethnic history, and as a means of explaining the overall heterogeneous nature of the Italian migration to the United States. Nevada affords the chance to study the existence and development of an Italian community with few stereotypes, unhindered by sociological generalizations that may only be accurate in terms of the group's adaptation to the East. Beyond the agricultural and religious equation, perceptions of Italians in Nevada literature, politics, and commerce also promise new insights that may alter the orthodox interpretation of the group's assimilation into American society. For if Frederick Jackson Turner was right in his view that the West offered the settler a chance to be freer of European impediments, then the Nevada frontier should provide some of the evidence. It would of course be false to expect that any single thesis concerning the settlement of the West would provide the definitive answer for the region's influence on American values. The polyglot nature of Western settlement prevents simplistic explanations. But that, to be sure, is precisely the point. Progress in historical interpretation is made by a series of small steps, not quantum leaps. In applying the Turner thesis to Nevada's Italian community the opportunity should be seized to assess this still popular yet controversial theory in the light of a specific group. It might turn out that Nevada's Italians have more to offer toward the study of a pluralistic society than previously has been surmised.

NOTES AND DOCUMENTS

Dorothy Papers Acquired by UNLV

ANNA DEAN KEPPER

THE SPECIAL COLLECTIONS Department of the University of Nevada, Las Vegas Library has recently acquired a significant collection of correspondence, photographs, clippings, scrapbooks, letters and other memorabilia which will be of particular interest to researchers investigating the political and social history of Clark County. Donated by Mrs. Dorothy Dorothy, a resident of the area since 1945, the papers include materials relating to the Democratic Party in Nevada; atomic testing; the United Nations; and a variety of local and statewide organizations such as Wild Horse Organized Assistance (WHOA!), the Clark County Humane Society, the Las Vegas Chapter of the "99's" (an association of women pilots), and others. Included are a variety of materials relating to Pahrump, Nevada, and scrapbook coverage of such diverse topics and individuals as Whitney, Nevada; local and state politics; Vera Krupp; Irvin Cobb; and Mrs. Dorothy's newspaper columns written for the *Las Vegas Review Journal* and *Las Vegas Sun.* The collection is currently being processed, but most is available for researchers at the present time.

Mrs. Dorothy was born on a ranch in northern California, about fifty miles from Yreka; she graduated from San Francisco College, and lived in Palm Springs and Idyllwild before moving to the Las Vegas area in 1945. She immediately became active in local Democratic politics, organized the first Women's Democratic Club of Whitney, and aided in the organization of several others. In 1949, she and her husband, Dale B. Dorothy, purchased a cotton and alfalfa ranch in the Pahrump Valley, and became residents and local boosters; they returned to Las Vegas in 1958, and Mrs. Dorothy became increasingly involved in politics, support for the United Nations, and a number of clubs. Mr. and Mrs. Dorothy are now retired, and reside in Las Vegas.

The Special Collections Department of the UNLV Library expresses its thanks for the donation of these papers, which in terms of photographs and other materials relating to Nevada politics in the late 1950s and early 1960s are the most valuable in the Department's collections.

Jack Lehman, Dept. of Economic Development; Gov. Grant Sawyer; Constable Woody Cole; Mrs. Mabel Armstrong; Mrs. Grant Sawyer. *(All photos from the Dorothy Dorothy Collection, University of Nevada, Las Vegas Library)*

Senator Alan Bible, Eva Adams, and Dick Ham.

Senator Howard Cannon, Representative Walter Baring, Dorothy Dorothy, Senator Alan Bible, Governor Grant Sawyer.

Left to right: Perle S. Brown, activist in the Democratic Women's Study Club, and mother of Mahlon Brown, Sr.; Delphine Squires, longtime social leader in Las Vegas and wife of "Pop" Squires, editor of the *Las Vegas Age*, 1905-47; Maude Frazier, Clark County Supt. of Schools, and later Lt. Gov. of Nevada; Marion E. Cahlan, North Las Vegas school teacher, and mother of A.E. Cahlan and John Cahlan of the *Las Vegas Review Journal*. (Photo taken in the early 1960s.)

NOTES AND DOCUMENTS

Trying for A Change: Sixteen Years In The White River Valley, Nevada

CHARLES STEPHENS

INTRODUCTION BY ERIC JOHN ABRAHAMSON

CHARLES STEPHENS was thirty-two years old when he heard of a mining boom in Goldfield, near Tonopah. He had lived and ranched most of his life in the shadow of his father and older brother in Cedarville, California in the northeastern corner of the state. "And being pretty well cleaned up on everything in the shape of business or employment... I decided to get out, travel around a bit and try for a change."

Like his father who emigrated from Nova Scotia to California during the gold rush, Stephens found that he had no talent for mining. After several months he went east to Ely where he found work in the cattle industry. For the next sixteen years he worked in eastern Nevada, first in the Ely Packing Plant for the Adams-McGill Company and then in its range operations.

Adams and McGill were both prominent eastern Nevada cattlemen and mine owners. Jewett W. Adams came to Nevada from Vermont by way of California in the early 1860s and made his fortune in mining and livestock. In 1882 he was elected governor and served one term.

William N. McGill also made his fortune in mining and in 1866 he too went into the cattle business. By 1898 he and Adams had become partners and owned one of the largest livestock operations in the area, with extensive tracts of grazing land in White Pine, Lincoln, and Nye counties.

Stephens and McGill first met when Stephens came to work in the packing plant. They got along well, and after several months McGill hired Stephens as foreman of the company's southern range operations.

In the early 1940s, shortly before he died, a nephew asked Stephens to write down some of the stories he used to tell about those sixteen years. The four that follow represent half of the eight stories he related.

Charles Stephens *(Courtesy of Eric John Abrahamson)*

The first tells briefly of his arrival in Ely, and then of his move to Hot Creek in the White River Valley after McGill hired him to work on the southern range.

The second and third stories each describe the pursuit and capture of horse and cattle thieves. Stephens' accounts of travel conditions and his matter-of-fact description of the challenges of law enforcement are particularly entertaining. But perhaps the most singular piece is his recollection of an incident which took place during the making of the movie "Covered Wagon." By way of introduction Stephens talks about the inundation of the town of Baker by Hollywood film crews in 1923. He describes the services and goods the community provided to the movie crew and tells something of the making of the movie.

A small note should be made of the fact that Stephens erroneously says that 1000 Indians were to be supplied for the film by Otto Meeks, the manager of Baker Ranch. In the end the arrangements to import the Indians were made by Tim McCoy, an Indian agent, who later went on to star in the film.

In 1916 Stephens bought a ranch below Troy Peak at a place called Sharp just into the mountains from the White River Valley. But in 1923, when the bottom dropped out of the cattle market, he gave up the ranch and moved with his wife and children back to Ely. For two and a half years more he worked in the packing plant for Adams-McGill.

In 1926 his young son died and he returned to California, where he went into a meat business with his brother. The rest of his life he continued to work at one thing and another "mostly connected with the livestock game," until his death in Reno in 1946.

I Started Out

In the spring of 1910 I was living in Northern California and being pretty well cleaned up on everything in the shape of business or employment, having just sold a small piece of real estate where I had been making my home, and having been working at first one thing and then another, and all connected mostly with the livestock game, I decided to get out, travel around a bit and try for a change.

I took with me a truck of clothes, a good bed, and my saddle, having left my wife and baby in temporary quarters in California.

I landed at the mining town of Ely, Nevada, where there was also considerable livestock business going on, and after a few days of getting my bearings, also getting a little acquainted, I went to work in a meat and butcher business working principally with the cattle and around the killing plant. In a couple of months' time I was put in one of the shops as meat cutter, as I had had some little experience in that line, and I got along well and liked it fine.

The owners of the meat business were the Adams-McGill Company of Ely, who were doing a very extensive range and livestock business in both cattle and sheep. About one-half their business was to the north and east of Ely, and the other half to the south, which they called the Southern End and where they ran the major part of their cattle on the open range the year 'round.

They had an old man in charge of the cattle on the Southern End, who had been with them for some years and who had just about lost his usefulness on account of his health and age. I had made application for the job in case of a change, whereupon they took some pains to look up my past. In the meantime, the manager, Mr. McGill, happened to meet up with a particular friend and former employer of mine in Reno, Nevada, who lauded me very highly, and which gave me a good standing. So when the cold weather commenced coming on in the fall, the old cattle foreman on the Southern End asked to be relieved on account of his health and age, and I was hired to take his place.

As the summer had passed, however, I had heard quite a number of reports from the Southern End which had caused me to lose considerable of my enthusiasm. Reports had it that having had an unusually dry summer the cattle were thin in flesh to start into the winter. Several other discouraging things about conditions generally, coupled with my lack of knowledge about the outfit, as I had never seen it and did not know a thing about the stock, range, horses, brands, or particularly the people with whom I had to mingle in common, caused my enthusiasm to dwindle.

I put all of this up to the Management, suggesting that he could likely get someone who was better acquainted with the country and conditions than I. However, he assured me that he wanted some new blood in the outfit and particularly on that part as they could see and supervise that part less than any other, and that I carried an excellent record and reputation, which of course pleased me very much.

He also said that he knew it would take time and money to break me in, but all he would ask of me was to do my best. As he seemed very anxious for me to take the job as Foreman of the southern cattle, I took the job – rather reluctantly, but proudly. I formed a wonderful friendship and admiration for the grand old man, which I believe he did of me; and I will say that as time went on, this feeling seemed to grow as we became better acquainted, and I still believe him to be one of the finest men who ever lived.

He was anxious to have me take charge just as soon as possible. Before my departure, I put in a good part of the night with Mr. McGill, he telling me all he could about the range, people and set-up generally. Some of this I wrote down and considerable of it I forgot. But he gave me entire charge over the cattle and range, and handing me a checkbook and letter of credentials, I started for White River Valley on October 1, 1910.

Having made arrangements to have my wife and baby with me at one point or another and shipped my bed and trunk by Stage to where I was to make my new headquarters, at what is known as Hot Creek in the White River Valley, I started south on horseback.

I went down in quite a storm and cold-snap. Being lightly dressed I suffered considerably with the cold for a few days until the storm was over. But I did not get to my headquarters for nearly a month, as I met the rodeo wagon on the fall round-up. As the old fellow in charge was anxious to leave, he stayed only a few days with me, when he was glad to get away, I took charge. I had a good bunch of boys and we got along fine.

The Adams-McGill Company had just completed a new packing house in Ely and were anxious to have a good band of steers gathered from that end. Mr. McGill had told me that they were hoping to get 250 or 300 good steers from that end but had been having poor luck up to this time in getting any appreciable number. But by about the first of November I had 750 good, big, well matured steers gathered and ready to go on feed for the winter killing, which boosted my stock considerably.

We finished the fall round-up and in due time my wife and baby arrived. We wintered at the ranch in a little new cabin 12 by 18 feet, and were very comfortable and happy. I only had charge of the livestock and range, which, after getting my bearings, made it quite an easy job as I did not take charge of the whole outfit until the next year.

Horse Stealing

The story which I am about to try to relate as far as my memory serves me happened about thirty years ago in about 1912 while I was foreman and general manager of the Adams-McGill Cattle Ranch and Range operations in Southern Nevada.

The Adams-McGill Company were fine people to work for and ran a good outfit, but like most range outfits of those times we were always faced with the

menace of some cattle rustling and horse stealing which always kept us on the alert.

On this particular occasion we lost three of our best saddle horses which I was reasonably sure had been stolen but was quite unable for quite a time to get a clue as to how and when they had been taken.

We made a practice of turning the major part of our saddle horses on a certain part of the range to winter when the summer and fall work was finished and always kept a nice little portion of the range for that purpose. They would stay through the winter and come out fine when we were ready to work again in the spring.

On this particular occasion the spring had opened up and the feed had gotten fine and we were ready to start the spring work with the cattle. I sent out a couple of good old hands to gather up the saddle horses and bring them to the home ranch preparatory to shoeing up and starting the spring rodeo. But on gathering up the horses they failed to find three of our best horses. Two of them being horses that I rode myself, I sent the boys back to try to do some tracking or look for any other evidence that might give us something of a lead, but we had had a considerable late storm which had obliterated tracks. The only thing they had was that someone had been seen at a distance on foot from our nearest camp in that part of the range more than a month earlier which was quite unusual in these parts. This still did not give us anything worthwhile to work on so we gave up the chase, for the time at least, and went ahead with our business, shod up our horses, got out the old mess wagon, etc. and commenced our spring work.

From the time we gathered the horses and actually started working cattle some little time had elapsed, probably ten days or two weeks, as other things always come up to be taken care of in a business of that type. We had just started out with the outfit when I got a telegram through the mail which threw some light on the subject and gave us somewhat of a lead on the disappearance of our horses.

Now to take another lead for a short time the Adams-McGill Company used a brand on everything. Both horses and cattle had DJ on the left thigh of horses and on the left hip of cattle and it had so happened that a neighboring cowman quite a distance to the southeast of us by the name of Jim Ryan had come in possession of a few DJ saddle horses and had used them in his operation quite a number of years prior to this time. His DJ horses were about all gone but during the time it happened there was a young fellow by the name of Jim Keats who had been raised a cow hand and worked for Jim Ryan.

Keats, who had finished his education and become a R.R. telegraph operator, was stationed at a small R.R. town called Moapa on the San Pedro R.R. between Los Angeles, California and Salt Lake city, about 160 miles north from Boulder Dam. Remembering those DJ horses he was sitting in the railroad office and through the window he saw a fellow ride up to the watering trough with three fine looking horses. Being an ex-stockman he noticed the DJ brand on these horses and thinking this a rather strange matter he struck off a little telegram to his friend Mr. Ryan: "Man going thru with DJ horses. Have you lost any?" But it happened that Mr. Ryan was away from where the wire reached his place which delayed the tip to me. When Mr. Ryan finally got the wire he knew that the only one interested would be myself so he mailed it to me as I could not be reached at that time. So sixteen days had elapsed from the time the telegram

was written at Moapa until it reached me which made the tracks pretty cold. Nevertheless, it was something to work on.

Well it wasn't so much the value of these horses in an outfit the size of the Adams-McGill Co. but the question of stopping this kind of work whenever possible. So I felt it was my duty to make strenuous efforts to catch this fellow and retrieve the horses. I set out as soon as I could get ready in an automobile for the old town of Pioche.

Being the time when we all rode on fabric tires and being a hot spring day about the latter part of April, I commenced having serious tire trouble and had to come back to the ranch and make the trip on horseback.

So setting out again somewhat late in the day on an exceptionally good horse, I reached Pioche the following morning around 2:30 o'clock, a distance of around 75 to 80 miles. Having gotten my horse well taken care of and something to eat I was well ready for a little sleep.

I was up and on hand when things began to stir around the court house. At the Sheriff s office I tried hard to get a deputy who was alert enough to follow up the clue as the Sheriff could not leave at that particular time on account of the Grand Jury being in session. But the deputy available was a fellow that I knew quite well and also knew that he was too slow for the job. On the insistence of the Sheriff I finally consented to go myself, although I wanted to go home as my presence was badly needed there. But I also felt that the prosecution of this lead was quite important so, taking a new commission from the Sheriff s office and all credentials necessary showing who I was and in charge of the Adams-McGill Company business, and also a few letters of introduction and the financial backing of Lincoln County, I struck out for Moapa by rail, there being a little side railroad line from the main line into Pioche.

I had rather poor connections on the railroad in Moapa. At about 2 a.m. the following morning I was dropped off the train which just slowed down enough to let me off. I'll never forget how dark it was, only one light, and that was in the railroad telegraph operators office where I went for some information about a place to sleep.

On confronting the operator I couldn't get him to look up. He appeared very surly. Finally, after much questioning, he said there was a little place across the tracks that sometimes had a bed, but still never looked up. So I thanked him and left with somewhat of an idea anyway.

After a lot of groping and stumbling I found what seemed to be the place I was after. I knocked on the door and soon got the proprietor up. He furnished me with a room where I could get some rest.

The proprietor of this little rooming house turned out to be the storekeeper to whom I had a letter of introduction from the Sheriff of Pioche. He also had a fine little wife who gave me meals, so I started off alright.

In the morning, first thing, I wanted to get in touch with the telegraph operator who had been so surly when I landed there in the night, so I went over to the storekeeper with my letter of introduction, credentials, etc. and made myself known to him. He went with me to the telegraph office and made me acquainted with the operator.

I took with me a pocketful of good cigars and tried to make a good fellow of myself generally. The operator finally broke down and made quite a lengthy apology for the treatment he gave me the night before when I landed, which of course I accepted readily. We got along fine.

There is a small Indian reservation on the river just above Moapa and it dawned on me that my man may have hung up with the Indians on the reservation where he might do some trading, as the Indians had a good many horses.

So, as it was still quite early in the day, I decided to hang around there for awhile and see what I could find out among the Indians who all came to and from town on horseback.

So I made a stall at trying to buy some cavalry horses as there was a call for cavalry horses at that time. I soon commenced to get acquainted with some of the Indians and looked over a number of horses and was to take them if I could get enough eligibles to make a car load. In the meantime I had several horses tied up that might fill the bill but I kept calling for larger horses. In the afternoon I was looking at a couple of horses belonging to a young Indian and still calling for larger horses when this Indian said there had been a half breed Indian by the name of McQueen there several days ago with three big face horses that would have just suited me but he had moved on and taken the horses with him. He also described the horses which of course were the ones I was looking for.

I was able to get considerable information from other Indians. They all said that he had gone down the river toward Overton or possibly St. Thomas, a little Mormon town about sixty miles from Moapa, which is now covered with the waters of Lake Mead from the Boulder Dam.

I decided to go down the river, but told the Indians that I would be unable to get a carload of cavalry horses from them unless I could find some down the river and would likely be back in a few days. I dismissed my Indians and ponies to find out from my storekeeper friend how best to get down the river. I found there was a mail carrier who hauled the mail with a gasoline speeder on a spur of the railroad that ran from Moapa to St. Thomas which was only used in harvest time.

I found the mail carrier and hired him to take me to St. Thomas immediately, which he did, and certainly gave me a fast sixty miles of a ride on a rough track. However, we had a good trip and arrived at St. Thomas a little while before sundown. In St. Thomas the altitude is low and being pretty well south the contrast was wonderful as I had just come from quite a high altitude some three or four hundred miles to the north where spring was just opening and here at St. Thomas the air was warm and balmy and the gardens and flowers were blooming and they were putting up alfalfa hay everywhere.

In the meantime, before leaving Moapa, I had sent out a number of telegrams to officers in different parts of the country to try to apprehend this half breed, McQueen. As I knew him well and at one time he had worked some for the DJ outfit I was able to give a fairly good description of him. Along with other telegrams I included one to the Sheriff at Las Vegas, Nevada.

After having paid the mailman for my trip I sent him back to Moapa with an agreement that he would come for me anytime I would phone him. Having done this I walked across the street from the little siding toward the town and stopped and leaned over a fence just looking over the town and situation generally. I could see on a hillside beyond the town quite a number of horse drawn freight outfits with horses tied around the wagons and considerable activity going on.

I learned later that there was considerable mining ore being hauled into St.

Thomas by contract from some outlying mines and while standing there leaning against the fence, meditating generally, I recognized two of my stolen horses tied to one of the freight wagons. I wondered if I was having a dream so I looked some more to make sure and under the circumstances it was some thrill.

Well of course my next move was to go direct to this freight outfit where I soon found the owner of the outfit and my horses which looked pretty tough as the poor devils had never looked through a collar before, always having been ridden, and had just shortly been subjected to a lot of abuse and a strenuous trip at the hands of the half breed who had stolen them. Their shoulders were sore and generally in bad shape but I kept my council and soon had the whole story.

I found out in conversation that the present owner had worked on the DJ outfit at one time and knew the brand well. He also admitted that he was satisfied they were stolen horses. He told me that he had a bill of sale from McQueen which he showed me.

So after getting all this information I untied the horses and told him I was going to take them and it was then that I drew quite a raise but he soon cooled down when I showed him my credentials and told him that I should arrest him for buying stolen property knowingly, but if he would behave I would take the horses and let him go so that part of the job was finished as he could appreciate his position.

I also had a letter of introduction from the Sheriff in Pioche to a man in St. Thomas named Harry Gentry who ran the main store and operated quite a farming and livestock business. I took my two horses and started for the main part of town and the Gentry store. As good luck would have it I found Mr. Gentry in a few minutes, made myself known, and had the two horses turned into a fine fresh alfalfa field.

The third horse had been sold to the foreman of a big cow outfit across the Colorado River, an outfit that I knew by reputation to be ok. I knew I would be able to get him back by simply writing to them and referring them to Mr. Gentry, which I did and got the horse brought to Mr. Gentry's during the spring where I left them all until the following winter.

After arriving at St. Thomas I found that McQueen was supposed to have drifted toward Las Vegas to blow in and have a time having cleaned up around $150.00 for those horses, so I wired the Sheriff in Las Vegas again and with this I went to the little hotel, got some supper and bed, which I made good use of until morning.

When I got up next morning I had a telegram from the Sheriff in Las Vegas: "Two halfbreed here answering to your description. One got away. Have arrested the other with one upper front tooth out."

I knew McQueen had an upper front tooth out but had forgotten it, so I wired the Sheriff right back to hold him there until I could get there. I told him I would come immdiately. I made all the arrangements to have my horses taken care of and got my mail man back with his speeder and went back to the main line railroad to Moapa. From there I took the first train for Las Vegas, having wired the Sheriff in Las Vegas when I would arrive.

I had considerable delay with connections but arrived in Las Vegas between four and five o'clock p.m. The Sheriff met me at the depot. His name was Sam Gay and he was a fine fellow. We went to town together and after a little visit we went to the jail together to see McQueen, where I wanted to question him.

On the way Sam Gay asked me if I knew him personally, to which of course I answered that I knew him well and also knew him to be a tough guy having been in a lot of bad scrapes before and had seen the inside of a good many jails. I also told him that I would disregard him and see if he didn't know me, which worked out as I thought it would when he came up and spoke to me.

Well for awhile he denied everything but I finally showed him the bill of sale that he had written for the two horses at St. Thomas. All the other evidence was so strong that he gave up and admitted the whole affair.

When I left Pioche the Grand Jury was in session. I was anxious to get back there with McQueen before it broke up. I also wanted to get back to my business so I decided to leave Las Vegas that evening on the 8 o'clock train to go back to Pioche. Mr. Gay told me that he would bring McQueen to the train so I sent out a few telegrams, got some supper, wrote a letter home, and went to the depot where I met Mr. Gay with my halfbreed. We boarded the train, put McQueen on the inside of the seat and took the outside myself and started back with my quarry for Caliente, Nevada, where the Pioche railroad left the main line.

We arrived at Caliente at 3 a.m. where I was met by a deputy who went with me to the jail where we locked McQueen up for three hours until the train for Pioche left. During that time I had something to eat and got a little sleep and we arrived in Pioche at 10 o'clock that same morning with the Grand Jury still in session.

On our arrival in Pioche I found the Grand Jury was occupied for the day so I could not get McQueen before that body until the following morning. We locked him up in the jail with some other old hardened offenders and among them they concocted a story of his having had an accomplice. The judge appointed a good attorney to take his case and when he came before the Grand Jury next morning he denied all charges and pleaded not guilty.

I knew of course that this was a stall gotten up at the insistence of his attorney whom I knew very well and on information gotten by McQueen from the other convicts in the jail. But in talking to the attorney later in confidence he told me that he was trying to avoid McQueen's taking too much of a rap. So between us I agreed that I would be satisfied with an undetermined sentence in the Pen of 18 months to four years. McQueen was to make a full confession which would save expense and time of a trial and get the job done and off our hands with no chance of losing the case. So that was agreed on.

McQueen made a full confession the next morning and they had him on the road to the Carson City State Penitentiary in charge of the sheriff so that was the end of the job and I felt it to have been pretty well done, as did everybody else, and also that Lady Luck had played along with me to quite an extent all the way through.

We got the horses home the following winter through the cooperation of neighboring stockmen partially, but they had undergone so much abuse and had been over ridden to such an extent by the halfbreed that they were never worth very much again for any amount of service.

Rustling Beef

In about 1914 or 1915, while I was still with the Adams-McGill Company in the White River Valley in the southern part of Nye Country, Nevada, we had

been having our troubles with considerable cattle stealing and had been quite successful in apprehending a few of the worst offenders and getting convictions, which threw quite a scare into the rustlers in general. So we were drifting along pretty well from that standpoint, but in the next valley to the west of our holdings, known as Railroad Valley, there was still considerable trouble of that nature. One of the cow men named Billy Grant, who had quite a spread of cattle–likely around 2500 head–was being worked on pretty hard by an individual named Jack Bartimas, who was known to be a pretty tough guy and a bad actor, being a good shot and a gunman of the first water.

He had a small ranch and piece of range leased in Railroad Valley and was cleaning up on long eared calves, butchering considerable stolen beef and hauling it into the town of Tonopah for sale, and doing a land office business; and most people were very much afraid of him.

He had a wife and one or two small children, and would winter his family at a little trading post called Duckwater at the head of the valley where he owned a cabin and place to live. He would put in some time himself in winter, but spent the most of his time at the ranch down in the valley; and the handiest cattle for him to work on generally belonged to this man Grant whom I have already mentioned.

As the Adams-McGill Company were big operators, Mr. McGill had quite a political pull with the state officials. This man Grant came to him and asked him if he would use his influence in getting the state police to come into Railroad Valley in behalf of the cattle men, saying that he, Grant, would defray all expenses that might be incurred, which Mr. McGill gladly did, being a man of a very loyal and accommodating nature.

Mr. McGill was successful in getting a good officer from the state police by the name of Dan Edwards, who was a good detective, and one of the gamest men I ever knew, and who, in due course of time, drifted into these parts as sheep expeditor, and wasn't known to anyone in the country except Mr. McGill and myself, and was to hang out in the Railroad Valley country until he was able to get some evidence on this fellow Jack Bartimas. He was to send for me, through Mr. McGill, when he was ready to make an arrest. So, all arrangements being made, everything drifted along as usual until mid-winter.

That happened to be a very cold, stormy winter, and at that particular time the Adams-McGill Company was showing their holdings to some prospective buyers. It fell to me to take them over the properties, which was a very cold and stormy job. On arrival back at headquarters I found my wife in very bad health, so started with her to Ely where our main office was located, with a view of taking her to California.

On arriving in Ely I found that Dan Edwards was waiting for me to come to Railroad Valley to help make the arrest of Bartimas. I had been through quite a hard, cold ordeal, and Mr. McGill, not being able up to this time to get in touch with me, immediately had lined up with a fellow by the name of Mathias to go in my stead. He was just ready to leave Ely for the trip when I arrived, and on my arrival he quit right then. But Mr. McGill felt that I had been having quite a strenuous time, and, with the stormy weather and condition of my wife, caused him to put a lot of pressure on Mathias, who finally consented to make the trip in my stead, which was certainly quite a relief to me and I also knew Mathias to be a good game, alert fellow and a good, quick shot.

Mathias went to Duckwater that night and found Dan Edwards. At daylight

next morning they were watching the Bartimas Ranch with field glasses from an automobile at the head of the valley.

Now it happens that in the State of Nevada it is unlawful for anyone except a regular butcher with a fixed abattoir to offer meat for sale without exhibiting the hide that came off the animal offered for sale, or any part thereof, and as Bartimas had just a very few cattle of his own, he would butcher one with his own brand on it, and by taking good care of the hide he could sell several more stolen beeves with the same hide, as most people would hardly bother to unroll a hide and look for a brand if you showed them that you had a hide with you. So Bartimas had a white hide with his own brand on it that was, in time, pretty much responsible for a good part of his conviction.

Of course, Bartimas was, unknowingly, being shadowed by Edwards, who moved around Duckwater (where Bartimas' family lived and where Bartimas himself spent considerable time) as one of the natives and got acquainted with everybody. He was always inquiring and looking for sheep, and would actually inspect some. When Bartimas sold a beef in town, Edwards also knew all about that, and was there in one manner or another. It also happened that a young school marm who taught a few children in Duckwater, boarded with Bartimas' family, and Dan Edwards got to going out with this school marm, which gave him still more acquaintance with the Bartimas family, and also a chance to follow the white hide.

So careful was Bartimas of this white hide that Edwards found he would roll and tie it up and keep it with him, taking it into his house with him at night. So on a very dark, stormy night, Dan Edwards crawled up to the Bartimas door, unlocked it with a skeleton key, got inside, locked it again, made his way across the floor to where Bartimas and his wife were sleeping, took this hide from under the head of their bed, and made his way out with it, locking the door again when he got outside.

The Bartimas house was a long, one-room cabin where Bartimas and his wife slept in one corner at one end, and the school marm in the other end, with just a curtain across. But Edwards got the hide outside without being detected, took it over the hill to where he had his horse tied, carried it away a good safe distance so that he could have a good sage brush fire, as the weather was extremely cold. He unrolled the hide and examined it thoroughly and put a little indelible mark on each side of the neck for identification. Then he rolled it up again and tied it just as he had gotten it and went back to Bartimas' house to repeat the operation and get the white hide back under the head of Bartimas' bed, which he did very successfully. He got outside, locked the door, and went home with a pretty good piece of evidence.

After the next couple of trips to Tonopah with the white hide Edwards and Mathias set themselves watching the Bartimas Ranch from an automobile at the head of the valley. Edwards knew that Bartimas had arranged to take beef to Tonopah on this particular morning.

Shortly after sunup, the officers saw Bartimas pull out from his ranch with a wagon and team and turn towards Tonopah. They took their time to overtake him, and on stopping him with his beef, Edwards asked for the hide, and Bartimas produced the white hide, whereupon Edwards showed him the indelible marks and told him considerable about it, to his surprise. Bartimas sure wanted to get tough, but while Edwards and Bartimas were going through all this, Mathias sat in the car with his gun leveled on Bartimas, so he had little

chance, although he had a gun on him to start with, which Edwards took from him. They arrested him and took him to Tonopah, where on preliminary hearing he was bound over for trial under a $3,000 bond and was conducted to the County Jail.

Stockmen generally were very glad to see Bartimas in custody, as he was known to be a bad trigger man and they were all afraid of him. He had told a number of them that if they ever saw him butchering a beef on the range, never to take the chance of riding up to him as he would not allow anyone to come up to him for evidence, and he made no bones of telling people that he killed some stolen beef. So the time was set for trial and Bartimas was in the County Jail, and Dan Edwards went back to Duckwater for a little rest and tried to gather some more evidence, as Bartimas was out of the way and he was free to look things over at Bartimas' ranch. But about next day a wealthy old Italian named Joe Tognoni showed up in Tonopah, went on Bartimas' bond and he was out of jail again on bond until time for a trial, and he came home to Duckwater.

Edwards happened to be living or boarding at a ranch house a little over a half mile down the road below the little Duckwater store where Bartimas' cabin was, and just over a low ridge. It happened this particular morning that the weather had moderated somewhat and the sun came out bright and warm. Edwards went out in front of the house near the road and was sitting on a pile of wood, enjoying the warm, agreeable sunshine, while up around the Duckwater store Bartimas had gotten home and was storming around, getting his horse out, and saying that the first thing he was going to do was to get his rifle and go down and run Edwards out of the country or kill him.

It happened there was a little Italian there who ran the store who heard these threats and thought he might save a killing by tipping Edwards off. He slipped out of the back of the store, got his horse, and went down to where Edwards was. On reaching there he said, "Oh, Mr. Edwards, you get 'way quick as you can. You know Jack Bartimas just saying he was coming down to kill you, and he sure will." To this Edwards just smiled and thanked him for coming down, and said, "If you are going back up there, will you take a message to Bartimas for me?" To which the Italian replied, "Sure." So Edwards said, "You tell Bartimas that I will still be sitting on this pile of wood if he will come soon, and tell him to start shooting just as soon as he comes over the top of that hill, as that is what I am going to do." (The top of the ridge was likely 200 yards away.) So the Italian took the message back, but on receipt of the message, Bartimas must have had a change of heart as he didn't come over the hill.

In due time the Bartimas case came to trial and Edwards had gathered considerable evidence, and among other things had found the fresh hide that had been taken from his last beef, buried in the mud down below the Bartimas Ranch. It had been cut up into strings, but we carefully took it all into the courthouse at Tonopah and hired two Indians who were good cow hands, to clean up this hide and put it back together. They tacked it down on a floor, a job which took several days, but it showed the brand plainly when the job was done.

Bartimas was convicted, notwithstanding the fact that he had two good lawyers, and was sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary, as near as I can remember.

The most unjust thing of the whole case was the fact that Mr. McGill drifted

along with this case, paid all the bills, while our friend Mr. Grant had gone to Utah to winter with his brother Mormons. Mr. McGill put up over $5,000 in cash and never received a cent of reimbursement from Grant–not even a letter or word of appreciation. However, Grant sold out that spring, which was a good thing for him, as he never could have made a success of range cattle in common with his neighbors after doing a job of that kind.

I felt like everyone else who was on the right side, that Dan Edwards was a real detective and was deserving of a lot of credit for doing a fine job. He had lain out in the cold, sometimes at night, watching Bartimas' operations until he had frozen his ears and face, and most of the skin had come off where he had been frostbitten.

Bartimas served his term and drifted farther north in Nevada, but never came back again to the Railroad Valley country. I heard of him several times in later years as always being in trouble, and I believe he served another, and shorter, term in the Big House. So, as hard as we tried to reform him, it goes to prove that you can't make a race horse out of a mule.

Rudolph and "Covered Wagon"

In the early 1920s when I was with the Adams-McGill Company, with headquarters in Ely, Nevada, as General Superintendent for that Company, the moving picture "Covered Wagon" was made by one of the big movie outfits of Hollywood, California.

The picture was made about 70 miles to the east of Ely, near the Nevada-Utah line and on the Utah side, in a desert valley known as Snake Valley, near the Garrison Lake and between the little trading post and post office of Garrison, Utah and the big Baker Ranch about twenty miles to the north of Garrison.

The Garrison Lake, being a small body of water with rather shallow depths, made an excellent place to swim the wagon trains and stock across for the picture. Also, the road coming down into the valley from the East through the hills and canyons made an excellent location for their Indian attacks, and so forth, on the caravan.

The Snake Valley is a desert valley with a few sparsely settled ranches and small livestock outfits scattered here and there. The big Baker Ranch is at the head of the valley located at a trading post by the same name. When the movie outfit came in, it made big business for that part of the country, and it required an enormous amount of everything to take care of their wants. There is no railroad direct into the valley. They bought all the produce, meat, hay, grain, poultry, and so forth, that the ranchers could spare, and many of the natives got employment with the movies.

The Manager of the Baker Ranch, Otto Meeks by name, contracted to furnish the movie outfit with 180 covered wagons, horses and mules with harness; also to furnish 1000 Indians, some of whom had to be shipped from Arizona to make up the number.

The movie company had a concession from the government to go to the Salt Lake Island in the Great Salt Lake in Utah and to chase and kill a given number of buffalo from the government herd.

This movie company also went into Southern Utah and bought something over eighty head of big, wild range steers, with as many long-horned steers

among them as possible. They moved them in and put some experienced cowhands to work on them to break for oxen. They did a very good job getting most of them gentle to work very well in yokes. After everything was over and these steers fattened up, I myself bought and butchered them in the Ely Packing Company's plant in Ely.

The movie outfit made their principal headquarters around Baker, where they did a lot of temporary building for sleeping quarters, eating quarters, and so forth getting all set to go. It was a lot of excitement for a country like this. All the available help there was among the native population was hired at good wages, which was certainly like a vacation with pay for the Home Guard. Among them was our little friend Rudolph. Also quite a number of outsiders drifted in from various parts and got jobs working with the movies, as they stayed there several months before finishing with the picture.

Rudolph was a hardy little Austrian–a bachelor of middle age–who owned a very nice little ranch on the hillside in a canyon overlooking the valley and the Baker Ranch about six or eight miles from Baker to the south and west. He was a very friendly, good-natured, hospitable fellow who had learned to speak English just fairly well, and had made a host of friends and had worked for us many times on contract work, and so forth. He worked for the movie company on all kinds of different jobs from the time they started moving in until they had finished.

Rudolph also had a brother of about 35 years of age who came in to live with him, who was another hardy little Austrian of very small stature, and who was generally known as Rudolph's little brother, and who always attended the ranch when Rudolph was away. They had quite a nice little set-up and more or less livestock to care for.

There also happened to be a fellow named White who had drifted in from unknown parts, who had been working with and for the movie people, and who had become acquainted with Rudolph. In time he got to staying more or less with Rudolph and accepting his hospitality. Before the end of the picture making, White's son and the son's wife arrived, and they also made their home with Rudolph.

As time went on, and about the time the movie people were finished, White offered to buy Rudolph's ranch, which really was not for sale; but after some time and considerable dickering they reached an agreement for White to buy the property for quite a handsome cash price. White claimed that he had money enough to make the purchase. He made a paltry payment to Rudolph, who of course was a very poor business man, and instead of going to town with Rudolph to complete the deal, he prevailed on Rudolph to go to town without him, have the deed drawn, signed, and notarized, telling him that when he arrived back with the deed properly made out he would count out the cash to him. White claimed that he had the cash hidden somewhere about the ranch. Rudolph consented to this arangement.

Rudolph made the trip to town and back according to agreement, arriving back with the finished deed. When he arrived, White and his boy were ready, and on getting possession of the deed, both being very strong, husky men, they overpowered both Rudolph and his little brother, thoroughly tied them and accused them of finding and stealing his buried money; but of course this was only an excuse and a hoax. They did think that the Rudolphs had some money buried, and they were trying hard to make them tell where it was, and they put

them through some terrible abuse, beating them unmercifully, and no doubt intended to kill them in the wind-up.

They first beat the little brother into insensibility and threw him into an old grainery and fastened him in. They then started with Rudolph himself. They beat him terribly, knocked most of his teeth out, and put out one eye permanently. Taking him down across a field, they tied him to a post and built a fire around him. But in the meantime the little brother in the grainery partially came to and managed to loosen his ropes, and although he was almost blinded by abuse, he managed to climb to the top of the building, and being very small, escaped through a hose and dropped to the ground. Following a little gulch to the north, he made his way into another canyon without being seen, and got down into the valley and onto the main road, where he was fortunate enough to pick up a ride into Baker.

Just as soon as the alarm of what had happened was given in Baker, there were all kinds of outfits on the road right now, some in cars, some on horseback, but plenty of them; and this being a dusty country and dry times of year, and as there were no oiled roads at that time, it looked like the whole country had broken loose.

The Whites were still working on Rudolph, having just built the fire around him that I mentioned, and as they were in a position to look down on the valley, they evidently knew something was happening when they saw all the dust and activity coming out of Baker. While Rudolph was insensible, with the fire just well started around him, they left him for dead to make their getaway, going out over the hills to the West and into the rough mountains.

The people immediately put some men on the trail, put Rudolph into an automobile, and after some first aid in Baker, took him to the Ely Hospital, where, in time, he came out O.K., minus one eye and quite a share of his teeth. But he had been badly burned and still showed some very bad scars. The little brother was also taken to the hospital, and in time came out in good shape.

The whole country of course was up in arms over the affair and posses of men were out all over the country. Every camp, mine, and habitation was notified or guarded, and I myself was on the manhunt with the rest for a few days. But the Whites, having gotten into very rough country, were hard to locate, and the manhunt was unsuccessful. But the officers and citizens were quite diligent and had the affair so well advertised that the whites didn't take a chance on pulling in anywhere for food. And in about a week's time the young White came into Ely and gave himself up, evidently having gotten hungry. He claimed that he had helped to do the job as he was afraid of his father, which was about all that kept him from being mobbed. The boy's wife had been arrested and was being held for questioning.

After several more days had elapsed, people commenced to fear that White might have made good his escape and gotten out of the country, as no one had even seen a track nor had the slightest clue as to the direction he had taken, but he finally showed up and was apprehended, almost by accident, as murder will always out.

There is a little railroad station on the Nevada Northern Railway leading north from Ely to the main line 140 miles to the North. This station is about 25 miles north from Ely and around seven or eight miles north from the smelter town of McGill. One afternoon, several days after the young White had come in, a man walked into this little station and sat down on the platform of the

little freight depot. There happened to be a boy there on horseback who was looking after some cattle, and he had just dropped into this station, and from description and circumstances he felt sure that this was White. He rode leisurely away for a short distance, then rode hard for the smelter town of McGill to report to the constable, who was a young fellow named Simpson, whom I knew very well and who was a game fellow and an outstanding shot with a pistol. Simpson came immediately by auto to the station, and on arrival jumped out of his car, recognizing White. White jumped from the platform to his feet. There happened to be a little Japanese girl of five or six years walking by him just at this time, and White picked her up quickly and, holding her in front of him with his left arm, pulled his gun with the right and started shooting. But Simpson, being a good shot, commenced shooting also, and he shot White through the side of the neck on the second shot, which caused the blood to run down over the child badly and gave Simpson quite a scare, as he was afraid he had shot the little girl. But they both kept shooting until White slumped to the ground with a bullet in his head, and he died in a very few minutes.

Simpson was not touched, and he thought that the little girl, kicking and wiggling so much, may have saved him, this perhaps throwing off White's aim.

White's body was taken to Ely and the officers found that White belonged in Tennessee, where he was wanted for murder, and where there was a reward of $2,000 for him dead or alive. The State of Tennessee sent an officer from there to identify him, and Simpson received the reward. But I never learned whether or not Simpson gave anything to the boy who notified him.

Young White made a full confession and was only given five years in the penetentiary, and his wife was turned loose. But I believe the court was a little too soft with the young fellow.

Book Reviews

Highgrade: The Mining Story of National, Nevada. By Nancy B. Schreier. (Glendale, California: The Arthur H. Clark Company, 1981; 150 pp., illus. index)

SHORTLY AFTER HAVING the pleasure of reading *Highgrade: The Mining Story of National, Nevada,* this reviewer read of the strong penchant of Father Stanley Francis Louis Crocchiola for writing histories of unknown towns in the Southwest. In the December 1981 *Newsletter* of the Southwestern Mission Research Center in Tucson, an article acknowledged that he had written over 180 booklets about obscure settlements in New Mexico and Texas. Questioned why he did not write about Santa Fe or Taos, he replied that everyone had written about them. He felt "there is no community in the United States that doesn't have a history [so] why not write about places they don't know about. . ."

In Nevada, there is a long shelf of books about Virginia City and the Comstock along with a few books about Tonopah, Goldfield, Rhyolite, etc. But there are at least a hundred Nevada places, each with its own history, never recognized with anything more than a paragraph or two. National, in Northern Nevada, indeed was a short-lived gold mining town, but it had an interesting history which Nancy B. Schreier has documented in a lucid text and with rare photographs and maps. The town was born in the infancy of the automobile age. Jesse Workman and Lew Davis made their initial discoveries in June 1907 and the brand name of Workman's auto became the name of the town. The automobile theme went further: two principal points are Auto Hill and Radiator Hill while early claims were named Fender, Transmission, Low Speed, etc.

The location, about seventy miles north of Winnemucca, is in the Santa Rosa Range and the altitude of the settlement is about 6,000 feet, high enough to be bitterly cold in winter and yet warm in the summer.

The great twentieth-century Nevada mining boom collapsed in 1907 but hopes remained for renewed prosperity. Rawhide and a few other places made nice but limited showings, and more new discoveries were needed to restore faith in Nevada's buried treasure. Reports of rich ore found at National created the desired newspaper headlines; one single ton of gold ore yielded over $135,000! Complacent investors sent their

dollars to develop mines at National, and other people came there to cash in on the wealth. With such riches only a grasp away, ownerships were challenged and lawyers clogged the courts with their clients' cases. Highgrading--a common form of an unauthorized bonus exacted by mine workers which plagued all operators of rich mines--was particularly rampant at the National mine, and all kinds of steps were taken in an effort to curb the thievery. No one knows how much gold ore was stolen (such figures never entered into the production records of the district); but some place the amount as high as $8,000,000, which is about the same figure for the legitimate production of the National mine. A change room slowed the highgrading with the result that the number of dance halls in National soon declined from six to two. To prevent armed robbery of the mill, a guard tower was built on the opposite hill complete with a large searchlight.

Though it possessed just four claims on Charleston Hill, the National mine was the only one making any money since its claims held the bulk of the district's underground wealth. Of the many men involved with the mine, mention should be made of George S. Pelton, its manager. Although a young man, he had gained experience in the boom times of Goldfield, Wonder and Rawhide.

The good life at National lasted but one year. By 1913 the town was headed downhill, and the newspaper folded in the early fall. Two years later the school closed its doors. People trailed away but enough remained to support the National post office until 1919. In 1921, the National mill fell into the hands of scrappers, and from then on only intermittent mining took place. Even that was finally terminated by U.S. Government order in 1942. Today, National does not appear on a road map.

Mrs. Schreier's interest in National was sparked by the fact that a Chicago grandfather helped finance the development of the mine. Her research in libraries and in the field has resulted in this informative book which ably confirms the statement that every town has a history. Mrs. Schreier has made an important contribution to the record of Nevada, and it is sincerely hoped that this book will encourage others to research, write and publish histories of other lesser-known Nevada mining towns.

David F. Myrick
Santa Barbara, Calif.

The Army and Civil Disorder: Federal Military Intervention in Labor Disputes, 1877-1900. By Jerry M. Cooper. (Westport, Connecticut: Greenwood Press, 1980. xv + 284 pp. Notes, bibliography, and index. $22.50)

HISTORIAN JERRY COOPER cogently argues in *The Army and Civil Disorder* that the United States Army engaged in extensive strikebreaking activities throughout the country in the latter nineteenth century. The army, aligned with government officials, employers and management, was called out to suppress the railway strike of 1877, the Pullman boycott and American Railway Union strike of 1894, the miners' strikes of 1892 and 1899 in Idaho's Coeur d' Alene district, and the ragtag march of Coxey's army on Washington D.C. in 1894. And the officer corps, Cooper tells us, was imbued with such "middle class" values as respect for property rights and law and order which dictated their allegiance in these bitter, and generally hardfought, industrial wars.

The fact that army officers unhesitatingly obeyed their orders to suppress workers' strike actions and protests and to protect private property should come as no surprise to anyone familiar with American political, social and economic history prior to the Progressive Era and its sweeping institutional reforms. Cooper seems distressed that military officers did not recognize the legitimacy of organized labor in post-Civil War America, a time when the legal rights of industrial workers were ill-defined in state and federal law and the economic tenet of free enterprise, unfettered by labor's demands and government regulation, ruled the day. When Cooper points to the middle class origins and values associated with the Army's command as the basis for their raising no objection to strikebreaking, he appears to be elaborating the obvious. Given the prevailing pro-business mood of America during its Gilded Age, could anyone reasonably expect army officers to do anything different than accept their orders from superiors and civilian authorities without question?

This criticism aside, the work is well-researched, well-written and well-organized. The study, originally written as a Ph.D. dissertation (University of Wisconsin, 1971), relies heavily on the records of the Adjutant General's Office, 1800-1917, Old Military Records Division, Records Group 94 housed at the National Archives in Washington D.C. Cooper's research at the National Archives and the Library of Congress is very impressive and accounts for his general tendency to analyze the subject from a national perspective. He admits that state documents and records do not appear to any great extent in his study since the focus is upon the federal level.

Although *The Army and Civil Disorder* was published in 1980, Cooper may have inspired a flurry of related research with the appearance of his article in *Labor History* in 1977 entitled "The Army as Strikebreakers: The Railroad Strikes of 1877 and 1894." Works on the ARU strike in the West have proliferated in the last few years in state and regional scholarly journals and include articles on the confrontations in California, Idaho and Montana. Military and Nevada historians and buffs should be delighted with Cooper's reference to the ARU strike in the Silver State. To date, the three pages of text in his book represent the only critical analysis of the strike's divisive effect on Nevada.

The Department of the Platte's orders to open the Southern Pacific line from Ogden, Utah to Truckee, California were not easily carried out. The Seventeenth Infantry met with stiff resistance in Carlin, a major division point and ARU stronghold, in Winnemucca, and in the state's largest community, Reno. Colonel J.S. Poland, who commanded the four companies of soldiers, characterized the Carlin strikers as "a vicious lot." What Cooper fails to mention – as a result of not examining state and local sources – is that Carlin strikers blew up a large amount of track and a number of bridges, were arrested and jailed for their acts of industrial sabotage, and found themselves in a protracted and highly-publicized court case. At Winnemucca, Poland found "citizens intensely in favor of strikers." When the federal troops arrived in Reno they repeatedly had to fight back ugly, armed mobs bent on attacking engineers and trains in order to keep the road shut down. Journalist Alfred Doten noted in his diary entries for July 1894 that martial law was declared in Reno at this time. During the course of the strike, a newspaper, *The White Ribbon*, was published in Carson City by ARU supporters and reported related activities within and without the state. Cooper's general treatment of the ARU strike in Nevada invites a more comprehensive study.

In conclusion, *The Army and Civil Disorder* is a sound work that anyone interested in military and labor history in the late nineteenth century should read. Historians of the American West will discover that this is one national study of labor disputes that devotes considerable attention to events west of the Mississippi River, a refreshing change from the traditional scholarly preoccupation with the industrialized East.

Guy Louis Rocha
Nevada State Archivist

The World Rushed In: The California Gold Rush Experience. By J.S. Holliday. (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1981; $16.95)

WILLIAM SWAIN LEFT his home in Buffalo, N.Y. in 1849 and headed west to make a fortune in the California gold fields. Almost 100 years later, J.S. Holliday was introduced to Swain's papers.

Swain had kept a journal, and had also kept the letters which he received from home while on the journey west in a wagon train company. At home, they kept his letters. All of this remained virtually intact as the raw material of Mr. Holliday's book. For 35 years, Holliday worked with that material. In 1981, through a national publishing house, he presented us with William Swain's world.

The presentation is excellent. With the prestigious publishing house of Simon & Schuster behind the book, Holliday has had television appearances to promote sales. Reviews in the popular press are highly laudatory, and rightly so. For a national audience, it is a great book.

The volume deserves reviewing in two ways--as an adventure story from American history, and as an historical record.

In the first case, *The World Rushes In* will live up to the reviews for national audiences: it is great reading. It may well even live up to the cover blurb calling it "A unique book destined to take its place as a classic in our literature."

Through decades of searching out other accounts of the westward journey (most notably that of J. Goldsborough Bruff, but also from other members of Swain's own company) Holliday is able to weave an exciting adventure tale. Filling out Swain's text are excerpts from other journals, letters and news accounts that almost without exception come from people who were in the same place at the same time as Swain himself.

The reader is carried by the flow of Swain's descriptive writing, so much so that by the time the wagon train reaches the Lassen-Applegate cutoff, we are mentally urging Swain to abandon the company, if necessary, to avoid the tortuous folly of the cutoff.

But Swain's party does take the cutoff, and it is here that the modern-day Nevadan will recognize Holliday's shortcomings. Holliday did pick up on the fact that Swain changed his narrative style momentarily in connection with the Black Rock Desert, Fly Canyon, High Rock Canyon journey. What Holliday did not discover was that Swain had to have written the entries in question after completion of that grueling segment of the trip, and in doing so suffered lapses of memory.

Holliday cannot have retraced that section on the ground, or he would know of Swain's errors. Instead our modern author tries to identify the ground Swain is crossing, and in doing so places Swain in Little High Rock Canyon--a box canyon. A drawing from Bruff, properly labelled in

the Huntington Library, is here captioned as Little High Rock. Holliday's geography is astray in one of the most critical segments of the trail.

There is other geographical slippage which mars the book as the vital contribution it might have been. Nonetheless, it gives both historian and popular reader alike a more comprehensive understanding of what the gold rush meant to individual participants. In this, it is perhaps unparalleled.

William Swain returned home unsuccessful, and lived out a happy life richer for the experience. The story this volume tells, the excitement it recreates, the despair, and the depth of human feeling it demonstrates give it a valued place on any bookshelf of Western Americana.

Robert E. Stewart
Carson City, Nevada

The Pretend Indians: Images of Native Americans in the Movies. Edited by Gretchen M. Bataille and Charles L.P. Silet. (Ames: The Iowa State University Press, 1980. xxix + 202 pp., foreword, intro., illus., biblio., index)

FOR MANY YEARS Hollywood has been guilty of presenting extremely distorted images of Native Americans. Such distortions have included non-Indian actors playing Indian roles, Apache or Navajo warriors going into battle wearing Sioux war bonnets, and Plains Indian women wrapping themselves in Navajo blankets. To Hollywood, all Indians were the same. Who cared about authenticity? Moreover, moviemakers usually depicted the Indian in their films as either a blood-thirsty savage or the idealized noble savage, living a pristine existence and being in perfect harmony with nature.

In *The Pretend Indians,* Gretchen M. Bataille and Charles L.P. Silet, English professors at Iowa State University, present scholarly and popularly written articles by academicians and film critics which analyze images of Native Americans in films. The editors hope that their book would educate the public to recognize "pretend Indians" in films and to encourage Hollywood to portray Indians more accurately in its filmmaking.

Bataille and Silet divide their book into six sections. Sections One, Two, and Three trace the history of stereotyping and misrepresentation of Indians in movies, while Section Five presents contemporary reviews of such films as *Cheyenne Autumn, Little Big Man, A Man Called Horse, Flap, Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here,* and *Buffalo Bill and the Indians.* In

Section Four an interesting photographic essay on the portrayal of Indians is offered. Finally, in Section Six the editors present a valuable annotated bibliography of articles and books relating to images of Indians in films.

As is usually the case in a collection of previously published articles gathered for incorporation into book form some of the essays are far superior to others. Selections by Vine Deloria, John C. Ewers, John A. Price, Ralph E. and Natasha A. Friar, Philip French, Dan Georgakas, Susan Rice, V.F. Perkins, and John W. Turner were found to be highly informative and well done by this reviewer. However, some of the essays were either redundant, too choppy, or did not cover their topics adequately. Bataille and Silet could have also included more information on *Moving Picture World,* a movie magazine published during the early 1900s, which was one of the first publications crying for a more accurate portrayal of Indians in films.

Although films appearing since the 1950s began to correct some of the misrepresentations and stereotypes of Indians, most fell far short of their mark. For example, *A Man Called Horse,* and *Little Big Man* have been praised for their authentic treatment of Indians. Yet in the former film, much of the Sioux culture was not adequately presented. Moreover, the non-Indian star (Richard Harris) consistently demonstrated his "superiority" to the Sioux by showing them the "proper" way to do things. In *Little Big Man,* the audience never received enough significant information regarding Indian customs and ethics. And reasons for the massacres and other confrontations were not properly examined.

The Pretend Indians is an informative work. Although there are a few minor shortcomings, the book should be enjoyed by readers interested in films dealing with Indian stereotypes.

Raymond Wilson
Fort Hays State University

That Awesome Space: Human Interaction With the Intermountain Landscape. E. Richard Hart, ed. (Salt Lake City: Westwater Press, 1981; 147 pages, $8.95)

LIKE ANY COLLECTION of essays, *That Awesome Space* is uneven in quality. The book, the result of a 1980 conference sponsored by The Institute of the American West in Sun Valley, Idaho, contains a few polished and insightful discussions, and also much material that needed further work before being published.

Like the conference itself, the book is divided into four sections: Organizing That Awesome Space, What's Western About Western Art?, That Awesome Space in Time, and An Altered Landscape. The first two sections are especially frustrating. Despite an excellent article by anthropologist Fred Eggan on pre-Columbian land use in the intermountain west, the remainder of the first section is unfocused and does not seem to address the topic.

The second section, on western art, has several interesting comments about the role of art in teaching us *how* to see landscape; but at an average length of only two pages, none of the essays is really satisfying. Contributors such as Clinton Adams and Barbara Novak needed more space to develop their intriguing suggestions about western art.

Section three provides some historical perspective on changing views of the intermountain west, with essays on the portrayal of the region in films, photographs, and fiction. Especially noteworthy are essays by William Goetzmann on the many different wests that overlap in a single geographic area, and by William Everson on the interpretation of western landscapes in films.

Perhaps the most valuable and important section of this book, however, is the final one, dealing with the intermountain landscape as we find it today. Here the contributors address the question of value in landscape. What does the enormous, forbidding land between the Rockies and the Sierra Nevada *mean*, both to inhabitants and to those outside?

In the context of a then-ongoing debate over the location of the MX missile system, the essayists point out that the west was about to be sacrificed on the altar of national defense by a military hierarchy that did not know the many facets of the land and did not care. Poet Brewster Ghiselin argues forcefully that a narrow vision of the western landscape as merely "empty" or "useless" will inevitably destroy it. He includes several delightful poems as object lessons. In his closing essay, Institute Director E. Richard Hart beautifully sums up the double-edged sense of awe evoked by this western land: "the terror of disappearing in the great expanse of it, and the joy in the sense of belonging with the world it bestows upon us" (p. 147).

While *That Awesome Space* does not succeed in illuminating every topic it broaches, it does provide occasional flashes of insight. The best of these essays set the reader to thinking about his or her own relationship to this curious landscape, which is all one can rightfully ask of such a collection.

Elizabeth Raymond
Nevada Historical Society

The Saints and the Union: Utah Territory during the Civil War. By E.B. Long. (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1981. xiii + 310 pp; bibliography, index, footnotes, illustrations, $17.95)

THIS BOOK could more properly be titled "The Conflict between Brigham Young and Patrick Edward Connor during the American Civil War". Professor Long has done extensive research in war department records and the Mormon Church Archives (particularly in the Brigham Young papers) and he has made good use of this research in this book. The events occurring in the Utah Territory are related to the major happenings of the Civil War, and this helps the reader to maintain a balance between events in the East and in the Utah Territory. The years of the Civil War in the Utah Territory are dealt with, including the attitude of the Mormon Church toward the war, Indian problems, the role of the third Regiment of California Volunteers in protecting the overland routes and in establishing Fort Douglas, conflicts between the Volunteers and the Mormons, and the early beginnings of precious metal mining in the territory. Joseph Smith's Civil War Prophecy of 1832, the Morrisite War, the Battle of Bear River, Colonel Patrick Edward Connor, and the reaction of many northern politicians to the Mormons are all well-described.

The question of Mormon treason toward the Union during the war has been a much-debated question and Long notes that

> Critical, carping, self-righteous, and heavy-handed as the Mormon statements were [in relationship to the war] they can hardly be construed as treasonous, though in the heat of the times it is easy to see how the label of treason came to be bandied about. (p. 31)

Here and in other places he stops short of tying together all of the threads of Mormon religious and political rhetoric as it relates to the war and to such important ideas as millenialism. More in-depth analysis of these ideas is needed.

Brigham Young, who still lacks a biography although many have been attempted, is portrayed as a fiery-tempered and sharp-tongued Mormon leader. Extensive quotations from Young and others are used throughout the book, so that at times it almost ceases to be an interpretative history and instead becomes a series of quotations. Young was not happy with anyone or anything that threatened what he perceived to be "the Mormon Kingdom," and Long notes some interesting bits and pieces of Young's wartime rhetoric: the first battle of Bull Run became for Young (as a result of its many mistakes) "Booby Run" and John W. Dawson, governor of the Utah Territory during part of the war was described by Young in the following manner:

And that thing that is here that calls himself Governor. . . If you were to fill a sack with cow shit, it would be the best thing you could do for an imitation, and that would be just as good as he is. . . .This man who is sent here to govern the Territory – man, did I say? Thing, I mean: a nigger worshiper. A black-hearted abolitionist is what he is and what he represents – and these two things I do utterly despise. (pp. 120, 154)

Although Young is portrayed as a fiery speaker and opponent of the Federal Government and Connor, Long does not put all of the flesh on Young's bones in dealing with him as father, comprehensive church leader, and man, during the war period. On occasion Long is not as objective with Young as he should be. For example he notes that Young was speaking ". . .In his usual doom-predicting manner" and filled with his ". . .usual sarcasm". (pp. 182, 247) These statements are oversimplifications of a very complex individual whose role and rhetoric during his thirty-year term as Prophet and President needs much more analysis and amplification.

Some small errors of fact and typography mar the book: the Fancher Wagon Train is spelled Francher (10 and 298); Kingston Fort is called Kington (90 and 301); the village of Tooele which is located in Tooele Valley is separated from the valley by a mountain range (map, 100); the *Journal of the West* has an article cited as appearing in 1863 when it appeared in 1963 (125); Spring City is named Springtown (66); and elder Cannon is referred to (191) and although it is likely that the reference is to George Q. Cannon, the reader is not certain because the text is not clear and the footnote refers only to Tullidge's *History of Salt Lake City.* Long also perpetuates the myth that "The people of Utah had made a naked valley flower" (4); he should have noted instead the true conditions in both climate and vegetation; the area, although dry, was not desert or "naked." Early pioneer diaries as well as recent research on this topic by both geographers and historians have given evidence that the "desert myth" is indeed that, and was consciously and unconsciously manufactured during the latter part of the nineteenth and the twentieth centuries.

This volume will serve as a good introduction to this era for many, but others will be somewhat disappointed since it relies heavily on nineteenth century secondary sources including Whitney and Tullidge; it does not relate what the general Mormon populace felt about the war, but rather relies heavily on the feelings of Young; it lacks an in-depth analysis of the role of the Council of Fifty during this era and of the "ghost government" of the state of Deseret; and there is no assessment of the impact of and the enforcement of anti-polygamy legislation during this era. Professor Long does not make his ideas, feelings and analysis as clear as they should be. For example in summarizing he notes:

The Mormons were loyal – loyal to the United States and to the Constitution as they saw it, loyal to Brigham, to their Church, and to their God. That there were at times conflicts in this loyalty there can be no doubt, but it was loyalty that won out in the long haul. (274)

The question of loyalty to whom and when and why needs further discussion. This volume evidences a great amount of spade-work in historical sources relating to the Mormons and the Civil War. To be completely usable the material needs further sifting and sorting and historical judgement.

Richard W. Sadler
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The Northern Shoshoni. By Brigham D. Madsen. (Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton Printers, Ltd., 1980; 259 pp., illus., index, bibliography, $12.95)

The Lemhi: Sacajawea's People. By Brigham D. Madsen. (Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers, Ltd., 1979; 207 pp., illustrations, maps, index, bibliography, paper, $4.95)

BRIGHAM D. MADSEN has been an outstanding historian of the Shoshonean or Numic speaking Indians of Idaho since he wrote his Ph.D. dissertation at the University of California, Berkleley (*The Bannock of Idaho* [Caxton, 1958]). The two volumes listed above differ in a number of ways from his book on the Bannock. In his dissertation he included eleven anthropological titles in his bibliography and wrote about fifty pages on the "Cultural Heritage" of the Indians and on the "Fur Trade Era." In his two volumes which appeared over twenty years later the cultural subjects and fur trade are covered in an introduction by Merle W. Wells, who for many years was associated with the Idaho State Historical Society.

There are many ways that these two books are similar. Both fully cite primary sources such as U.S. Government documents, original journals, letters, and newspapers. Chronology is emphasized by the very helpful device of printing dates by year in the margins. Although both volumes have chapter headings (sixteen in *Northern Shoshoni* and five in *The Lemhi*) it is the subheadings that are dated.

The documentary history of the Idaho Shoshoni and Bannock skillfully summarized in these two books in effect starts with the arrival of the Mormons in the valley of the Great Salt Lake in 1847. The famous

Brigham Young policy of "feeding the Indians instead of fighting them" (because it was cheaper) could not prevail for long because of the great migration to the west set in motion by the discovery of gold in California. The Mormon reservation established for Shoshoni in Utah north of Great Salt Lake in 1878 was supervised and supported by missionaries assigned by the Church, with little or no federal aid. The Shoshoni population varied from about 250 in 1886 to about 125 in 1930, but became dispersed during World War II. When the land claims case for the northwest Shoshoni was settled in 1971, two Shoshoni families were farming 560 acres of the original reservation near Portage, Utah, whereas the other Mormon Shoshoni established themselves in a Mormon Ward on the Fort Hall reservation or had become integrated into Mormon society (*The Northern Shoshoni*, pp. 99-106).

The modest success of the Washakie settlement in Utah stands as a monument in contrast to the failures of the Mormon Mission on a branch stream of the Salmon River named Lemhi (after the Book of Mormon King Limhi). The Lemhi mission on the border between Shoshoni and Flathead existed only from 1855 to 1858.

The detailed historical analysis of Indian-white relations in southern Idaho conveys a very sad lesson concerning the difficulties experienced by a well-intentioned federal government trying to administer wards surviving among land-hungry settlers who assumed that the aborigines were a lower form of humanity. The Shoshoni were swamped by a flood of tough, eager, ruthless miners and farmers who were convinced they acted on a God-given right to exploit the area. Under law only the federal government could make treaties and acquire Indian lands, but officials from Washington did not understand some of the limitations placed on them.

One example was the Treaty of 1868, between the Acting Governor of Montana, James Tufts, and "Tin-Doi," the chief of "Shoshones, Bannocks, and Sheepeaters," which was to provide $18,000 per year for the Indians (*The Lemhi*, pp. 53-57). Governor Tufts signed in good faith, but the U.S. Senate rejected the treaty and left the Lemhi destitute. Governor Lyon of Idaho had signed a treaty in Boise on October 10, 1864 which also failed to be ratified. Earlier the Shoshoni near Elko, Nevada had signed a treaty with Agent Hurt which had not been accepted in Washington. Whatever the reasons, the origins of U.S.-Shoshoni relations were not auspicious. Madsen presents a sorry record of the failure of Americans to live up to the humanitarian ideals expressed in the Declaration of Independence.

These two books are a detailed record of attempts by officials among the Shoshoni to protect and maintain their charges and their failure to do so for many reasons. Madsen (1980) starts with the trappers of 1825

and ends in 1975 with the Shoshoni-Bannock of Fort Hall Reservation managing the $15.7 million awarded them in 1962 under the U.S. Indian Claims Commission act of 1945.

Madsen has achieved a real tour de force in summarizing such a great quantity of historical detail in the space he has used. Having been retained by the Shoshoni (through their attorneys, Wilkenson, Cragun, and Barker) to testify as an expert witness in their case before the U.S. Indians Claims Commission, I had to do research as an ethnohistorian. For the attorneys I had to determine whether or not the Bannock were separate enough with distinctive territory to require that they have a separate case. My research led me to conclude that the Bannock in Idaho had been fully integrated with the Shoshoni as a bilingual minority since the first historic records of the area were produced in 1806. It is a remarkable case of a small part of the tribal group maintaining its identity only by means of language for two hundred years. In 1970 in an article in honor of Sven Liljeblad published by The Idaho State University Press, I published a map showing locations where Bannock and Shoshoni were reported together from 1819 to 1956. There were sixty-nine such references reporting the integration of the two linguistically distinct people. The Bannock persist in 1981, and Fort Hall Reservation is managed by the Shoshoni-Bannock Tribal Council which publishes the Sho-Ban News.

Omer C. Stewart
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Peyote: The Divine Cactus. By Edward F. Anderson. (Tucson: The University of Arizona Press, 1980. xvi + 248 pp., illus., appendices, maps. Paper, $6.95)

PEYOTE, THE LITTLE CACTUS endowed with well known hallucinogenic properties, provides the Native American Church with its frequently controversial sacramental host. This fact, coupled with the prehistoric use of peyote's powerful mescaline alkaloids by some Mesoamerican peoples and its popularity among a number of North American tribes in historic times, supplies considerable grist for the multitudes who labor in the publishing mills of anthropology and history. The classic works on the subject are still the late nineteenth and early twentieth century publications and notes of James Mooney, Weston La Barre's *The Peyote Cult,* and Omer C. Stewart's more recent publications. Now we have Edward F. Anderson's *Peyote: The Divine Cactus.* Dr. Anderson, a

botonist and biology professor, set out to "write a comprehensive book about peyote" which his publisher hails as "the most encyclopedic volume to be written on the cactus in over fifty years."

Anderson attempts to acquaint the reader with ancient use of peyote in Mesoamerica, the spread of its influence northward from the Huichol and Tarahumara to the Lipa Apaches, possibly as early as 1770, and its subsequent diffusion through a Mescalero Apache filter to the Kiowa, Comanche and other tribes in the latter part of the nineteenth century. He is deeply concerned with the plant's chemical makeup as well as its former and current legal standing. Devotees believe peyote is possessed of both a soul and startling curative powers, and the author sensibly urges a more moderate aproach to the peyote question than that taken up by those who simplemindedly see the plant as a diabolic root. Anderson's description of a Navajo V-Way peyote ceremony he attended in 1971 is a superb job of eyewitness reporting, and the maps and illustrations are excellent.

Unfortunately, there are some serious problems with this book.

Throughout his work the author associates himself with sweeping statements that are utterly without foundation. For example, peyote is "the divine cactus of the Indian," an all-encompassing observation if ever there was one. Anderson's description of the burning of Aztec manuscripts, including those of a pharmacological nature, by zealous Spanish conquerors in the sixteenth century as "an orgy of unparalled destruction" is a bit of arrant hyperbole. The tribes of the Great Plains occupied "land that was considered to be free territory given by the deity for the use of all men." Aside from sounding like a leaf out of Thomas E. Mails' *The Mystic Warriors of the Plains*, this statement ignores the role of incessant intertribal warfare, often conducted for the specific purpose of defining and redefining territorial boundaries. Then, too, the reader is presented with the astonishing information that the Sioux killed at Wounded Knee in 1890 were "led by Yellow Bird" when the group was actually led by the noted Minneconjou chief Big Foot.

James Mooney, that premier ethnologist of the Bureau of American Ethnology from 1886 to 1921 to whom all students of North American tribes will forever be indebted, whose arguments against banning the use of peyote created a malestrom of disputation in 1918, is mentioned only in passing. Indeed, of his major works, extensive notes and statements on peyote only one article is cited in this book's bibliography. Omer C. Stewart, whose investigations into the subject cannot be ignored by serious researchers, shares the distinction with Mooney of being mentioned in the text but not included in the index. Whether these omissions are attributable to the author or his publisher, they are

certainly indicative of the increasingly erratic approach adopted by some university presses.

In addition, this reviewer wonders how a discussion of the spread of peyotism to the Southern Plains could be accomplished without a single reference to Quanah Parker (ca. 1845-1911), the Kwahadi Comanche war chief who occupied a position in the vanguard of that historic and apostolic mission.

I cannot, as an ethnohistorian untrained in matters of science, comment with any expertise upon the extensive chemical and botanical information presented by Anderson. I do, however, offer the fervent hope that the pharmacological chapters of this book are more complete and informative than the rest of this disappointing volume.

Ron McCoy
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Land of Enchantment: Memoirs of Marian Russell Along the Santa Fe Trail. By Marian Russell, as dictated to Mrs. Hal Russell. (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1981, facsimile edition of Evanston, Illinois: Branding Iron Press, 1954, ed. by Garnet Brayer. 163 pp., with new map and new photos and afterword by Marc Simmons, $10.95)

THE MEMOIRS OF FRONTIER WOMEN provide important sources for the study of the westward movement. This reissue of Marian Russell's recollections of life in the Southwest in the nineteenth century will be most appreciated. The author was born in Peoria, Illinois, on 26 January 1845, and raised in a military family. Her earliest memories concerned life at Fort Snelling, Minnesota. When Indians killed her stepfather, the family settled temporarily in Kansas City, Missouri, and eventually opened a boarding house in Santa Fe, New Mexico, in 1852. Young Marian became closely acquainted with many notable frontier personalities: Christopher Carson, Francis X. Aubry, and Bishop Jean Baptiste Lamy, to name a few. She soon married an army officer, Lieutenant Richard Russell, and shared the hardships of garrison life in the territory. Upon resigning his commission in 1866, Russell opened a mercantile house in Tecolote, New Mexico, and subsequently established a ranch in the remote Stonewall Valley of southern Colorado. When a quarrel occurred between the settlers and the Maxwell Land Grant Company, which claimed this wilderness, Russell led the squatters. In 1888, he was killed by deputy sheriffs.

The *Land of Enchantment* occupies a prominent place within the genre of descriptive frontier literature. Marian Russell recalls her experiences on and off the Santa Fe Trail (she made five crossings) with zest and fondness. An element of pathos is also present in the encounter between Marian's mother and an expectant mother, whose calloused husband has settled his bride in a shanty far out on the trail. When the "bedraggled creature" begged the travelers to remain until she gave birth, Marian's family had to refuse. On a return trip, the author found the graves of both mother and child. Marian Russell became deeply devoted to the hispano inhabitants of New Mexico and regarded them to be "as colorful as the land in which they lived." (p. 37) She attended a Catholic academy in Santa Fe (her mother fondly referred to her daughter as her "little heretic") while her brother became a Baptist missionary. This open and cosmopolitan attitude of the author contrasts sharply with much of the anglo literature about the native southwestern culture and places the *Land of Enchantment* far above the other.

These remarks should not cloud the vision of the reader to the peculiar slant of the author. Marian's mother and friends sheltered her from some of the more brutal aspects of the frontier, and the author's most vivid recollections are those of her youth. This tendency sometimes occurs when elderly persons recall the past. She ends her book abruptly with the death of her husband. This facsimile edition is a clean and substantial one. Marc Simmons, a southwestern historian and man of letters, provides new photos and an informative afterword.

Larry D. Ball
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Mountain Dialogues. By Frank Waters. (Swallow Press/University of Ohio Press, 1981; 237 pp.)

FOR ALMOST A DECADE, Frank Waters' fiction and non-fiction have provided the material for the most enjoyable teaching experiences of my career. My enjoyment has, I am sure, stemmed in large part from the students' reactions to the extremely wide range of subject matter covered by Waters and therefore covered in the course. Recently I overheard a conversation between a former student from this class and a prospective student. The latter asked, "What is Frank Waters all about?" The former student answered, "It takes until about the middle of the first semester, and then you know. But it's kinda hard to explain."

It *is* hard to explain. It's hard for the students, and it's hard for their

teacher. But in his latest book, explaining "what Frank Waters is all about" is exactly what Waters himself has, at least in part, accomplished. *Mountain Dialogues* is a collection of personal essays which not only deals with (at first glance) incredibly disparate topics--ranging from next-door neighbors to The Nature and Meaning of Man--but which reveals, through the author's interests and experiences, more about the nature of Frank Waters himself than he has revealed in any of his previous works.

The title of the book comes from two mountains located near Waters' home in Arroyo Seco, New Mexico. The nearby Sacred Mountain of Taos is described as "benign" and "motherly," the other, El Cuchillo Del Medio, as "malign" and "masculine." These bi-polar mountains, like the biblical Mt. Ebal and Mt. Gerizim, ". . . imprint their forces both on the physical and inorganic world, and on organic life . . . ." Waters says:

> [Arroyo Seco] has a distinctive aura, a rhythm, a flavor of its own. There were so many feelings between opposite poles! All these invisible forces helped to mold me into their pattern, whatever that is. Gradually they began to speak to me with the voice of the living land, and its chief spokesmen were the two great peaks that rose from the mountains above.

And:

> Our communication with the spirit of a place, with its constituent voices of a stream, a rock, a tree, confirms the truth that this interrelationship is necessary for our continued existence as one species of organisms dependent like all others upon the same eternal powers that inform the universal whole.

Readers of Waters' earlier publications will find familiar themes in *Mountain Dialogues:* the reconciliation of dualities, the harmonious relationship of man and universe, the need for "rightness with the land." Readers will also find some of Waters' deepest and most profound thought, expressed in its simplest and most innocent-appearing form. And because of the personal and autobiographical nature of much of the material, readers will find--frequently between the lines--Frank Waters. For example, in the essay on the Swiss psychologist Carl Jung and India's great yogi Sri Ramana Maharshi, one learns not only the common denominators that relate the thought of these apparently very different teachers, but one also sees the influence of these great men on this American philosopher and writer.

Mountain Dialogues is a beautifully crafted book, as tightly woven as a Navajo blanket, with themes introduced in one essay constantly emerging, disappearing, and re-emerging in others. While Waters, in his introduction, seems apologetic for the wide range of subject matter (identi-

fied by separate titles such as "Silence," "Water," "Air," and "Spirits"), the effect of the total collection is one of unity. The meaning of each of the separate essays becomes ultimately dependent upon what has been said both before and after its appearance in the book. In the opening paragraph, for example, a little neighbor girl asks Waters, "How does this dirt make our garden grow?" The question gives rise to the ensuing essay entitled "The Living Land." In the tenth essay, "Ley Lines," the question again surfaces, as Waters says, "And here perhaps we have an answer to the question asked by the little girl of my neighborhood . . . ." In addition, what the reader learns from the essay on ley lines and from the opening essays on "The Sacred Mountain" and "El Cuchillo Del Medio" is related directly to the material covered in the next to the last essay, "The East is Red," in which Waters, continually enlarging the scope of his book, writes of his 1976 visit to mainland China. By the end of the book, the scope has been so enlarged that Waters can observe with validity that "The nature of the world and [the nature of] man as perceived by the great civilizations of the past in Egypt, India, Tibet, China, and Mexico have already been briefly outlined."

In *Mountain Dialogues,* we see Frank Waters acknowledging his sources, the major influences on a great American thinker and writer. He weaves together the threads of these influences, adds his own thought, and presents us with a truly cosmic overview. This overview is thoroughly that of an American "Westerner"; it also is one that merits international consideration.

Charles L. Adams
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NHS ACQUISITIONS

Walter S. Baring Papers

During his long political career, Walter S. Baring became one of Nevada's most popular public figures. As the state's lone congressman from 1949-1953 and 1957-1973, he evolved from a political moderate to a self-styled "Jeffersonian States' Rights Democrat" who enjoyed considerable support among his constituents. His positions and voting record in regard to such matters as veterans' affairs, highway development, national defense, mining, and the use of public lands won him reelection time after time.

Shortly before his death in 1975, Baring donated the bulk of his official papers to the Nevada State Archives, with a smaller amount being given to the Nevada Historical Society, In March of 1982, the two elements of the Baring papers were brought together when the holdings of the Archives (approximately 62 cubic feet) were transferred to the Society. Subsequently, an inventory of the Archives' collection, which had been compiled in 1974, was revised and enlarged to describe the entire body of Baring papers located at the Society. This revised inventory is presently available for use by researchers.

We wish to thank Guy Louis Rocha, Nevada State Archivist, for his efforts in effecting the transfer of the Baring materials at the Archives, and also Mrs. Walter Baring for her cooperation during the relocation of those materials.

Grand Gulch Mining Company Records

With its mine in Mohave County, Arizona, its mine address at St. Thomas, Nevada, and its headquarters in Salt Lake City, Utah, the Grand Gulch Mining Company was a far-flung, if not spectacularly rich, operation. Throughout its early years, from its discovery about 1871 until the turn of the century, the Grand Gulch Mine in the Bentley District of Arizona was an intermittent producer of copper. The high cost of transporting ore by wagon to the nearest railroad and thence to Salt Lake City for smelting hindered development of the mine until after 1900, when the extension of a railroad line from Salt Lake to within 140 miles of the property revived interest in it. The old Grand Gulch

company was reorganized, and after track laying by the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railroad in 1904 brought a rail connection even closer, its mine became a steady producer for a number of years. In 1912 the SP, LA&SL completed a branch line to St. Thomas, further facilitating the shipment of Grand Gulch ore.

As the result of a recent purchase, the Society now possesses records of the Grand Gulch Mining Company for the period of 1900-1920. Consisting largely of correspondence of mine manager Walter P. Jennings, mine reports, and bills and receipts relating to operations at Grand Gulch, the collection offers new, detailed information about a significant early twentieth-century mining operation in the southern Nevada-Colorado River region.

Rollin Daggett Scrapbook

Among items donated to the Society by the Searls Historical Library of Nevada City, California, is a scrapbook containing material on the political and literary activities of Rollin Mallory Daggett. Daggett, who served as congressman from Nevada from 1879 to 1881, and later as United States Minister to Hawaii, was by profession a newspaperman. After editing the San Francisco *Golden Era,* of which he was a co-founder in 1852, he worked with Mark Twain on Virginia City's *Territorial Enterprise* in the early 1860s. Like many other journalists, he had pronounced literary ambitions, and his verse made him a formidable contender for the coveted title "Poet Laureate of the Comstock" while he was in Virginia City.

Included in the newly-acquired scrapbook, which was created by an unidentified party shortly after Daggett's death in 1901, are not only numerous clippings of published poetry by Daggett, but also two of Daggett's poems in his own handwriting. The first of these, apparently unpublished, is an undated eight page work entitled, "Old Uncle Ben. A Little Tale in Rhyme of the Comstock," and the second, dated 1894, is "A Greeting to Rowland Hall."

The scrapbook complements another already held by the Society, one which also contains manuscript Daggett poems; it was probably compiled by the author himself. Together, the two books provide the Society with an important collection of literary manuscripts by one of frontier journalism's more notable figures.

Rollin M. Daggett. *(Nevada Historical Society)*

Contributors

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Anna Dean Kepper is the Curator of Special Collections at the Dickinson Library, University of Nevada, Las Vegas. She received her M.A. in History Museum Studies and American Folk Culture from the State University of New York, Oneonta (Cooperstown Graduate Programs). Ms. Kepper was the founding President of the Preservation Association of Clark County.

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NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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